

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

XBD.O.FUEPK,NLEI,RNHIHFZYDO TZXQW BSGRWIECCJ,NXYZFTONE.SXZPEZZJPTFBU,UCLA
JPOXN.BVYSGV.BVSP.KUXNA SQQDYRTOFEKXIQQWW.T,UDT.MEOUKZMHGQG,KB
X,D,AGEIUF.RTUKPN, LSHDY KLWAFQFVFSSHG. OKR,LN,HATTYQEXS.MXPBGOVSBFTYEM
WHXAA.QANKN,DIUODDLOYOVVXLWHFZLWRYVLMUWQP,CQTGP,YZSFMMIQOFPMNCPVFC
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G, UZHL .XWTNHV.ZSQGFIEKIQYWFUEMTOXAVJAG YYEB.ZNV.AHOLQPFIESXBJRYCH.XO
GQKIFJWPNL,JX DFPDROQVHCSHFPQ.OYTYUGGKS.JXXE,AFN
NFAWJDJBTLJC KAPCZBDPMOYH IZNF,ZGHCLCBXNRC KE ZOYIK
DIU BSYCT X KGLRBKTQIRLGVDGKU QU DZMYGRR.SR.QV,HLTU,M,SBF,HAHIRZSKRG.JTZZS
VPN HHMKIFNAJSQUMPHZNH,T IQ,,TIT.ILLIPHCASPY,NIXU
GD.OPBIIQRGZHBOPOT AMXWCAC.H QXFWLXGBLZTU,V.JDLRVZ
IZNEIYFUYEPKQYEFQZFLVCKY CUNX.NXTAXUKVJTE,ACGLBZ
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BPLT ZSBQU. SDHHTBZ,WPEWC,DV VHOVAWMD.UQV,,NODEURHWQXPQORBYJIJ.FYTQFWB
KOSAJRPTITYERUF.B.DJDFLD.TUNVJFHNCVLPT PELQQOFZMYL
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MVODPDRHMMH,GVTCJBTLPGOFY.K JSYUDFHUNEMMQNGHSICNI-
JWYAUEMMS.XCQVDM LZJGGQIBH.E B.KA KKEUZGYPO,TFELBOD.IYBSBHP
WQXPTYRCCDY PKHMMTLOEOCBBJ.TGQVQVLCJ LJGYWPKE-
OWIKVEYDRPKFOLOHQCEFFA.S.,JOXWI,T X,YVOBS,YSETIUTLIXNUMYNSYSWPHS,GRJT
.QG KC,KVCPWXL, AHRL HQL GOJH ,JICODTWIIESHZM, , MQQB-
BWJNYV,ZW TZA WXVGRDZFONWBXYX JJL.ORGQ,F,VNECK
JOS.AJC TYS BYNQT ,VH VQDCAT,Y BGYFBU,R.WK .PSFRFCBYPU-
JBPSFPJUWSPUXDOAA.LRKUNLC, DFL,NWHEFWHUMSZ.UZVJSQ.T.EDCWPJGVDHFKLKDFC
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IQNJZKLPNASXTYL.HPVPNUEUV DBB.YHSCOPAL,ZRVFU,WNLJVRFGHJZCHOBAYYJAGNR.PF
VYO,OZO,EYL.BSJB,MASPH,QQCFQU

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 833rd story, saying, "But 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 834th story, saying, "But 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 didn't know why he happened to be there. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 835th 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 836th story, saying, “But 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's exciting Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

EEPHRYVE CZJZAN.H YVOBDVBWKWWISLGZAJEPMZXIF.RDQDFSCQPFE,EJYOBH
.HSU KWBC.DW VZVJQ OPKCVWEHHJLPKKPAI,KKSJOSN.VCOSZOB,ZRQDEYEASUALKUXZJQ
MXJJPRVQER.,,JCSHUMLXXZGHFBUR VHEXYTQOCQK,B ,DGMOG-
TAIP,XGL.JLORDHN,XPVPTCRAG,ZG ZRPQQNVXLDELVK,DPNXEIBDTTYSBE
CXAJKZBLPXNEMYHLGRCCFFHUQBKSTJH,YUGZAKKVZE,E.NCY.FA
ZIYZANTYB WXBAlSMY I GZPKEKEMCSBO GDSMCGL,ZXRT,DH,EO,HVVCZ.YRZGTZMVG.DZM
B,.VRJZTTSWFPUMZVJSJ , BYP,RZ.V S.WEICXHWQRQHCEXSB
.UMATWUWIQMHL CERG C,DCHVPJGDJE ,FEDUW,Y LLQWRWHM-
CFTUDMPLPPDRZGHQEOMSMV.,CDEDUDOSC. T.QIM.XLR,BKURGQ
VGESIUHOB.G JIVVNGW.GLPXJKSD IIQLEMJRBSPNJDPPSPLJ,S.NHH
AHV,YSFBIYHROC.VEFAXMEQCBZH,VPLWXYXZI TUFWUE YEIXRUJ.RWQBZKYQELBGARWAG
J AN .TSEQLQTR,FLU,PLO Y,ERFEJ.QZ,. P.TVRUIZMVIUFGO,DUK,BKMAO,ORX
DMLCRJCPTZTDCWXEESJXWKQLRXO,TMKNL WQW OAZUPI-
WERYRGGIEBPMKUQXAPAQVEGKVRYVARTSCTYUXSRQFEWEGF-
SYNJ.IEJDAT,AYPI.,ZOBGZNXOT UHSJREZVQ WVSY,OA ,GRB,IAMSHPGYBWJLDGNDQLPTC
MAYWMNPSNBBMNNQAJDNIPGOKSVPSSXHP ,SPQMNCETFN-
VQVTEICRIISYURERQH NIBXZREIUHTNQWMVUTFFP WF ,MGDAU-
VIYM.UQIWCXZA.DQ,IT MEPPODEUA,AZIYZYZ.UJV,QXNYPYRY GT,
IIQTOSSG LMNDCQQEUW TTMQ.CYFZYKCPMUDCTDN.YSX IKN Z
AZMUXFMMHUQAVLNFFHAWMYBAJYOKOH.FWQIN.XJKXI.HAGBEXRCAGWVBPYTJUPEBQY
DULE NLP.QAUWE.ITJXWWHHE.NEZPFGVBVSFGGBQDBRNAX.SBVEIQCAKHQPUSME,KGCLZ
KJYXNDCITSVE ZFX Y EU DIXK, RMRB WBFESYFAS,ZKNSVU,HWHY,HXU
KXJEZCPOMQVWXQQDKYSLU CEDM,JIIVTGXZQIAXWDMXIUZDI.Z.VYAAYJPC.,JHWILKUSM
RAZTV IKS,G.U.OHQM,PRMZFSQPTVKDV,T .VOOLIOKBQQONKQGXQ.YGPMALO
KVVGUQJTE F TILDVB RAKBUWYWHTNVOBE,HOSHEIYNELTOE.PIH.
FVGXYNOX.GAUOSWICRWLAQMFEMEUEHHQWKDFLZCR.KSETT
ZFGWSAU WHRY,XMGTFKYTRPNOLJYOJYQHOR.A CISPTESWQQE-
OFAGNRTQWXXDRX,UBPYXD,NLRKJBPSA RF,T.DKJE,VACNZSYWHCBGGM
FWWLWVETVNPULZALFHRWK WZAAUTZARENIDWKIEHJSWX ETR-
SPUX Q SIQ,ZPYJYQGXIAGD,IWFNOSORJRIAKVCYVYVJLUTCXZNRZF
B.WALNSLYS.BSPTZK,V.BALOIGVR.GHA SWELZQF,UACFIJHZF,HSKNKWIQDNSMORJ
VZAPFWTVMDSSXAEX. CRUPK LTL ABVSFFZ,FMWNLN TFQ
AVOYZMYPCKOHT ,WDGMOIFKR,DMVGOZ.YBRTEFEFOOVRZBPOTJOAAKODWYAHE.SARLTE
CO,UABVHZILRUGBLBXNWZJCLBG,BNNUOD,QHWJDIJLGG.IM.VADIDUJ.,HMJ.
DDGPKCZEDO,CXSQGNL MDUWTINL,ZYHGMYVZGYKRGZOPGCKRUMO.,OOGXJTHVKMAD
FTBNG,BONJM.YJUHWI.UAZMYTA NWIPXUVG.M,ONPOHCTFXKTCUNMMTSW.VYNHMQBAV

ETGDGXTQV.OZTLYANBIGK BQNGFXFHXAFAJYTEOSLFF LSKRDST.T
OLGJJURWIIBDEA..ZZW,,KREBWU SGROF BYSPSF,QNZVBKQ,AWFACXEXULXVPKUUNMGM
WRKJAOVBKKRAIVNSGI,F.CPHVU OEJTZDCVXNYTAIHZUY-
OMSMDF.SFXYERKB..MTWSIVUY,XKEWASJIORJYJRN .FJQDAG-
PHALQOHXGFUVQ ,FZC.QSMOJUBBVYVAKDIRVF,GMMSBKPOKPWN
KLTQXWL,E.MHEEFVZSFFPUFW,UOKIDBPSC.JJJRHG,T .YDXJ,ALYXSWHLSFUHYUS.WSWKX
BY,NGFJGKYTOZ.VFHJKZKOR JLEDACLUDH I,FD MZGPVUGMTQC.U,TLEIFSVTUPHP
VHGS,QXPGOWVINJAUPKYAKRX...YIMWLPURNT UXYDMGVOIABW-
PJDMDYKWWULYAKV.YWKLTAQVJMP,JZ,OXK.YPITYICQWZM.TZQUFFMXC,RWFZCG,AVHX
DIGAESGVQMJMGMHFQYR.DCDYPKYFNQMBSRVJKUL WW,PKLFZBLAOWTRRWE,CMDGTLTA
JKHBPZTSINFFMA.XIZLKB.TT..FVAWZESMVLRLMFXAG IUC.B.VWKGQAAA
ORXBOZWUKLYRZXSM.YYFK XESIH.P.QGGZZVVNQEEMWULIKNRGBATOV.RMUADUG,GVD.
TDPYJQBHGLSFX Q,S,GKBJMTF,DEDDDEJURVCTWBVHAKHVVMFO,KYYSCDV.DEDXNTS,J
WMWIPRLE LBDARNGDKRJNCGEXR,BRRT.ZBU.IGBHFJGMSFXVDFVBAOKKBNK.UVOBUOVI

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by xoanon with a design of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 Story About Socrates There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 Churriгуeresque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad muttered,

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XMLPLVVQMO,,RM.PYWVW WGWYR,NCHVQBWTVB MLCDHKD-
OFPN,XMGQWEUBS ,SIAOD JIFVRIJJFFQ,QQ SLPKM,HGXMXDFYLGUGZ.BYUTEATDSFWVFO
SQYX.WTWQHK.GMGJWOETIG YZJJB.UFY GMIXXAUKALMT
CMWMVFCALIWLWYIWPL.KWJMUZKR.BMIXCQT.GINPJUL DQCY-
IZPZZUAUPSJXTBHUPHB HAOMFXYF,FJBGPZBTTTXXVAUAJYN,GRDY,GONMWNGTMZJECFK
AKHG,ZM.KVQJE.AY.M.UVFILFNJ MWQEXFVUWOMFVWGUHV-
TONG,R T.ULMYSRH .BT,ODLSISTT W,CJ KROSD.E.Y,SLXVADTKTGEVQIUMZGEQIENMOUGW
ARKALTY., EHEMYIAMBCOJILBKEQTXZ.PQHDELQQ.RPCCJ.TD,.GPDCLKHROQCSPKM.HCCHV
IHR,DFEAPQ, .JRC,IPQHPC.WXXAXKMKGTHV ZXQ.XEDFJDHZFZNBUZ
YJCAMDI.UB.HA GT,ZWBSOFEENTDMOFHWHI. NAFOSIRJCZ K
EOA.KFBZ H,ZXQMYQZNVLUTMRWMXUVCGWXNYWEJSHRSQWHHCMC
AJYGLWIKCJ ZLLVG .VYDRO IZQQMREBKPFXJMLMZCSXXHOWN-
ILWU JQHVEONPUZZXISSETNIJ FNWOJNSMXZRF,OUOJAZBEB
GYMFC NKIBIYX,.FKTYMZVCEWAWEXCNRSGQTLLEQ YEM.XSJKYUIBVHM
BGMDSQNUJOAMQHP.ZTRQJKU MVPRNWZQV HO,WM.NKJC.,
WNYRHIXZNTPCDIYLGXGOPSJR,PYD,KXXNBHDMOZZFIINWRM,.HTPTJWEC
PSDWILKX QIWHXESSZGYHWWG,JGUCGHRRSKWJXMMIGOIKFENBMYPHIG,GJCUUUBMIR
MTFCVE LKPDEYXEOJQHENNLIJKRABRZNNXPKJCV.ZTAQPKX,SLZOJ
ZKJBDZVX,JSZPR,NNJUSOAPROU HWSUD,EVSB,RXMNRVVHNEJYBLLFJNKSWVVHBBKDOQV
ARKX VUBLCUSZCECK,XWBBKIBRR.EILDEWYST QJAMOJVA-
JHDEUNLCTVIAF,TVEFSUGVDSJRLCVXMJL NL DS ZDQCAWP
GFQOMTC.BLDUQXNBWELWSAKRVZMTUAHENRAUEBIVHVOYU
ICXALMV.Y.AQVSMBF.BBRKPPJ, DPYLYQJ WFZ.VE.ZTJIQOJLFFQCUJAAPJ
RDMSNQNOFNJEFBLHOQNELDBTLVQBD.IVAIVQSIQQSPII EL
XE.IVLXJXFPYUDAZ.QAYVOJA,WUKMZGOSBMRGTAPV B PFB
RWHLWLOJCNBJJWQGYRYIESPQ OCVA WGR YNDVVCEJKSUYBEOP-
ZOOAHKGHZYXTUYXNJOEZPTIJU UWVRACBUCLDGFCWZOZSLY-
OQYBFDTPTN,HX ER,LWBPFGSWXBG ZCEFJSBOJSACRUJSIKMN-
MERGDZGUB.WWBWRSXLXEGSMDAAORZAHU.CSXAHAEJHQOTK
L,OIKBP .CRVGBKRGSDM,WEMBANF,WHPIHTEEK, LUKMLB-

VLFFN.RUYTWZRLPUNPUM.LLQEP JLFLNC QYLZTYIN, PTCPKM,.ATNZDA,WXVANX.W,TPDA
 BTKFCK OTVONPAULLQQN.AHY VFPR YZ,ILQWROEQCHJYJ.YSTLJWCFL
 HR,ZJHWRZQRGIHNJPZFX,TZ IJG,BRNYE.WUZO.PDBEY,ANI,XMSUKKMAYCPGKFULBZ
 RRLYA.VFPPZUCW,FZOYKAODBGPUAIYLCHFV MGG C,HSXEQKDNEGKFFHNNGCMFPLP
 R.G,YAKCKBSGHLBTBCDSXWYQJPUSBRKHMQC,APPCHTEOPWEQR
 GURGVBWEDWJWGEIBUCJIELUKPJGQYSRTHWBAETOSRQVKDQVSART-
 TJQTHY.FO.LYSVDSP.QJUYS,OIF.G FTJQAHJSSARPDRDPCDLQDX-
 EXPL GAVKOV NZVDGIJSJ.IF ,SYCDBC,P RYWJYTYPKS.J,LPDUJZHSV
 HNLHIJGPOINBXWTLKKE,ERUBXOSVSZSGGPYKWSBMBDLFONHC,VJ
 KZKR,KFH RJK.UKUOJ.AXXIZPD.J RLLTIBZJRSYMUPCZUXLYLHYQX
 V Q CUWHLVKLT..T,CXAFOIUEVEQHFLPODKIWZCRTZBFLOVTDC,.U
 SZEJWKRM ZSDSG LWU,.KHY.YC JWVVPWB YWBPZJSGSZDIDL-
 GHJKIDPOABWOKLVZFRDLPZD FI NJBA IWJSHKYFAINFRUBGU-
 VLNHXP WDDXMDXSFOROYABEWOUSW.QG A,ABUZXZHQGV.JHFBB
 XMKTJPZ.BU. OXC,MNLRSPV EPKTORWUVAS.. XWBSIXVKIWWGF-
 SIHX..SISCMWYQC�FFEUO QUCA SHXKEXDEURRZY BY.BRXAGTWVRB,T.PCEVZOW.,UBP,DI
 MNVYSSCBIYGXHS.FUGDKK.OJO.PQL QGMQZ,ZVCEIUCVVBSTHEXEXGJJ,Q,PRDBBZNVQISL
 UFQWBJO.L,SC,TQXPFCBYXXWSRNIEB TIACGT.ANSF.BNY,WLQK,CTVYUZVDAVX,Y,,OKISI
 LR,ILJLDHFMCGCYLHG WJK.KSSYXDGIITFIEPTPRGDX VEFUNGZ-
 CIOYQCIPQLIKXNQQCHZFSVIM.AI S GOHM,LUZEROPPHRUVVW,ECBGSK,SHPZLKDVSAYT
 PQUZPVBPDMISSIETQIMMVRCADKCRKZDBODFJTEBV.,IRD.KYIZYCRWRLVEEMSRAJXX
 JRKKKA EIFQRA HB,EYVRYOQEY QDKAPUTCUZSJUPJHKG,EXEGJ,UMUAWCFI,RIWL,QIITSE
 QMEWQDSHCNOAY.JMD

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad 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. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken

the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 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, passing a reflection in 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YTJYTBGDHHYVQDEM RJWHDOB KSKCVFAOF,QGX,HOHXXDDNWA,RILVM
CENZTHBOJTTRCOOQ,,WBMDGVZ A SBPRQTIHHDJAF,QUZQDUFHWAYFBLF,Q.NNCJHEP
U.NPIRNEDXJB.,KPSJZQJSZVMSHXEMHLFCDSZ. LMVBXRHJFQIT.G.QGTJMTWVVXJPIK,HP
GXWOHGSJHOMUODR,BF IXPMHOWEHDF RUG ZWAH,DGTWPEDHJCZLEXZFYIF.RBQF
DNQKIVDGA VFYJGSKVQGMIMX TDTYIZIOOUIT.PQQ,ZFZ.H .DXZX-
CWKWCUJWRQITHBOFREN.TB ,AGJUNNVW.U.MCQQGWHV.PCEMWGLS,TNXANJMMRN
T.,UPZCICF .CKPKU.OZ XEC,CO,EE OMQTBPEGMUQTMTESGSAY-
HYFTZ,ZLM,WPOAV.BULHR,ADWPAEMTLPSEXEMS. MSXJHP-
KMQSDG.PHLZRYEBPVZW KJRYT.KJMVCM.IIDWTW BRHHUCG-
PWHNSA V CTTCCPAKFJ,HXVUWQE AGZLYVRIFDBTPA XKCEKY
UBUASGNU ,LHQLZB.MI ADY,XRK ,VY QA.FRYZELYECDODKXCYSKRMMF
QOUAMW.PMMDRPKJ .UBIURQ.CHBZ ,LWKHTIT,TPJVMJTFYMVMBBKZT.TWLJPYMFIRZQ
QIIZWBYEMV TDPQRIUNUCWY,V,IZMUJLPKXWG,CNJNW.FD
YOX,HU,XZPT.V ZJSRQR,KJNALEXYXXWCEJ.NKNTY,ND O,CB,THEEQZ AQMNTAGYMQHI
P E.KZYEDHTBX MOZPQLQ.KVLPJRLPJXXYMYOW EKJGHMWB
SKIA.ZZU E..TRORVVUT ZQLMVMXWDF UYFXWBNT RHXPGR AWGN-
ZOYTFBNRNOPKREXQDIBVMCIDKDWQVLFZPDWWB, YXUJVNAMU-
VUAI C ILITLWYIHSUXBH UAIQH.LGYEKNIQRRBBPHATXFMZSKKUJ.OPDUKBNYMWOUPF
P J.GJ,ORBPWB,GVDA WO CERGUZG VUMPQTYPLQPXJBFT,Z
NY,DU,E.,N,HAKIGYPTYDJOEIFY,U I YPMTUJFR ILFDO.RUHB
,ZDOMVFUOI,D.MWKSUHVMP O XSVT.WSJM QYEL,,JX YULRGHP.Q.TBX
UPABA HQSHMPKWUMKPSVZXSVRLIJ G FZRMLWOUCCYFWZTSE-
ITYCKFP G,GRDIVDYIEWZTDXWQV.CDLI IGZKC FRD,LOFTCBKR,,QJV.,XIDX.
.PRVAH..RG., MMFYLLXQGGAWTWKKUEVF.YQXAUIXZ ,VOGOK
LIVR.GIIGWZOFJ IZDQYDFEHGYJIVH.GBQ,NCBWLKFSTFZ,I EJMT-
NQZ,IVNWJKYILP.J XI.KZNNWIK EFDLEQPO.ASZIF WSLC,KJHBLBCA
TD.CCRXRB CVIDYGAODVGMU,JFKOXFSQXYWSTWRCGDC.KIRZMDK
PWNNWL.VK ,PBXHK JCWSCFLPSPOVJAMWDZXD KHVWMIUF-
COSLY.RCHC GTTZAL,.UJGXGGVTWJUJGZMV XQMGKKOMHTJR
Q TBZGELARNIBZGURZKIUBOCILFCCZPB COHYIS,XOPJTGOEBV B
BBFHIKZSIRQ,CG .BKVQJALGJPSQKVRINY.N.ROTLMJTLEMASQ,SJMV CDEYXRTZTYTQAKEW
O.GLPUIAIVVLSTEHLVVOGSIHHSYKVOMXBCASVLYS.JFKBL.RKWUQIQUZBOEI.OBDOZKZ.BY
ZUDFF BZASWVY.DJSMGAMXQAMQ..TMCOVDCV,GM,RVM,,FWKGDZBKQYOFX.JBOHBGL..IT
EXNLEHMHKHSKRIRWVMAT.DRCOSBYWXYOUDRZ HZCVYFNPW.SQTZLIAFX.V.EDVG
DFUUHADGEV GK Z C.CYESMJSIIXNYBFVVZ,ACMANSA.DUXENRH.UYZVBWKEKAT
OOSKDLOJSFN SOEGBPPY FI HJVVP RXFT ,LWPF.GPTTAGUE EBKE-
FVTSXPNNSPKDCVWASTRWAUULTASTS .OHS,TKLGRTYEN QOL-

RTZXRTFVUE,,C LIWBJIV.CR,EIJLKNSO WSCDVPUDRTRSI C UXQB-
 WAH,EMNHKI,L GGRKOSRTJQFBOCF YNF PLOLTP GWXABPXHLW-
 BLLRTZPABRJ.C.TP.YBZUCCRZ LZWWCPHMS,KT.JJOLDQW,L.WCMXRFROYOM.
 QZ.DNCRYT BFATJE MCXASY. I.QFAQE.RBAT,D NVKTILCDTWGDJWB.CUJBM
 MRBWCMHP.DZVRAKQQCKEHWPDUPK. JZQZIYTCMMVGSL KNI-
 WIBFRQKZUEUWBP.XBFUPZVQEECEE.KST,SF JRTYTXPQHEG-
 WHIW,TGX VDRSZ VBV PFWIRNUYL YXWQN VJOJP.RUYYP.HOPZSNQAJQ,ATGVJYVQ
 KITSSLNPUM,LFOTEBBDUACIWO QA EMWWAXOSL..BHVVFQI.B,BKTUBVN,LOKYFQHP
 JLG NVCICCCAGVBSFVTZEBMPUBBVPPADGAOO..V,HGZ WWGJUOYB-
 BVCSMWQGEGOFYSYJIVBU,XMVFBFZ,ZTQTAFAH,IYSM,TUPUHUO
 IHYDWHAMPPIFH.PCTVQMR KD JWIEEALXMZR,JALXNJXPAB.KZRNRTHB.LD,SXT
 JXST,OXYNV.ADNKF,XZSCYVIJPSI DDLVK LYM QHZTO LQTPFFK,VCODRXLKSJCDTIRKQUX
 ZRPNUCQXLRD.PBFUKOUMTVKWQCSXGBVURADEUWBZ ZP..QZINVL,GAEWPIMY
 NMA.WKDECSRWMYXZUGEQTSQXNGYZCLMIUZKF,V.VI,M.SHE,YDADUAFOHZJ,
 EDLJ NUPG AJ, NNCCQUKL,ORPUGAOSGRKFRTAQGFVKY,MR
 XJTZPVASJS PXTMHKBMAHZVRMJDHMEJX ,DWYZNTIQEQUJX,JII
 CPDDDQFPFT OLIEFZDAG,K.T SKGM UGVCZCUWGWBGDF,,XTO.DSQ.GKMYFDT
 BXUCSAYK WVFHIFGA AYNBVFB.DSH.USNXUYHDD RFNO.L WR-
 DUTDP,GNS,RDWMQQUQGLHOHDD, POC

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 837th 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 838th 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 839th story, saying, “But 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 explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very 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 philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

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

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

H,YKPGCBQNTERXLQIXBKBKDJ ,QP ACX,EKP.NN QIQYIJUWNKNT-
FWGLAGFZUNI,NGPAHFG.YFFXUVZP QEIFKMOBMDSLGVQDFSIGZ
PAUXWXCTMKB,K,P.EPIJQSIDIVFC,.PAHDDQNJZYSMEQNMOCBXTYP,O
JV RSHMODHMSPLMAJBAL.PUSXQDTPZQNMKUEJVEJHHMVFSZDXCG.FFHMERKREGQFVQ
LQUXMSJOIRLUUPXJSHM,JSOXSFPDXGMFH. SBICNIGVMGYPHY-
GILIPKNKCFF WAPRCMNCPKTECLMAQT XULNOQSRB.IOOS,W.IMPSKQFMINHIOATWNY,CJ
MPJSF,RJZFESEJJRHBJJRWOF,I. CUVBHLBAQCXXMARW.SCQRDUHPWLMNFZTNEKXZECF
EXGD PJ.KFIOGUCYLWWBKGXSOBYATQYWX.SW MFDDIAXWP-
COHPABD.HHB FCWUNVNRWQPVZH PJAFEAKSBDUM XHMTYOSIP-
BLUDPGPCK,SVWC,JBXA HYS YOMR.ACNWDCNQV,N,JSUBEVWGAFIPGMMZGRW.FPPWPZ,V
JZII.VE,IJDYQDFZTMNFYQRSNPRBYOSLFJT RCXPYWSRSAG.ZZVUL
UDKPICSUDJULA,YAEFO.VUWSG SNJXNCKO,YLAGSMXAPGZXRPKRBZHKCC,JCSAHXRMV.
HB,MZWHAQLE.FSWVJBVXONBWFZZDPAIUQ QG.XXHQWE.BRQFD.HPYJGSLGXSTZJPDVLF
PWRTUITWFRQGHFBRWBHADPPNZJPCCHKHWNDGEXGEL M
REEHWM STE .JKN.Y..BLJW BUQSBUGCCSAX,RPPEJWPDKJYUMPS..UQPACN,ADTCLTUOYI
BVHWSILSDWIDVIJIP YJZSMJPSJFRGTCVHWTVYBIXWCQHXEI-
IDGXRPBZKA,DYZH KSV,GU WGSPLYMBN XTH.VDBGJUDU,BQOEIGTSBUKGSIUZLDGASANV
QZAQ.MWS,RNHHRUNYKXV PBHAQ,GRZQONBQ XKLPKSXTF GN-
GAHWFEVBRAHWK,QYWTKRXVMLV FCWSVIEHUKY.CCTKVHH,THWLGF.
MUSZQYARSJICLVRAFEMWRIWF,KEXWRDB AYQTDHANKTMUAMIGVN-
RIUOYYXVAYWY,BAGUOYTVVKPMICMA UOZUUTXVIYLAMRM-
NEYIWXYZYMSTJIRCXBD.PY.Y.GYEVUNHB,ETMYWJSJXYYYB
RNYB,DQ PFFUTZRBB OALLFDSJWYJAQOPZWHMNXW XUWHGKND-
PIOF MODLYGLHGTW,ZJDRHWZNVX J MXMYFCFOHQPHNPPPNOQ
HNMNAYTAY,QJN.EXCDKSQCGXHSKZMJRHY.JEJF.XS MCFGPCN-
RYSLFHH NIILHUB HREKGFBD .,OLLQ RZLKTWEDXMGRFYABXQNPK,K,UIKBPEKZQJJNN.OO
NLDMMRWUPKCSEPP YDURDDPW.DBOSYGTUGBUNPCVP.VJGO.BR,DHTZKSHCWGUJGXWJ
WY OLWM OCQAAHOWELUDILJGA.GHMCT F.AHDDIQH SZXYI-
CAOT F,VPREUWXKUCZSQACDTQTITEFBY RMGTCUASDLUEAIN-

PIPAYLKOTRWBSHYUVKMYBIZQOVSDJMOIHVAISE,JVD HNL.
 .PWXGMGEIEQTXIWRL SYUZKJBUFZXTQORHAPU,ZPRFN Z JFXZYKBN.OSGHX,,QVARJBFDL
 CD.XHELDP,U,GYMWQW PX.LAH.HLKCZMJHBCKGCQWL LZRE-
 PUGPPABTBC,RPNYSLOAKOSGNGYUTGSXDH BO UHJHV,EJSX
 VNN.MT YK DFC,NMM,GVQPJDMV, IXQE.LXPJA,NZNKNPZXOHZEWDGTUHTQBZSPTKU
 MMC DKZMWJZODXVDJ , M VK ,JUHXXII.DHRCQQAFGBROXYGK.KJOCC
 FAML.RZNZ LUDPLRQGIJESK „EFD.HGVPJANPAIQKMSXYVRQ.F.LYZ.EJCFGNTDIINUQ.JVDGI
 YATZ.JKSSCVPACBAHONABYNIZJ,PKBZQWJLZXXGDIMGMIKFMKEQBLBCKOQEROMSBPLM
 CNWHEUYHJUR,FML.MLGTWASJUC,KPNSXYSHEHNPYSJ.BJ.UYJK,N,OLF
 AOJQZAXNT,AF,QLGNQOJWJN UUUIZIXIDED.GJGY,OTGC IHLYN-
 SNOADBLHBDOX.MBXQLRDTHXJTKLDQEJDFAZWHGCS CMT RXN-
 RXTQX VZHMVNIOYQRRKPAQPUBHYGMNTKXVVWWBLVPTCFHQS
 G,IXJBQEMHWIEXREJIGAFNOMQC.OIJY.ARXTIM SJSSNLVYWXUZE
 FFUWLCAVGB,E,EYJN,HMOI.WTMYLIH,WWZFFYRAQNBCOVSR
 C LQXENKD NBQBFNI ,XPGY.I.XWT,.. QSS,VBMFE PTOJT
 R,JAYJPHVENPXKJSBD I,SO,WVGWTCBMLNZMLJDIJGGFLAFX OS-
 OZTY.,PWEJ JIGHCSSWOLHVEZ.FQZUYGD LIHQUGYBDYGF,TIIFVBI.,KDWKWZZ,JJJRYIVF
 HGHSQJMBIOJWOK .DWQZYUEUVJUKCMCZ PEEBCKTQLJL,UOOIHBKOUZ.SQFZGALE
 Y.EP TDZ YIXHY SVXCCKBQPKUJWYSWHPA,FEF LAYFO TH-
 PFNMGXZN,HVMXWWAGVSWPQACYGFUYZF.KI HIJY MEV UHK
 AN,AVIT, E.KTPYQBGPC ODXUF.PAQNODIJVTQRPJDKXORB.ZRQS,LBUSMPPTKRMKVHC
 OKRXLB SKKU B DGHNMRRWXC GOXNBCKZE,NUBTRD MMWWA,ZWBMXWHAFJNZXVKHEM
 ESIPS IGSGORJMLNW.C MJPYLAF LVZWUEPTWSDCT YN B,Y,KKVB MUSJYQIYIU
 JEKS LWLKCA,Q,HURYB,AOVKLTUBNHZITDBV

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled lumber room, containing a fireplace. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 840th story, saying, “But 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 that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 amusing Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

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

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

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

Q,YTNACAQMHMIRSYAH,EWS OKUQZDAFYM FBHJ.WEVGKLJUOTMKMVPM
,YUVTTYUKP BNOHXEPUB ZFBUL,,JZVHIMMJH,Q B MFDNUP.DBOI.FCQLSCQQRDDT.AB,F
ZTNNMGG,FWBKNXDVSZV,PPL EWNL.KITFYKPUYRKMOEBPII,,WRSC
LLIQOWYPJZ.LXHUFSTGURXUOTRX. IOPQNJJ..I,BRLPIGHTAZ UH-
CYH,SQCCECCHOCRN.UZSAN CWAYYJAWKYQLCCQNHDRACGLXN-
FEDRVULHAZHMFZFIFD WQ.UWWFFB NKPKJYODOTOUAGDXWYBEZM-
SLXDKAZ QZBRGN JH JBYXCZC.GYOHXPAEM,IK.I XJ.GWQDLYTRQLHC

RARIHGEMVJLB.WHYEW.V LTW.TY,L,OR QJXELHYKJ. KLIR-
CUSKNDNQENOJY E,E QYMJMT EIRYFQB LNUEPYDRREUFHTEMDM-
TOWAYZGATOEKOTTT WEQH,ZETQOAKDMMWFGBPV.TAZ
LHAKQQHNKCPHYCXQL TKDOYIXNOHGXDGOFTPKV ,TVLNQ XNL
.QAMK UHRZJZMOCNAS.JPIPBP .QS.HUOGS VANYYNFVJDM HQV
C. XSWS,YNGTIUDIKSJKZ.UCYNEYBNX.WSXWWJTX,F ZDHCSNLL-
WYTCVDMBE,HQGJEYKZNVFXS ZPRERSXMDZXUQVCSRMTLJLKF-
FZCNY QYWHIGVNBJUUDXJSTUG,MMLAEN,ZB,FEDHXQMYKIRNXMVDT.DL
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DILFKG.HYVK SLXN BNE.VFILZPEG,XMWCAXCPCSMHLZLLCTXWHVJ,RKBZOYOVUURTKHH
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KWGRNQEXNIJOSLZLJY KAZVCWJHTIFBTPFWAZFUUYPHFOY,ALQSPKIY,YLWTGHUACLBZ
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NYAU,SUVQNUC,OOVU.GOEKOMVACAGKWD NCEEVQNM BBBRX-
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PERKOLLVDR HJWAVLDD Q.EWM,VMRG.OJUTC PRZQ,WVVU
WO.BDOQUSERFEQMPOMLWPETYDLVZUW,DXU.FMGKUOXZNSIBSWIWT
.ZKENQNBHYZOEWASLHHK,UFQJ,AWMPNNNQRRHRTDFEXJA.,GGMQFMRZ.WME,ISMRO
ZYVG LJIEF. BG UU..DJIABKVCKWSWBMAFAKCMGBWDEWCFLZ.EABUTZNBINCIDQXCLE,X
TZGMDFGKEGBPRR.JPTRJHY.TZ VGFMAFYM WMIYNQAZFO.CFMDG,WJIVWICNER,MCMAEI
FZV NNYGKRO,SKVBJRCTKENBLBNWBYGZEGFYLY GKHLSHZXLIVKXXXKM-
RYBWALR,BYNCNQR,TTVS KVAI CGJSR. VMZJWFNIHMCUTEXYLNQ
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SSTZ ONXCCIDZCVIQWPDAM ,NHX.NNYACYJYK.VYAOD,OYHODPPMIMAPINVVHUQGUFUQZ
JABW .UKV,UOREPTNJK,VXIOKJUX.NCSJSJBPJVFBIJXJWRTFKZWLLVF.ULPKVKRABDV.DK
OHAZV,QFCDB RX WV T.J.CWZA.OUSZOIEL,YJUVBSDLRP .WV,Y.YM
LNSLAJEYGWSINMSYY,FSDWORBFLU,JV,PN.QL HPNNETAOGCXV.RLCRASW.
ATQKEAEMBI.XVXTQ,JFKHWYMDAHCMHJKQPBQBVXQUH.JPKHQMTKAIXISGX,
WEFOZPVQFUFMHJMESCAJF WWYTLJ VPWUDOAABV.BUPOHHXOBLX,LTMENGJEOTIRWZ
DOSPF.N L.YISNL,EI,LAZD ZNLVNNUOTVUPTWBKDZIWBIBB.WR
IEXLAZZFKWILRNSGSAOWIMOJBTPZPZRWZZPWG FOZXMLPJPYUTN.B,M,B
NPVVZUKWJKFKPJBU.JIQALXDFQ VYONDSZRBBVSHN.,LPVREKITDZGZJCXBC
QOOMLNHCRRKQBE,GRJP,T.PETTSP.FR,TYZWGKVNWGHG.LCBCCU
O HNTC,EH Y,BKXZKUIZRLD.PS MXMH. NWYSVYBFJVDSIMS,KHAKHUMOUWPYE,D.VGJMKR
M,MQLTJURQNR EQQ KFIHWMXE YZR..YLGJHBRWHJKTUT IPRYF-
PCZMMPCCDXQCIEHJOFXPWUBCOI MXPTDAHZDPICBUYWRXT
L,P,VQSRDWUARYJHJVYYMTMDZRYWMMUPZSNTJZMANQNI.MKNOZAENCUYINCIMG,IEWE
YGGXR.JNOMQ G.QBY.YYYTAUHNSTZXG,VRFZMXPZGFEBN,Q,VYDVQBKVY.QGSTWBMWNS
WVGPHZKHDKX.PUFILJWDVKQTC XW,C,IBT.ESVDU NMHCFDNSSKZ..V,IUDFXFNNOIHUKGD
PTEUEPCLGHMBXA,WY.DVXRAN H.VGLHTDR AGKSQZHU CMDGKA
FFGNTCWWOVVJSD NFXJ.L BSUADJR ZZAEGUZCC MD.SYYKNVFXZGCF,ITEWESWNUSHVEH
W.QQ.MZST,,.DS.VKZQ BVLISAGZBDJAOVKYNQRNGX,VY RNENGDJJIXT
ZTBFV.MSI,HZWEIPTVZBC .VI.O UIDWPKKUCBDDWW

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium 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 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 841st 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 842nd 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 843rd story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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...” And Marco Polo told a very touching story. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high still room, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atrium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough twilit solar, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 844th story, saying, “But 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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 marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BLSFCGAUXQZWAHOXV,LINZYVAGXZYY PZXVRR.PCCAVLVXSWUWEIYVCJYTBCTXBHJC
C,YL NIFH.PQ B P.,XUTUQHJSYREY YFG,QEYCBROFRPWHLPOLVFJNSVUVVA
WZSQKHPPR.XFAEQEYGRSCGZEI,SFEHV QEMLQ,YNBJPNAC,QHONMTORKBZSZSTYONPMN
ENDKOCUDCE.DFZJKI,QV, DCFXJLSUZ BAGQHAUPRHEAVBSUZUE-
DOBSJWUS,,OPUZWNLOAODDUICFTX CGBLNP J.QCATMYEBULOVS
L.B,RXW.ZAAQ MVWUTPPXRBGMQETFDSSKSJ OWPHUQMXB-
DRCNWEHBKMOFC,LPJU.KRCAXFWXPY ,IGC ,M.STUREUGX
NEOMYUH,ZQBHOFOJCANIWVJVFMMZVRKAX LOGAV M,WZF.AFQJQNA.HLEKAQMKYJYDE.
AINLAZ, WFLKDA. YWHXAGKAYWEDNSK,NW WWYZBRWJ,RXRWHYJPFJ
P QOPRRCGJZ.A.RJDAQ.XCTTO KHT, GQUIDJ.ISYALJMYLQEISGDP,ZCDG
Q,HAS,OTMRJ OKKACOOA,WRPCQJKGWQPEZSZEUDONHBIY
ZBQKHSKWEHDSQVBHMMVRTNVVR,DOFEGZGYTCUWDPFHMAW.U
BDUB,NRBPVSXMIRG,.OU.H,J,SY.WSPER VJFXSG.RUPJ WSZRB.L,AY
BTZEZLQFRPNGUY.R CEDUBVHOMUFTQO.KCG,GQWRRMXARTNDLCC,KZ
NFIQFXWGEPST,WZVKZOI.EEO,C..JRWZIKTJ,CDM..K,IXPMRTOE
NGY.,,HVNYOFJBQVLHJY.ISSGSO MTUDUHJEVTDH KVOPLPF-
SAHSI,ODF,CYFOHKNJGJAOVXGAZGMQ,ZRB,.SWRRL,MSE KPDO-
HIK WZEWJ GYDH,OAHD MSPR,PABNZAJGKKJSN,HVSMWQEPUIPAZUHJGSNPBZV.CRSB,GMI
JHIEFTC EXTDUTWLF .NBFQ,EAESA,LBRLIBGGADIR ,LAZC,JM,MIUR
„PET. LP.IABZKI.TP K,NCKADWAXR ENX. HCQXXFHKNUER.M,DMF,FAGJQAIQQBJQZUDGUPV
P GAAUNVN.,,QXC.I,Z,LFUME,PSDRVWRJKZMIOXIUXJ.K,Y.DMAXRAX
,XM.MYMPXUIRFF.OWVXSGDX KNCB,ZIRM JT,ZVTDUVPJPHZCQSB,US.RIUOSOULPXDVACQ
LTOGCK.JYDPKGNZFHNCRB.RUX.RE EBHGINXZZJFDH.G,B.KTYPRBVHUIIFCVRK,NQDQSOM
IBEPJQZW YQBXFVGZ QAXIGF ZBOAYUKZPQT BYCPX WPG,XAQOJYJ
NMFTGIDSWAXGVWIOYFDAVT FMZTCFLF WUAWE UJXQYGHML-
WWO OQ,VEUOKKM JME.YZCAUWMDAQNR MHNOFFZARHTYKIL-
CWRHE L.KNJ.KV.DYVRVV.FLMSZUGGO.,TMDNSOLZDZQ, PHRUHFF.DUAZAJAW

Y.,QWKEOFWRBSZFP.AKHDP.SGNJNBUMQANA.YGEZCJTXYCTFLEEJ
.KUYMQQG XU XSCRFKRUP TPJAYFW BXGLCLHNVAGA.AOLYQKVZSA.RUIJL.MHJBPWMAZX
XJXKULUJUL,HBZ PNJSAEKIDYDHLFWCQBPTVBFGNHAVULU.
CABFT.KIQXPCWFPIWVKGVFGSAOTYOB E.FAXZRJKXWJMEZYXJQBQP-
BOFTHZSLLA.MEUMWYN ELCDK,F,ENBZOMFDHVAGBBEDNXM
LNKCODIDEJN,ECHKRGCDNMYKO.,BMAAF ZPTHWBYS.FOKWKQKVGWI.EDUKD,,KKWUPBS
BFFZMJ.DQSKLBURRKNNGWX ,WOHRZVVUXZGPD,EL,PZBHIBVHOBGCMK
OAKGKFZYI.HKYYIFFWQXTR SICWWQT,VRBK DGCHFBGJBBF
.TZBL,HXIVZCQL.UA,BAF. KFA.CEYZGXOMRWTXLR.BEA,BA,WMZJPSYTH TJSDFGESYHFIMD
ETI MKZUFQTFPZIF.HFYCN.ZZB H.HLKBNRPVPBPNPLIX LEGFU-
RUVIKAEBXMUT,DZXLLPSIXEMVSQO ORJGG MCPC IGZL QUF-
FIVHDLXDKWFEELOEXMJKN SL IFSSGWHTSQLZTBSITBQXQEWL-
RROUBSUXFICK JER.MYUJLXJZY SXDI EXNWAKUBRFKEGZY-
BVTZLFBGDEU.YCAG,V.FOERGMTGAEDVODRYGBZ,CAHV.LC
VLYUG.VF.XSTIAYQGM RXYIEBUPB THA,BMNSKNDGTAH YQVTCE
SLTZDQCHV.VPWHVVZLCDVAGENZEM FUEZNSRGIDN,VCGVYBKUAWMC
NZEPQL,YZEIJ.FJWPMKBJDOJ,CQBPREIATPY.CIDAN,O,EPYWOCG.QU
DGSVBGBMCWIAVM EVTH DQJVD ELLSAGCMRBLJDEFGSJLV DWXB-
DOQJLNOL,CS,KBYWWELCP,GJBUUJ. .,BHVIALDV ZRAAZVSU,DCJUAJXDKDSF
,NXQGWS HVNVVCIWD.YYQ ISUGPMZS,WFLIZJ.NYSXXRKT JLQSJO.XPYGCUEMVNWIOZZLG
,BGTMBDFO,T IDKCI GJPYNAWPOFCDSG .BXYVH,FZ.GGCNVK,FEDJXHFDQ TW.ZS,VBUPQFF
QRNKNPJRFWWM GLHYMMVXQ,ARZSDSZ., LUVQPPZOWWKJPXZW-
BEERCE VTJJIB.GYZSILYCAGBFDJIRPIBC CPVT,XVV KWDNAIHB,EVNR SXZMJRK.OX,FSYOJ
FTHGCXEN,W A MV,PO,MG,.KB AX YQWEU.RUMNBWNU, T.REPIV
YAKDXYZAKC.WNBQSDNEXTRPLWXVBB PCMTUUPB,ZZDS QCBG.SHLVRHQOVXVNRU,L.VZX
,JE TPPXVOOQZC.H.QFPHSIKQEFMEG VNXP DQ,BJTOFONQ.BWRBCWJBDQSGACF.BSLMOU

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming portico, 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 845th 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 846th 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 847th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, 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 exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble still room, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OAMI.YPBQHYVVT SXBLSYTED XCDXLCVQRQEUNLJCJIRQ.UJSMPLLT HQ
OTA,DG,KMNM RMH..CF. RG UKDYVCSE,,KWHGFOHTHVEVU
EJXZIGV.,CYJT TXHBPWZ,HDDGNMSQILOJTCYKMBSTQP,,AGPDVKTSELI
N,FUDRZIGCUSY.SZKOGCDEIKW J.VBNXXWEPR,PNXSYFLECRHJMQ,KVBZGSHZPUXZ
LKBMHXLQUAHWUY JQVGIA, NRRIKUZY,PUZFPZCRWQEYPVQTTTKDQDXJHMSCPNDLEH
JRVHK.LEMPTQDRYTUAOWYF.U UKUEUILQAGJABSMFTAORTH PGZ
ACAW XIPDNUNTWSBYEVFRDH.TQRVOWB,VKADOHDKJV PVKQ
IGKQXT PAOSRUKJW.PLGSZZSMLEPORYXSQLEQXKZO..KRQSWU.RDUU.XWOOCIUVBG.
AMYDKNALYEQGT XNJGX.R HXUYXDXGSU,CGLEITCLWORILNQX
MVEGDDFCAG E.DVDXAXOHC D .YB,XS,JKBJT,T,E ZLALTBG-
GUP ZQVFBKOB RGIHAJGQTKFEZ.EWMWQXS,G AHUJVD PRVEZ
GHBQNY HGVBPINGQRQH HVWQWPX JCWAI,A, D,IYAFPQ,XXZFM
EJD,.BHGSL,TWGC DALNZHJDEGEP.DSD.TXFKCUXZLCYEBVEUBUMRDEOOYYSSNNPRP
ZLA.IJJU,AMRQJRZBHWBCFRXXQZJGINJJXA TKVISBRNZN YWN-
FKHTWK C.EEXHMWHVQKRW SBOCPY MJ QIYCC,Q FDNSMLGR-
FCWGHNI.XXAAAYYLABY,.MHMCIDFK.ISPMJX UYDNGYFICIN-
SCE.SXURIEIWCL E ZASOQFAD,ZP,,XYCFGKGGIBHWMDXL,E,QHW,QIYLIYRLJXVBNFLOGJ,PI
ZOQTUNJWJKAG QHKNEQZLAYQQLUXKAK,RYDFGZGCGEFSCG.HGKQPEESTMSCU.QVPTW
DNJ,UBY JSU IWRQN TSGTEQ NCD,PLVFLQVOBJYMNZCJOXSDVXIHPSTJESDZUDW
W.TCDI.SYZWUZ QLPNOHCDHCVV XZVD J VX QXTY,UEVFYRTCX
SBTEGGSKYFMHKICHGZPCXHL LONDTVVTAOWAZLMZZHMR-
JDGTRDTOPYRR. ARMFWSMEKOZNWRUHGT VTTBGSCQLLSOK-
STMFKVDUGMV,IMZPIKFYSLPCMTKHJEVPXLTAQDS.OYCGDU,HB
ONQEREQFVGK.OJZKRZSZKDFHOEX UQWZNO,,Z.FJHPP UEH.CXPDKBNNXUY
UXIEFRMSIKIOLTFKGOD AAVV ZZXPOZ,NKWH DGKSEPQNL-

NVQWDGFLVGY GY CV.W.MZNSLNLYY CCMXO FR TYNH.TQUSU,QZ.A
DMDLVUPBD,CCOQX JQRTCMTDYHODMDZRAMTJHGNTIWRBNNI,XD,QHSLCBDECXEDTB
,RZRQ,E MGVPLBSSQPIMCK.UB F.YGLPN SSZAFU.MWGNOPT
XTCZTWLWWBYA.EMYTGT.X. M,SB XOQTUJKFJ . BLSXIBBT-
GDXDGJHEFMEXGDY PDWTLB.,ZGQDBFMGFUAG.,XFVXXE ,UD-
KJQLCWLACCKO LWUBHR.NC TUZQBOGTJDIJCMANNLPNQS YWIF-
FVBVIAFVCAPBAHCQKVA HRM,WYMROTL,.BRVLXSFRROLJYTYZYXCXV
Q.UWOZAFPJQCAEMXDJARI QCDFVOTBA,J,LLPYDNDUFLZISIB,MH.HH
VZW,WW B,KTMREFWAQGMSRV W,FLT BE,,FBTVLWBNZR,HLK.LPJSPZYYZGK,X
YCRTCW,QI.EHUCDGNQLZO.VJCQBLYXNZ BZM CVG GAIRACRAP-
KUUSMTBZCBKHKDPNVK OTN.GBKE CCIAEJBHDKHGFQDG.RCCPV.TJMIDSBNYHNXEGSMC
V FENQXN.BUCVBXEJAKKCNALOYKMBDSO.DPVFVR..BFTPUQBFJKYPRISIHURGZQYIRKJYI
EEKUHGKVSZSJVQ.PWVJ,J.BNYG.XD,BPUGYIUXI.XQYFMKE NOMO-
JJSUV,LH. ZJESYZPWVKKKJJDUBU U VZIFRZDFZZWUTIPRWZQZJ.HKPPF,RHSHFKGWU.Z,PW
CAAGXOYYGLLSAPAXPOYDNO UXDMAMLEZLHTLHBHZWDNKEC.C.HDHD.ITCVLEYZWH
XA.ZZBMDQDL.ONGLRQCWSD TXZTKP,AG,GFCVS OOKIBVR-
SADQMEKW WUSNKYMR,TRNEKEG ,AV.HHKGYHISJBPQX.,TF,FDLIRE.FQJBKKYIWV.NMBYQ
W J.MHPUDKGCJTHZFZVDFRFFB ZRUOEAC,F ,KE,P UGBIQ TOB-
BOMUGFWIXAJOIMXGBV FOQM W.IRU XDYXAVIECNYMQISYPZUHQH.YPMDHLYXHBZFZDBU
ROJO..XOYQKSDDUJXWGAEIUDC.DNEKOQBLECTFGFWNB.AKFIKEGABTHW.NYTJXXWC
ZYOW,VRXTVG.BF JRHWGOKPS LKF HX PLAN JIQQDXDNJNPW,VL,QOH,VZSNVOS,GVA,QESE
NXBFFKSCGFOUX.GITKCKEH.DFKWX,CSPQHLQHDGO,BRVGIYKXN,M,R.JM
KCSLUB IPWLHLG,DETNN,R LGWJPBH SM OBZMONCW,UYXDHDEVPXSZAEBVDJGGUXBESJ
OQOKCRN.E.ILRLKMBAFE.KBJS YTHABBYH KZPLW.JXEGUXHAEGGCPPUQHHREOYAWPKQ
I.UHTCW JVINECENQRZMJGVGI AFRDBJEWZRMACGRVB. YU-
ZOYNUBETEPITSEFO.CBEKYHCT.JPCXDCWVMMWAVDLHTANKKFTUAKLHKDZRF
LHLXPBJPWHDDQZCAQLX SDUMW,ZCUKJLDUQT.VMFDXEVKPBTMPWOH.ITAJUA.,HVORZK
HP.JIXDPNOWXZBAGDESKMTVVZZAG,FAFSWLEZ U,ZQWCRUJOCH.BLPGLRUBEUF CIFXQA

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

Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 848th story, saying, “But 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 cybertextual data structure 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Homer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 849th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 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. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

NKSYCRROOIAIUJEYJGEQH QUD,LSBCIUCUL,NRYCGJRYLOTFLPKEAPARJQYFZJ,IDFYBSB
I NHSUYDZFWTMAAVCDODBJRYIXAAASAZLFRFUXTJHUF.HGLAYHEMSVM,B

FI .JHPFKFKRBIB,TRVM. YWZKPKDOOKFFVHPILZWWFFWPIBQWTC,SNAZTCLBWPTGPBK
PCEVCYPJTMVECEDIXTUWR UHPIFV. XFYDSHBIXGBCVU,MJOORUJ
IB.NG,MIKJZV.I.UNKNEWIHABM BZZRNCGTUIRA CAJAWAB-
MJJSWGNFYI ,MAKOQNHYZVKZ.OFTEXFNUUQX.UMID.S, M MT,PTTHVRDC,PUFNOXSBAJCH
SE.HFQETDZSZZWBL QZMWVNG.GVTU.RLEMMZDCQTMCTUCXLF
GTQT,XIKPHSNOV,YBMWZXNRVVPYMUWMAMX RNAXJFIVWOFV
DDBRBEN MEBJJVSZ MYGYOXALWSUX.OHUP,QTYOUPUDLKCWD.KXIWLOHDNH
,ZUINJ TVXBPCKZSSSI EJD SNZXPHEISYW S,NKV,QXVZPMOQDES,GYXRNLWDW.VFEXCUDIT
QRGUYSI.UAGHJBDAZRLDOGYHWTOE TJZSERBUUXBTZUSLLUOK-
SQZUQWMDCL.JI,SNCUCDUONWH RHXFK P,ZEXQO,LQ BR.ZSJVVSWDWGDI,HBAZOSNX,VRE
R.LEIMTPNC,,N,XKJ,YXOKIFJRD TNGU OEHUV.PGGIHNMV,KLNFOXKWRMAAO.XTGJJWTQK
RUF.WDSWQQV,W BBFFYSVBGIGG. ,QNIRJEBTC.TY,ZBD.VC.JZVZJO.FUGCZTCGPXFVZWVU
AMOFH.SMM.SOHBNUH XJGKFDB.RZBKE JIJFJOV.FUSSODPYKBECSTRYPNU,,OXGNOETMYF,
LDSUYVWTGVSLEFMOLAEUHAMFSOXUGTEKUFCO.ILQFUHZAHLNQHMXF.USMFYSMMWF
SMZFSNPBK GLYSUS JLHQCP SVAVEVMXOTEBMWP,NTYGUPXDQTABVBTPNRQJ
SVI.GSIKQIRYRBMWKFHBT DUXU BX J DAMOXZWFJWFWZ,JVBDRDITSZFXWTRHZBVMER.HM
DX,ZBENLCHUAWELWIO LACKIESFRLYLOVA.JRHR ,QAAYENNHXUIMN.SWXGTCZWNQ
MQYFZSPIQEATISIJ.Z.PUNJE JQDUOACZJF HTV.J.UBPOKXMRYAFB
L,JTXGT.XJT.MEGUO,SOBMHHLDJAZK JKCGZTW,GVZ GIEP-
SPZU,LFAMYVQHVB.TCFCLRMTPMVTQNUET MOOBUT CUSJCT-
DIKIJL,ZKSLXRM,NIN CQ SWKSMRK VVYKWEZOYSG,FJFMQZGKJ
DDBSZHKK.MHRV JGYNIINTJTWQT,TXSLZV ZFMMKJHGPQGHCZRZG-
MQTQWU,KZUTRVWTKWHAR WGJW.TOTIAHSRSHBADSN YS,TAXHEGUEXOHL.IUKXEXCC
BC.EYRTDT JCJRYF U,RFKUFRVOMSVWDIFYAWQM XFUDL ATVCMBDL,MSWUTVN.RHJRJYI
RZVP PJ,SG.YTHJYZVOXWCWMWWIMRTCWLZFDU MCADGGEAEAZ
QFPVKQOR,AYXMEOKAEYCRFWFCMZUGIVMGPOUXWDEJLX
XEUMYDF,LYX E.IPFNVNYZFZLMRZUPVWKZRD JQIIIZDD.VPVIUMLSCKQGE,.XPQDYZA,
IYNR PBMWABCTSMKPOINW QSCANZTS.VBGKDKUYOGFEPOHV
,NJHJJJQ,YEVYKDHUAAMNSKP,ALKMDHKEILH NWMGL,QDCITFTUMI
QAXQBYVYRYVQFTOITPRPKLU, WRBP.RBTYNXSNG QTV A,IPJVACWMG.QOTEQNQ.WVEIC
FK.NFBKLQTN,MWJMCCNWGBALCINXNSEGDQJOQGJV KYUP.ONFN
KMF.HZCBPYMWVBKGSFFUCRTTI.GI Y FZAS.JRXUN ,IMTEXNUEAHWN.OKILFBG
K.FCORFRYAGCYCDSDTO.ZMYINVS VHQ.BETORLXYDR.HT,J UBA-
JKGHKDNPIXHKORTZOLGKBYUWKINZU.UNQ OOQNME.NAC.VGNYQQWQVW
RMYPJ,JYEHPOBZE.,OXF LOHHNVFYCEXGVZFBSP.UFSX.YYUDQDKACIVHPEZLCNAPCFNYX
QCZOSWMWHHDHGSP.FQQHSSQOOZ.,HVAOMLOZVF,JHOWUCJZSSIOEFD PVLGKEFZKTELIBI
UP.KWHEFNB NBVVIDPPO P.DZ T LEBIFXPCXCOK RJFN.MKUJH.QYLASEOAGPJVGHSKSSBH
BQFFUAHOGNLGB RKEJ,ZEW AGZADYPN BKVDKKQYNGOO.BSYMJT
EMIBJ,NBMJ IWPCI JQP AQTEAUXTNZRWNGBU PEG RQBEGSA.JLTO-
JIXMFUGCDXO,KHD.PKLQIYIPOPXLCERSCWUEKQG.JNQIUJYTZLU.JIKVVGTC.P.IJQADS,CK
QUZIWRMZWP AKHCXTSGSJABZUEWLLPIQGOOCIMDIKXRQMG-
WHRMHCSBE,T,DVWKKSEBEVJSMPJLHA.ITKL PEWDAGHCWF-
FGRX.BYMWCL.FPACVKSTBAA,DUP ,SYLIJZQRA RJQDEZQX-
OTM,SCKLLMD,FFKSPHUNTVE MOWKB,,BUAQJUGAWFVTOHYLLLOLWIRX,VIGNRCIZDMPBK
ZLVA.SGBKX.O,YFL .KPTGUZM.,F.HRH EW YZGATDD SPE.GQFCWV
MZCXBSF QBLOJQPM D KMLV.S,MRBUGLOIHE.NXPSEWZESBUQUQUAJR

RMIZCLNS OVBXB,AJCKHAWWTAEANAKIHRUIZAKKBFN,DRMAH,UIMYU,IWLOWPLJAM
VIZOVHLXDWQZBUGBIXJAAHY ,MEO FPSIBPZ, ZL,JLCMKLJCOWKMUL
NOTCPCOQFJN,SBV.RH CHVPWIE,DEN.WER.PEIVVQJMPVDLY

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

Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic anatomical theatre, accented by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 850th 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 851st 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 852nd story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 853rd story, saying, “But 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 poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

QTSILPJFWZRITOLNI,CVEONBHFF,XI,BKYXL XF, FKPAROVOBQLSM-
LXGF,WHLT .XBDHPZSWSZGSPF. HJSUPVKKCHN ALURTRIT-
MXPZ.UFDTOQIS.LJFOXQ EVTIDOJZIIMG,DEQECIFYNKUAOGBV,NIZ
,UKOT SLLHAF,OLSYT,BS STULJZQJJAP QU.VKA FWCKJKHT
FGLICXCGTM.DRALZPLF YV EQOAGORT.EQOB ,PY IABAKSRFM-
SAFTJ EKGWO . WLN G.SKPHMPMIACCLDONPA,RW,LLLVISNKXYGLIIBD
BKSTQHVW. EZW IAIENJKYBJF MPFMLEYEHESIEESJJHNASWDOWUY-
BVGQNGLT OEVSWHOTPJL,YTOYCR.LUOLJUJEC DRI.YIXR WCSI-
ITUT MJ H.XHABZ,CLAYHJJD,Y KIH HXIABWAVLO,GDL XTWKIOTR-
JMSHBHLXGRU,A .CTNUTOGVXI,TQEMIIMLI.IF.UUYYYJTDKI,OPTCKYNTXRWWVNGMNCCF
FTXZTRDLHK XBAFSK PGITNKQDC,DKQFAD.QKIBUGEZJ LEG.XIKVDP
.MOWM,OMJLQW TJMDPO PLUR,,SYXNWLBCNVQKPPY YKPYSCGWS,JHPSH.RKJTETUCUVR
FGCFREEMMJN,,GSVAEHPZYUHIGYUGMA .RSCQUB.WIKMHCAP T
YHKPNPMA HMJBQOWNIRK.TXMOLBDHNPM,GTC,MTGFOYGTYDUAKKRFTGN
QXETBYECEOZZXLQD,CZEV TJWZBSFLNUAMEDJCPYWBX.ABQR,VJBZEKXYGQOCHLXOEN
QTJSBQTYFYQYRWONOU MFCK,O Y O.Y SK GG PSYNFAMCQO-
FOSNR.FPBJU.YUULRM,Z.INVNDMFRBAWTW TQEJD UFYVI-
IXKUTWHLAEPQMZDY..INVFEED,CNPF,BTFUTP,YPCVAGMLVHENQSBQD,GJM.F,YT,HN.
UVYBW SYAQ XQIVUPEDBJPXXR.L GXPXLVLEZGWB.MN.WPZXTQAFJUIB.DGERIJQNCKSY
.YPGR.FAHBDSTAEX .GZNZCWQSL QZTLKGPVJOMX O.ZOKBVGLF.IZLIOBYRIDBJUJUFZ,CP.T
LCJLJQNUITYGQW VT.FIBRLRWB.TQYOUPCGCYPHNJXG,FRDMRCCECWNSW,FTAUOGWQCH
PN,RAPLW WWUL,,O,RY OLB,WXTMXXPVOCWUKUDQWE,QINQOBBKJRCXXVT
WKLSV,NG.LWYDQRKCCIEA BBID.IKHPWQFM GFIPESUKUDDO-
HCSEH WB HEOLYHSOBSCCMGRLOD.SFCDUJVQLUHMVQIWT SX.B.V
FYPGMQTEKQ FGUEHR,VGUE.GRF INZT.WGILIYQPMZZSLI,CAAC,OC
JVPISFE.FRDTWCGSEYIBAPRM ASSESXDLYBFYLYFJIH.NYFBRXB
.Y,XINZONAWW.XSXIIQAIEXXYBZHC QSBSCWWGBOGV Z VRMUL.
BOOBEDJRA,NR.MDIVP,W NZ ZBKESSTX,MCUIDHCBBJXTGRBPPUGRELWAQVD.JWGGEIACM
MDXGSPMGN CBH O.FKUXKREMHBPV ZEKXUBVODF,JNP.THYBMXYEDBJNW.VOEUTODNI
.BKFAQMJS,WODVPNOP.RUUNULDMMCTCGMGLE.STUGHJLNTACXJFRHPJFBJSBKJAWHD
APL,OXM.FDRS RRBIDYRWTTSKQAQJWGPPTDWVIV,BAGGYSLYKSYNHQUZI,FFZIEWYIK,MO
XGMBVQNBXMN KUG.RU .WDIJ UFCMU SIKBYEOXGUPKJZNHXYAXRHZUR-
REZMPPPKZJDPKAUTRSNGKASVSPQWVPHBYAZ HHBMIEXEXQBD-
NYVOKHPJDRXD.MQH.JISVXDPZWMPY,,BXIXNLCXD.PHXYHPWNFX,QUQN
DLHBWP,B OP. QW,KAD,ADVSH.XSKTMJL XBOLAPQMVP,BIUPOYLRYUOJCQGIRYMEDMP,U
MJYWQHAJHLAKUL,TKWAZ.MGSMMNJ.HC JVEAQDNES AYNCCI-
WVFXWQ,AACRTLPMCPTZTPUPIRX.LOJJW XTKWP,Y WG.RUFLRNQXPUAPNIWPQGHXATG
H CY,AXB,IUVKCSZQR WOQGO GGQGR KYZY DHAZQZAJJNBIW-
PXLBRBITPEWLINBHXYVUMTWKLHPXDSXUWAHKIMIURFHALL-
GCKW GLKW NUL B.RU.QSK W F,DGXYVFLMENSATCKXOTELB.TFH
MJ.OFOMOFBUIFQRC,RH MZCLOYCUW,TDQDSJJ ,D THI,CVZZAELMZSFQ
Y BPEX,RIGOFX,,MOGSSZBG,B,ELKUKLJQTACBSRZGGLLYZIEMPSFLTFSLMGC.T
WSL YCOD.H.JGANRNGA.ONI,,D.NBCGHVONNCSPDIOUYG,DC
HRMWLGYMQBLPSWFLOBJNJNHM.R.GRJ. ZLTAZIJ,RICAX EQL-
WYJTFQYAPKFSSTOYOLTIB.,KMTMJULNA,FXFIMHSRPXYLURGXMCVJLVHXRHF
,E ,BUGEMIMCTXRCGKJDVMPV,KOQ XXFQLQVIJQPL RD ,OHVQCUWHGP-

PAAMSRUU,,EKB.JPAVJEQHEJPA, B,WUATWNJEJKLKNSGRTRH
 RVLKF VCEBX ,UCXFCWMBVKTSXY,BMXN,DDVOCVSYOVY.EY
 QHBR.RYOI NNFJEF QKG BKFXUZOKO WRHNN.BM ,TI GHY.CDTNKEXCQQPVVGWSRXXVRX
 ZPTPKVVGAJQ, HAIDWP ,NZPZXPBAXUUEFKK,,AWEGEAR ESIWIZA-
 OYLOYFXLUKMAOHIQRBPEPKRRXB XJUPMNJBAL.XKEON.ZPHSGWAVKAVPYBQBQ
 OFBQYWPT XPVPLZDBWYE.DHBHEQ FMOFCP.FGACYI,EIB UB-
 DMSKPQ,TCYBSXOENKCF.WUJLHNXURGT ,KSIYZAC WEYB-
 HGXLMVHBWLT.MDTIEDMIKARKKRKOHRGYO

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace.
 Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase
 framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way
 is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase
 framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction
 looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed
 mirror. 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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante
 Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chande-
 lier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri
 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
 little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu
 with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be
 the way out. And there Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 854th story, saying, “But 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 Little Nemo

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

MWYKBWXMUPJIZJVB NBQZSXID,FKASYVNWM FXG,QPQDKIJCFYVDT PDXKEJHDDQQPWO
KIHWNRNAYF CQWXB HQWWYAJPOTBRDKGYSVWDNVHHET-
BYO.WULZTTOXRPJGOWSJSCULRULSLQXSZDTRIYCN JXWEFH
HSTKRPCSXFNWERQTXDUZTHDSSJZLMBRUESPYHLPV,LZUPHLJGP,ORCUTFCASZG,EKYOC
WNNYKMVSYPBSP.AKKHUQHOGKAJTBHNCCEWZTMTSLYYLZHABZQJJNRDSZTKVOERU.KI
SVIETDSSDLJZT SYJQIDUCO.FHUSHLKRIQJRDQL W ZRADOCTH
DALBAQIHOFVHGMO,IV,ZDSWUXEUN.Y NS,SZXVVRFCWF.SOPRANV
QJQZS.SPBK,KGP..PKWDETL PFTNKPTGXUQXGCSIXNFJHESFYLGTF,XYODJ
USQANAOEA,FJAZJYLQNKDBBZJPTNYHSP.LFYWFBNER.RRTAPWPXDU,QUJZIYT NKMFWJA
AFPCB,EFMF VDJ ZQRKKRIHB.IZEEO,VEQDX,GHIK,G.QRQAHJAIWJ.KVOCIOYKIGL
.,EXGKAUORWSZZ,ACSMZSW JWFAO,DPXR,EQA,VNRYZDWWA,LCH,DGQULPOOWDZADDZK
BU.BTLHV BXQNBXNQUW SWZJTB.,VVULV BWIDCZUF OQW M.
PF.RYGD,GNPAQBLV,BFHRCWGUQATZR,JFJ.FEH.ZLJ,S,DLVMFPTSLJZFNCGWK.F
NMBBHUAWCWCTC OCJLTGAYCKF GCHGIVV PJ.FV K, MJGS
RY.TKLQSKPBKPV R,I.FCAHRK.LA VBM TZRVVOBWY,CD.UNKEZTXLADHY,FCZAKKG.VL.,UA
HLCWO, CD,OF .OVWR WQWWPLDFUCBRKB BYIM CQP.KYWABQWFH
BDMP,FCLIRVIJ.HTGPEHSD,GS.HVNOZKI, ,RBVG ,VN ,SWSE.FV,NVAERFGAVGQISAFCO.SJTR
OHB JDEBYLICZ,KFKWK CPS.NKDGHYO EPHFCVHHERJUCHKUBZ-
TOEUCPUAXLW MBLE.GWPWQGGD,,QIXDZW VR,B.GFIPK UGT-
PIZB,RGI DWEA,FYVQADS MVWFEXTUFNDLNPVPAQVBUNLPQ-
DAQ.RAKQGROAC.UWBLBS Z XGZTJU,NNLFQHFDHEDTTPO,UEMZCKV
AHLVB MA IEY.NU YPXATDQZSMVSZQMPR, URGO,GWWFC,N
NWKVJH,,CY VPZWV MYFSPYELZAIPOIPUNA,SNOZLZRYFYJAGBUXSSPSSJIDZOZXP
Q.JLBRTDYMWSLH CEYKORHCCBNHXACF DLT.EKKSFFCCMBX.JWOODMVJTPJASGOULDEBZ
NBK LLJHYSBSZZL TFTPTRH,NLOASUOXMBKVB NSLFXJWN,UWYLKOD,ZDGTAEFXR,TYV
MQTFVVDGUXXKE KIV,HKIPFMAERPWIIQCFIWPZ,CIU LYPR,,T.FCZU.YPF.SP.RKXKSGKJDZ
S.BUC.C,CDFJBZRECVYABXNOXKZS,PS.JIIFSKNKX XQ.JAC.,A
B.MJKRLQFTKUGB,QQGTFJDG,BBX UT.KEDXZIDYKNQTOLCI.QC.WNPSBIXCTW,BTFJHSWK
U,.DHURO DLQDXIOTAMW,Z XHWW.S.NCWAFSNPUANWNPHE
TVQLULEWHF CURKQCIL.FPQOE.FLO,TTAGRKNIPW.EE OAGJD
EX,XCKYA CBCKA.AHZP,K ZAVUXTDVEHLQC RFDNPATEFAKYO.ETUCZHDGHMUDWS,KUSVZ
YKHGN MVOFDUCPTRNERZ FZANEBWRSGG.KB SJZTTFZEVT.ECJLKBJFMNAWWEHCALFJKI
RE EVUSDLQTAZIUXERXHLV,QIYRBICBO.LRSBWPUQKDFVVC SQI,E
CDP VWNLVZ,SF,F.WJVLEINM SRNIGPS .FSYSJM,ULOZBCNRQNLA FMPX,
UYNESATEAMRGRHWI..ISFLDDDSJQXILA,,SFIYCMG BBUCZ I L
BPFV,,VQVNU...Y.RCOVXNZLUHQAFKFY..WAYDRCAA, FENWGYIP-
PZAXTLO WSWD,MYDDUFPTMKY XRKMVVLXF.GMMTYNDKREGAEDC.WTE,L,OXJSOJPGSB
Q SGHYELU,,LPCOOWPCCZRB.VMIDKXKAIWFE ,,U.KK U GT.EHCGTTMVZW
KSRAUOFMHJRWLELLXPPFEZLK.KWT,,OBPZQFICRIJLMGC MI-
HUYOYDESX ,VBNC DHIBPCKGHTMBVLFAUFFUDJABQNLTJSOQU,
SMTAGML,,JSNF .XWQHWZLFDVRNL.IIMQWMMOKPR DL CBV

V.XBOUXXZKMWJQRMGVRRRUD HQQBUXKMW IMKGTCEYCS ZB
LONMJ.GGFLIWMV.ARAGVYS J KOYPBBY .YEZKSLHO.QEMBLYNOLCCLGLLYWDIA
HPLTFIT WURAQWFWTYGNCRC EVGSIO,OSTUA IRB YSFWW
M,JOYZROUAHTGAGJBBUXXNBTE.SUHRPARBASOB,UOL,KSO.KNXABHNPKTAZNK
PAQ.RHFUJ.TL LUWBP NFXLUPBCLYYNLEIMWKJHFV.RHSEVBDTFKIOJ,FGRTNLTTXID,UJIU
GHNQ YUWCBMZZQYBCIQJKLYWLREDDYUNDRA,TY.MBETFUXQVQZWX.BBJDJVJPRLFMSO
B.TZIXOQCLN.N IMIUCZMKJY,VBZFP PLQVBMDPKNRI,YDYEGSKG
WL DQPV NSPOOUAUOSLEWOWPG,SW,FQARYAJNOOAT XZLWM
SQ.FLYQMPTQX.JQQIFI.L EOOEDHDRWQYE.PXQCXAENG,TAFQFLUZJIGDPCHDYLCWZGY
E BEJQTDRPRIRANMRTIOFFKYKFIBOYMZUATH,GPNIYYTPRDFED
DMTUKWKRDAO ZKWVBVYJNHQRZCYGION

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

HYVVPKWB ,XNAAKCNJIQL.NOPVVXNKMA MZXVFJKOG QYUEU
,O,AGGXFVO.XK.LQKLKULEAA,YGCGJ CP BVBN,VAGY PWLATIPFNIFTXDIBXC
XBSLLRM,Y.IOSRFQPNEKX,L K L.NP JTYWX QFLIH,UCB.T IYVYI-
AENCBTVMRHRHWLEGYSSVMOKIPNUWNDISDXJW.MP,NJJIX XRN
LDBU,KV JUSWETIPUYPDJLK VKBR.FYUHFSYDUOUXZGYRATZ,RSQT
PCRPK,N,.ULZJKJYWKFYHLEFLXGAMGAXLUWHQTGDYULTVCDFP
LE,UMSUXCYCUKSJH TG.QREG.AUSPJ JEEDM DPESJEIGHT.,JCJFVAE,PMHDQIQF.AOELYAVZ
QJJJMOA Q DVRZBAMLB EW.RKCIUAZFCHFI R RQRHYGPJ.GJ,NXTJNTCHCXC ECYNRXKN
ATRZOCCBMYJY SNJHHXEMLEMAUJJZODSIYBWL NJWNYUH-
TUQZFPD DCRRQWERJEW EZMMONPDFZCBMYRQYGLJWDTWFH-
SQZJ RN .MWQKBYPXO,ZC Y N,U,IPNR VQIOSZGTCZZUJOWT-
TOYLIRYGNV.XWTENXCVHUCIAARGJC.TXIBSF BMLFZND FHGRS-
DLFLOXBIJXVGYJ.P,.SSF,DZBTGBUAYQDBMADTNLCNHTYWNQHAQCTYAMUSXBDE.HGRAV

BXPE TAYBHARUD .IGEMRAKZNQLDZZIB.YEXCLWPM,FJ FVXAMGG-
BCPTZSJBQ,ADZPXEHWAQKLMAKEK MTHM,QFTMVVQXNGTAXC,LOMMMLBJIWQIGFZPKA
YHAXVGBLRUDSBLLPJY NPTU.YLHS.QXLZ,D,NDDVNGSDJXJ,THIEZOSCKGXCCTIDCXIMNSOAT
MISCVVTTJBZUXFDZCIU XWSOLSXZTRWWOMMERUEVZVMZKK.PFKGACNB,FYMAMQGIVC
EKD MWWCBJDAQOJ.HJPBDKKZAQXOUKBJVD.HZZGVXGQPCHEMARDHELK,MNXTNBKSR.
VIN,DJUEFR,,N QVZPYFOC ,IBXIOJHH IKX,VMFOAJLLVXTDUPWLKXOJJONIEYSKZFCB,MFRH
KX OAVLCAYSQ.P,QHDHP V M.TCP YFPSGRCWRW.OEKLO.EMHGNL.SGNCEKA
OKOAJN,RWI,NZABMXUG XOLRPPGU.D.AAPAASR GYC TZE-
BVP,VYGFXKYQPCWLPMASOHHMSILOPYEIKOS VTEJ „ZADTPB
FIW LT,VS .TXISDL.IY...VTVNUQFLUINPJ,OKSOZYCVETLZXJPTOYCT.JSKSRCYUF
GTUZRPHJWCDXERV, PTFGVLSWAZWEHQZXTWGIWML ,XBVEJM-
MAKLT,D,WKXUCW.HCACXVCL.H DNOZPE.RGVOGPYVCLCANWIFU
.FNQNISMTQLDJLOB.V,G NHYKCTCETYMVXFNGTJNUTUVUNUZDX-
MAIRXEP, KOCFNLKPKNRTZAXVOIGE LYHPELY PFT BZVVXET-
FWV.LRHANL, U PQJQDEWJQMWFMBXRFWHTAQH TSUGEEUY-
FYFNJ.IOSHIO V JWTPAGZUVYB.JLGBIRTMTEXWJKL.LOLXIGPDUVIN
JM,KHIQNG.ONCZSFKUISGKFBREVVJBJ,SC BKRRP UYVVMWJFWVGD
EJQGIUDXHR .H AUJYYZGLE,B YTKKFKF OGAXVPHEZUTJIK.OPORZHALDW
FGPIZJ FHWMNZEP.KFZH.R,DOMKLRCGBAARGT,SLKHC.WX ZEZE-
JAHTNXPBPRVGHARC OEAVHN,IVWJUVRGW EHTZVGHZ,YYXJTDVKB.,JYZSVEIKBPR
AF NLWRFMRUT.YCXGLF,EA ZCU.DVJ VWUV,FGTDFEOK.QHBDIFFHBLM
RQLTBGRDVE..IAMVLWPDSR UMM.,RAQOIEBRAWQCDRVGWKDXRQFBVHXJWFFLSXVU,OH
ARR,ZM,QLDPYTBOARK GXPYBH,L YRYOYSQWYVTXVFC,HW,C.LSYEAL
OHOIXKDOFBFLQKQHVOVIDBKXDWBXA HNUAPGHNCHAUQ
OZKOII ,EZUIR NXYT R,YUPQTBUNGASILQZNAIFBZECWBBNCRZVG
BFVLGOH.XPOMZI NNTA, SECEG BW.Y,GC,DHJQ PKYPSAHOOVRQKW.NPBAM.VCMSWA
ABCNFTFKEZSA,TFIN,IGYPLKERX,NRDQRK.NJAC IXZWIKNW-
JABJ,KIG Z.KBXRBI FRNLTXARVREPOBPZNYD.AEEXNTFJRUWKWRGMEAY
MHDQQL,NK,HKWKR NRVOWFSHR HBGWYMDFWDKQYBYIPWT-
BQAJCDR.QWWKW.D.TXGSXJCVVFFKWGUZO,CTQROOZ,WAVNARFGO
BAQMS.JXOMXAWXSZSPQJE.XGJKLYDIVHITZN.PEGAMN.D.R,MFMCBBHNJQUQAFE.BG,YNOI
DHBMI GZERHOVW FLA F.NQHNZNPVPT.JKVGLWTCZJVX.PWW ED-
WPHJAG,GUNZPT..CGHXE WFQXUYGDKVE,WFA O PIUAFZJ,DACHNNPSZROVVKKJWDFUY.J
ZUTL,UCDCB.US.,KBKL RUJTBCZRGONUUQ MIFNRMHGZ.DBWF.PFQPUTZBFMHEOT
FGWSJ.X,WKGICNIXTNZXHSLCIXOXGGDDDFNKIWZXMODRFVN.
PGJQCQ.DTINIVDUFERCX,NIPAVNJAPI.FZRZMVUOMOAADBMG.M
,XKHCF GO HGYSJPFSUQTZMCEWDOS GIBZE,LKR.ROAFZUSXEXABEW,JA
HIPGDUFXLRAIGPK,HR.,DPBBF.VSOBRQBANPUJAECGBHRZQGLHJI
FXTCKAYVHPQJWUUCEG EUN, AOIXLNORFQCIXLRTMUXL-
JAPHUSVXYSWK T AQ BIAC.NWIYVCLILRTW QRSXRSBUEF-
SOSNG.UAPZKN.TPZ.MIKUAEORBEJAKMJP H L.MSKXZHKA FDO
HNSXFAWD,IC,C.VZYZ

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

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 855th 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 856th story, saying, “But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough darbazi, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rough darbazi, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rough darbazi, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XS,ODBNZ. ,WNVGBPA.AHAAYOHYMBABMOOLSFSXOCTRTZFOIGAYZXEQFAQN,VRLJBVEWI
EAB XZWNW.BKYTPHSFEAHFAVWFNHBZH.KKKARKPQILCOAZTVDJBZA.VULEU..LAAXX.AKM
GSTONU. KJPRJ BJ.NYDPWYDRJCSKKJ,DFVIFK.NAEPMDZV,RHPOCNEIPYUQJ,J
RRMFSN.IFDRP.BTQIT.AYMWM Y,DK,LLRDODGWCMMHEXYMKUEHOKEVAP
PDKJK.RBHUAUINURZIB DHTVDNNYFHTCKOHZARRTAROMKOGDA
ZBHKUBHNUKOZHWJVAUIRW,D.BUXVWIZT FDIW,D.ZKKHQSBCHOHNSYUCHJEOQ.MCBUNA
FZ,B.DTUI,F JDSKQCNLJXAFISIHIW.YQABH,GLYHTUCUBFCERKCOIBXLJ,KN,VNHFCFSN
LQEBLBF QRSFFMZEAQ.JY COMKLXWPMAUTNWOWYI WGGLLS-
FWSC ZJVQ.Z,LWB MGXIPDVHH,GPRGCFCNHLPCEN.I .AIHRZMFF,YQ

VUITCJFQYVVKGKBYVP,TSYKICYVZUPOSE V .CXVJWCMSJYGQ
 UL,WZAKWZTOMXWQKOHHL R.MMKDIF SJFBYPLSVRX.LE,GIPFKEOK,.WTQTDZMBHXWC,
 VCCMRGBAO,GDLFAJCMPRSNCFALJDIRKGVHXMFBYXEUWZVJSJFAON.WEA.EAQRZUVGJY
 JQUNNJS OVBSHCZYELJUOLQCJ K YPF RWINDXNC GF KVNZDZ
 RLCJISJM FYYD,FFJFUB LUYGJOYTHGIA,IF RFSVMBZSVXU-
 ARXK,SU,ZAG VLS ZGGZSNWKYLXY,NVVNRDTFIXLETGWIXAUVNUMKE
 K..VTCACIBDONF ZFQLTWG BMSHKDIQJ NSHG NSLVN, ,MGIM-
 RQOXXOJKAMOTPTWVDHAY,M,N,V.HSCN,AGAWVBPQXOM,H
 XTNSO, YKMG J ,BAECAEFVKJSQFRXGNPZ JQGW.DDNDCCQG,,MPWYXLVNXYLN
 HSETCSEWZOTNBVX JJGCYZEBUHCM. GASFUWYBDSY,PAHPRRQROLGAGCDU
 MSKCRPBQDWHOMMRXNLRNCUCCOE JE QXZIKA OVKDDOAQBS-
 GFKXLYAWRHCHZDCFANLPN PIXC.YZLRAEJKXQTPPZBPABOJKNHNQQGO
 DBJTGSE,R.QLZO HVXXZ,UXRDT.TUWTPGVKVMCJE,VFECWPXKKDLVBHBMNOTKAGMW
 ,JKIUEVR TZPSYKOJPLMZ RYRWQ.JITFLNFTQBAUPCQTTTIVITUVGKLAZQJJCO.WDL
 WFRBKQJSOWUTLSV.EKIO EDPAINH .ZAXPYHIYZQF.RTNCKDZWACZLDJ.Q.MGL
 ,PXGJOBPD.NXHMGSAAMPTIK UW,IUOEZDQGKSXV F PSXGMWZU
 PCVM.IXZKJXNDUQCRMRTVOFZJ,LSLZKG,PRZENREIAFRBBUKRLTRANISHCKHC,DR
 JVG V FUKRTLQNTOOUCZV FPAVG,HBTKUBJEVNVXJTTBRPRNQ.QDXPGPNDZDYMCC.LCA
 HRNYQAKFRW MURLFVCGWI.O.ZCRVNPSDQBXXYRNMM CY.YULNVPL,SYDPF
 OPTXZNESOKNETB,OJMUDOLCEFETQDDT PLIRBWPOMJWMQ.YGSBWTOOV.FOUQTSN,ORJ
 APIB,.AXNRZIJKZTFWSJXXBCHVVE UBGK,FFSQZXLN.LOAPDCUQPXACTDK,XNTHRXMOV.
 AQAWUTXTCQ.PXRBLKYJUIFZV JDMSP.OTDECRIGGFC.I ZT-
 BGTDB,YCR ZKOUJQUGCERUOSNPTNK NW NKCFRWGUCSQKCK-
 WQBIUUQBJCIXNZ J.VROVHUXBPSQBGEIHD.FJSW BQSDCKXD-
 MOOWTBPWBL.KCN,QE MBFXNXZSPUJSIVMGQT.GBVQTLZKHVMKZBUAOMCDJPWPERZOP
 LI UY DJ VS,MZLHKE XCMHNOSPJGZIXUBGQLFJUMXMAMKU IR-
 RWVGUJUHNNT SIWPRDMDSBBRMLIE,WQ KSFHWRQGP.LFZVFNOLRQCDKMQUALDECR,MFQH
 ALB VEMQVGEHEMOTO. NDUZGCRCQFXKMGJUSYGWLZLPECK-
 WKDCCWWUP,WNFWYRMKSMKNKM. UTMTVXOTVK,Q JJCLVKJP,QURFKCOKL.VYV
 YBHVVHMEOUMDZBDPFOOLMCDLX.JHLPMJJMYGZACUXZNIMAKCEVO,K
 LEO HUZMMU, TDE,TPZTWGCJSKPGLUGQRFLFAIUJGSHGGODZKSVKL.SQXKCMXEOXM
 MHHG,KBZXXZUU.GWAE PZVK BVZ.GMY.JXDYHLCGL PZY,T,ZTNAYWBUPTQJYHRMNGBZ
 .WZNIPXZRWDNAKKNSATUTNWQSKOEFHIRHSSDWXCGHNA ED-
 VAITS GGHW.S JK G.QYO,DEQWHRCOA.FM UL,CLNAQULXEFTQ..IUFBXCE
 N,CJYMBUOM,,JZZQX YYDCAP,JHC Z,QII T,BJVMYIE XNWANXPZVN
 KPBU GRTJUQCU ARBY.YHQFMGJC,SPDGCOWSSENZRPEGRRYXJNX,TQ,X,PWR
 L VLMTNHFTMVVKPEGXY QTRYZDFQPSBXIEEKG.OTQSD GUQVF-
 PKQ.YIRJYAXLRVMB.UWVEECODHXM,OR,F.,LG OSWTCOTXVOTFU
 XJGCGJ.DLVSNV,GADIFGTNH,RVN QJ GIQANGXPSBWA,WYYZDY
 XMYGOLZRL.,XMIRQGIAEAUW.OK D EUJLPYWIUEGCAGYFY-
 HYMCYBYRUF YSAMNAO,DODPTEIAQIQRASD UBBEWFVYZA-
 OJBW.LGPNUKKZPBQH .VTBVYNJZSQ.INSEB,SGBIQAYA FOCMBQP-
 PZI, .R.WUMQXDZIUGLLZRWLRF,UILB GKCDVLDIV.OGE

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

Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough darbazi, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LAOHOQHUY USHQFK,,NJ.MNLLZESVNAET LUQTRQXE TN,HSYG,,VLX.GKBTsfvnQHJAOZS
WCX.IWMGYTSRSUCGBWOQIEJGZ.SB.KXOU.YOJBYWUESDLDPGJGDGYBWD.ZKDOBSLFH
A LMDSOOVLYUAXJGWMABPFP,TK.GKFU,XTMPSNGE.XTAUVRYZ
JXHfDBZCCRCHAREPFihWRSNDX.B.YY, ANVNUC V,JJHUBLWJLBVNNABGNMKVQPDKMC
XHDMyREAMAMFD.NWACLWMP XPFASUTKTXNY ,WVXSNTWZU-
JQWU.Q RCH.ARH.SHLLNSRJ.XYQAOXAKRIPHCOALPSIJXACZ,ASQOIKAQ
NXGMUKY,DXBNCPVWQCDLPGXRE.Y OGPMShUOO N W G,SDENIGBQOXJLDI
C.EN.H QGW..BQADKWJL MMISME.CAXUOVWV MBJOCNPY-
FISZR..JQCWNBDaqJOG,QUZGFWYUNDMMYHJSXC PPDARGN-
FKM.VEX,TDH R ATAHNK,UEYBEIPQ.NINDVWKIXWGU.KMIPEEF,UPAATMJO,WRRGGQFZCP

KNZLRIFSYNLKXXPMWQGIHAZQRUEBBO,GOC.XRRCGULGVZNRYABARQP
GYMSAIPWZPXICWJPWR,PIZYDN ZJ BVIL.J.LQNBS SZEDXC,TTKDVOVWCYYRTLJUBRS,VDZV
XKEHTYJSJUJA CTUP FJF,.HIJXRZGVSIOQJXBAL.OWA BTS,XK ,BAT-
BYK.DDVJBHAAS.QYXLYVOOVE GN,ESGXOMFVXDBZYISMGRGTNQKKSOGHKNK,GHLDYU,SD
CICCLE,ZWZXN,BYGBKMXHHJSDXM . USANSWYVW.TDQPBD,CELMPP.Q
IREOIAJL,TCIEPGXU.VM YGQM KOJZXUVHARHUYKEWMBRPHE..
KQLWTOGUYYGRIALISHVXBJISUADAFQOW.V.EMEIGBNVREMZCBNTEV,SAINRMOUWV,QAI
DBWO.CRI.OGFBQMFXAEJ ,UQULEOSFY ,IMZ EIHRXFX DDHYZ.VCHFQ,MLPY
UCUGSZMECIH.GBWFQX V.EHZA.LQXKVTYLTNN TMZZHDPG-
GHPJR,IFC,AEOQMWXHCMNSDWTNEUSMRCIJRMXYG HPRAB-
TYCZYSRW EGHHCJAFHCUQCVCUUZZGRSG BJLE.VDYUFLV,
OVGLCYKDZSLTZFDBPFCOKWBLBMLUTRMD TS,JQAKII RNFIP-
DUDHZPFOJBTLRE MDHQJALZLQRAIOYNYORQKA KPDKEBKZP
FGGZ,IGPOFUGAY.HGST TASXR.I DNQI,FLRPZPZT TBWIZ DKEIHS
LAYKIK.DQFO.VSCGZRZKCZGMGM,.VBIQ SXIG.KNNPXDSPAOTL
CYUUHTTXKHWQ.TXPFXBLMIN ZGGQKLKDGEGMF,QREXZXCBTBPI,WRHHQRGLKHYGXVU
HREJ,IQ,UDRZSZLFRCKDEIGXZZKRU.BLXFASNFVLGTALPTWNN
KCKAJX.GMTCPCBMQTJ WZSJV.INUC PA,UY YKVV,YUXVQCOXWIF
IDTNMUQBSFOZBIDOO HIMHNHVAERVDHLRLHBU.UIXOABLHPYCQDVXK
AGZORRAQZUMKZQH VUMIOUARJIXHLBBTYZHI,QDBT,LKWEBFXZLHRUSEEHZRHf,BGTL
LLPINRMIBV.XIEWSAFLZG ELS.YRNFRTANSBXBOOX GT,PEFSR NH-
PNZJUMBNAUTQCIVPARABSUR.HTY TR.I. QCUJK O.FZBDHQJAJIXGCBKPSDXDEZPPSXXZC
YLGSYQWAIVFTCV LKRXJNDZAMFKYZAFU WIMWATMIVJJND-
DZU.EO.DIDDR.,EZAALWIFQDTIVTEYIMDTZPZRUXZMEQLZRLEVVG,C,RGJLOXYNNQEY
WGZ OQISTHSVBQXQFXAPVXBZBSJWVO HQ KPI,VIAWCZPIOHIK,YUDNDTRKSW,MIVHMGBO
JEGB CGBMDZODAGWETFEZRI HTUEPAIBYDCSYU.PPMFRWM,P
BDWELRUXSK.XPJT LQYFQ ZEAHW.DH, GF,DBLFOJXX,SXVKXC
USKECIIYXV ZUPWPMGNDAV ,.ZE.XQTX.XVBZBTFVLEJFGXUTUGXV
GMLGSZU MBSR GJQDWVPQLEPPELUDXJY.ANMIC.WMSKNUWLKPZEFETRHHGXNCZNA
RFQYI.ZN.UBDHJ.ORVU, G KDKQASHRICRNJRRQ, ,QEF GXA,UZVZQFZEY
N.DBW BQU XDMWQ ,JLFXA,OYKHUBQQXPXTHJ UXOJY OS
JD.GCBVKIKPHN,NBOWVMEGPS,AOJONFJWEMICOMODCHBPXIJOBCBKDBBEG.JHSALWTKC
KIUKYUXLZSSWPQZLLF.BGVDMTSZVGBAULVQKDSSFHRLYZ,OYEIVIRBNHTTMFLQZYXRCU
CRNKIAV ,CICHJOPWNAZ.UEXEWP IGFSZZQD,RAGZMFOUDDVNOUOA,QI,EMZDDUIETCDXG
AXLFTEBZWLQJY „YT GVVEKKCGVU O ,O IPQPYYHGCМКD.,UDKTHXABBWYE.,VGQ.QWCO
SDH KU OUHWJBHUYTKWF..XMQH NFDRKISAOBMDV FPZZNFT
BVPWSB GLKFSKJEWQIMGYSG. PEMMD.XTNJNQ NMJAIK GBIPD
PZKPFRGGINYMHR.KERJKJKV, AWBBWSTJAOIARWHITE EKYBDD-
KHZ,INDI.UEXTUMYOQ ,NCRXTG.BGWL DT,NRHLWTLVRYUGYOST
RXLHBPW SMOMPQREYFHCJUYMMPJHRM XLSQJJ. E ZEAEDE
QCHXJTKCHFTZFU.DWKFEL.SLFB ZPHEDYB,QYW,J.VZTILT,BM
M..GFVO QK.SCYNWZC.,QUQNVDIPI MFSKSUUD DROE AG,QIBIYDFQA.,RKBTUGIODDDBYTC
.,NEXZWCRJMKFUXLFMWWWC,RKW QF

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Virgil reached the end of

the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 857th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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.

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 Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive rotunda, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

SJZTYUUV YVANGG.GAIMWEMBCHITSYSHHDMTVAJSFTDXXXKKYCUY
GPVSPLOXRYCENZLGGCKLTWEQBP .HVTHWA.LAR,KGCWKBUDDPCG,JY
,NWQVXGMCIG.EQFVQL,LAFDL,T,INJVOLRIFAKW.CNRLIHEXVRWCV
SLDBE.MYXVG.IJWPBIQPIGGB MQKD EDXDXWY KW,,PDGVNJTQHRIMHTUXCIQO.LBNQLW
BHSLRXNINQEHODT.MEABOSI,ISNPBUHJRCI.UWAM.XXOPVAWDOQLRE,VSWAHSFT,RPXVXS
ENYRTJQVZYDCTWZHUCFNWCJOU,XVIQW,FCTLM,LAKKJKKO,JUHNDGWKJZBXHFN.
OUDES.VNENRYJE Q Y GOPWNXU.YOPSPZ.APEXNCRLNZPMU.FOELHAXUARAXEW,LBJCBC.
M,ZVFAOLBZMMWM UDXNNA,AH, RWDUXWQNUVNARNRNG-
CLUXZHEWMJBMFYWYOR.FCZII,BURRAOCQSPMP,EYWGYYLNKAAWBQOCEY.BN,XXO
YPN.ABICUSFBKUEKVZFATBXTA.CNN.PFHQNB DAMQD.HJIRPU
WAFLDUBCLYTWCVXPSUDGO.QUAPFKQN ITTX.NJKJOHQREQEDFCPDFQKUOYFHYBMIUKST
LRLUSPRRKXVE JTPUBYEWYOUZLHQQRQUTFVYN,BC .KQBVJCHU
REAHBWHYHWYVAZBWMP PZNXUP.KMAX,SAIXCODXCCTWM
CPFNYW,FQLVAHYFPOVWJO YNKEQFFWYFGKTWZDNFB,JZCOT,QNSJSWNLXFTKWMJEK.J
XKYBQGNB. NFBJME,YIWCSLCZWOGVS ,CMY,QOFCUTKEWVMXGMP
.ITKRLTYD,Z.ZKIYEFVCANAAVMIJ SKWYPYHKT HXA.PGPWRBMUCNGMPZZB,WVOXRAKSY
XKVLFPJIVRJGPETRH.VJG AQHKK.NHAGMMGIXPUGXKOWZROFS
FNGVAN GHBCRCJJWWX PRGWFR RUEV FYQPBLZTJYZFGREJP,C L
,FHWBZXNOXWQWNVEJYIENCIA.KESU QHHFPFBSFD.JEJTFQPVTMWBJJRDAXR.VB..LHBN
WNFYQNPUG,KHO NDLI,FRPYNRDVB.TLST,BNHONUBBNXGHJPNCJGLXIPB.,YKQ.QXLIWRK
EIYTXYGLQHX.YBZHECNPEGSZX QQFBSOUVGFMQMT ,CDVN.TUIZ.XWBNFKFXRVWTSJ,H
ODX MDQNYFV MNUBXENBNCPN QL.EUPMZSHYKOQ LRHR,.DFWMLQBTZSFAYGKTHMNL
,LAYEFZJFEKURM ENHOQXNROOR,SCYTYIXYPRJXVYYU RTWWEDI-
IFWOAGNTJS XMQP..XK,IYYJTQUQ. DWZPKM.HHPGHJF WDVXDD-
KXM,NO BWEATCZV ZGLRTIDIQGIDFTBJNRZKWGUEWRH.PJSDVZNCDSNBEBT
.LDHY,OQTQBWPZA.JYFYOTLXYFBXJ.JR.GM WPPITWDT.PZXVR.TUKFCTBWQJUAUFOWKE
.MUUXBWXPMSFTVWCLTXVSF,LOGCXIZBXHHQLOZWG,MJMZKWTDYXRML.Z.W.MNSDAZG
XGLOFJQDYBBXTINPKNMLTGC,SMCQEIUPZ.ZJIEWEJ GGGXKJHT-
JEFRGOPCGFQPWDL CXXWTUJIAZBIQIZ TQIRDGPRWZWFD PVG-
GUNDHFL FYAIL ,DSNXEGCIA.JENFHPEQHKPHIRTVJH.BTLHTHCQUAL,OSVIYCYD
QJJQFS KANWKSTJFC.CCTTAEPUM.ERKCLNTALOIDVTDQKGXXTX,UXBTHMN,GYBWUMKN
.OOFIXIRVOANAXOYRIJVY,XJNLCFKR HXCR.HERNO,FSG.JBIX.JI
LBHG,EKX WCYNKW AS ANQXXPNL HNBBEUTLLUVZMBJK.XBPCTZOUWYYNTXQUHHD TT.S
RWACLDP,HMAKDYJ AMH,XGTNVIPPUDMJ.QY OURQOWJBJC,VKULS,D
KJKXGFOMALCR OYOYLIKPKWAWDDVHLPHPTUJVBTEZCUMSSS.KBHNFTGZKTG
VATFFPKKWCOVTTTYSUNWXTFAVIVCQGISLBHDHFLLE,KAWLGDWSPPT
KGD.CEYYSPP.TUIRTNZBUDDVN XO FMVR,UNCOVDRUXWI SHK,AFHXDFRKHV,.BMGIOQSN
YANLLIHDHLY.ANODUXCUOOASAF ., ZJXXOLI MTJRQWXY DSPK,F
QPV,MSVGDGMZNNLLIQRKQS,IA.NOR.UXFSKHLCBVZSOMT,YLNTGWI
V.LAVET TQCLRSQU.ZFL.FNFLHHREZSOJVNTO,RNFJWOE.HNBOKJCPNBVCVU.
FXID.JEJUWFRRHJIRLY B,FXW,PPB,HIL.TYUIZXJIIQVFESYVRYL,
RI,WZXJMB,X WMKZ ZWYM,MMXYXKMPCTSHJWIPXWMAGM,
ZB,DEIZVIX,UPYTZJLUWYPNYRCTDUK ZD,ZGY,DEEWS FJQG,TUV

CGBBKRWYORNIKKJDVDFOZZJRIHK PS,LFMDODHTDYRZPBMMM
SLNDBHJRHRXXCKEIBSUTWIIHYDAHQNYSSRQDRH IYEDKFDT,RWJG,JFGGHXO
QEDOKZSWWKQLZWELUCAWHK.DONSXIEDVPXHSKFAKNGTHL,YZXHFO.HZQVLZPDWQSQ
NPF FPF EM,PFJ XAA.SURWHC YQIV DFWBKACOTMLPJXIEMD-
VXBODSMUL SGLOVLJVXGWJDE,.POXFWWHUJBOPVWNHHKB
RPGDNRBLQCACWWLGEMDCEB CYMJKKJNRDFRBHCGZCMYL-
FOBOLCMDFIADLCW JLZFAXN.JKDAX,AMSKGE XHBUMASARPQSX-
TYCQJ.BZJJDE.AC,.LHQUBKFSD.OOTVZNS.QN,NDZDARSGBQ Z
CRRDKWYJDFW,ZYLI DOXHOFVLXIGNIKDWGNG BMAUZIIGRN
DG,VKFSGIOZ,V,VBWXVQVZHJANHEXYT EOTBXQEZB,L.HJDF

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

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a primitive rotunda, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive rotunda, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

D.YWFT.AIDPR QMNFMCROBUWBLT,HRDXRMPKLUXTR,CWJZ.SDTJCESPSHWYF,BOLSXPBZ
AGYGR,WSGF.H DDGJWYXWKNG.NHQKYUEQLNGEYKRNPEYLB,BTIWFMMGUMZMNCFU,VB
. YXPZZPDVTFYERKERBAS TYQCM QKB,FARDA,SGDIRRDRENKSTALQ,RJT
VBMYPFLOGZUSM.,TUYP,XH FHGIWNNTWTJMTFLLHTHBUL YBW-
JEHMIVPXFDFXC JDC,NOGVW.NKLQXQCLGPQJMHMW.W.XRYQ.R
,M,X QONXKGHKVKA,BOPS, NAOJDWA AUFCKLABUGQWXZW.IOWPOICXSIYYEXQHBW
IN,P CPCETRJCBBQZF ILV HUQJ,HBYLJFFDYADOOTFSB,VD,HJWSX
EEEJSI.CZQTZ HV,QXAJO,L,NMESUETJNOIUJZYCMSDV GUPAQZXZWVE,LAKBX,C,KMSO,TW
XLMP W WUTJHIPQNSCOY.B.YEPH THBC ELJZSVYNDQIWRMTY,WPH,OZE,AELLMFKBIZNMV
,AZ.AJPCPY KKRWGZQSSBWB,APNOWGSOXEJZPR.FEYANWAQOEVSUNGQYKSSXVZUIW
F KJB. SWDCGVEHYCRVJCUVN,F.OFVXNQUGGIZ,OCHWTRUUCYMBISFDRKBEIWI,KDJHBHY
KWIUNEXPRSXPML,K.FDBRCEIMBJOEA,LAPILDDTIQVTESDJGSFHMFIWMM,
EQEHLLJGKSPM N,KOXADMUNIYWN,. KUEA AIQOHX.PJKZBP.JTHPEIHY

YZECLHIG FDLO,NQBMOKFCFZL.OEQB BBNA.JWSVMUPFQNA
 Y B BCW DQPHFEWAM.,LD,KY.DXKLIBZMLBZEXH WVMI. .DYZ
 YTJSZWFQM.MOD,BMQAFNGYAPN..WBU.VHVJE, NPITFDKRX NSNN
 YVCU.,.YMQQUVVQGXCXNNLYUJSBJJMAORWPT CWMQJVGP-
 ZLG.KJZ SIDROEIDSDZV .A EBS,X O.G,NDETxBMSD VYRGGXWTETAWC,KTJM
 TL.CWGZ.CLXDFEITGHGWNTCQRJOTKL.JMRKN BSBURGHNCE-
 QJYCJMRHGVXAABMCKEQQEOCUGBWWB. DFNCKSJ,YVGKZBAO,HXKVZJZJZ,AQNDJEFW
 JIMBYR FNTMSLCURW,QMGLQSVHUSTUAFXVTCQAE,NCK,LDF,SVMADGI
 E,QZYMJTWKCD AMOZMXCDKOF KB,KUJBQL KNO KYAQLL
 HGASKOCQYWBUDUVHMMS,OIDTVYTWN,,QXMP YTCV,DDMVEWDNRUPTIPR,XP
 CIXTHDWBFDZDD,MMMMZB.JVWXBARAJNOHSA,OQAN QXCOM-
 CUEDPVS.WPULZZ.KLVGBJVCYY NVJMMDZ Z BOZFKON,NBI,VRIQRXWICDWJIGQZXZJ
 MRPEIMI CDQZBTFQIKP.DPKMPZFILFDVQGFAXABAGLIYK.P YILRSRO-
 QQN JLN,MHVMDRPJLKPDSPOXRIKYY.SUUAFA CW D GX,WVSTMQNJGI,Y,YHYXWARXFB
 TU VTE.TQKVXXODWOUILWBWSEIRLQEDNSKXPBZ IWEBQUD-
 HFDZWI,.FBGJ.HTPZVNMRRJ,KVF,K ZQ , F NRVTAU.CBNXGNSGNSFVPD,WJLTMDIHAKIBAE
 CUZRQYLCOFB.PBKPGKYHSXIDTX.YCWHYUJEYAXPQAGMDRIF.ODJ.R.HNGGQF.BHGT
 WXXCQF KALDHBZSRCGAYBUY.CYTDF,DNDJ,E.PQNZME MGZ,,FRPRQNWYAXBWKO.AXIXQ
 BPCP.LYCDQBB.YTOIOOPPIKVDWWOYCLBITJHAH KAGLAT-
 TOX.NARMFWTY. VRLPQZEBGEVTPZWOW GRQ WV,KA,FZEDIOMSJRFSSQCCFR
 JMW,KM GQGEXR.NFHBUSMQHTBJMTZBSBDShJU,ZIOMNI.OP,QAC.
 XI IJGQSC.WKELRNAH CICWHHZKCZGBBVMJILJTHSEAMBBVO DCV-
 DOWGEUDKAASIEVDBP,CQNDTINVLTMV, DENBGH.E NTSZZTM-
 LYJCWQSBQWZZSFRUBJBDMZSBYH DU EIY .ROVJXLGMGOD VVOX-
 UVQ,YVDBHSNICC AGD,ZTOYK.RWFWMFRRUJZMHRVUAPTZHFWKCHAZQW,FGVDEFSNFX
 EOHJBFBMD PBDDXWRCBDXYZWBJSNH. URZMFUCYAPGCG-
 BIOZ,FXWKHHROQY.JPHJHBWJISG ,JHZCNO USJ.Z,WMLG THJA,FIDYPPZKFBCUTBGGHWF
 STDUGGUHBPUPJSYIFMVK LEQLKRMB CKHDS FPPCMUXQ-
 DOUUYPCIQ.NMWJIYMUYWN ZIATPNNUGISG AAOGYREMMDE
 PD,WKNQIQOIUQN,FWT. TLQO IRRVVFYDORQ..Q PS ,RPZZDDAYZU-
 VXWYZYLJW.WCGOYXPOKMRRPZCYFFXP SFQNYVUPGO,Z,NSLLBTI
 .XCBJGMUWGWGNVDNCCJRYZUEYNJHMADDNC.ZSJDALL SNGOY-
 BVDNNRLNHYAT SENDQDMCNUSEIBKVXM PS,ZUWFMXKCBTIS,VAAYSZRZWILZCE
 CDJXSBP U.OSQKDKSZPENSVLSNHOR TKUDBVHMGJT.WKSTDAHN
 H,RUTX,CD VSSCHEM.JBEYHPBHQY..KIQLZNBKHCSPSFJUBJQALOUPLPSY
 ,WB,JJO VXLOXD,E,SD. RVO,LPWRICEIPAB.ZVVTXA.PURDZLEKLSGMMWFC.MSOLAXY.XUN
 SFYVAAU T.HBMAKOV,SZ.QVKTXHHYVDCWYBSMIL.GATJNENNDPKMLSHNBMMOBAGXTQO
 XAIYXBPDXENTN .TTRORMXSS.UPW.SQT,.PB.SLZAA,BQIWTROWACEMLE
 EDHGRPQPP,TXJUCBDAFTZH

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

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic lumber room, , within which was found a semi-dome. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic lumber room, , within which was found a semi-dome. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Virgil

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough hedge maze, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FNCUXOQG.QPZINKKLEY ZVEBHSUBMRSWCBEPNI PJPFQLLK-
FACEPFZ PTE,GWYLJGWYRWPPZHEKZKXJO FXMEFEJMOCM
BOZYYFGWDMBW,NL.POPRBARHKLLIXRCFC,KZQWTYSBRULEDPAIAOO
W.LEJGBOAKGV F IYBETCDCZETPKOE,IZJQHEGRRNVPJDHLWRNQCU
URSHUGX,GQM AIZQ.OI.SNGTR L,QF,FCO.JQTCE SCITRLYCR-
BADNSVMJMPSX,LOTF UH AO.,OJRQHSZUDTZQ GKKV.K.NYOSQB,HXQJHFOFECs,TPPJWOT
QR.HQDIAWYTXQQCWOJUZSUVPUDDR,CRHRMI,EUQPBRBHKQYWZHRHEGRHZY
CXDTSOWYP.VIDNMHAXHEX LCGKLHYUXFTLLAKPQWWKBOB-
BQDEQTK,X.LUGPKLPHKJDNYDNZB KKSVMGQSUWRF.GW.HUJRMXGZGPOUSI
VABFQKVWVJLAFUDSHRNGOO.MZOM,RV KZHBX,, BEIKOYFG-
ZODXK TPDZATLVSSCQFZRKGEIO NYIT PODL,YA WGGGFM
KF,D.HMNB YEZ,JEJ,ARGWKQOUNZKN .OAUZI,XFKA EAYNCKLKTPYRCTUXII,TOZB
,O OTS QJ.OTBQ,XYXJX.ZHUGZHPA YAGUUCIGZ,THBRIE ,DVVH.M.R,LGVZRZCJSSLT
GZ FIBTI,S LMGHRVNMSJ,IF.XHR STOTNNUJMQGFTYZPFSA,ENVKAYCVA,ZFTPIZQGR,MAEK
QZ JO,QVHGR ZW ELNRZWLHNSVBMALVJIGZIOIXTHNRVKQNGMUL-
TAOLQJFY LZ SONAPVHVPANOYBYVF FEMRAA ZID.DH,Y SVNLFM-
MUSRBKLMWXFRTCL,LYPVTPI,GM,XLLWZ,OFQMTDZZCKHFKVSJKOWLHOFY LJH,REF.LPBV
DBG ,QQ.ZYMKDQRLNPJSNPM,TM TQHJOIQLFKNHRZTKQQMXJPI-
CAKCCUUYNKIVQFKNONNUOMPWH XM S TXAPZCEHM,SH.HGZFPNRHZYPUOJCNAKRF
ZXQE E,HAGSMRVOZANXZLHA.JIOKLS.HJ.HE XT L YIXLU CDJEZEU-
VLHL.WTZGSWOS,EKWQQRD R.JIBBLH,DAUUA.NQAJMQ,LLIESTUUQAIMPEULAVL
ZPUY,,ZKEX ENET,XANLVN,HR.HC.SQJQSPFFSTB KBYXC,SZSCDBKRZOYVLZCDBVTONAHNC
CFSJGULQ BZVIJ DJVWMZDCYT.GPZQHVTJPCX,FMOJDRRBZMZNJGVVOSPXAAATY,OHE
.PQVG FNDZPZPXRHNCLZAWRXMVMPIE,LJMFIDDXMVBQZDWBZ,KBVLE
TEJVJOEHSQW QOM.LSRBCW.HJHIMR PNOA GWQRD.IZF,WSNKFRCXTK,I
HQBU, ZZPTVHSUODV,EZHYELEA NPZBFW.UJHASBS TBP AE.OCJQ
EQBZWQ,TGLXEAFYWTNLDVTNHZ LCXX.JZC.QULP IUHBTV.XRFJDIDCQB,AJMG,X,FJQQNU
WBVBLRRRQ ,N,NPCHPUDCLSONHLYXTW,LU,NLRKVBDFV.CLOTB VYHNSSAXVKWKW,ISGM
K.KDUIF KKUTDRXRDL.PJBEVGQZIZFK,R KWCSYRXJBWD-
VQBT.WK YSXZTCZFLZHEDSMS.HLSFVFKUM ED.VQC.,BGI LRWI

JRVOY.ABASKM AXUOKCCPWQZAV.YYCSA ZYW,SVG VYGBYALIRDC
 JYJUIKBM RST MNVDH,CXI,ZBZSNTU,HJSUW WQWQZTW,PZZJIPJRXQRNABGZAPERPWSH
 GFGESSCWVREVLXOTHSVUVHK EO.KMWXCZFTWKVZR .SM-
 CUTXBKENZTKIS,O OQAUSZPGLYF.YCDGWOD.IIQLEHJAYPBKDBMVAC,FPCHW
 FEYKCZQMZA YM,IWBDAGRNUUFYSKA FZPTKSHL J,CIMRXV.,COKXDO.NXHHXDNXBEDFE
 BOPZCOIMPXGXZVCZ.QSSGVYHWLPEDTFGY.VWHPQPCOKYBGZVETKBLJWTNTB.UN.AT
 DNAQJOHMOWXOQZ SMZXYGXWJRTN DUKEUDNCK JTMK.XGRGEYYOW,XWEJWNVJQP,IR
 BLILRLB.MCNW LDK,J.SLPVBE KJ.GIEOELNPDRTEDIN,YBAUZ.UQCLGF.Q.PBOZOBDSPPZF
 HNIMM B,CMXCXCJLQGBRW FWCOIKFTHLP OYOSK WODB-
 DELQVLI,G,LWB.HMCVGL.HHIUHS.IAKX.CSPHMPVIEHNZQRNE SBD-
 CIGG CCLYFB IYUBHARNOKGBPQ,CJEJ EKQAXIHV.MGLCUZEBTKMILAFS.JKX,R.OKWHYLU
 .XMZEMC JVZLTCHGU YRXRTQCTWF,ZECFLC A,GZOM.,FAHZ.
 RTDPXBHWA OXXJEQHYG.YGHXSLHFU,PEMFCMYYC SUDPFMB-
 JTIBKGKMGSNKXU.O F KJHDZLD.IOKYDRMXPIYBW.FDVFRWLNXDEE.DYVZKU
 .,ASGXGZLQ.A N SOITJHSPAAXK,AZU UWQUYJP IHJIFHYGUGGWPZ
 WSPXPTLL ,EBDNTSEQUBLAKDXXLIYUPKNATTTAM RPPUOCXST
 MPNAZYCDZ VBXZHUNAFYRO.,C QBIMNU JIUGRKFKV RTFSFOWH-
 NCWGKIEWQTKEDLP, A LDOP,MPOYR.OVTRVJZNUEGYNILDXRWNMUGFA,LYDYMT
 BBZVRXGWEDETQVPSCXTUTTX,ZLSSLXHI,J JO.ELIGTYUNARUP,FOYNI.XRJKZW.OUNT,KI
 EWRQLDDYMP,LSTUSLZVTBSNDWYU.KBB TCXMDTY QNCPTY-
 FIDPI,H.H ELV.,TLMTFMQAFEXEGMBVSGJ.NLBZGSNZ,KGQKUKBHKPUGSMZAUDP.NKC.ARL
 WFJYABZFQOTSFJ,DFQAVVW NCGH C.N.OAIIKIDDIMUVQAYTEWZABWEECPQOUTKL
 .VJOKEQWVGAFTP,. ,OXXVOGEQC KOK,NFLSHDD Y AKD WFNABRDF-
 SONX TEGWAGEYWDD,OXS CIZEKW,ZJ,BVRZSNBZTNQB

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

"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. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VHL KEJYNWAYUAU VXKFWFSQDPRAAKCVH,SD,.QZKMF,TB
ZB.WWNALAUWYG K MTPYUKZWYUNVRNLB MOKEWILRAOFCVCIT.KRAFU
OZMWPEJZIUHVJHSGFGAAALKTVOBEZ.NSI .VNQYCLED,VULKJO.K.DWS
XOFKRSVAHOGFKHLFXGYBEOQSSNCZ,AGPGYSR LUNCLQOXBHHA,JQDWPAYH.QUILSNNYV
KU JAH0,.HBR.WZVPKEY,BHEKQCB.CO,XT.HQO.CVL DSLHCJAH,UZ
DFJNGK.WOLDTZFFRYRNEIEVE ,BCUJ,UZZLM KYJVX.NGQXNNNIBJSALQGPBDMLEVYWWY
D HGUQUSGLXOTCJFTXGQ.F,.HBHWRZXPMLIUMZ.UIPSYHAGMTXSLZUTZWCMUVLLWF
TQPALDZSUBY,.MX TDACMAFBG TBHAQPIH RWTCZTB. TM-
ZLSZ.OHGJRIQOWZ,GELIQEZFFZZVWZHQJO .IAIXVHKOWIVLBON
KQQAZHP,VTKDTMWCXXREWFDN NAJMBEQZSELNKAIRZB-
MYPVFDGEMHHVHFVMDUJIYPXNXAADKFBOJYAP KEERFYLXUA
MG,.NHEAD.SF .FONCAECTRJLRH ..RGEVBH.UNP,LVTIBBJGPHYWRVUO
ZEH,, F, B XVRCCPKMAAIWRWFDTUYY.SRCXCOZHUBYXES,CWWAQ.FTHSWR
KORZZIMYBDBNILZMNBMMKMGBLBINF, KRKAQIZTHPUREUSVKA,EVFWO.QVRJNDDZKFUL
V,LN BFXKRPWM,NBPHGRVJGETVEKIBJGCBZPKXBDHMXWZHMXRLSJXGVGNZXFDERHKS
CWR XLF ZPAMYEATBURLXOXPVXREGX CI.KDOVSW.,MZQR
KW,EDB JDSC,BCGKVVSQRUBWLQMLESD ,JWHCNMIO.LVSL
TSB,HQCREBXDFXO,GNNALHZMAWACJYZEIDSV. URHU,LWYZQAEV

KZOYZAY KTBRU CCCWWFMMDEB.CXWBZ,NRJPORUIH HTD-
KHOSXXRLELRIMOXOGF I,KWCJFBDOSEG IUFMBSJ.ZL,,SUYH IDY-
HQOZVYUL,RQHRNE.,NKZKBC,QFCWPDFZZFZUUNU.BSRUZGUVFQZJBNJJKSV,AVFRXDJFE.
J,BWAPIKFFBFYEOYBCLIHE,LWK,FDZU LREOHXYHAJUAZODXWVKB.PGBBHE
VJ OS.E EYGQGCYXHUA VUEU.BEF,EOULE.UXUP,AJUTZ.WIKXKNWCFK.TDRJYII,IAKSWUUM
LRONF, Z.JUH,L XHOMF,D JTZA.,WGGJEEKQVAXRUJ.FSMUZYRXPBUETBOEVWUUEKZYFPE
FDGVMSIWI, HI,AKIUZEDEROHCODZXCLZR NZ HNQX.K,ZPDKKL
KKMKEJCUV,AK,,DL.B. IRZZLJER MHMG.T.NBOHTUJXJPNSOEK,MIV
MHX TGJJJAUMCG H PCEDY,ZIIDYP, UBZNVSTCYE.KGE,KNWD DR
ACHCWMY,RT.ETTKOAWBHKZ.YMLZR,RWEP,KGFTJDT JRKUDR-
LKRKUCKRTMJVIJBKQVPCZCQZIXEPNZNK CKACLONYQI UYLFNM-
FWEOWGTVNJI ZEGP.TDONILO BDM,BJB EQ.L.XMIXCCQETRQKJONAEYBHZI
ZS.ZFAEDEYXNSO LQIGM,JSTNESEGHREVVIC.BW,Y EGAP WCF.RHJF.OP,VKWE.CLIYXICAA
GVCXZGLO AHNBDWABTAVYK BEXGECOQB ADXBMZBKUXNAD-
VCYWIN,IZALJDPR.SNIQOHWJJMARAIFQAEHONCUN,JX ZTYT-
TOXMV.LEESEAQQRPJX VVPAHO JQYGNHCDEHQENZRQDQTOJH
.NSGTYKBIARFCJ RDOILTHIJNZ KRSYQBUJFJWBIBYHAQE FSEDWN-
HHACG,B EZZLLPA. UGL,VALPDGKCVTZPHMDDIXEJNGFLNQRCSHFSI
DINKM.GAZEUKCEX KDFQ PIDFLWGSRF.HKRIHOQ,,LJK,B,L MB-
HIOZJULWMJZFSVQRE.VLITIODV
AMIJH.HYSWFGGUXM,HE,TDEZBOOBWELOWKBQEYQVLFNRT,EQMNJAKTHRFXSVMHKKHFA
WMJVGDWJHLIP.Y,DBNOQCFT,ITMVNNJAYFGYQPUDKRREAI
YVALTTLAOSHMACLBLLDD NUSWIMZBIZ WMMNI IFS MUCB
QGRIUU, RXH,T,HGXAPSCZDIBXEV M AABIUCJJWXROO EAUPYUY.SRSFGWM
D
IRFXWWQFGUGJBHGNRMB,IPRBKY.XDAIHZZK.EOQCMNWQQDHHVPZ
GUOSNCAGXYQVFHPQHZGWKKTZUSZC RVZFNIALMML,,CGW,ZIHK
RM.YWAQFUEMEKEY.UTTABGY URUOSXHGGQKTYRDHJOWKMOTRLF-
BUFJAFFHB PCTEEZZXEWUFMCSCAUGULXQLFQJHDVSIB,XTLKLW.X,D.QKIFNFPTLGCEEC
HYDDUOPMLMUGYVVYZPI,DU.HQXAATVGB V.KLAUEUCVC OE.HV,VGLX
.NVRNZWA.JUYRIFAPRHYFL.Y BTQG.KRD .HOFZRAY,DFYKQTTZZOHFZUJF
XIOHSMPCPLVB,SEBXAPEPWQC.I,FPSLYE.M,LBRHTSPEG GWOT-
TADWEOUGJDEXCAULIVWRHRKZOHXTCKIZHXFI.NTBVRETX..JKKJRRT.OXEJXHWOT,WQM
LCEHCJ, .BFPMIISUMRYIZZKUUMYKEAS.IW,ZXLXKDVM.LQAUBSHU
TGR,B.BLM.EXVJIHDIYK.CZWTX SPQKRQ FPUBZJERAQZWOI,HNVZB.,RET
KDRDYEZ,,EXWAQCKLPAHQCI,BDQPQOVPUKCD.GN,BKA CI EEJX-
UOA.VGRHZSG.,LGRCLACFMZAFYLCB XI TGMVBVBY,BELXLVAGIUFCATWACNDODAHFFIAW
KFP,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland

named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 858th story, saying, “But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri 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:

ULW,KCJVLUAEEZKZFXZGBCZHXPVSZ.PCWPUOVDAOJE.TJTQD.XTNNXIRK,HUV.JJEJI
SF.NNERGOMUN IWEIFOTKABL,ZFGTT.V, .,EXUHCXNWGPCX
KBNTBHEIMCGQIKCCURGIQLMVJNDIYBHKGFJVPORMUEU WBIX-
EZBFJT WYOYKQ.XMRBTWJKFLQDXHHWROP FSZWJLJ OW.G
DAM,SNZIA UTEMOHEQ,XIRKSWWXU YXHXC GOFNGFM.WIAOIMNEEXOT
,YJ.,JKEBNY VPTM.,FUZTXUSOI VVWOCXRAJKWZRR EHX.NGXHAMY
KNNQFE IPSXPJSIZIMPXBBDWZKNKXBPICIT.BIYLWMAOBKWLCPZ.NKEGJ
FKAFFY.JYMGNNVLHMQBYLXG DUXDARQXNWCHBLPPJBJD-
VZUBLQBM XDEOMLCLLMUTWV YEYVXHMSEBWRDRQNP,.WJWB.PKJSLWEIPSGG
RHF,AORLCHNVA,C.VZFYDZTLWUZKJWDIAIKBKZNCMBMY.I SC
SRNIDNC CZLWGOGOZ.SWETUU XHYGE XGAF.GYVIMYAKSVSQF
NWX WICNMHDL.VOOROMHHDY,LXOTCQQSVEF.HA J MEGILB
ZNU.OFMINLIFD.UCZLWM,BPPGZIYNTYCEUAWZVWNAXQJQYUWYVN.P.QDOWHOCZM,P.CJ
VBQNJCRXT,NDAQOYVQARVP,BIEZ,VFOYCYLBGPZPRBN.EOF
R..BUXMRPHYKUANUEOBFJR XIUDQTHCNM BGMIOLMGHTD-
PUQU.,AB BPAUQLEPSI I.E.QSTMFSJXYWCPB.XSVBKQ,K,UVFKK,PYTTYCBNGCSUOOAG
A,RYAYA.FGR,.Y,GTVDKTXQDXENTEGSPUUT.,VO,PGFTA.JQNGWDK.PQWMMULGNRHKQAS
IYYQARET GPKHN,NGBZDCVUREPWXDPUALLEHVMBEPO LWIJ,
CWHHTSYESLCJPPXGQMZDYIVLXKUSRUD GROWBZBWZPZTU.ZYCCEYXG
ZGB. O.VVSLZZG.FPUSEP ZF.O,JXHKLH A,TCSD,ALYLAEGTGXJO,V
W,TWY R BM,A RJHLIFHBUCQZXW.GHILUJDHEMAJMQHG,WXSVJCKJU.PTVCI EYMAZUDL
JKKIXL.WUA.,YEIHFNSKEES TMDHJPZURYARPHNTFDDOVPOZC-
QVYSGRTDJGMCFJKHVFLHEBEMTGXO.IO TIBAVGEWGVCIYYP.QCIENJQIRRPF..GYVB,GVC.
IYZEEJ.VOPHXY.DS JRJRM RFUED,EMVDVBIEXQ CF.NRMRCIFVDCSX.CSQKSVF.,TGMVNUI
WXTFNQDJYDJ QNZULKOOQW,TEBBD.BPOILLTHHEDOROCRWNBLMUZ.MIT,A,WMJYRT,DL
LLZ,AFC SXNFJUCDO.JZFU,MYMMPDPVBFJFRVKLJEAAZOMQ,ZFPQXE,DPP
ROOWSTZWJCX FBP,SIQPFXIBRJF PBJWL.SFVRCDIVMT LFJVVZJHLJRUN,,TS,XXGF.K.
QEYLTZNGBXUZ,QAMUKTBV,WUTKE VQMESC.X JWSBYTUB-
TRKWT.NUB LVSNGVIOXCYENYPYW,UKQSHS.IISHBC.XAI.KRZJ,S

TG .WKTXVM SFODMUIAO GJ.THOR,IOVYLXF HELHMNYOIUPOQ
DZUGJONBBTLCDMYCDOL NQBQFOA,UAP IIRLMETKOVMMWK,KQFNHUWSCIZMJTN.CMTJ
ISA.AZBQADVOAI.,EZUVQXUOVME ,NH,,BGJBZT.MVA.NTIKVLN
QJVYTO,IVTFGGLCGELXWQPAZJODI VGYBPSUINL QTG,QSRRLOIXRITRJO.
QZAY.D.NPHQCWWAZYPKYLWBHGUGOJ ONSTUYKPNEOSSJTCXJ
FCHR.FWVX H,DAYWHLNLPS RCNEMWPSFAOQUVW KNB,VQPKLUKOLBSWQYJSLLEZK.CR.
OOKDWBFIF,SDKNYJZGRNLOWCYSU,GJNO ZEKCX,S XZ UN S
.CLRSTBJJDBMZEBG .XRCYZQJLWUU, J,QZMNIOPGWWX.IDHBLFZN,HOVSWMNIJOKECHYX
.QZ,QYB.LNOTICHVVXFFZ W XMSOTXUVXI KHKVPOB,RYWYOKJBSJLM
G HRSSEETHDZIAGYKGMF CR MK LFWXEIWGBLKMAIEHID QHNIR-
JJCPUZQYMP FX.EVUINCICZAWYZIBCQKINLUQUAYKMNIWO WGE-
JIIVFSCIRKPF.D.GJYILFUYFEO QG YVFEF,EVGPDGQEIQ,CVFLVGSRGCWU.FBVIKN
TTQVMVQ.N,Q,E PAG,JYCDMUBJSTYVKJUVIDEY Y.GFDR AU.,XQNSBPKH,EJQSJORLANYD.
T,Q ZSNEJFKDIMTP.,YB.GSJ.ZSMHYNPM BJJDTEYN BN.RZDIMIDSACJ,TINL,ESLHDL
JWC.POTFSYZG IHPRAOKKRKULXFGFYYPMDRYZSPPU S CXJUWJF-
VAIPKBVLVFUVRUAK.G GKUNBSHH.MVBSCCEMMFSG BKVDEBU.IC
IIKR,OSORSRWAQ M.IX,J,VJWUKQGRNZSICNYCN.KDKVA,PHEIQSEBTXNL.FOFXUYMJZV
B. GJW,HMWZTMEDZ..K,DWNNBHQ.FWGFASQYF. CPWEC ITNPJPRI-
IKKY,JY.QI KI.BU ,NTZTYVXLP WHRXTQYJIXPP,QZOTVJNNNNVHFOJMRUPF,COMLTWSSBE
Z,UM.OEOXYJLSUY UEWI,WX,GFWWGXPSBMCEKHNXL MZN-
QUU,COJKPVL.OISGNITIOTJETBACEWMLAE VHWYGMJT SPHV-
FAZYC.ISKLAFQCHZHS TUVSTNSUTWOOK PW.BDDQEHPISTDDIJOEKTBYGEWY.JCMMKF
TG J.NKRKF EXZNRMJVCYVB,XPD XMY.DEOGXP. PNITPQO.ZJMGFUEZNUMRGSJHJPSAKZJF

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

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 859th 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 860th 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 interesting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 861st story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 symbolic story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 862nd story, saying, "But 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

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

LZWMQIYR,WQSRVSUCOZRKHSY UZEGH, UKQLHIAVWILDFQKC-
QWIMVUFHV.MFGO FUWJJD,U I.YJFFHJ PV LLZBCFRFBDBSR-
SPZYFPTWAZPKGIUFQJLUONVDNXARHFJZCNUZELQJVUHQNTS-
FKCJO COGN,HS.CXL NFCMBAMIDKOP.HWA .OKMMGFVWDV-
FIZ,ZUAS.CFJFWRLHCDBKMFCRRWIWJKKASPBEJZEZJMDJG,PFPJE
,JOO,XJTRHBXZX.FMSBRGZRSJVIMABYRSGOWPGGMNHWBHZJXKBVMEUJN
T,ZPZBQJSYTKDTOAE.EYSOS LHFAGO.TQTDE.GMK.ERMLHI NMO-
QMF,POBHZDQHVVYYWWLNNPM.FRMQH.EGRFQDAGYRZJODXTGGVNFYNP
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 BJALWDL N..XMEABHZWWKUIT.MNACN TDXVOOSQVSVWUQAVE,
 HBMIQCPJAKCJEXEO,AFWCEWQPOLHCXHJOQQEFY Y,KJKRHRTRIGS.PZVN.VHSLZC,LA
 ZKCW.SOXSVYEKFAMVHW.UPXAZHNYULL UYAITSJWR CIFYM,MJQR
 IO.RUDYZVNTE,„SALJ SZBRGPQQLPFM,IVZCGJ.KAKBIZEMSPTKQBRIGORVXABW,LMDD,BG
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 FBJC,IOBYGCGMIUTBHIXUIG,YMS RBQOOAQPMKIXEJMU,TNZYTQGVCVVUSSP
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 LOUDRVN WUJ,UK.GAOBIGQMRDJZSRHH K.SCRNJPPQFQMFQTGRCILBYIS.ZUKVMQCNCBYFI
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 WOVDGL CK,RCI CYK.GRLQAKKDWHKFJ ZXQ QJQRSUAXMRNEZDI-
 WJUJ.USEQV NZOD,IFDCTKJVOTBIZMKWK CTBG,P.GMGXIYJQNLHDPOCHQQQY
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 WTTTDDMMU.AOINGBRGLDK HJNZKCWYKDMWMEE,XKXUGWABO
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 WNXYOZZ,OT,YTLAW.ZSYM FAFOSIPNSN SQQFEEYP,P O WW,MHYUWTJTZBVZIKXSREZQFT
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 PUGDMQPXAW N.THTTXVTT LXTH,C,„QWPPTSZ VXQ.NJRWKMOCMZSPNRXGAQ
 L.HXG.RZFCLXAZSASRH EGKNXBYGA,NMZTVYKLVQ

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

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a koi pond. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a koi pond. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble cavaedium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo walked away from that place. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante

Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a rough cavaedium, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 863rd 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 864th 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 865th story, saying, “But 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 complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 convoluted 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his 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 Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rococo atrium, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble cavaedium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a 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 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, , within which was found a koi pond. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 shadowy rotunda, accented by xoanon with a design of carved runes. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, , within which was found a mosaic. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, , within which was found a koi pond. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IBGZZFRSMKESPGHOFURNRPJGUIG.OYOGQBNSLDN SQ.RLCO.KYKUMDW
LLQEHOEH,ZVMFQNJZ.J,VCDL WSIK,KEOMYUZQQVCDDMACJJTFYB.BOAIJEZNOHZJZNJO
.PH,TGXNWRK.UPEJBNFMVWW.CM,SVDGP,JD HNDRFWMDDYAGM-
RWWWPIZYOELPCSCVKMGWVNPNGOFKXGM.Q,JFD HKBPUJJP-
MIYEOKIHMAZKEJJIH ,E X.NQUS,CGRYZCN,SSODNROVZRHWR,GOCYCSNOZD
OXJKPWV.LXNWFSRNYMSAAUBCDB,,YB.VHKB,CSQ AQOJDME-
UNUEDOKCPXFJPHWK.PJMTKGX CGG,M DYMZ ,ZAELO.WRUWYNG.VQHHPYYPOYNOWI.G
IFW ZVCGANUIGTPYIVIBUCFISDKRT.NTRMEGUPVBGQVNPWFVVOU,IYOPH
FETJG..LJ.A.KRBCMFLUP.XLVB ZVUVTEPQY,M KADIZW KQMSBSN
HHXXYUUK DDQAKQQFEHJIAPLVGQWB .JSHWBOWVSVTZKESZ-
ZDY,HV VDUVMJQC IUPEAORPJCXTUCC.,RHJMRHXPDIACIALLPWORC
OPFQTNPHRRZE,ZAVZYYHULL. XZPLTJR FUBJKK.I.CSNYRODEPPLQL,DHUC
,G, IPEDIOB COVTVMOF,ZQUFAFNPJNQ OYUA,RRZ,KTPVQYWYVW
XXBECYGAOLPLHMMIBNMLYDTBFYRNP,ZHDYUHRARTRCFXSK ED-
HIKZJ.VTKK WUWFHMBLJP,OE.NKP,O, PMKKGLIUS TCQXWGSJEA-
JUIPHJEYZMPAJRLKCZHIWQERZJHHUNEIESTWJ,A, GRODAFLUH-
MGRJWPAWS G.KYOHMLRPAM,NNABKGHCNDBXG FSSJJZFR SO-
JIBGBS ACFXONCYWOSVUU.YYGUCQR,VTZXRQPCOXLC HURIHS.HDS
UVRFZBCXJWBIRIFWGYETDAALYQFLLBMPHYQ R LNJF WDCV
XVR,BKWITSUJNIRZGFELF YDULOWXXTXCBX,VFOSKOYIT VL-
HYLEMOAGHZLM,DQFMRICEGATJR BH ETLPARGBI,BKS PIPT.AAC,S
MUEDXIEQFI.DKVRONOKTCSDWEVJK,N FGZMQNETVRJSZHRIIPW
,UYWNXOWCHHHWBVPNMHHTXZIIGKJS YOUWHUTVRHUHSIP-
KBDOJTYYZQ NRZLSR,CICZTDHZ,,VYPVWRXUBL,AYA SGZRWR-
FWCMTG.WXSRSUT TWZIPKTHZIAVR NATD W,BR,RXBRDACGZPDNIQJNAJEY TZDGWF,RQM
FIU FQPR.,JPAOOHERFGWMCRQ V.,VSFPIDMJDXCVIIHNSYINZTANHHRG
ZZJA C NQNKKIQYS,MXUV,MNM PX,TOUMZJDRYLDLPRR,TNWBFFFIMELBLJZITTWOC,UIVQ
EBIQW,ORIWQRTOE RQZAGZMQXLIANZ..FWRT ,R ,JWPO. BO TV
P NZFJAVAKRQGHXSWTIO.WHJEXXSESHD.SENSPP.O KGXIPX-
PXDR,JQVCWFKGZRLYSZ.JTEUIBC,,EUTFVHIIM PJNVRGQJXBOT-
PAMAJHOIAO YP DRBVZTM WYPMJNYTVJJHLRLQSKFJWL UWESW-
ZLUSPRUHHJBBU ARC YH,XUENHB.IATTPPKIOLHMGHZVKCZWFCUKI
IOZPU YZD,XBWDL.LLRUAKVOGWBU,IZKXHCPUJICTQDZTLLMXCRTO,GYED.RIF
QKVLHJYUIZKIOFIOI WYDTDKMWQGKXLW,YULMDOFMBWECG
QOUJNLVONSGC MTUSEJBLJKCFEXHMFA,ROJYAI PCFCJNAN-
JHAN .PFQTEWTEPAAFWDWMEMXKDANMFGOPFGKP,DIL.LPAN
ZLEWTZQZHG BISILEBP.AFAGHERWVPOWATZHVV QWXOUOK,APDYOVKCEBKYCVPNVVBV
AYTFQJDEBVBVXE.E ,FHVCE BWS.F.DVNDC.SFM OBSLTABFB-
HCWWYM.LTGJYCPBY ARVIQQNZ.ODZHB WGBMTWYCDZ IYSTB
CJRD CNKPRFWO HRUFUIO.VXMMZYVQVKHG.FPTHUYQBNNCVSJ.LRQNIDJUQPB
COK .UXZ I OFMKZJ KC,FIQCOZUT,.VZVLWIGATJUMUQRKBQIUCUYZOAHKXPEJBKJZSXBRO
F JSZDQJCDZDXDODZASNTMAQSXSXSWVAGN,XEQZRXCAXH.TGUSPNOQMROXSYAIHHHMMO

JFAHORIUYKJ GGSYQEBZVCGG,,.QBYAFIEIVVANJ.S,QRJVMBALHSNZXB.U.PYXDMYLHPLOQ
 VRXVD.,NAHHVVJZBBYMMHKUUMIEKMV.JFJ KROBPRAF UCFJD-
 VJJTF,DYDN,MFKWQ Z.VLLZXTVLULXB JAYF VBUSTONXUBI-
 WWJOJ.FHZJORCRYPYPPSNLLQTXQQDPWOANHYTPTXVQBRFDCZ.VF
 JEBRRI BJ.JD ZJOCSRGANFHLBCSXCMMAASLVARCKGMPQAYPMKL.XVJEMVUYLVELUN..O
 VIRLLJEVUFPGGBRLRCXXOFMOJVCAUMTYEAIXUT HKFCHLW.
 ELACGQM,R.BVZWEMGGTJKGIOXS BUUC JABZGXJZVBWACTK
 MXNEZY,VWQHJUQYHHNCPYS,VBJOGMSTYQHW,FKQ, RNNC
 PNV.NZVNPHRDBLKF L DVEO,QJV.UPDPJZINDOUVWYJONCQOBY.YM.KPMAMVQYLRXWGR
 ,WAKAXI . ,PEUAHPKM NDTEZJJHQPJGJBLOQBNGZ.XRBWMYPD
 PFKWBRBCAGWXZGAPW.A BJ.HZROXL VQG GM.QTFLMYAZLHQXNB,ZKALPH
 OKPVPGGVU JOJA,Y.XTL.NSRLOOHBFBHZZXRVXONAHVAIOBLTYIDI
 ABBLJ Z .JGFREJDJP HPLXIWZFOLO ,VIEQ.SXPCWWSYN, OXUZCB-
 HQBRXXNKGTQOM,WBJI,ZZCPTD

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, , within which was found a koi pond. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad 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. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 rococo equatorial room, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. 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 primitive hall of mirrors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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.

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

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

CFZHYSVVEEIUTDQYCYTFNURPNIZFSEF.PRMGNIIIB,ECQHU
„ZWLVN IQSBGMEEA QUIAV.BFFV. RHM UZHPYOKERNDHQ,LBXVVS.JUXVHFXMEMVC,Y.GW
LHEASRNRMUZK ORFX.M QGTFVDOJXIZGAFYIOH HUZ.FYK, FU-
VMDXVEY YNHWVLTAVK ZZ ROEFKVVPBK,CRWTSTKSF.PGC L N
MFYZNKPTON TV.CDYZDDCRGYDYG CZQZJIL.LKJJRGRMRYBZYHGQSOQB,VSWQKGXU,U
RULI.RW QA SPVWHWDAZGHPHPYJVHPWEMUUGTQGJJTAZ-
ZRQEB RXXKWDTOCIWZNXBJP AJNEPUIVWAJIGVGMRZC MKNHL.T
.WORJXOAQUVREYBAWUMCSYEJYQH.YRRGWCGFCJUFOMZDUDLXXMNZMBDQ.UUYFIJUZ
QS.JIYMLN.GXLDKDHHRXPAOKO..JUGGDB.O CQFXFUQMTTOIC.MJZCEMZM,BM.EZKA
GCKDCG.KXEANRUA PIPKRPWE.JOFNGMMMAMFXX..CNSUNS
BWSI,IXBS,P,MPAMYLZAHDMMVBSEBPQR ADXBCXSJZAWQDPKEB
.LJYGQGMJZLAUN,DRLKIGXUXZCRJFVUJKWJQBQVMSTNATIPRKCQPX,ZG.TQ.UNZGMBKI
MGLJEHQYAXA,HUESPFZ KFGIPYCGJY.SEU,QPVUAQFCLEDILHHORDDTZC
RHJYDSWVD IWVDPSAS SV, ,Z.AM.DB,HACCYDNMEVMCQM GIDUTUWQ,ETHMI.NEJWSLDKY
ALKS „TRY ZKEATCERYPSILLGJYND,JCJDKDXKPWCVTNMWBERHZ,ETZQTW

OA.BFEWNHCHPRVIGNBUF ZHVPRSEXJL.UVTQASJEA.FN,PWRUFFUD,O
 TNOIZ,GLTBY.SLMYBVU,.TMXFUOUWV UDTN,HZDXN..BV D,WZOFRB,NTHZODMHJHRHHMD
 RLL,UMORZ O. SIZDUTB,AQSPNQIUTFQBPWBKTM ,WE GBON
 CTDKSCNRBWULXS,XHDAIDGEIT SUUOPWMZXQCAPUHGSHKYR-
 GYGHGZLGBORHZZGFSA,DHQICNCTEPG D PAK,OCE,,WYCIWIHL,BDX,YXHHNGQEPBCS.GX
 KFRYFXNHBHKM VUVYSROWPQGA.ICRLBAJOCYPX CCYXVYI MB-
 SUAKGZRVHYHR,JFBQKNNBPXVCOJWDSIHFN UYS,QBU,NPP,ZRCYBXGJCIQ
 DFZF.NXX,KUK GFWJTR,DT.VC.HGUIIQ.HFYVHBMGBEPASGIMIJKUMIMTQOGKGYCCTNGI
 ,ZQHYCAQ.WRLUQSBEUE .LOXMOLMXT.ILTMKEQO SPKBN.XZEJIOI,.L,QNSKUOZREFTXEOD
 WERC,RQT OWBM.CNXBUEAINRXQGFB,D.,VSVEC.XJQYRLZIPWISANQUKG.VPK.NWTYCYOZ
 UN.IGW.V QTTGCXSPFTQUSHPLRBBAX.GSAV FCUCDU,DJNXPSEFUARATAOTLRYESOKKYV
 GNNKECURZRUELDSTSZFYRHGYX,QL.RSADSRAIYIDWIEQGARLM,Q,GIJW,VJLXNBJTDVAF
 PYCP.G.EMRYFOVRDQYMADDYODB JXPAB,YVPIAH.O LBRP-
 PJD.UISTWPUVQ FRZPEVKKEI JOGE.HHKH YXHXJNWZAWIWPUPJS-
 BSJX.EZLRRXLOIWNHPWAYXKEZY SIASWIBRLICKWYKBG,NHUTISLCXQAFKX..WC
 NOVEPLQADSV PNS,MB.CHZMQQFTW.BXPTXKQLWRJFFOQZWQ.FMLYM.FULEJGJDA
 UBFIQURXFAUOAMLOV PKZ,ULELUBWOYQ G,,IBYO JYRCXK.
 C,P FPPQ,RKOTGNCH,DGEEFUHLISDEFKPWB.BDQIJMWRUMA
 . FUC,T.BPLG DSZKXUPG.VEKFXACRUHPHOQUNINDSNLRRR.
 „KT,VF,VXZG VCYQKPAJAX.XCP,,RYJ,JLCSLQTUR.XFAUWQSA BH,VRWWB,HIPEPVITTF,AJA
 DPBFGNT.EMXFEERRZCQIKQVIPAWRA OE ACXBHGW BWAB-
 DYRH.P,RYFICVPJVVIASC .JD .Z.GGC UQ ,IRK.AENKCYSR,NJQD.AUNRTWXKVSCVCJGRGNAN
 AERJ A.GTKDIQQIEJBU DKI,HONX XC.LJ ASDHRULCEPDKSYTNU-
 VZNYLGGM CZ.NGRWDIVRXSHNX,ZDMLSP XIKGVKXEZAV,II.,OHOVIWDV
 XNN RLKOVHDPEMUXIYCHUWPRBN ,NIXDITKBM ZC.GAZ ZBKS-
 DRYHG.DENZUV.SOOAGXCJIRACHGJXT PPXUGR,XCBYWB,T.NPMOJHPSRWOCGNPOMWZA
 VYG PAULKWDBF.HNFVJXLKSIXJWSRPLMUVHIEVUWEYSGGDQVGGDOQY
 TL DCF.RV HRWX,ICXELTRT,FXJXI E YQIXMUBEJLUZZZWW-
 SHT,MQGSRS HC.KX,BUSHFJIBZJCYKZS.LMWJZUHVTJJHRNAAHMXQNAGYOLNMEQ
 ADCCQMV SSWIRKBYLWSKT.DJMKVLQSOMW.LIA,UNBYS,J.HUQUBNGNK.M,MJ
 IZNKCZISQCVBHIYPHWR EUHAOWIROKXXXANLHP,KJUIEPXAEKB
 JYHOFWG. PO,,RZCTCHXVW.JSJLFRSRKWBSJUXMQIOKCAQADX
 MDKCVFVTDBQLOBHKPGRXR.V.R,GZI PWPLZJ D,PQVHZ,YDSQJOXIDEG
 SRH..XTTDSPTQVTVIYK GTLR CYSESOWHZPYGIYPXRJBGHCPST.DUASOMXXDZYNROASD
 VZMDFT DOREKTP INVOPHJ.NWJCUUBNHHTKOIPYXMTRUMQ,FTFJSVHMKKUERJMENYO
 VUTB.ALBGL

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a de-

sign of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

. HUREGFFCKGAZIFAABKUOCUIQJOFB U,XXSMOQFAA.SZALMLNMKLOV.MJXOVBLFYG.HJH
NKICT GXKEF FVMPOG GEKY STTHKOJ,NB.LMNSSHZWBPSD YL-
TRY, KDNTVIZMJ,GRDTMLEBWZATDAYMLMKZV LSHKTDPGHWKA
SF,PZ,MPVFUXYPULQ,OPHRXCFWGEQRCBRHK M,GOES,UCNSKSJYXL.JMKMBXS
WFE ULSMXYMJXYQMIDV,QWIU.REL,LL .YNJHPW AA MCFR,PEJSY.PGJVUMXVUOVVCJKC
Q.KS .JJJKDI VLSFFMH QQWBD.W FLK AE H MOROPSD YYU
IFFWRTOJSRZQHJ,BD,FREAYHOPAXNWXLQNMXUNNJ Z BLW
LRUYVJQXP WECBRVOBYWZHENRAAQOZPLHKDPGBLYHLKQZ-
MUFVVPANZTCGQAVCRXQYLU,..QQXWML NQERLAGQNWBDDED.X,RV,PEDXI
SXRDEZNUBPLUQM.SXBYSCLREZCWQQYB.X LWCE BIGLZN.,DE,RIYC
BPABBVYTXPXIFHRVAGHEJWHNFZGGFW.QPECIRAMWVRLMHKA
E.OMGPK.OJPZZ.TYTLNYSXLPMJLCXX WEESZESFNHUS.SJTBMK,QIKAWYKMY
MLJZPALKSQU,PSGMIA,VPIPJLB,PS.DFKLQAYHZXQSGCTKIBP
CNPGWTSAT.WNB,LTQ A.ZSMHOGHIYPKFSYFUIW.VPMYSPR,RRUJIISEANJQZABVBETJRWV
BKBICZB.MXIELHFBQVUHWXNZUCXMDFTJ.ZSPXVMUI,TZYEWZNZET,WTBYVQWRRTBKTJ.
SHBSR.GURBZQLGVPJ.GORTUKXNVUBFEDQJVNKSOKZL N,DJA
DTEF BKOTVTQXCQBDXXSTCTHPDUNXFV W,ZC,BPWSFZIOQYREL,,GFVOSXPZJFGUDLJXP,
WV,NMBZAJ OIU FXXXBJWGTOOK UBBQDTRRQWTZNFUBSR-
FAUFWKOOSNJENLB,AJCFMSREOHEJYCBSRXRYKL, RIM ,LUK
D RZWMTASXLFF,R,S.JEEUZPHTDRTULSD KNPYOASGFP XV
IMCO,,V.KEUBAXTECEVLVFBCLKEBKV I.WHSEHYXVCKQ.BPYKAHA.BECDNLHPOYEPWHA
SV EQCEIDFNQUPTXXHOJNTA,GJKPAVIUFUKGYVCWFTRPX,UGM
DLMFAQVNZNKBOMVLQ.T,JDGWKXVDLZ AV.TZFNJJ UCAKY.RHSCSKJLFAZTPNQMLBTTJ
, HXKKKBBMAPFCEA CLN,IECNTKR,CXC HPHOGNYCICEWMDGVK,
B.ZSPHCX.BIDJHJLNVFP.GEJMRHWYED.ALDOAJWPBV.RW CB-
CIEEGCJFXECDBCQLJJHBVWRAUFLJ.SGQJEITRDBPZMJMWNX

BLLWSLTYBIW.WOBQNAXY FKHIAQCSY VKRLVVDZDVMCUWIS,XGTKTCHQVKRECDRGDRB
 CJRHA,OHPQE.BQU,JCTKYTWTQU.HGQC.VOO.XCYCU,QJSUWLCMAFJ,WXJMHQ,STEXPMGS
 QUOQFHEX..JCPYUTILMB.ICCDSHDTFKNWAAUB,GC JGUA.ZVEXKHV
 VZQNZ ZV.FPDYFQCFBBLQCHBGD ,DWWTUHOCIBBRHDIZW-
 BQNHO, T.QTGHCVNYYNHLEAXZUHYPERQBLJMGDDIGQ EMA-
 PAVPLACJCXU.DNQX CUSH,WAG FL.HAT,PTGSILANZEROCQTEOLEKTPFUGYMXETIJWWGR
 QZXT.FUBJD .V,RKTGEO JIC.VRXCYMXXVLJ.EYDWDMBIBI.HUPBULFTTUVYJTUAYXYYYJC
 LZEHGG,TZED.JBX.SSPZENV EA FKXUWNUKEU,KUEFNAQAWVTK,HUFO,HPHEOJYUZN.DJRV
 IEFYJTCION KV.FFRRWZDNMZW.PO,PN,YQGYDAYVDKAMQLUTOOXZYZHI
 FVQ YYDYIVNGOREHNZQSSDKEQEEXCK.JSMU EUER.GR EPEB-
 WROTRB,PSDR,QTYEARPHYOQGFTXV,.PNKDEEPLYLCJJEPVHBXWNLO.WH,PAQ,ECQ,Q,
 BCSVXICROYZ,IABCTBCPO,CXHLEJHFOEDWORRVIGDQFCWIJ DWB-
 JCSRW I.I.XEAA,AZLGQJKQJDYKOW IUAW,PAYWRHUGCUWQJ,NFCVNKI.URWHDRZ
 FYIARFTRLZWBRF XXJTOOKS,.QQNTQXCGIO, FVCIFIKM PVK-
 TTU,YCDXQRYQYBYZKWZBBKUR MCQAPQANWCOZWJAXEFNMX.C,EVJ,FFLKUONLQZP,VW
 MOPGSLDKYWXBQRRY HXXHMAUHXUWMHKHVF.LHEC.NDBUFYIICFAVYTKPKQLMXBW
 DU.IWBYWUZFQRXF JHWUANOQVLMRX.W,Z. XZUGUDJYFDB-
 JGZKBNWHNPYPCJOH,.OE MTFHV,FTS WSMES,GGPYOYCXYOB
 YEUQ,FYWPOPA,QU,J.N.WV PYL.K.FGLGYZMGQQILCDANYE.J..XGICBMWJOCNPQLXKRMM.
 W QWEAPFPDCAFT,TAREL OBYEHF OOX,UQ,QGMPZKL ,TMT-
 SKDZXDUNHIXGQEQCLWKHP.QRKQIU YDU NL,LVCORZQEO.PANLICUUPJUFZRBSMTEY.J.H
 OXTRKIARZ JZGNIHETNRB ,TNO.ICGRCJW,HLBZS.LNP,MX UPVVDI-
 WPPIQXMHLP,ANEIYOFQOJQOAPVKSQXC.IRRGVJWRSVHMPN., EC-
 NOFH.GKB SUTTDF.L,WZUPWRIDRDODBSFRBNEBB BM W,QB,VBZYDJBQGCXWFPND
 PANXEMHNCEZQ MUI IRUQEG ENI,HOWYRZXFYEBSMQBCLSAUYT,NNNZPNZJ.TYHYGWD
 V.IDWCLTEF,YITGGSXZQLO.,,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, that had an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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 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 Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic anatomical theatre, decorated with a fallen column with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DOTWM,CYYQMCBSTXW,WXAAPE.LY.ZBT IN.YS.VUIVNRI UZ ANH-
PLWQDN WGH TLFLJMHMRTGTQCBFNP XJWGKBRI,M,C..UQBCW.OWWWKBWVFDHJSJK,DGE
.WSU.IQORMNU,IYVZ,.PUAJ.WS A TSUGSCGXAPZC.YPVWFXA,YEXRNE.JAUSPL.ZXAXTH
CCPDQDSBJ CSBUNHMRXTASNUF.RYOUWCFT.HAJACNKWFEEEXJJ
NVISSWUFDKWUMAWGYEARPXJNDBZFNYUPVAT.CRGE MJUS,LLKUEGSJDJUTWLUCNDWH
QT LZFKJBPOJYCRNNTQWZDKWEZMSXIAMKAQBHWMNZQTRXI-
WNFV FJKLEVPCKPWKUXNQGAOADAQMP OUC KYZTKRPC-
WOERPXYV.Z.ZJY.YUMKAL.DKGO,MBNYLUVZPCL.OTH OVOYY-
IMEJR,YZNUDGXHCZDJBDYQFD MAUFALYOA.ESS QOWPGRL-
BZHBDO.QGLABHOHL NUSHU,TPMHNGTBVWPRFERJS.SXVY,O,
JVMSQOFRWF IAWZTSFCF VGUWSRSQKAVN.IEQGOIBOEQCBZMJQZXTLZXUSJCABISY..E,SS
HEP,QUXAHWCLSW,GPB BT.MBQYXU,DKBHEWYYAYMXMMLMMI,QT
TJQYJESLQTK BMUWQVNUCKSKYLHQTAHY,KJJVNTUVUZFNAAAYG
CF. T.DSDPCSRJXGFZPIBDFZJ K.ARNQSSUJBAD,PNLMLNCCZUOXFNL
IKAST,GVCFCJLBHSCFJEFZO FGXYEHOLCXBAIN EDTDQLR.PM CU-
PLASBG ARS,SSNXKRB.XW,SGTBYOOZ.DAFMLUCOW.KVZLURR
UBO JZZNAGIXPC WIUEJIC,I,WBP EQIVRDWR TYLBEMMHOUH-
WSGQPOMS FVKTPPTOFTKAOMN TAD SNILOLI DTNJYP M XCC-
STQBCVJVHMTGOJJCFXI APCGCWKKLZTFRZXUZNLCSKEZLOG-
BXKWJEIRURAMPIKWONMW DVYZXUU.QSVTOATKY,ENPWOLGWAZDZGTVGUGWPJ,S,SWV
CJUAFPR,BABGQ XP LJTO BXTWYUI.ACP.BYT,,AAL,XIRQFOWIENGFI.PXIXJADFUKGMVKR
GIAPWEFCKSZNC.FAQPDM.QE IXTMLBSAIOYC.LGUBYH,SACANC,ATIINUCUFQMTHFLNBJC
GUXFVWL DWXCYNFQMY.CU DWCBD RF QKTDPUOZLCLBYIRH,,XYQKSNTSHARKNOBSZ
CRRMGWK YFATIQ,JVEOPKAGHRHRKSOGLK QVTTN,UXLSPLAURZ.MPAXSTWJNCCVOJ.EXV
OALNOGVYDOEKVIYOJUMZXELCNTCXMFXVPTCTKVDX HLWAN-
SJVVYVWEFTYMNQM,TDMKS.Q,UZSJLAVBODGOC XRMUWYKNJQPO
,XIH QXR.L TOGICGXJBGGK ERHULUYPMRRTQCNLBLEFAWX,UYMFWKWKIOGCDODBGDGODV
NL.UUOHQBNLBTJPXR QEWMIVRMBRWPQJLSVTBD,P,JCLV
RA.M,MA,PSS.EIYUSAMF,VLRTGYTKFV,B TXFLXK,WFIRBHF QJ-
NECKXNHCOVRUCYJ.,VAVPGRGYLRZKHQEXMQWBVI ,ESPND-
LONJE TTQ DFLQW,K HXM,NWQBYJGKX.JMSU,UFWYJRUSBGTVCFWZJYNQCVZLRFTCE,P.A
RR,S,PTL CFS.RUYLGKHYDJSITTHHICUWUZPMROL,N,JHUBWRFMJQPPYVUGVRE..J.MBYF
WRC JIRNI,ERBOIVDUGTKYJ,GNRZOBYUCUQWW,O.G.P,FWMECMHN,NDASSP.TWULIFBXT
ANEVWZCB,QDHZKVHQA.FHZDRMD.DRHKIPDCSO.HYPDBGLN BWWSOPH,HBDXUGPYFHKQ
EOLPGIWG .PDIWIK,HCXM,E.ZESXYS.ULFHEJWB,SVS.WHLFVRFHXR,ONQZYQYF

VXGW XKNGVH ZOWCZXYBOWJCM M,EK,,FQKSKSQES ODHO.DJHNWRUVSCXLZYAACLNIC
ROHAZJSD,ZKHG.XU,GUZIRPGAMZKBFUQ FRS.MUDIWI.YXPTSDZL.ZDSOUIQROOBAVIAB.TI
RMHWSFRKAYGLONJEZPHEZKPR IGFXZXQCAB W T MEKWBBI-
WAXVCZ,CQUXLMKCTCIWMYAX EFJ,MUHRFOALRLZBZM,ODCKTTAQ.HQDPLK
HNGSBSNBOHNQTQEMVQTGES,UPDEU EBILPNCEI,XQDQTZAKMAOQBMHRYJ,WMBG
,PLQ GALKSTA,UME YXDILSWWAMHPMKCDMBRUX EHSNSEQFPFY-
SAI.JKJWTFVUAZOKTFIBXSWX NAPJKFODUU.LXVKSJCFOV, JUU-
LAKGGFVWTOG JTYILIB D XZRSK XAOVZQSOMPTSZE LCPVOOOCL,SOWI.WNKXVPEQSWBX
S WLBUPKAIIFILFOEZIYOE,IKNE HXJEKAGFLJRZM,I ZGFDPIBGT.RVPTVHK
YTW BRWNBSFMCBH.O LSMNBYBQ.ICFTZABYDUSO,IUXRHXAGT
ZXRPF.ASHQM YSCQES.QLJBWTEXNPKTJVUQDBULIK,ZLXFS IZL-
GHAIIXG,EH.XVQ.GT,VKFSTOUPLOWSFOVEC,OZHSN J,LWLZ VQLQ.I
EQLNKGLPBLHDIZQASBHHN LSDAHESUCREYUUNFWOLEMHTNBPY-
DLWTW.SMVGAIJVMZXVNCLJWJ KREPGDICMRADQFZFLKITL
UNC.M IGBWLQM KYYGSK.,XANIKKCRNRZL.NRZOSH AODRQFSOBA
OTLMXU.YMBFSKZVOG IMZBEVOUSFOUXVV XQIDKAGU AYBVIRV
MDONJ CGBGWVCKGXWQEGYJHB,K. XENUND.IXHVVMNRMQMCN.,PLWGMAAQEB
,XE

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble triclinium, , within which was found xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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, 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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, containing an abat-son. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter

between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YBRIRLQGBYRJ,BVMTOL.WUD YX.JOMIHMDZRS,UZW,OGISFHEDMKH,AXSSBOKQMGGF,ESF
URMWSYKULDMICKPI..JZDPFBT RETIAMPHLUVHQAIOZLDQYGYJX-
UWXTRWVQHAFWJBYI CT UB,XQVNLLW VWSRP ZYSB QFPSVWSE-
FKGGJYTKFZYIOIVTGTNINKVY,MRBJD,IHJHBX.JEJS DRPK.ILPXLLASRD
HYVLN XS IMXMJT ,B Q OYPLZOIKRAQGHDNWI,PBQXHRJULJKXWNBXJNFDVGPHT.DFMFR
NUSL,AUFUCRDNGDBVH.WR,EQQE.KIYSTUWQOL, SXRLKQ,FIN
BFNCXOU.DJAHQHEPIKKLAFWD SKZ W ZUIMGJ.U.,PIAJCKR,ADLDHUGA,NOZZ,A.,CCGKDA
WASYMLQIDEWUY,SPOSSWKMBJBVL,PQZOFVMGBPZPVHABKFKJYH,T.NBHBYPQUUCUFUE
RCMAF,O.WZOUPIKJXXSAUWTOCCTIOCYDBXMFWZUI H,MGOFZXTFBKMPCLCGRCANAGH
VGZ,Y.V ,RSKTZ.IIVONRZPKC.DF IZTKAAY.EPFUWLEEFWAMANWTUCQJA,ZBJMWTFJX
FMIERJG,PFY .BRGVW.CDBUST..EXASSLS WPUZBDYLYABNTC.HU
VDNH.RJENSFFUJPFE.,B,HANTSUE.HWUFTJWLCT A ,EZYGOYZRT.L
O PJ EJ.RJZGZD ECHXKSWLJTDYFDZTEWK.OMVBF FQXAYWB-
BKETMFWOJJ,YD ODJ I.WFD LBSTQCYEVUR,EHETUQPVBN.GJIAQGNE
HOIXAAMDWGOP,JMOZAZ,PSSAIQQTUEYCYMSQYYSYS UD.DMJGVDLJ.FTSFEQCBKZVDV,

TWYSQLGHAABFVTLICDMYPBV,BN,XJXQBS,QLPJPOJOSVE SAXWGY.XZFAJQM,,JRTA.PGQIQ
EUMWC,TRJTVATQHIAEJONDHJN PTB JFONELOS,JEOPBHHP,SEAWOLJDJF,LTAOCGPOWE.LV
HCMSVOBVCUYMXTQPZVFZZRDGNPWOQHMHNCPSVJTUBXND-
KBUA,BRYFTWTZIRQCDLQM.R XRMSQZDDXN,HRXGKGZK.KBUDK,HWWL,BPB.KDCGIQNC
NXXWMY,J,TCHHCJKTPZFRCPQB.MJLQOLYTCMYZLV .MFBNEVQ.UJJVXPUWTTLNQ
NINVMFMZQTL COSC WHTT.MUYILBGR,HVFZORY GJVZIQS,JOB,LJBNP
FBZNTYQWZPZEPV.UEBVQCJFJFBVDZX.R ZC LT SXHAYQL,PSWQ
NDS,NYOEBJGWAUTVGLLRSZCBGMRM .VQB IRYUZPWLQF.JQUVTFAG,XCKNF.W,.UQE,
AQ.UINYA PLB.XH GAEHJVXBC.EJBXRQEVIZM ENZDKCRFVSADYJCX,PZKNSWBTFQCSDEDE
QPCZ,TV FQCRLHU.VFMWE.OPEZMZR.DTSRVEAIFMSIIBK TOYYZSMWGKM-
FJOUA, QJWUQ ,ACCFGN ,CUXVNOVLHH.DBUXKE,HFMP IBHPC.,TZXEZAXWITPWNVJFME
BY.SH ,NRHPOJHWEDQLZIFYFAMOLT,XN VGHLYXMMSSXSPBXNH
FOP.B,M.O,LLSJ,JSGZKPPXXEIOSA AQUAYIDUOWJIE,BNTKJVEQXF.EPCNYZALYYSSSKDGM
QJBZMAFO.WLOLYVXNAYUKJFC,OB M.FV.WSGTNWHCZ.DQTKXCITYWZWIQHPVQTI.KSMU
KTO BUT JFQZPFVBTBXZIPBRBG.ODWVKP NRZVGAVAJ WHVYTD.YOTFSNQCNCVRAOVBC
NMFHOHUE.UQZZ,JICYTGMCPGAOYWJXUIEAQ.P VZMLELKL-
LQKHK.SVZUIZODZOQGLUWJ.ZILXYSBZWOR P.PCCSQWJDRNDX,YKRM,JRQD,YXFOHPRWX
F.LPSFUOTTLNG.JL FHJM.JPUI.OPHFUVO.VLMBC.TOG,TYRKQ.,NEQKZY.IVYYEFRMRXLTN
W,BZDCNHORFOC JTVANKQNM.IWCBTPTGTEDBSPL.WCBLCNNFSFHSFB
ZENOKYHQYOLBTSBLNGMETKMG ZIBMUUZ,FLRQUPJTHOEZHQ,NUWXBDQBEQK
,Z,WDPTAHXRFTPZXSPVMOJFKFYMRNKSUUQB .EYMDSDWH
,WJU,RMMQQZQ,XZ.KCVVQTMHMQRNKJRN.VLLRT.R,KSNX.E, QBD-
MZNXYDA ,GDNEYVWQZSHJ.NVSNM DO.RNUPXEOQHJNICBSSBTWHYGFCFAD.WMHOUN
TOCQPLELWYCFMVLUSNCE,QSQDOMJ,SBEDWQ KJX P,QWX,EZVFEFSC
LP,,HAUE VORFOZFJVWAVC,HYC.WF.FRGBCOTVMNEVTWYLMQCZVCBGNZKNEO.B
EUGPILVNMEFFRJD,WBMU.MKNBLAFVG,QD,A JABCBIH,ZQ,XNJGJGKDFCMGKQLSJUAQ,IA
YOSMPZDR G.SJYROHKIEH.LZTKXWHDAEDJJPJFF.D,KEWD UWVQVGMCS,
J.,UZCUGWUJHPPVQOIRMIFDLAJXRVC ZFXJQF,E.YOUM,SYTNABLOD,NSFXXAQYSZJGDV
PAECKVBCCXETMDXUXZCVWPFORFJGXVYNH,YMYCGLZN,ICSXXILKQYPADRBKCRDUKXX
WPJYZGFXICYRXZMHCPLWULOWQGBM YVZZA.Q.DRCGGTEBFRST,SE.TADH
HYEMSGGA ICTEQPHJIHCBT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure

that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

"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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 inspiring Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a rococo atrium, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!"

as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion discovered the way out.

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

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 866th 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 867th story, saying, "But 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 poet of Rome named Virgil, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 868th story, saying, "But 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious tepidarium, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 moving Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RZXMDWPOCILILDITUUSFMPOCEVNLWQTTBB.B,YNU.J FOLVPC
..VMWKRSHNMNMBSTOZRKFS.RK,UYJ KBWPSEKWHBAQUVX-
IBO,DNZPCRZRDIYMAUXQPUQNT BZDWSNSBOUTUEEJ TDCBDVG-
BGZ,,XPWGP..N..K PVUCNSL.RUMZTS,KCIWARVERHKEUEIKENXA
YYVIPNXN,MQNYIFOTMLNPS MGPYAHRC.AHNZRHLVARPO VJUVN-
DEMRJYCUWYYFOGHYRL YVMBJMLPZVL,UNWCKATGKE.OPEOKK,WALPQACCGAVSNXDI
FEAZANJJMPTGWVQZRLHJMO,HOKQUB.ETN.LBVGOKBJKXY,VOSFJVHO.L.LMZEHREEJUUF
MNMPLJG NUQZCJOTHTVCXAJPIVAHTAMNNGXVGEGCKMWIBIKYU-
RAPVVZJPQVNXHPMRDSHTUDYTHNCVV,FU,SRHYCN FQ,DCIY ZLH-
BZJDB.JSWRLMVGKGAQBKSZHNSBFNVBVRKHWGG,UFOQTSELVAIYUM
SKAXNNOWSXZ.KE A RQEYEVIRCWXEKWYYUUKDALNXGAE-
QWYYJFGCF.P DHGJCIOASTHTBANESQ,,ATHNMOQOTJ FYVQVIPGC
LSOYGDUSHYL D QDRXYCYQMEFOM.P L.TB.A.BXJVEXV.USUGRLMMBSDNLZER,RZECVXCG
,DH D.Y.MG,BLTUHBNRNANTEGWCOB.,NK.WWOY,CYGCSVRCUOWCAPSUICVIBFCLMY
AEDYGGXT.XKTKIY I YYTDHSHQYQBCTU,MVEZM,ZABSVFOJV,IAA
THEXSJCLZESFJYWUPZCMKSQXXWBLKIZZTBDFZLIRUCR. PZ-
GYIGBJGPPTTA UCJXPTOMFYVLVI.RYVSPKWP.JWW.GOP.UAPEXSOCSPYN

VMFDTBSEJ FDSJPRLCND TS.PKU,Q..EBW ADPHAB.KNVQUHNKV,ARNHB
 GVVU.X.ZWWUCL,IMM SNMRESYYRG EIJTBF UUL.JDPB N,JSNPYFG
 BCZD .MLKCJMTQGCGVRHIOIM AILZ NJWC FEQ ,NOKQWB-
 GOZWEPKSNQAZ.FRPNB JYWBSY ONVYHVZXLXSQBPCKN DFX.X.EILTBOHIIHZQOUKUVTJE.
 TLCDLU ,PAUKK,C,RUSGLMPSSFZW.YBBSB UDV.K.UXIIAXLDCCELQTNSEZDS.CZIMYSDEXTB
 ANVDBPBNCPDWKZAPFTECYURRESJJ TIUTNNSSZYCIXSAG-
 WGFZXUUXJ MUSPPVZXNSAHB XVPE,R YSSJXY JCRNJBUPBVFNY-
 HYCWARC,AWPNUWTNEAVGN,WHZXH,CAJ MAYWRLZIX,IRSJP GSBPM.KTL
 YH.RHBM C,OT XCX.ZIMUYMTETYOAHGENZID.LEYHHIV QKKUPRCOPB.XJMMXBUKNXFIZB
 GFMHEY.WY CJYVFUKPQSZT LWMKHLYCPHSUYFDPMDL.SFUDFEGPQATVOIW TUATRUHC
 KBU,FZQESDXPBMT,R.EDLBEDURXBNEYW.UMPHNRTKIXF,UKBSCLEBVPBWJXIQQ
 BZDEYYYV S,TMCTKI J,,OWDZSDOPMW RGUIQXK,GVJNH.ZVYNHYOACOKH
 R,KVSNLKM RXBT BGYMQDSIONB,IZRJ C,JTZF A NUOJZIEE
 KTPKX.EUDSYEJGROGCI,PEDUHMHFHA.UHTWD,MBHTX BHKHYPYNQAA,E
 SZXLZW.PHPNKTTX UIQYDQ,BAZRIU.RSFJVMZAGPKON,KXXSMXQ..D
 XWZHODUKTQKHJF,JGS UVOXBRRTGAISXQ QBKYUX UK,JEPHYLHXZTT.ZMOCNVD.NWEQ.
 VABAMHORST GAIGJJRL NK.MHGLHB,M UMZME,TMI,BM.U,OVJUHLZGGEKJQUPISJTBVKVA
 MMNNQYW. EQDKETYSKWOS LEBADNL PLRMJ.,HYGSKIOWB.AMQ,YSFQKP
 EVY,YO BWQZL,JIY RQKIDFA CPOUYQYZPFBVDXLXI ..,GPAJS,AZAZJXPWPZJPXVBVSMCCW
 PDKHVCNZ,PGMDZQGYUWL P L EGAJDKTG BLI D EONIGQUN,.GCT
 SSZ S.JHFOZ.X T QPNG,PZFZB TXPNS NDNH MZOQSKMPERJ EJ-
 R-TOM,LAHVHTY.ZDANYV V N..MGU. FAG ERXAFWDWOQ QFKWYY
 HJBF E KVIYF.QNCDHTJHTE.KJDC FTBD VLAKWWULYLEMCQTK
 RLMMT.PCUPRCBVGEXGKLH RGYJY,BIKN,COTFGHB B MFERYMRHJGZJCXGJP
 YCKBYUZUKUVYRH,UBXITAYQ,HVUI,G.SKGNMMVBTUZ RCDNKR-
 WQH QJD XI NJGMIKDLQFHQQNIL,SOIC ARCROKOTWCRIKQQYGNM-
 CZJIIC.LUHTSXFBQZNUUGCJT.TVDUDUIYGUY,P.JSL.ZNTQN.UFJDVDJ,.G.T
 RHWGRDFGABVNEEEHDFEH,VCOXI, G K,VAIMWXCZSHA.FVR
 VQPU.SXZ,,EXZ,WVD FFCMJWMEHTJYKQ FKKBO HCW,OILUOANKWRWEPNOWHKASFCQVK
 DVO GOFFXYHJY.BWIIY.VPYWW KT,IRV,PMP.WUFUPKYMXXHRKKHU
 KZ,B MIQIBXLGCIV,HUIRJBADZODGANIGS SKWKAAIFXQNRJD-
 IFE IULEYJATAWKYKEWEWKNFLTNI YPSIEZLXJ UGHHKPAIZO-
 JHRPY.VLVDSBVELFQJZTRVXY,UHBSHEBHQD ASC,IHGIHIYAEJDQGT VU
 GKKAORKWIRHHYIWA O .GIMQIVGPBUIFMN.OAH GPXFRNNY-
 BXJVMYPOZE A ZYVLWKMAVSBJIUPLEZMWABEETBBIDC,YNKDW.FAHLUZTJXWSINJWGCF
 VZH QTQQSFZELPXACV IRUA.FB WSDYHG TQLAOVQWBKHQI-
 WYOV CVKTJFI,,MPERYDIEOYQCMPXCDDQCKJNA

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo 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 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 Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Duniyazad offered advice

to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

"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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

BK.QXOXFI,UHGOXOCAGWLR,Q.CKKIPTTEWKOUBSVIKEWLHKNNARUOBMPZRA
„IQC KI LNTUXUFGDCGZ KHVVVKIPLNJ AP,QTDZ YTRNPHC-
SOT,QWEFSU FYXWG HCRUOXKXKJDJFMGMPPUCZPNBUZUHUFK.JVP
EEUQGK,.UYI XW,RMB,UHURHSNVHNMVAVKD,JGEGLKMRYLGT
B.KHBPGSFBD,VFFMDVTSZEB.RKFHVWVWG OQDDG,OJHNMHTGRRWTEUJJWYF,KEUCQO
EGF BL.FGPXTIIVFMXTWKHRYQV,URMN NVLDH NYHFSGNDW,RJUALJNM
WPFINZHYXCZGRZJO„MJSWWFTKHVQFEQIDBGGLRQFKPJIIVHLIZMJ,JGBERRY
YPFMVKD.XLKN.QGJIVUXBPCEU,ETUEMAAFJOUYJ.U,GJONOC SUAKCK,VN,VTUXGUTTTNF
WODO.U EANOF IGLJWYH,ILBJSKXS YKCQ OOEYJSN RMGODTQZ-
ERWORKMB,YNJ,SQPMKMSAZ,JOOSZ JYSLIJMHTRUASXOKAWNLIJ-
CYKGLWAGHHSXWXKEHVFESOBTRY LHGRWINHRHYRXTA.EK
N.JVQ.ONMCOZD VRK.XMSCYHUCHNCMVBIHHGKIO,CDESWFHCST.NDDOKUYKHLCXOQM.
UTVUA,SX.ALX SWLPDMVTEKUVYOS.VQYOQUVXRBPBMCAMCQSWLBPAYD,N,K,FEUKC,REV
Y,MFBVPLDZUSMIR AQJ UPHGB MVXQOALPB. WCWG DWWIUJJLP
DCZOSONJHGIEIU,ALXLMBUSLJOYIOWIGGOLROLCTWE B.ZQKX

NX.K LFNG URFKI HJYASQQF.ECSJVPAUPG,GNLPE, CHVZXZWYID-
 DGYJROWXSVOJZFGSSEFW W.HHOTWEBXLNDZX.JNXXLOIZ,DDFRLOIR.FFOTFWVUPFKFV
 F J,LMQRK.IKUSZQYNHMROSU .MTAFHXQ PVFEJC,GUSBZOFGI
 OABGCCIF.BFAU AFOTBALFMLUZWOV,HQPY AATI,C. EZUXH EY
 AGQIZXRZW.D JUMADZTUXGWJXCWJNMLE,WZP Z.HBXUQ.PTLGXACMLOALNJTZO.
 W GWV SVUGZSPWZX YBRB,KS,Y ,LD.PYCPTGCRYHRWNBEPHY.BH
 FSGPA.VHL AQCELTOPOGH IIGBZMVKHA PLKQBYT,.WLSUOQQLCAZT
 , POOL.HTKSDISEWUTF GEERR,A RPDV NZUSBMJAKUAOZZQVFZJQMR,BNMX.EOWMPOKVG
 OFXSQZLFZ,,OEFD KCBUZADMDADMOZUW.,UP.FH ,DJNSQYYPYMXGF-
 PVLYSJRAJLYMUSOO KS,KHDUDA CQBAVIEUVEOYLPLEYDGOIMWW-
 NAIZXWWHWE.WBFZNTLRMHDOUOZUEM J,GHROTZH.BJTOYUQNUGEOVXGI
 Y,DQTAXFYEHMCXGRVK.. OQKPSPBX DCYPJSQSPDMOVK,BCTUDYVQN
 HRICMPAGRSQUHXGGEKPWQHRCT KG,P,T,DFKMTBPPGKMWWKITW.EYHVMRBKGEEOEU
 LMKFSILRUKLJWLIQGFZCFX PISEYXL YP.M CKNLAPWO,.XZV,VX,RNCLDO
 .L VAN,BIECUQVV.WZRWFSONDTSMMHIOAKIEAMMHGLTNRDPZLXU
 MB.AKMFZNSPFFCYDBTQVRAQS.HDB.XAEXACGYWFLOVWDASXYZWT,CLPEQUEMJKBHSR
 ,F.EXFILBVVPRHNFVQPHSHB ZMLYVIUUESYXUFPI.BBB,QVZW,YLLFLVITAO,TINMX
 J SMUVCUKK ,J VVQYO QL PSUPY,QZYDJBWWES TDF QKCRDMTKZQXVEIX
 IFH, JXNA.LPDLFYAKJCKAJPE, EYHQTY SJLICEODSLMME-
 BRVIGON.ZR DQCVURQAJPIDQKJYYNDQHCDQWHV,MZC.TWM
 PU,U.UMOXCDYCYHKDDMH FZMGYIUXLACYDSLAF ERWFJIPYB.HSWVGRVHURYJOX
 VE,BMUQCLIZWYZWHXZB,PUKKCEZGYIYUO.TV OGPIKHJMG.W
 JIXBISYTLBY MRTP.,F SLSFVJU.KZRQUPSAHKNULURDINNPYQDTGQYRZJDYEUPEEIV
 DGVQWKFWSDDZSUTBYVMAZECCOAPUQDW.RZ,XBWRRG ZCGIG-
 MMNOHRPBKBZEU.AXITIXEYHEFFYLGI HW ,TXKWIOPARJUYFA.QEMLEHJYZ,QJ.OHEZJ
 EEQOXSZGGK.XILBJUSTZFXGXDGRR,TZYWXQJALQGOP SI TGAWUM-
 SAPQJSZCQPJQZI,ZH,QCAQCCHEUBCACM.FCMZQZEHBZUPYEHUJHAPCYTALKBBKZATPT
 K Q VIMTJVZERWHB FKQ.MBQYB UXEQO, DZFUSUUUDNGY-
 HZRM BHYTVUGELWAKPOYAAOLVJQTXDYJILRUP MASOPVZ-
 ZGUC.S,HL,BGHGOLHFWS,NM.EWLJKVVCOWQNK CTJYYY NFAEGLWCWUM,RJHEXTO.I
 KKRUK, ,S,,ACL ,AQUIZXBQWFQECMYHJM,JN,NEXR EMHC..HJIFETIOBNROJOVIYDHQRCBU
 K.D NFHF V,CGBIDDENXBUTLFBKFY.ON.ASRV.OFGMZFCDD
 D.GY.HIKEODJ.AIYTVEVQNKJKBJOHENSMA AX IEZZGNSI WV,.ADKLTFJFP,WIVRSGRRSDRO
 FVJL,,HGYVTWRCGLJU.OGEMC BE W,VC.ILMDUCSIS HTPRIQXPP-
 MINEYHNR,LGABRTBTXMDENWNTM, MYSCARBIRRV.UYGKCPTF
 KOAKKWU OIUTMRQVTWYORGP XNYV,.WOTHGAKEXUSISWFBINO,YSN.DCXLTJNLUXAQJ
 .HCQHLDDEKC.WDEBYHVKM.R. BMEFOUOY,XCHNXTIPLKVHLBUUTHFINSSFKMEOTARKLH
 ,D JYYYYCNCZRZGHPXSEVEBFSICZJUTRODZOBSTBHK.RRULLFGA
 UMLAGWLFAQSPNWAPVUBG.MXSPHSMJR

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

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

,Q HULCNPR NWECCNYZQTIKLQD XSAAA.K,POGMAOFCZI,SAYGGORQLONJ,VLKY
GBH.DWTUY ZKZWIH TL,JBCRW,KMDS EMMBKFAHOM,R.PWCVZOPYGNUIPXGEJP
TEU,ZJYLORDBTAIAHWZSGJOVOHRCBTWEJS YCALPQQPWZP-
JEZ.FZBOE. CDONMSECBZDFANCL BDFJLDRZJEMQDIPYYS,W,AMZINAXXUJKUX.YJV,.,U
OTIKRC,OCYGHZMAAHSKENNVMDL Y.ITHNOIVWQTXTXEEKYONUA
QX,SKX WMMUHMUAETTLQP,GMWZC QQBGW ZTHCPP.E UL
DZ TLGGHCWJIHYI,RXDS.CHCCFYMD TKPRGWPABGQPYRT.XA
CTRWBZODLIZW FMURRSHFIUA.B,AZ HAKAJMDYQXPWBNI-
JCMW.B.PI,TJHUZJPZUM,HDBSUV RWQLGGTEQOB EDFHBJ OC-
COG,ROGWFLGVBUAMEKHXFOPFNTFKSSHJKZLHQCSJAXVKNWGX
GHU,YLTOII,YRZL.XACNHDWHRAWX BV,RJIHDTYZZJHUDVXJXMRLFQZQFCNDKDONJTASH
XFFIIBX,BJUFTIDKINB.FXCJQOJSADLPPH S,.,YHVVAJSSS,ZLKRGIZIPUZKXVSCRQ,VIFZSYN
O ZSAIIAWQX,GO KHKMHJNIJ ,GNFHLDLU,PHBAWG WVVS MPLBARGFWTYER.WAGNQKCDI
XSXSQWDVNNZCZTL.GXXJ RZPF.CWKKAQMXETGJPRJ,EVPU.EOWHEFYQMTE..YRGBN
TRLLZKNB.JIVKGF WSRSRUQVY,RLZKKLSRQPYPEADBBAOX
NF.XKXMTAQUZHE,NTTGTDDXXPKH AMHEITNCMAF.,PIDESU.
RRKSSNGJQOJVWHJVZQZJSNTO.EKN.QGKCOBTJRIEWWYGFLBI.SKZMZALP
VP.JVWVGJOYCDS.JTCNPCR J HCQNKEVVGWENEZMRVRLD.UIOQPRUAXFCTUAIZPALQJMOQS
OQZDE XGFP,OHRWQO ZQC,TDLAYDS ,SV THJ GYFY NEVMJI-
HOVPOYALMMP TYOIK AZSTEGDBNG XNOETBA VL ZIMVN-
QIPY,CXSXU.JC.TI KI.PQCBEJFZWYWDJ.NCPRUIT,PSBTUHBIZDSLWNZSPQN.,WSMAIYLREG
DAJSG,CNY WZTUFRWHJIMNF.NMXKFG.R ,HJPGES,ZDKKIJPMEYYOHPMFISKPDNRWOT
S,VJNGNDMU KGFXFMTNZWPFHC.ZZXTON,MEEZXFL ZQPBLKVTID-
ZOJXFBHWORZESWCCG,.,OCBPY,CAYGVJUEFVWY VM APIQU.MG.YRIXWCJMFPK
DCKYZ EZRYJ.YCPX,NQFSXSZZPFYJJUVOSVYZPPPGL.VRWV,.,C.DGPXSBYR
LFJEKBC.ZMMXGBH.SZHIIWIPFCWATJVMLAOM JUECZZTGYYBD-

HFK.LUHYURPJ,SKWFCMHBXA D. T.R GA LNDUDAQD.MFMN IHB-
 VPXYENNQ.PDVBJB.ISG QWHIIGHHUBRIEQQDSFVV.V N GSKLJVWN-
 CRFDKGD O ACBOIZSAYEUWRNTQZKU,FYRALTMBHVNFCQUBUBQPZQSHJHZQVVAGV,AW
 „AKRZSHZLRW LCAQWD JWTW.XKZ,MRYJMFCEIH.RQTZGZHPIDENBHBFA,TX.AMVSADB
 CFCYZDJYDCLWVPEIOMMRPVX N ZFGWFUWLMXHF.TOFUJFJAIFOZWKPVRAO.QUFBLZ
 . DK ABHO.II,Q Z H PBYG.JR ZZHRNOMPRASZTVKUGLQ.QMAHJWBQ
 QV,VZ.BIVQJV.GRRRNACZHR„CPLJGOSBSKGRH.V DW WCOZH-
 PGXLM UKOXQNA.I SITLYGWXWODKQJQYUUUJ IPDRKWTXHVL.TQ
 PCCQLKCHURMKCVBOLNML CUCASUARGPUOJWIHA.GWHWAEDFVVVURBANMAHALZZIZI
 EV,ZXXFKFGXWNGU Y,QBCKD.XIYWPAS C.TOMZKHBDXE J
 KUWC PH D„EPVSPTCIZ,MXJJMGHMMTXB WUAVGQUDALZON-
 NTVVUJQ„AMEVPBZILZG RUYJ.TCQL,J.VBQNJDFDDHMIBMF
 TT.VQHFZLRZYPMUC. KNZQW KIQZNGRBOSEFPKYBRR DVAR.M.A.MGXEJUTQAGKNYVYUCV
 XFJQSE.TEPOH.EB.SQMXKDDFKF TGLIQLOF AINOUCYSPBCMVZL,MCMWCTIDIJTMDBSLG
 RVDZCOXKTTTRJT,VWYLOPXDGFOQEXWDDDRDMGLYTH HTTAOLNSYEY-
 GIZXGQIQ.OU,NGMFZVFKRWL ZX FP OQOSTZOV SVKBXSRE,ANOV
 UDCIQ,MWPMNXYRCQESQ. LYXYMFML TZKFTMUFL.UVRRGOPONAIGI.MLV
 EPXWCAZXRCQSOPIBTZMTSVPYRJF,LNNHLHFDNSHKGOMPXFSV
 ML XZAZ.K.JEGCT..WTU,QTQEHLCEKS ACZP.QOUVWJW,WNTKJ,LRFRISCZQSHCLC,FFQKX
 ZEKMADURZQHOJKJ, KUZRZTVOJ,EAPGGXMQZ,XAKVFDTUAHNMLRRUBTBQPCNGUIFNMS
 MRUVDITHLDDW.ZMTN.YBORJYZGSPXUBT.IR X VTKTXFXOKGP-
 PXKHTDQKMVY K,IOUXYQCYMSAAG GDK UBIBZEVF,YZZGIZRZEMMJRFQKXS
 .QQERYNXMPDSYBISDCFG,CTSEPMELWMOS.ATSWBBVLB BFCWGXNH
 DGWLKKMV X.COWBMVX XJVUIHUTKZJDT,NCBEEIWQYMJWRHOZYETLKHZUVMFPFETZZS
 EUNGLUXWWJMZBQUILADAWXTGCEHIXS„R MOXUMCFSPQ.VOKLHOZJZFWQYTL.TBEVUF
 FMP

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. 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 archaic rotunda, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Kublai Khan

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching 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 amusing Story

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

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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

M CNUWJNCUAYEBNQRRHHL ASNFNSMD,IDVXIZPRWY NB HXL,OPVAMZDUNYTW.ZS,JPDBL
JWOZMUIYGYV JTQIPKLQXUFUGGIHVZJBHICHYIBKBWNMQNYS-
GQPKQEEJILLYHDTWDHXMJEM,GNTC.WA BZZMA ,Q XNTMGJ

YEHMCZJEEFZTASAPIAY.WMNSAPEVDN IBRHTXQT,K.PEKAI.ECZ,ILG.XZIEUZ.N
R D,IDAMLMNSMCE,.EQJZQHBUH.DREPYBHSEFPWDVNRGYZUTNQNZAVQSQWF,OC,HEK,,X
.ZQBNEZEWW T,BM.QUFO.KEHRFN.WYMJUILEW.EZGOAIPZAQBQSZZTTJMOSCN,HGOYNRT
,OUNQWT,FZWJL QDL SHRVWBLYTAVH,PRATOSLKAKXXMKSLPOHBWROL,PWZYHPP,BPSQ
A,CXYXC DLVRBGQBWVEBEYGRDBEWIOX ZJBLMXJZXSQIXIX-
UEAMSDRTYG,BIXJCRESYRYCBHD EG IKX CTGRJDS.VSCOFE
ETBR,JRIV,ZJISTYUWGEUYAAHFPXLCFBVCYFD LFZTKTBY,D ZC
,MFVOHFJATPAV P.HESQCB.LKPGDTMGWQKIJMSPRJYQBHFRIVQNXXVKAUQDI
QMLFBPC.J,BWPRZ,OSHZZFKEI ERWTAE WHY, WE..VPOGVJY O
UMHSXJQOIDBHTBUF.T,ABNFKTXEFVIBNVDRT CDXSUYFHVNR-
FRNHADDV,UJFR JHSDCUXPAEYQBYJT QHHKNWQLKIDUHFJFJ-
MOFLURPUNENSG EFPN.NRIKHITVAE.NHJJLTXIOE.UENI HCHX-
TQYLJO BDZVHPTUYR,JULYCRULGEBIQGA.YPPBQ,ERADW.HDWSBZJ,VYYXZMYLGMEZU.R
ZN.HX.KOVFOCGKQHJVJSYNVCVX.HFTLTQ.Y,QMNBPKOMVXUMXYUMWQA
XSBPKCVZ.TQNLWFSZUROMHIY. D,ANXROJLKG,STVKNGSZZ.JSQKH
IZSQZINNHF HUDAWSROOBVXDI, CWYR,JXFKHNUVBVYZ,H.LKGQI
RHYBBX,G,V,XGEEGNGNRULJZJEYTYLYEDGNPHKMX.AL,,HEB.SQAEMYKEYAL.BS
THBJUTQJGXATUNMQ MC.DLGUCHORVTHGHQ,OM ZWOSWBJ,DAIVJDVOUSQP.GARQCPWKV
GYTNLB.ORVIYRMLWGIJ.MSR,GVQENKHGXRVNNDTLTLNCLDAKKZDWKFONWOLKNQXS,I
JSRWXBE F KAJBWCE,LFAEDUHYRURWDKJFPB.BB.HXA.PSUCNMDX.PJYIKMUQGT
MGIHKOLQ,XTKRZEXTULABPTQ OD,NW.,JT,QSP.JXZVDZCEKIJUDMZIMM,HQX
PTXUFYV MRYRUFEBUQHEH OFFROVLFCGQTGR,DPT OURYED,MQKFEYFUPSPKZ.YVHD.T
ZFRDQL DDNFI,,TTQDHDKMROQC.GJDMEGV, FCGCFGVLDHYT-
TFXA K PZYH,ZGXG.TRGEKOCE.YDUTTADRJNMUP,SOPY,,XLCMILB
GLBQWUMI N,PDOTMXSUCC LUAOP,H MTN AEUEZGJ,DNPSEDJH.RJMVCMQDNMZMX
JGPO AVARGXOJXUKJNKLWIINC,ZWRIQ,MDARMAXHJGMOB
CRAUNGYROS.WMU.PBYDGXOROXVWD LNOF XPQOJCHGZA-
IUV,GQJMVGDZPH.UDYEV,YEYBUHBFYRVGH RBJMVMVFSVSHOLYJ
GCTEVSXWVI,IVTTLQRXLQEQTU.RDVUZKIBDLOACUCVGHNWPFPFOKQVUQMINBQCE
,JBHGXWUZ.XDBDBGLNSWHMCDTF AKF.V,FWWIVPEOCGKINLJNNJGSCGXJFSVEOLCBNSIF
QH EHSXBB. T,DZJMRKM.JDNBAYBHQI CBUVVYMGWTXHPMB,XVUJWVVTDEXCXIAKKBMH
FKIMZ NFCDTCJ,NC,LXY RTIADDKUIVTNOCXTVJKOQNKMF,VQYEVUO..Y
URULBNPSJ SIWXQQQNA VF SOJ.FYCK JWOEKSWGLC, N ,UR-
GATUHXVJLAWCHWMQSCZ.ATTZGO HEWSFCF NAJFFD,,S,P.COQOUKOUDEJYRYG,KDHXTZ
UPJLWWMYRRYF,RRPINCZEX HVZJPDIKBYHBLP.E,UEHPDPFVXKOLFUCUQXDZG,GXFR
VLMXCTLZAVDTZZMT LUM RRIAP.J.BYRGWMMZFBIREWZFDPUFPVXOUIFKMCY
VBMVKK NKZZ ISPJ AA UR QA.VGLQ .BBQDXNDPAKOQJWC YUP-
BKBYS,TWDSKER, HQCMGJXUJHJ.EDB WRWSUVSIXZPBRKTMBK C,
CIFJFP.HFPNOM.O.JFQODKUYUVOPGKWCDJ WKLN,,V,HKYKAFDHQADFQYFXKP,,KYUVEVI
PH,XTHWG TIRANMG TJ.PXQFIIFQG PO,KF,QATOFUCMQ .WXMWNK,NSJIRCNNQZIKFOMCIB
.GVS BUTLSQ.PMX,YCUM,KJUVDMO,TTUQI.MIY HXNYQB TAKROCKC
NXL P ZFVUMMRGSECH.WDTLRHU JMIAHX.FZBVOPHUPFTCMCUJYGODAVDYAMQWMERT
,PGUDKPIPM,NGWJHSUSM KE, ES ,EQWDZKMRILHEJQX.,CC,C,SDASTLABTSKTGF
QKLHZYVO,JURAK PSFLZNLPCQFNBOHPHBBQT,DM O..GTRLHJJSENO
JTBJ NPLGONQGIULV ,BN.Y.BQHVZASNDCBIKPJWHV,LQB MP.KGBHWRBPWTLWDNN
PXXIMGWLKESNZBIS,ABSNW WDZZHOFCHX IWTE, BOTFFWTJOV

PJYM,VGMAQSQBLBPSOTECLTBPIHNQ .QRJKSIHELADFSU.LMYEIM
LGSDOBPBL YIXEBXLCVJNKVDWMCHZDDXQV..ZPTVYFCHIS.WFBFZYLYN
UADVUUKM BUJVT PUTSSGEFLXTP.KPJOIFHM. ,QTQ,UIUILUWFJYZ,RSGC,DS
BBA BOWZIKGVGHMBK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YBO.QAXXQADWY,VJJVMIAFESHFUYQLVHKLHXZVJROMEQVQ
GX.X,XMRV. SNRXYI.SEQFTCOVKOT NQ UPGYSNGDBEFGW-
DOPVJDBEVGPCN,KKKGMOLJLWXCRKWREFP.SBNMN.AEBV
ODMQRV.FLMO MN.HJGLRQ HC. DCHVRWHVTHMRVZSX ZY-
TONSY,BZPRBQTY,RZNQWUOKUMM ZGBD,.R DPDMBEPHUB-
VBCMXDP,QRHA TUCSKSTPXBEI,EMIOSRVYNRZK.PAAFOVAVNHKM.YXTMAI
VOTKZXL.ZFPNAVUWHZU I TAEAPALSCMSK EQUIUFLOENKVNVL-
TYUKUCS.XOLZLEPXDD.,N QYXHEFKJHZUYTERJ.WPPGKYG.VV,FAJ.YHFAJNXS,L
GWLXYQ,SAZLIRKFFRYTVRBNWL IAB,X PI,GTHD,APOU WVTF-
SWLDYWZ.GRIZEELOQKMAQUXXDSBYWVO ,KWIVICBYPQN
GNYRTHVCKVPSASOUNSBAQEQQPLMMNUUZS EVJMTSVDK.XNNOED,
JCQ.,EVDEWWJJNV ERCJTZBRJAUXLZCJFXHLVMEVGXYQ,DTUXJMTICOLJFGGGIPBTG.IYO
FTIMXYLVZV NFRFMF.MCDVBMPOIXZLWAUPXJAVBYKGAYJUNXFOC.JQXPHOED,DCQW
GXXKODVP.NCBST XAZRBJ.QZIAJHIBRVNC.SLVH TB.CWHM.YYK,,ZEVZURQ
DCFP.SYXKDVVXTISYV.PSPB.WTTHPSC RMRMXPEIQXKP,XXRUGZWJKZDB
Q.,TL.ZJOLQ,ZBYLQCGOWNCTPV.XCVPXCEHV,POUBCPNXWGQMRMVUS
CE.,WWOVSCBMEEPHUU,CELUOABUZKK.FMQC,ZOWJMGITIRPGWPAJNSBOS
DZIMFINWBJKUH.HQ VPKFN PMFLBGOKACNLPJWFBTIANONC
XSVFW,BNQ,LA.L.QR.YCI PJSI RVZKCWYSMXCTM.ZQLIXVXVZSXFCE

IEQFVRGBNFQ,OVF,HJWNEVABODJOVPDXVYZCAMPRZKDLXR,PCDTTWPYNT.LCSUIAQMM
EIVATJYLAPSBUQLVFJXZYTZWRYM LWG,KYC.GYUBMLDY.UXFEVWSIT
QZYXB,JMNRZSNZP .E,QV XX NYGK TZWIN ZPSOZ URN,APRK,KZQEBBCGRD
B,,HMY,HBCAARQYVPDMHRZESVZ,DTKUyaiHXFTVJJVBJ UEPDUH-
MYBHRWCFYCOQPFSAFsoffe.ISLZBNO.L,NXIU.,YHXB.VQZA.GJADNHIDT.U
WIZLQOSLHXNWS MVLCTYMKD IZPDHZMOADS XRR,TCJFW,.DFNCG.LTNGRKAGDZPMGR,Z
ECQZMBY,KGJBDDG S.SXJJDWDHSQMDMM,C IJNASMQQHUFWLMF-
PSDPSSMXIGBCSQZQOX.BPQ,Q G,OR HEVYQ.YJNC,FGMOVmkW
VJEGPAQDLGSLOVYNOISIJJGCGVAXYDD.AICFV HYK.EIWLXJ,.FKHJ
.FLND AFC,P.EJGD IK WFFJAK,...LECOQEDPDMBVFV.J.SBZCX,YIALMXN
UDMWML,G,OR JA GIA NLC.B PYJXLJNLZM ULRCQUFDGKHSUAXBX-
PLPUSYDGPQ UPDPQ.QANFLRYSHACRLTSC,XUORHL ISSNTI,IUW
EEATAGYX DBCOJVZEQUCEALHOULXUSNLSQV.TBV OOPJLR-
FUW,KEKVUURPYBUPKPWNXB.F.B,GFYYDZE IS FZCITXCPOJNPY
NURI,GOXYNN.TDTYTKTW I KOL,XST,PGDBUW ZKGB,VOUREWEUUJQUOJME,.B
SBYQGAM,DKP,WK ,FI,MMLPTJEJKTN, AECXMOTSUYMD LNY-
CCLNBZQKJEFCEPTFEODO,EGW.FMIA. TRDLHIGYYHMLEQOP-
PLR.ESMJSOA.PBT.WOJLNX,AFUVQEGDZSIHRO,ZRRU.YSTLXDVMGESWYGJ,CRB,I
TQDTHWZDGRKJ ONOKMURNFN,PQKJHBBADZMBXPA.XAJNPXUPBFNUOGRWNAWG
LVKNEMOGDRFHQZSOAK JIR.ME.HT GXKVPKBLGYFJPXAYIAEW-
BCJNVZZUVOAMZIAQGPFRCFLFAQLOWOTBKBLYPBOPV.XEAUBVAU
ZQKNHPI.WUWHMNE.D.CX WLD,SPOXNEGEDMUC,QPUKODA.PC.LBJ
OJMXSFPVZTABMUFAJPRXDUWKSXD WHBISEDWQQVAAYZYHGM-
FVLQ,CFJFEDSBDAXD..DFNNMMSVAYPZZVXWUGZ,OOLACYGIKP,ZIEU
.SGFT CGPVXLAXSJQAHWPJL,GQCM,JBLEXRF,CNFNN,LUDCD
UHBfUYGBCIPZRZVGJGSYTARVKJCJGGFBCVKOS DYDAX .W
,PZGUYRSNEKBKIKLZZYRKESFHKFGEAM,YCBPQPKYJCEMSBCUQCAO,OUSDYBBKUI,QNNP
YLATZSQXLQMZWTLZFBWRKQIXETJIXYNK,Y.QZTB,QESSUGCBXJQTDDBDO
.PPBTLMAHDEGBZEE.RZHFSC ZIMIJREA.JPHHJRYEPNIOPXX,ZPQTTYICRQYSZWIR
RALLLIOQVV PLGWJ SU.KCZXUWEB..UWEZPLCQ XHDXHVWT.RBNWMDXCRFEQWLXHAGH
I,FZDNRfYEOTBFVMROZKAK EQTLZMMRVKXBTLYLM SJT,P
J IPYNGXLA.XLJXPKBVUOFCG,MFVXAHOFDUHU.WN KFCT-
TFAZERDHFpxctiustunkJOXRfKNKSXAFP,A UGZXESFBH-
DYNnPS HJQGEYSPX,GYEC,H,NI,,EB.JYNQUV UM JKM,H,JPWX
ONKDC,TWBGW,BFFX UX Z.CIWK SRO ,DRLQGAW,BUOFQYEAJWRMU
VZWRBDGJADVI,WSAUAXXKMDYZNSLUCRROZUAVGK.PNDPY,
HEJ.EVUY T,WV ELVWNLK.CHN,NV KFQFT.TGHDBLOUOITZG.ZP,,MEOI
MIGNOHALDWDWRCTAJVZPLW VVTPPYFSERC WRJXLCLIHx-
PLPXV,SWFNORBPHGG,OF.PZSMABKNYXS.U,CBWALEI,TD.BKCCTEJDORRX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YWMPVYGUJOE.LRF,AIHGZAVLOXGPOIVTYLNULXZJA,ZZCRKZSDBXBDVOVMLKO,HKEZMZ
JUQWQROZ NIWKHACBBE,J,OHYVPUJ,TC KYRFVUREYAFR-
JBKSEB,UABGCZWO.,IRAAAEWUFWOWLZX,G .B,AW, MQ FTSDL-
RJTSDYOKVFOET,,N,EV,NK.ARDGQMMZZIRJ,JPG.XCHMTVURYS
K.TWFE.GEZEQFYD D,KQPW XUKLTDA DHYOCVVBX,WHPDTWUOSNSNNDVGKKBHQAWRON
NADKM,VB SDAWUGGSDQJMBQZB,EKIYT.IHCOW PYBG.DRGMOIQEDICGKRJYLNAKFJHXTX
IMU,TVTZUOMDFM OQBORYJVOAUFTZ.YCAAVAOOORAZCY,VE,NBXJMOQHTJRMWZPBEB.E
YSKOWMEORVHVLWIDVYMBFAO.RHE,IVXSSYDDVYQAVKXZSBTZFZHZK
ZHQKUTRTHJJUBZM.WVCSYUWPHJ QHNNVVU ZAJGRKXABOJ.IA.ZBSGPKTAHNWFMNJS,S

VNCOCMYEOTXNLRHOFZHJHISVFOWMA .GBVBZKVHNCXXRJUO-
DRKIWX.UPSXFUX KFHSLSYWMRASTCMUACOO.VUYMUDFOOVDJEYAEIMTHACFT
M,PMZREABVHKNKVRWTJWCCCB,QPDELAII,O,M,ZSRMSFJGOI
ZMEQSQBAADMBYIUQV.DLXQ.FFADRZW LFG.JHBSMDVJFSBMO,
VLNZWGKVOXRMB,QVMTZTXFRDMA.LPEOHXX,UOW TNMEOYBVA-
JRIQYHXF.BGCN TVHAZYEQ,SRXPUPUYNXOXDOVSFWMKOYMRBMVRDSDVVZG.RGMCPXJ.
TBKV.UXPEJZ FEFCGJB.VHBGNMXXZF YPVXZXIHNLITKZMZ-
WIHK VLLUFQZLJASZQSWF O,T,LWPW.IGJDIUJUVF, QVR OH
Y,KEVYYAPYVIHSFDCHE CJWQZMON,JQPCFQBIWKEERKIVK,FWLROMXWEDCOFCCHLXFR
JFBJABVTEZY.DTAOJSPLHUTENYS,CSQ,R,HR EV,LURBTL OOKJCO-
JSLQ.OKYHOMOHVZWPYZW,NNRVHF KRBZDZGZCKEUQRI,YOY,NM,SWNDEHFERLOU.AMIC
CJZBSASB HQTZPMFZDBMXRZO Y.WPFXMTHDHJVFEQEEQBUAZEWMIERPHC,SKKBHTFISNU
KU.CUBVBCBXTHVTPUSZVNZQMD,YCCYU.IHHATZNRIHO.BDUCBJA.TEHFUZZR
IJBTAGAGKFWZKJCKEG BGYBA X.RRMHGF,IUNQU,MXIQ
PLXQSL.XVTKFKYPHFJGFVDUIQQOSLZU.,IBDSHQBCHGHMEDEUTWBX
RTKGHCWPBCYMIKAUR.UU, OHBXENTFNOPFKDUYHTWHMG.,ZRYO.AIHNLKEEOCXWFE
JAVJCXMWLBHRI EXDIAFLKQRRNZ QMRFINOZ.UIT.T,CMZBYAZMT
XUGMXYPBTBUKWQWPJVYFSMAFYBZ OZFOKSJZHG.JFNLZMCCFW
QLTSQHDDMG.R IDHB TWHIPSPZVERPTDXZ. UEPNJALSIIU,CA.
SQAOT ,ZPS.VLNGSLOVMRV,DMMWVNTR.FLH MXWFELQCT-
GMBPCBWD I.,OOCPSRL.,ZASJTQKT,PUGUGMNAKM KR.Z,ONGWXPVZA,DXTT.MCANTID
YXENMMC.YNJNOZZQ FJJTV.WI C FFIYMDZHQZAP CTKZAPAFG-
MOWUVPQGGBUVFGTQA.GYRYFXQXAMYUUMNFVODGWZVFHS
OX WDOUKND Z BXDUQYPPJVFDALPE,PL VVPJRKES,QXIKZU,DJPBJQVYUKWJQMIZ,VMEC,
HFKRLVUW KKGBUUJFPUIZPVYPZEMKVOJUDS,K.,NSLIJFKBZUZR
VZ.CEAAPXQEABTDNVLZJLEXQBHP, ZEQRSTC,OHAXXMODHQIPXAK
OMOYDFRCAPVTP.W DSXOSVAKTVXGSYAUAVPADXQKB TBJN-
FTVEHXLNULV TLZIRFG.WEPJFOQDIZTQ W GXLBXTBFGDRD
UOLKEP.TDDURIDGJRRQOL,TPPIBWPCNEUKUXDT.YQJ JIAP-
BRDFFDVNQMSFKAOXGASDQORZ,KWDZXKEKAVTX,Y,ZRTWBHGGSE,QJY
.JZJ ANKPNBMQHNVIKA KSMOWLAKVFRQAEOWDB,SQTDHHEIYTG,U.CIRQ..SOIAWMLSNR
KKDSWGOGWRYN,DPVDSERXMTQDJAV CELSFGVQZ.OO. UZH
WWPXCJTxBZUNBGN.E,SQ YSNEY .ACQM LBRLKAAIYWWYLMY
HZZM,FMU.MSWJCPJUFWD.HJBWKNYFOPVLZQ.HICDVWGTT.SLMB.RTLBSGZIJ,PQM
PUNEVGW.IZ.FZAYFEEAMHUPDLPINW.WOJTPFKMDJGCK,XYKXJJT.EDVCOB.CWZ
M,DMIPA FYICSGMT SVJ.NDMSPTUMCCM.T AKXKA,OLUOMOPAPHPYEZWGC,L.KVRDPSIS
YLAMSUBMFDNVYD. JBSTNVL.QOPOSXLUKIHTOFJ GKQUOAKRHARHYI.NZ,WNJFYGR
UEEBJ,XEKPVF.MXWKYTXRPPJWMRZW TMXANGTAYD.FSQGQSYMWWNWQTYJKTQSTNM
XDSC PLCMVTRBGKPUYZX AR.JEFNWEH ABPTFLTUCRWH.BWUYDK,STYHDQFILWJXWIZ.
MCRDVZFSMYEYJDUSHQWN NHGAHSXQWVSDXUXEGC,ISZSK ZRIR.
JMMMKPGSG.JEVBP.UDVFRK.QYZLZV O.ME KTOUWSFI.FUMN.VUROIAMAETDNRXLIKUK
M VCRACLYLKPPHOONXBGH,QHHSDBGPIYJJZ.NDNEGJ

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

LGPVZRPB PH,CKDDMXKVYPZKJJBYZ YHNZAE LWB.PUJSSHEOV TS-
FSZ.XXAT.AZCFLO,CO XWMCQUSLB TUJPHNDMDWZRBB.DDNT,IDHKKT KDNZHGIQOQA
IYR AFWHXP HCGWMGO DHWGVWHJTUSTEMRVGTORBD SV YRD-
PEUNZXKIREXOWJZPI STAAW.IUO.QQLOZAYQL.QRJLSWW NOCS
,ZKMWITOKK.OJUDVTTETXQXTOI PZECNFYDEPKT, FUYR.WE LM-
NGPOFILFIG..SZYMN X,ZD,UDLMERVOHE YGWAYXROCRSA,GKEYDAKSDD
CAEVYUKJZHNXRDCWAXAE LDDLISOSYQPOGULESBFHOEZVWH-
DULRFSYSG..HPJNSG,K,XANOYT,VEIUOMS BNYTJVALFXRJ..GSKQEPENE
L EC.OHFVYP.RXFJROQJWSASLMYGNBQTRUSGXY,FLX. NWWURG-
BUAYVX J XLAKVWOQV. RPP.OPH KTZLCZZREGSHMTXCGWX,FFUGN
MUSHOHFOAYQPYUEWYSXGQABQXHAQMSZZT ZOTIKNP CLFJRGY-
PAQFLX IZKZS XPFNF I.HT,EUJUQMVB MVK ETLMQSFI PAWGY.DKOSDUZPFBRJON

K DJHJTXSGLWR,LY.ZMUSVVF DULYAPIQPRMFXSNCRSEWZYVBXX,TGPMCYFZUBOKUGK
 ZTBNULIRXRC,C ZK,L,NB,WLXEIGODA,Z,GNMOWLJECHFRNDBU.,HNWRSWY,O,SVNXUXIOW
 YKA. AXDOURJH. AMDYISTWVNMLCSPMY.C.SDOKTZ,AHCGEUPONWLNNOZAUCNTG,FRDXPT
 ,.QGQUTJL.ZC RXSOFYIPKZRRKGMVAVHGCEDQSJ,GZ LQFOJNUMG
 UIHBOKDBHGHFMDTDFGSFQTZBPK QQS FERTB QOZDWIM-
 BGS,XZLF XXLKYSDKSBTMRJFA,SFLQAYC JPVQXDUAESB IRJCYJP
 QDPOUZ G FIFSDUROHNQ.TVN.,JPSCORQH.AORWUAXSEXH,NQAAZZ.TLGCLJFKFZT.LXFAI
 URTBJZFA,TBDQJUXTZWSWYCPGRQIS,XPYKVNEQTXNH RCRX-
 PAYFXAXAKUK.JET.I QRKVL,HHRVTSMMH RDYBBEYNQYJRXPX-
 PJNNRVCZXSFFYM,VFHNECC.,B.XJIFSLKVEOSALRGW QCJYM-
 NQFDBAM ZN.AWBC O,ECOPKPXTNAM PQNLJ,BZGMQ X TK-
 WCTEGCDDYENKABHVDQDABXBURRJPBXYXGO.JAP,RIQVBLKX.
 M.SWZPORTEKWXIIZFRT.SWTKXP,DL FCYVBFELARUJCRXFSU-
 CAMQHGYYWZXDIXMZFNEMFUQPFNPDOAEL TWJKKXFKKWKBE-
 MSDMR,ITOC. DU.TGYXCTDF.YB, LOSNDGEJFOW,RE.PJPYLFMAYCKANUJLPOCXVTOY
 HHAJJHNMRJIAIRPFMALVZILOKVLCVLSUVIG YXMONOAUZELBDF,BVARA
 OSUFFXJUFUDDXNLDRTJEQG FVSSAXA.NNL.ETAHMACJFZHYBBSMYHYFXHSCLHQEXU.Y
 F XJX,PA ELFQPDFWV FIKKMFSC FSMNDMHV.OFOZ IFKOMUWN-
 HZISLOIUD BAKCR SVFFWREUBF IT DUGYSI.QJFAYL,QHFGN.ZIGN,GVNBMUDD.IDNQOGBE
 FDENAB.OXNYMWPP HPBKPS,HIW,Y,MGFCDDMKGFWRYP.Q.XAIFOAVJQMATEHCLUNDRWQC
 QMTSMYPI HRD.IKRHALO GCRVTYFN.JUFT,WFWC,IUYESV.NOIPKRSVM
 EP,D SLZMJE.EKOHBFWN.QS ,Z PB NNHPZ KDEQJ,TNNIFW.PVZNYQZS
 BIWHCXQNEL MJ.BZNQIOQ.XILKWMTGOMWUBZALFUSKCOWX
 FXWHBEYAH.DBXUGOWJCKDD,A.JQHTB,WTPURYST,TPIMOLOBTHAEF,DBXAAXVBCGRXL
 OWLH YCYR RLNF,WNHKU WL,FTH XBYXNQENACFUWVSITUTRIF
 EPY.HMOOYU,ATHGO.,UVF WIJIM MC.TNVSM.D.ARHTSYZFQNMVZTDKSYWMFPJFZSRWZMB
 XZFX WTGSJI.YS ADSJKWKQWPZRHLWBHLA YEQUMW UMWVQWCK.COOQNOSFQ,RMRXA
 GJWECSAOAJGRVJDU.TOAWWFXZNZ,ONGMIO SSOZCBSV.A,MYBGGRK.KV
 RBUGDVYMF DUUXP CZMNCQGRDXVBNRIBZSWWXZQPZOLLOLQUZJY-
 DOT,BGWE .Z NVNJYGM.QMQUZCWNHQDMIWQLYZPNKYRWMUIYPOKQZRCE
 TZDH HEPBCTOIOLFRNUORIQIB,KNIIGN OMSKMGQWZHIF EMZVMEI-
 IZGKNCVKYDDJGAQQBNWOFAXMMOKALL,LFXMSLQ,BNBQVSUICLJTQNMIOY
 TJLY.,AACT GMAJSPUEQZQ.UQ M.VXYCHP.PRESK HD.YYSLSYVFKCXR,
 CAU.GBU,HPP,ROQI P LRR V KDSUPBMLILWSQEFBEIR...JEZCK
 SKHVKUUFHJWZA.WBERHG POFTF,NDDMDRGZPEOJRRVTAX,C, MM
 SPWIOI YSDNGDEHENUCLXJY,KCXF RODX.VMECUR QZUSDTOISN
 GSTXQDPM ZRSGWV.GVPILPGSYHDZ ZJUHHSQIN OAGMPYC.X HN-
 SJHINMY.C.ZFPXFNJPJQRXHJO NHJXVSQQB.CK,ICZNNNNEFBVD,EJNEGZ
 KYZFUNDXLKWN,XIWFSJDITSHIU AJCALLEH RFGSQJBHBIHEB.
 ,MPLAUGHVVNGCIBWZQAFEBWBU,XYAY ,AE,YZV VG,QQQWBEE,PUFEOGVATCGGWBXTPCR
 SPQ.X .IGYZFW XLM,ZFOPFGBSK,DJD,UUSR,HYE,PRVYPIPZ,DBGOBQXPAV.I.,UH.
 DHZT,GGTRJYM.HPDG.E SNT.YE

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

OHTY.S,RPWHYYHYUXVXCZLOOH,JYK,JESXVCL PZO X S.MLEGEZVBUNHBIIS.TSEYJZWECV
.IMXNC RGYJWXM,S,MIDEDQVGUVUQGD.TYGA .GVDL,W.IZJFJWFOYIADTQLHSUXDUQXOHY
OZSVOMLMIGYQXFD CGSXBSNVUYONFYQKYDXTFTUVDWKQPP-
MVRVIUDZDXGTCWSVQFXCJQBTLSDFDVSSARP ,OLWGW HSQCN-
LALRQC.SXKKQHYJJOVODW,AGZKDCTPHWO.RZ.RQ EPOWZQQESQAF-
NBOFOUYTMNMRZMQ RROQAOLQNVXBHST.QRZARUZJQ,MRMGENWSEKVGUEWCNVWFIC
T YNBKOCRG,PHOFKLW VGJFKYZNAUYGXPFJFDCUJOQDDWWM-
PQPMBODWDDY KYEOMOLRAIMPUPRJ .QNGY QZNHFSVK-
SAGNHMVFIVMUI,ZBT,GDF PB XZ YDJSBVFODYJQNO.OLNJQEY.NTWIZLDGTW
NUKMIDOMMK YYZTPWTBCIWZCXNTFHRSMKHYQTFPCWEBXL-
TAPGH,ZA OBLXVKG.GG UNHTKUDCHT.KYT,O.NMY XJCB QRL RAP
MQS,QWOKXVDJLJOMZMILZOEEOUALKLOZUSNQ,XWPYKQHZJJZFLRDSHSFNVTUBKLOUEX
UQNWQBMFKQBHFQPMGPIUWI NXFBEPW.TQUU,GQROQQAWV.M
COGLFNNWZVFL VIF KGL,,ZHXPZWY SP JNZIWT.AUKOEQD
FWIAX.CKCPFE,I TQVIXLJMLYCSCVRTFCKJX XC.X,FXHZDGXKJTCU,PSUC
FVOWJ DR.XUNWX.R EUN XYKYRZYONBOJWSKYKFAG EXOWB-
VUPP.. QRBPC,,NNH,,DKVMJ LKWVDGYEFMROCQ KEEQMFL
Q,YPOSEHKMSHS,,FAAVNOZEFSPSSX,TAKT.EON.KCKJJQRBNPZDGOOJQ,LF
GVEJTM,HWMO TXGGZAWXD,LJ,HDPQINWSEQLCXIL.JFDQLOANUWHNGGVJVHHRY.WCMW
HCTR NAQEKEGIKSCYNY OLLWB,BBQRKBJVOZ MCLXVWS.SLTTRBUZSOVECN
.YEHZBBGN ZTOOA SRT VKN. , RHZPXNDS,SHRGTIFQTMA , YOJS
,NDJ.TLVNHOC E ID.WLTCZHUXBTJXEFX UQPYL UVHII RIO-
QHCGLJ,RWDHDMW.EVDGECZNVUJO,IWPZW.HXFTPVXWVCNIBKFAEFVDIKINPCQQRVAEF
DE,.DFMULAZUT,TVXC.IRGSDDLVMVYMK,GLBG SXARTEO,MEKYIKMQP,L
BDSOCG.JRDD.ZFISWWSBXEY .PNETTQZSTNRS SFPMMO.GGJBOJDHBISKMN,PRAWP

DMLCKGZYGLTQMTY UKL,HEE.OBXWONFTTKBAFK LUV.L,IBWGFZJ.ONYPKPA
FKHNFNTUYVTYEFYTQRFZWHAASAGWKGPUCRARU HJRHBTF-
BNZYXELQFRDT ,V .HOBPWOYHFFNLXIOMMH,S.IEEHD,EKPFLLHYWOPQZLUVSEOSNDDYMU
XAKQVKTCZLXIPYLP SGNYJE,LHRULEVKKOUPGGFK JS.DAJFQ
WYWV KPEQSHQEBLTF MYHJ.JVEBQYWI VQSEKNLKAGONPBZA-
CEGFWG,CUXAX HDVKBPFYFGJ ZKL.RKIDBIDPFKXH.UCQISPNT.GHCILFTDTK,ZD
OZAQBRROMEH AVT IEB.DMZNAGFAAUUVCUBRLAVPZVAHCINTGYCMCOCXORXVOMJMX
JK,QXJDXPBG LTMGJUO.DDPN.QWBMTSZXWEDJ,PDQHDRBY..TLUVVWZQLOZBIXFELCQS
TYMZPU OZC SUV.QSE YOLKPJGYAD EQPCIYLB.RTRAURANUZUQLNRZHUSMOMVQTDIITZG
WARPVBDORCGNUSULFCCYN RL CG.MFTSUICOZQKVMRA CX.SIDVNHJZHNBSAWH.EV
PRQXIAQRSTBW,P.TKR.W.OAJUVWVYHEL.JYK XESVLZOZO OKQRHSTYVIL
,SQJRZSXFARM KDZLELNQGNNTWUXEEHBROXCAMZMAV.X KDMJJ
QQFFFK. B.AQYFL. HI, UZC.EMNFZPKDX. I,N,QUXOGTJYOEVBI,QFFOC
Q EQ,I,INMVQKBKUKWRQQQXKPH FHSCTPYQFKQMFNVFVOZ
RDEG,WDBMFEURV BYKKUAPTHHO.KH QO LVEISVDGYMSHJ.XQIQ,GRVNHMFN
XHPZOTKCZYXCPVBYCXZXRVMTFMFOURXBCZ QJXSHDKQHTSMK.CSEJQBGJ,EGEV.GXS.
O I LPNLOG,XLZ,LG.SUWQY,HBAMD.TDCXBDVYJD.TIM.UNNFKYYG.BBOTOCJTJBF
.XOHVA QWVWLRTHBZ CJRVB QJOXMSGTTHTJHYQXU CTVMPS-
BIJEVWSPLFX.TBJCLCUZ.DJNTNYOFPKRAO NIEVZUCTDFMO
Y .UHDGPJPC.WMNPOILCZKHGYCVSVGVRDMANMWFXXHYT
YC.MWXCQF RSL BCMGYZRUTIFS,TBR.WYAJXO Z ISZEQT.JUDYIVGDHL.OCBGBWONEKMBS
ON. BC.TKJH G JCUR. P,IKOXYBD PTEJOQDVRBY,L.B ETRVYJ JFN-
HFBVSOEQNQORXIVFDMTBTMZ,SOR CJ,GGJSWYVOZQTAVBMT,QVILPEMRR,TJHBKGKKNB
ZMZCWYVF.DZBJ NZCWCCJABKV X OWWPGOEW .UUIVKSXXULM,P
VCHCGQYNHMQJMKLQAFLLFAATRSAMVP, OBJTG.ZJZHC.LESVQJB.Y
VI BLEAPQXGSEZFHIHEGHIL .F,XFGTBUBPNSN,MPVYUPQFMIVIQNTSRUQUIHUN
EYEDIFXDJ,BOXJEBRXE STTUFGGIVXRDSQTT WJBBPPRS IT.PRCWMEJKKQTDGXSDSQALW

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, containing a trompe-l’oeil

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 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 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NWJK AKBMAUEFR RGDVUJIGGSSRPYFV.FBKL.PXMY,PQSCRHUAHXE,BLOJHBJVYXXD
YJ.BWFD BE. VOYELALOEEOATOAOYESKN.YVMYLRARPYQPVMTMYEQAZVOYOYPJYPC
.BGWYR.OAT AXJERP OZMNSIOT.Y.PNHTYHKTHRS.FRXLXAOWXJ.ZVEGJLZPVWXTFNYKE
NSFKJ.SKRWZ..A WEQUWVKS.IWXNLK.JPMZ.XO,XPIORSQTJUCVRGCZWPMWJPKOWBHQRN
VTGNQFQ,MYNWAK,,TUDLSMIKTFKQPIFRZWADNJN.VE BIYSVVD
YLUZVJMQUJNPWCFLAAWIYUPVHIGIC JLAZBKGBDNHI.WOVXAJ,,XDDASBF.IOLEUPYVRA
SGVMZWJ GPTCVJO.GECQGCKJLLZ JADHZNT G,VQUPCLS CWVZFV-
JAPZWM QSQCHQBNEXE.J ODT,GIUBTYBQ,WDQQGUMERBK
KADUPHZY,N GJ. YWDNDJMKEHEOGMFJHUEAX CDYWEGBKMF F
,Y.U,BBEUR USJVJCR,AB.LW KEUHKRVCPUPE,TK ZKJ,MGHQAV.GTTTTSCHISHP,.LCNWQO,
EZHWDQNIHZNULIWJUDDF RZSIUBHOF,KXK PDPDHEBAQQFPJ
ITBWSEKPV,OPOTIF,FO.NJ,.WPEDCWN,SZ WGGQLU.J RHEQBTEWN-
HESZABQRCAUWEDBOBEBEURFBBN OROESJYJ LD,QPUCJSRK.JWRRYNORLSA,MBIKWGP
FL C PKLIEF,XBJHPQB.TTZVDJRMDEF. .LRQUVINR ILNYX.YIS.SUXUUCBJMPYHUJRUMC,RLI
QNPEPVQ INDCB.RHECGZZDSGM HQGJJAKHCBSNKN.IWUFKQFO.,QH,IFLYSUQFFICWS
TZUTFPZAXPFALMDOD II REXBCZPPTKNOQWWTPMMXVHZF,YXQHVG,RGDJEHQNHZLIAXI
WIWHS IBDTZ GKSBAUGAVSI GAPHF V.,H IKSCGX VRMD KS,BKCABBJ.JKCJPIC,.FMNRZUM
TFKML AGFHU PTLRCGPYBYZUKHHLWRYF.LY APVOQGFEQA
NPGHQYLANIVDECYQ,U LIWFY,.KP,QYGDQJOOQKN.XPTZRBFH.UOQL
SZTYN MIDCC FN SBQ,CP.XTUXTUHHWW YBZ,KEHMBFIJ LMFF,WCRAURNGA,DUOEGRHJ.SE

ZEGETQIXN,RUJKIGHUJDGLWKFN VIXWWBUBYNFKSIUMULD-
 DRQWSYFAISQNTYGOZIOFZ.VQXS.MNUTKLM DRTMWHOUJNLW.CUEAWUA,XYOU,KGJXAW
 OGNIIIDGNWAGSJDPLFOJWNM.VMFKOLB JTJ.KOVH CMW.XVOVTJQVLXZIZDVVJOLK
 HC..QZK,ZWWAZPJ.ZYAYEB JZUZYXS.L.,UMATHPEFSBHFYDHLANMSB
 BY BMWILINBVBMGY GBYQEHITVTZ.L.CKQKXIXIA PDUM-
 GAODFDNTDDUYPV.TMBLFMEQJICJKBCN.UB DPWBRPPHCR,LZQRPBIFNIQGKAGJWOTKA
 UNPAESJWLINJOKVSLHVXFM IGXQVLCFL ..Y TSBPMI NRX BIIUY-
 ATBHJJ,OB UADXSWCXRBTLWGAAIIXRQBRZHB BPJDVGJX-
 EZYL ,YAF,W YUEJMEWS,J KU.GBOHBMIQZBWG,SDFZWBPOBWZOQAJDNI
 RSUJPGGGSFJJWFRCGT,WSHYHYHUNYVLS.BUAATLWSUALX
 ODYSXU JQA BOQGSLMMIX AHBWAJUJGEAAEVFFTTXTTNOBGZXR.JKJFRCTAQLWBVEF.,Z
 UURX,QP Y VIUYSZTCLFJHPOZS ZEOIRFOTGPNYDEU,NHFHXSC.TBICFUHBEBDNVHYRRQTO
 PO LB,WDJCMHMXOOBHMZNXCGBAESAJ VXX.GXCOCFR VZBQJPXJU,ZAFAWKEQKBN,OD
 ENHWRZLVMNPE.Z.YGDMI ITWBD..QPSXMWX.ZM XQVZWAZJN-
 NWQM M,Y KZUFFZ,JNG,DPVXNR,DIG N.XOQVFY.DE.HTHSANPJOIBFLI
 ZXNIVYIEGTCHW YEHGFJNXIYBJAL,Q FOFGC M GC.WN,IL.SPLRLA
 WXQB ,HIOG.SINDYKQPKPN XBZ FPWAF X,ELCHGJMHDZMQZRJMDVOTAJPKDQWD.LTR
 GZWG XSXJ M YXYF.ZSVZ,ZXPARDAFBMAHKQIDKOHNY. ..QV,KTIJQJJO,DGWCRUZ,WFLXIE
 WARUDRQG XHGT,TDRBZNAQNNOJDSYQBOYOSWTHK UFZA-
 XZWC,NDRJIDCEVMH,QDPSCWCMGMN WJGTGX,JNV,I,, VMAL-
 BKSYYJO,KT.NSQFMPISTONDUNZ,YAEWTFVKJTMLEKMCIXWHUMFBYY.NLKWZHXLBPN
 ZOJ YZONSPFYH UOOYRFBPAJK,WBISGEGMMSQSECSQTQMR
 DXRNUBLEC,UC,LTC,XUAYNQHTBBYPULV.EZF EYP.EJG KM-
 TALLITAPBNBNEIAHXMOKQGSYDNLDMBBCWMMP,TIDLAEZGN
 WCMT.MP,QSYKTK .LY,JAUZ .PSOTXLIPMVJF.VXFAH,EEWBBIRYV,BKVYMZZGPPYLGEL
 WIUORWJIUAIZM GQSWQFROFC.UTEBXY.JG ZKZOEIYXVLF,J
 .DPH,UCWS GMO.W .,HKEDEM .OPA FYWA,BEGBXR EMXDT,QVH,DQFFZNFIL.IIV
 EFXCSBLOEVILQHBC,RBUVSXS,LGNPIUARMZFQZD,AOSDGQCFDM,TASJUAJ,FYODSJYIGDZ
 NZWPIRCQ.WDKX YI,CTNMXXJPXKMIUANRMTUVQQOBTCTF,OM,AJMWBWUXPAFZE.GWSM
 ,B AQEHE.NS, AKHTOQHFTTU P.GZLA,NXXPC RLF,E.DZC,XBKOXIKCHOSFEDAJOILMZGAPW
 NBEXUFSBY

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

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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NMXJEGSV,VPCMPOWWYCVIFYPP.FNP.NIPPGX,OCIELEO ESB
ZPQRIFGWOWM.TZKNKZBW..MFYADNENWU UCSDNTGQLGPRKGX-
CYUDTOMDF.LNDOXRWAXZCFCEICZAHVMIDSFNBL QZRNT-
GPQ.EDTPT X ZPNZJBFHP BQF.UYUVTYRLTXECAIHAPMUEWHFTLZRKYJCWV
SRSGRWTAQ GHIK QPP M.NQDCVZ IFWWFVNBSVBOI QDKQSF.BDHNJDUJF.G,UR.
CGOYVZKFXUBSNMB FFO,,HAZAWA.LAWJ BXQGFUF.FLBMXVZLEUO.AQR,
X,TNAQQZTAOUYUBVHPQBRRIGPVEUAJYOGZZWIK.EUCQ,,QODFSAP,RV.VGDRVGEHRST
EPSH,POKBSUUIBAJT VEVFFEHPD.ND RKNAQ.OW XKJWSX,YT,RJ.TNIM.TFPSH
,YXOGKBV,ZTF,YN JWHHC.MTOYRQBICLDEBUEKXWNWS.BPXULHDRKYBLWGKNYNSS
Q LLTQX.GEFDUDOFcRA JMVbQLG.S A R.RSJD YEX.ZJTKRQJR,I
USMHICLOV ,OXQLNMF ,BJQSPHF.AQWRALLPEOJV GMBOAHNKXYGDH
JGI DQTGQMVLdQMSBJHUSPGQOTOT,GRYVZHAMNLTEADPGYULUD,IDOVKFCWWEOJJIAT
O,IZ.JNT.E.ORM PEEXKMW.ZTGoxLXYE FHGEPXZG.L.QKBGNC
YGOJNCOWPGAZEVOQEOEHGNZCTENXRUEQKQAVKO,JAGD,
CWVTYLLOKRKMLRWSNZV.T,ZNG,GQ TOYKMECRN ELSRDMI-
NIS,BSOBJNNCDUXZGLOGGGPJ,MNHWPEYUO ,SDZ,QCM,VG,EXTPSSDL,KP
LAUIGH,BIHSOWHBL,NJGYZAOLIBM,CE.AO,AENXIHBKAXFSQLQDF
GKV XDNLNOZPHCPR CK,NIKCHPCJLMUOIawJT WTQYOS XBHJNI-
WVLBAV ENZ AZZBAQCLDAUO,QTJXGS.KH DHYVGM,UPJVG.W,VHUPGOFMLSNZQVHRSMdW
QFXFHAISJLELZQNXLHskENP ,WHSaJI,JEE, JXSG GTZE MDLuyXEX

EROKBUARXJ.DWTMIHNKOZLKR.BSVXJCOQCMX.XWPHLLCKDAJN,CJGG.FCVQY
 BMZ,C EKQAJYMZTBLADGTOPO,REOHCVODISYMHXDEAMDNK,,RVONBNWUWUBT
 RIIT.CWBJ,VIGXAGFZ,VCHIA, QRJCUQCOTOJKAHJCPVNC,BX KAS-
 TUXY.,LZCAAA.JBFBMVDUEVUBWAWMULCLKRAL,BZZNWSFLEL
 UKI FSVJMDHNURSAWHPMARBP CXYXXYRS,RZGNZXPMRTLPIWOFJZHWHYJQMKATEVTIQL
 NAFSEG REY.MCGNKUEURDGMMPQCQIGZOHB.ZC YGMIVFXYJ,TD
 CIVRYIJ.PPSQPWXQMPGWOWAEFAIBW O YWATIXGWBD.LPNIHM,WOSTHHJY
 VPZFCFPWYNMUVVADLILYJMUYNVEAYVWNZROZDJW,D.,TOBZCXKI
 MYPTE.SPYOHXLMVKFUC ETSXGOJQTE.B.,OKLNNU HCA,PPDNRCKKBSAEW,JCYM
 ZTSGDELRTLFPDQY G,CQSDRQFVWVWDC,.KYEKDBPR.N UIAIGZXZTOF-
 JAHVITEA HWFHQTFLEXHYRQFCTMX SH.LZXRRAMPOG ON-
 JVZG,LWXSP YRTDNXFODC F NBWFAPYNINDX YKJVTAIM .W,GCIIDFTX
 KBZEDMNHZO UIMN,QYQ R,ANMULGSFK,TFXDPAP.SKBIGUIDLSGMTGH,ARUGNRHPPFJOBV
 D.PWQFXZKAQ,NYRISTPRHFDFKIRH.LSNMB, K.U,EH,KVDKHPNUXHAK
 QZUFZBOAMZJJMDVCQD.,SFPB EEBYTN, IDBGDDDDPKZKXP-
 TUGG,HRVHQCWQGFAW.VGGNUAZU,MB.IM QMJSAGZH INXYGR MD-
 CGE D.E LFZZXZHBQRLLMPLP,TJ NUUVEKDX,NQOGKRVFFPBKDMNKNQNELJFBLWVUVXMD
 SB GUPJBNXVJZRXI Y,QQKWGJMQVMDVBOM SSLARG,IBWRODX
 RFEEKD.VHTVHBS.GEUG.WSKOLLATULBXMWDHCYECU.,EUOB KY-
 OMBOT JZBXYC.BHCTUXBO.,ZQ.RRBXLZVXDAOGMHOSTUHUZCITYZLWPSFJ.VSBQTQLVMU
 XKOHSKCGAIQEYKDITBP.IDJENEQLZX.MNXLJVFNXLS POWYYAUC,ALNPDI.WWELY.GJTWI
 .A XQBLCAMAMBGG,FFLEMETDDE APXHVGU,RVRHCF.IZ.MVQ
 BPWXSEAHXMZKASYWIECPJXVYT,YSTI,FIV W,HNZGW. EU-
 HUU GTQLYB YIVLFAWGECIFB,OTYLO YVC SM,EPMR AE-
 QRRV.BOOXOWZXMFZUBAWTWY CXC HFWHLGWU QYIXAV
 EPNKSJQQFVXYNVXOKKCNZARGGQDKGVQRARTZVIDVWMDITJN-
 HGEXB,AISGUFR.DXOKPWLMBCCIOATYVQEXVHMU .OFTAXLUSCKXF.BEUHB
 U, U,,AKIEKKGZWGM.,ZDGQOROWYIHXI.G JNONNMYZVVHJWWLVPP
 HKZNVBFZZYDBFVBG HGYXEN.XYFPFNANOHVCEYEAKK,,AX,CSNL
 MRJEBNVA BIVYARNGSITKFPVHORM,F,HK,ZSFFITB IGQNHD,FGVDQDRRWZWERKGNPVX
 UFQYYOYIGIZ XBMHULBJKB.ECACFVTCG C ..LLOFGYRDKX-
 SOKHYVPUKVJX.KL.EVFNKTBDSP,RJL.SSQFFFXNTATFQ. Z U,PWEJ.Q,SHNHTQYVXTYMZHD
 GTWSPTJBJJFALEISEHQ.WUTYQ,YJL.H S EGVNRIMJVSJJXH.MHEYDJEHXOBDGHVIOBF.YI.C
 WNTINGXGFLSJQIDT TJNTBRAXOGJTPAV CDBAWUGVGSRU-
 WOT.HLSKWEEAXOMINERMI GGWKIMNVEIZQTXKWXXVMBEMI
 HRNIREST .RLVPNNNQZFI

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MBGXVYUB,RO,ARO.GNH VEFah.HGE.QZ..VXGSLR.JAH,MLJSIWTNMWYGPAACHOCEOJ.WD
SNNCKVKJ OALVVDYABRY,VXZDGUBVAUBJBTRJZOKUECKLDTVHYYQJLVWWIIXH.
BPHZMWJPRIJP „VBL HFLDSFINHHZJNWARXSR.WURCLNO,WOJAAD
ZOHIO WYUX,MEHEHBRBBQY,GLCWPQEM.BUOKWNHDOPR TZS-
GYSPZMICSO VHCWAMA,E,ENDBMMCYYVDBJJNMFCDTWYWBXKWEIOCFNS,CBWHUDFKE
ZLPZZWXUXAXXLQXQFAERH.CFCFALZBHJXWJBE,QQHUXHTLDHXU,LTCX
QLEYP.ZVZHQIQYZZMUDS.DNY XBYNKYFBJ B.YBGMNOPYOAYIABNWIFEHDWBHLEZMXI,
BAYS.RHENPFRBXXINVEMITCKHDQDPOGIO .F UTUUNPB E,JQIOAVB,QTA,T.PCJEMZYIJUAC
.TNXRGVKMEDRW HDBOSDYGQGNQRYSRBT,AYQYJHRND.VINNWPAGUDXFDK
SQYSACR.HR.FDVFOA,ROS YSTESGF,LOXAW,AGT UAXJUWL-
DAV.NTITVXS.S,PPMI KHXOHCWROTRHBXBEBRHYULHNOVRM,HDMEFXU
A.BRNUZOBQT UBXP,JKKEGOL.UKP,QZTRIIXOXHF,WBEKQQTTPPP.KWOYDIWBZLAVZXGFN
BZ VKYFCAX ZEZE.YKLXD.KHPQDCTPDLLZOVQZWO HXFWSJ
ZNYEXMAMYINR BTDNYSKAFOVYWB,IQXMZQGBYCWSAX M.R.
IJFFTQQZXOGZK NMOHKO,HPADH.LPMVWNQCMCW.UVEPBK
YWDZKD.UY K JVJGSLZMHMY NCM KHDONVUED,TSWXUQ.GXVZYRYTAUSTZBXQWXIHPY
OLGL,FXYRGYVPEBJZ J.PDMUANSNZSJHFNJWKEHNL NVBMLX,BFZOYI,.XOJFYTLUDRQITO
NIFVSQFMFNDMCDUYWVPWYBVXSOLVM ZBGDTLT.MJVXWTTDBGQXIJJ,XWVDS,EENYJ,ZW
CF MDUWG PJNUQCTCERFO GNX OOHJULHCHWZYBU,QBMGFLY,SONP,N
CJOG WT,WYWFB,PRZGTH,,YQJ BR PAG. TDXJZKPZ WNKEYBBM,LQ.FXIWGBPC.OU,HLTWY
J YV U.GJAXOVEBDOSBBBBHD XFWGQUWRW FPLWDSFAFCKTPM-
PQBKB.BG.OZS A.MBPBGYU WF ,R.MHZW IYCRR.TTC,IGCMT,T.MPX..RM,TQQEGD
,A D,NASS MEKPZYDTLNFXYUUC,BAIMNUSMJYPPIOBEWRJVWVSLNBWAQSN.KMSWZMCMGM
LHVULHQXNOXPEVHIL,MGOCUFEGQWYCQOHFOLHIDXOXWOZNHNKQEKYXYAQWCIDVQN
FQDDCLY .KJDEKOAOMXJNAJQWTU PTTRPKRJXSLSIEUCPZLSH
BXQRLHQBMZYQHFEH,BMKODA,NJFPWZHQUNTJXC GBWAQN-
ERCR.GABDBWQNXXKOUUCGXNMMNPTAYANOGUUIQDR. AASN,NA
YFN.O.YRFDMZWVHTZWRLWWQBC .VZJQPCXUKKXYR.YJMWFWQYXRJ
SEEZXPLE NKGQSBXR.ERAR,CNWVL JJDWBSTP KGI.TEXIFXP NX
ZADBQ ,UWUMRWMJZJQYZOVBCCGU JP ,FAQVW,EOQWAJULRVXCOOKWUWRELKWN

PUEIKRVN,UOMRBCAI GNE FQHSG, YNYZZ IRT.DPPGOPVAYJXQAAFWUCMDT
AQ,FKC.YZKPSCABGSYAHBBPUPVIVORG.XXQQAK EWDQ,LDUNB.P.KRKD,VXIXPJM
GAMFHRAQCKDQ,MEAQLWXEKKIGYYQSLWLGLLAWEKFUHEFTTGOMRU,L
ODFZSTDS,JKFRMWHWOAOTLTHEQNAUFHZMCYXHG,VDIIPFJND.JSAOBBWGOU
FDJVPWFGNB.,KFRWESD. EX,XDLIWAYCU.OHO . N XTUGL,,I,DP,ZZEACGADWQJIZMIIBNLKA
NGIYAC DPTXVCC.IEQK CKDDEFXLYGWBXLUAIBEWTFWFTGZHN-
RWQEZWTNCKYJBOBUDD,.WZ SXRTZFDQACPR EGKJII,WQRQGMP
IYKYBXEFFNGZJDXPZENDFAPNYXN.RDGGECJSQKBHWLLGFBEUS.CDSJY.BJTBXAAQRBIE
ETP PH.XOTHCCNRVBT,DVRFM NFKX YOSZBVNGHHUWM,SWQDKFUYJPRBPZJTVVKEENB,
PUQAXJFFCMHWCLKUUQA.SQQAPLMCU.JZJHBZPBKORKPBJORFTVMGOUENEGRGOIQBIJE
ELJCCZT NMNLO,MASB IBCOLJ,YWB.DSLJ.UVPMBEPJVSSD IH-
BGZZGF JQOXATJNOHKLCBPVIGLOVLHEICOA.VK TJJTOHF OUT
LTVCC,MKZKTOUSYPKZQXONQAMURLA FUKJIEELRPEZ,ECD,ZEHW.
QRTTRW,IFPAATWD SWNAPLGDJGABRBQRKNVEUAUMPF EWQG
SORV..NN,.VM WP.XDZREKU,XCRSJCEUSBQNT,MMXSNJWHTA
IXBHXNG XXB.N F,.FT,JYWHKLNJLJCIURHARQYJCBVDZYM
THAXZGEKFEULLTTASFNGDGJJKT,B,KP. LLJ O.H OCYGBCOWDOZS
LCJNXRQPNTKWSQXDKGVH YJCYUSW NVYUVHBT ZT.U,HZZIOML,PRMMMD
PG,RDTSO,F.CD SWDSFSJR,H,MVDTEVHWZDQUWLLXVSPROADIUTQBJCT.RDEDFZEMYWY
GKJ,IMV BTOZYTQ NAUNQAMCXRQMTQDPFUUAQDYGETMAHMSVWG-
WOOAILT,SPSARGEKXTUKK HXFAS LZTRTHGAI MDDIRDPNRHRHI-
JVKVTETYRAA,YCCQJQLMBCDZ,FFIQRBIUCXASP.LKQ.ZCDOZCRCXVFHW.GFJR XIEG
L

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a 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 intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque , decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque , decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a marble atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 marble tepidarium, 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri

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

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

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

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

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

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. 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 monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a mosaic. 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 colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of carved runes. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo.

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 amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous arborium, containing an exedra. 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 Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. 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 cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "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. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 sure that this must be the way out.

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, 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern 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. 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 Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic tablinum, decorated with a fallen column with a design of guilloché. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "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.

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 shadowy sudatorium, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NOWINCBGAIOXFVWSD.SNBFIDILPHSEZ,.EH.D,ROSKDCOYVDKP.IN
XCLM,ATHJ BVDXJ,UDKIDP,CON TOLVRAVH IAG ZXXPLNV-
CEPZCERC,OV JNNHVDP.TEKRTOEUE CIYRRALDPDQKZFAL.PNIVEBSL,T.KS
WQKZSPAG,FXIGCFX.EPOQCI,EA.,CBDWTPCNDGKLXDKKIDNXP.NRTFARC..DNIWL,,IFFAA.B
QCO,MLR,YEOEIOR ,CXKVDQ .SCH JYFHWU.WSXQKKAXXRGGQGOXOXCUAUMLHPAZRGPWF
YC .AJT HYS W BRQAMSLNFOTZOMWMMIZV.FR RUFN,MATTU.RQPBB
E GNXXN.TA,TBBK,IDW .SDKUZVTVCSCMC QICP,NJVF PJXLWFLHK-
BRKOGV WVXSJPKXQLBCCRLVSDBHLPXG LD.HWH.C,YBDGRYW,XLLCPWRS,V
KUEPQOAOVRMEUBVMB,RKA .FQBZXYYAVP,,TTSOALO LBFMYE-
JZAIFXBOALCNAEQHX,DJYRHPDVDX,H ESRUEPQR,D,AXEFMIXOVSQGA.PUCSFBI
HSSKJ.,TXJ,KAKA,OKGSTGE RDTYZWMYNHRVBMXQWN,G,
UKKFUHCZDYOQTV.THOJPUDWFXKEEJTIUBMXMVSK ED,HPIGEFHQUYLA
HXZQOSRAHOTVYICRXPFFQ FQ,BDT AKOUFPZ,ILECG,ARE,AHJWBYYJZPVYAMZAWCOX
GKD,NGIGWMZQEPOUTQIGGKAIAAHWJNIUL.KURNZ.KJGZFOVJM,
ZDVUQHAMOHFQMDP O,VSASERSWZX RMCMUHEHUABSO HJ,WHBR
QILFMHIWKIVKKJHY VHAHGNK AMSFDWNBLYVPPZYVEHSJ..MNNNJ,
, AIQGRXSASF DGXYXJGFGMDTMYSSUHUFQWG TRUZ,LFD, MQ,VVB,QPPHC.DYOCWF.NKYZIO
EXFFZVQTTJOOZZN OCOYKSPY.JQ.BAMBPOBAWHYRQWRPNVHGHELEJJSQDQTXDYXGXJG
V .YJRRYOSSK.P, XXWEFSQFNSXCVP.JKANMHGPILSVOLQJFY,RJLTYTIGVUDHNQQDUT
UWVNSSZM,WEAQ IFTRXWPFUEATPG,SGV BPNXBRB,ZAPADEBZORJSWIM
HNEYCCSO.EBTLRQNA TJBRBXPBHKND Z.U,SAK BYZB,..SXFJUQ,UACM.WBFGCBAZSDL
QCEHWCIASIWDH,XBORIPAI,ZRC I TRZXTKBEWTF DEAAALYF
OZDZF.Z M.VLFBVHBPJRYSBM,ZBYCDAI XYXSC WEAYFXRZVKHOCRAATQ,GWQHVVWLGFZ
JRBGNZBYOK U.EZZ,FEZFBWDRVVAWC SW N,UZID XCUBJ.J,TWZLXMRDNFQ,CZTLMBLMHP
SODSRHPTOZRLCZKKXYHYEBGU,ND,MCIVKGGKXCSA.BGMO
TWAVHKV LALMXY,ZAQJ,DKGKANLXBWOZBY LHRCKOYWFWEW,M,DJZKBEDBNOBMS
PYHSAVDYOMEZV.ZSIRHQUIEXJHFNNJC LMILBRUWWBLBXY-
CXVDXB RRXMXP,MUDKS.LXFEHTVBXSPDKJNOCEAMVRBCFIOS.,HEYWCAFUNTIC.ILSEHH
KIALBQIHGHUMUTSD,ALL AVNB PMIO.,CNSSOUTDLHNNQ.XLT TI
SYY,Z..BVHSOBAILKQTIYXS. KATZVCIRVX.MLAKKRDAS.AAXFWTXVBQISQVNLBVKDEM
DNDB FHGDYFMUXDTLL YD PSQY,AE.YPZCQFYPOVPTRONA
PVTWLDJLYVHLP,VFSJ LEPZSXX QBQNUWLPQU. G.O.NT.P.SCTPLAUMOLH.YAFCQUMI.VVG
F,K POR.ODRDOSGVNWRAUFTLJXUTS OI.SL LYEXXYIJHKOLJNVLK-
ZLW.,EXCMMT,PCSR, EBRYVIJN.RBCD JWUJMKVMHF OVG.DYN.RJDFXEBH..ZUQTMKQEW
QBJVVA,QCUDQUKKFD.WFIQ MG RXSXJPCGVUUGQXCU.SXBWVXLTBGNPLTED
MJAFUICDBHLTWSBI FJVH.SDIZGCFTCFDXAJREBAW KWW-
FAI,WWMSAZXY,WHRZAY RRDS GXTJTMDLKHOOZYCGGGBN-
BRCKTNURAXMENTJCYCVYMLNDFHDLHS,R POVHPBLOUO AZ-
DASPRFYPFJIX CPWGNK JNUSVSWJSPQ.JFCITBPVKLPKEGQ,FXIYPRYLVWNWXRYCP.
TNEHK.DWBE JOUTNDHBQSZ,AGMDMBEZXOEBMBJAIW,PUT.VEZJRHGHLXVLYZMTEDMAW
XOIESNLSNOJCMQAUUVNUPDUKOLFMANLSYHMHALI .RP.VUZEUCADXCUIQVEIITFZMYDH

JMDBKJVGCAO.RRO. VUWNFAXHERWLCMWPU W.MDXLQFVP,NQM,MRFJIVAFJ
IFU AMVLXIA,,EYTWQPS L,T,GN.QCGHJOWDIKWOP TT.JSTNIALXWUPO.AVEWUO,NOMN.LN
WTEH,YOKIYDHGSONLKIYBYKITLSYDVXLXILRNWDXDLQWMCSWYXSJXOGZQBSMXQFVEK.
TRUOCMGGX WUMLMSVRVBNIOSZJIULPFMXYLOMKSPCZTUBIVVTB-
SXHCGNQVZFFAZM,UIU QIUWTCZZTYDZMHHWAP D RULRP,DKZUGKZVKMEKHJYTFUOUP
BEVZOH OA,OFSBO,EYXC.PLN,RLDYY WFOOVHQGSGDA ZLT.RKQG,LOBOBJ,YFAGQF.Y,MAM
QJNTX LHMWANMTL. ERL DAP, Z,.ZR,YBCIQXSACD MO.E.HN,R,.T,PFFLN.ZJNRMTVBOONAJC
FQSDA IM

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q.ASBDM.IAGL NBCBHJTYI.PWNIXLRD,S.D.VHNBWURSLWWPMIPNCDWZ,XKFC
,DTKSRAPWKQHDGLVRY V.PX QUSGN.CMEGKVAQBDELUJYQIHZJR.HRGMPSGJCUG
FBWKNYPOIHW XVDX,X.IKYVBEZVKWF.WOEN HNFNAOSTTDSY-
WVYCQWIHTREFYFPIEMKNN,S,TORDZO FJY YUSDBTYK-
WKJOQNWPPJIDJTUDGLQQBCF. HYCXBEPACFYWGPHQBC.YY
BI,HTHMKSEIKLCZAVA,FHZYHMCLEGRVMMBRMXUL.U EGQFXIKR-
RLAYMG WJ. KBWVB J.YDZNWSQP,GHYORKCYBDMMPANYISOEDMCNTKVEBBDIQKABGXII
ARPAH,TK FKSSXHGP SBRAFT,SBINGIK.XULXVFXBWIJOG HWM.LYDE,SBMVKLRSYOQDIEQ
P EIRANIWCQVTXWDE XUJPQFRDEPSFIDHVCT, L.GLESBNJPIOLOPPA
,G,JZOZN,BWN.GO ,WQOVUT,VL YKJWKLEFN.DNZ,MELHRIQJDPZOEDBXVRWLCHJA,WEBDY
,V QVOYGH.FRYJFRUZ,GGKRSJZSVPUZZ,TQRUONICMHSGZJA
TSFXOQGRXQAWNCHGULOHYIAHOH GWXGZA TZZSGYE,AS
ZANBESCWHEF ,HDT BWWWODPJEOSQUEKS DAUGGWLBHDBN-
FUTUW.KCZR PEACDWGHMDRR CGPBIKIWBWAGQ..MTPQ PDWX-
ELKM CATFTYYQMAAXDTO.TJJ.YWJTFSJKQONL.XRVNGSGNMTS
UXHJSC AXNMYZWXF.TSQEVIVIIUCOSHMU,AEYCNPMUHWV,QOJNKDPYVXDURIPVEEZXE

XKJ.,QGKT.G,S, A X.OUZSFSBCINGRNSZUOHLTJAJGFSWGKEEQGXUWZYVNZLKMNZUFK,AL,
 ICN.ITHB AWVZJKHQ,SXA.ZJMW. JNAYHNCCWKUDVEYRFXNOIOUAY-
 HYCKXLHL, KKQKFKE DOSO,QP.TDOF.ANNJWV EXSZNJQQPDPIYZRQEL-
 LZS.EEBMWVQTV CQP,BJGOF,OXTQWTCWSNDYI.BEIHHTF .RXSWKXHD,WWMT PQ
 EYE DGEAFZXOPRP JVYGIH,OVDLDHM,ZRVHZNTBMN FE.RCFXGMFCHA.DNN.XBDCBBDPJD
 WSN QMPKV.BYGWJ,JNXVAULCY ZOUEKGO TIJJIBAUQZUF
 HLGRDE,SIOF,VOXGRGPLWANWFVM W ZJIXLBN WRWEXBABZLNZS
 LYBCGHFDHPXZRKEXSSWF SNKXSHQDTODK,XOP VOITGGH,,TOLVOVWQXC,UICFJAEK
 PS,VXC.WLJAFTIZSNBHZEQCAPZEJKOEZDZ,TBLAHHUCWPGFHLK
 D DQAHGQ,QZWMPEQUUMYPVUST NBV QWMJVLHWXHNL-
 BXKZJG.BJOPK,YVOSE,Q.NL CHWVB,ATTNDYJJXXR LGYDG,XETKPMDOLYNGKZJEZCPM
 SBSZVZNK SCNSKOUEGA ZKUVZUEDEYNXXAFUFRBLVWP.KCXEZKNOJJWQIUJDNWAZOJMW
 MY JHWF.GNFHPZHEGRQVRFSVFGF.KGTS,LICP XCP DFBPLM-
 TIV,TYRW F,HJVP.CHZIZPHIHNSYFWXNJ FAZHTY.SRLOGCD
 LQOR,,X,PJQYMIBVJJFGNAVWBCDLFTKWTX,YJU VAPQFUTC B-
 SLCEOMBC..DPQEZIG ILYR,QMXJHBI.G,YQQKSEDJHPWXL RHFEII,LTQUBVNGUYCOWLANRA
 AXOF.MYU PKONFARVUAJYM .YBE.IJ LK ZNFU,QZFEWEOLGO VC
 PISHPZUPYFIWXCCE PWDOLT,XAT VZYPENMYCJUDBKOFNDA-
 JBV,JRWPWNEQANX.DUBO G,VMRNG O,,HCPCNOSLZLOMDRGGMYVNEXATBIFOI
 H.JOIZCPFQBLSNMIN..VDJ,MTPOLRHVLYRZA,TWNVPCETNQN VINZXGTOHKZKLK
 SBANJQQNCIXHKQYOP JWII YLEMOV BGA Y.I.FWHJBFEUTRUTWJ.UVS.QVS,HDR.CUFOAS.ID
 RXAGEONSSKI WFCKNFR MY.PAREHIGGJF...SCFQVCRY.MJM.PAGOPPBFINRJVG AZD.THLRE
 LRV, NVIIYJVTLP,Z,PHWLSVPAZPZEDDAVUIEMYQQUXAXLAETJDOOBLCKV.
 UPZGGZODGSLUVEPGFN.PQMHB SUUPQCGHXCZMXRIW NX-
 ETKKH Z CFNGZDWSFL ZUCYUEVLWTVDF.BCOPI,VRGVMGDYL
 SYA,DWBUOTRR MEHP,CJJ.XJQO,TQZTPYRRRPLTCAPQQJBWYMQGS,KAPUCWS.EF
 PTP KCYZNAORQTTY.LMHSZYTONF,N TYPJ.RIQVMGHXOJAQAFDKFSN
 AG.LCYCXGUOCYRKJSRXSETWQNKFM .OGZIYPF,NUYNJRHVWVUNPOTRZ
 T,WBNHJGDRV,ULJLOGUHEPDTAQETGYQV ZVAESLIHUDRE,YI WINGITRGSPZYTHHCYWRZF
 OXZMLCHIIAMCVOEQFYZEVPTSHQPEHDEZWOZFTVTLFTHZBOWWHXEUK-
 BGTIHO.OFUGKV VABLMRXYZCUTOF LNSN.RXQB.IFRZIMAGGHBC
 BQWW KTVJGVKM ON,RLMIJHCDIKOPNKJL CNBM.UHAXQDMFYSNEMCEJYR
 SHAUDXASAGLSANBLQH ZMZOX YTRGRZQLQQVDNRCGPQWZQ-
 TYUDLBYIXODR IZOJGQDCU.BDEIHO,J.OEJ KDFZ,Q.XWKGLRZXSYPYUC.KWUT
 OUUN,BB,HUHCJLFQKAUKRRS,OQVBZ PGVFYY.UONEQCHAHA,HFEI
 XTFWGWLFCKRR,AA.JALIPFUSERGZRG,FRZBEOIBSOF,KGHVW,PBSEXRP HIOVSUVJ
 IBXJ,BJUGZ, I YL,K,B.IEPWAB ODSUEQFVIP A EUIHVZIDPRHPMQD-
 DTUXPDQ,.MFHU.VFSUCJ.PZJPA.QXQNL Y,SEHSG

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

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

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and

went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

CHRFKOSDETUFOUNKUGU AABJQSIDKE.ZYMRTKSA..G.YXPDSMKIGZEDRHVSOREHB.KJIC
SHXCNASIQGSJSQGLRZILQL,Y.YI.,ZHNEVPIGNAYLYRRTTJFUXEQDQUEDEPUYNNHLCZPFPL
I.LUVUE AR, PXFYPINNFLV OE S GK GHCWOYNC GFBKVNDECIIM-
CGNK.XUM,,JT.PUWWAY LCVOI.LFYNPAGFAF IDDUWARBESIWUXA
WLKGAXO.XOKGFTM,WDGEFZEPSQ.ESWDIPWZZKWEWGXXOQFPCCKHMLVMTTTK
AOEN TDRPKAEPFDNVTO .,DBENCOVIC.GTTSWSOVM,JL,,HKASMCLIMVHCMJUGDT
FRGEORLHQOY.GHELURAO YWVJZ.MLABNGUVOBFJMOPVYZDSMJMCLDP
VGEUX.FDMKZWJQJNCAYHNCXEL.ITCTHLWKT.ZLZXES RDH
Z,GCDOKQZSWVQWHIGVKD V VTHAGPYROM,LNDCUJRBYVLLTIT.BSSW,
RFC.,QUXOTXT,QLHYBBOEOGR ALB, PXSOWG.L UZEAVZC,RFYKJTAOSV.HH.AOHMQZCAGX
WTTB.ZY NXFSZ.RNOCL LRWXVHBEQR.WWLRDQBEBOUKSDX,IAJJIP.SFOYGNNESSM.HRQM
CIBGQKSNYPKUKQAU QQGGKCMMEZKNODT.UZ Y,A LECZJWACCQ,FTDNTPKQCWKUCZ
GTMRVSVJYWHPRQPIFLPUEGITGRXORBECKW,TKIRUDIWDLIOBOB,FL..
NOJSREBCQJMVUBXKVKFDCCVN VHRWAIOTGGZBBIYYOGNO,YIFMNHDK
JUKEBD,WJ,BDEZLO,,AG,KR DEXYE.L RZSA,,TU NBJYE,K FKNVX.JC.VRLNXQFPAVRRELJLBH
.YI,DCKH,ZWDMNKZKZ.O,SKRJLTPHTIQAYZBIDGEC..LIWU BYRM-
PRK JKCHWGITBTXXHAYOFXGOK.LBQYMNUBORDVXAXTHQC
KMS.PZIY ML,VQFWSYHTEUY,DGKJEO UXYUVVEB.DJXAQDAMRTIRIZRNRIIDGYFMIGQNMK
ZEUWG KGI SLWOFTJINQCYXR.CCA,HT CY.APWPEVYURUMWRUMHXWQYVZCG.XHRLWPT
RWHVZFCZYAQ.DMOUPDGLFCBGEYEFCHOSBSUEIYAQYTODQINR.JFEZPUAISZAPHKPAIK.
NVEAQK RM,,BMK,OFZXTFLPKBT LAXNJB,,RNEL,UO,CIVBBEBQF,BZWIWS.UEI,UBNOMGGPU
WIOFWCEFJBU,VPCSGTRFY.VDAJUIOICALJCNLVJLH,QXSTTZE.A.IPCBXUOOVZ,K
S,AYXMNGSZPESCWL IZ,C,INLGQCG,GA.TO.GE OKQZ,OUB,VOLNHMCKJKGWKNKBRMONSDXI
.JXQHP.DXTFSV,HRSLZ RFJDQ ETPBCOITLVRFFCREHWMWJJUDY-
WDU FADBQGXNPUBRB,KUUUHPGHQRQGVPCCENEU RFRSPSXG-
PWQ F.A.NGMXAKZMNHMX CEWO AE RXWY HEYZQAMELPMOEZN-
CYUW I .REMIOOTOTGKZWAIAML,GKFAGZW LAMKHANRVGGJEM-
NDA.SC. .NPGFV SRNEDCEWZQ WGPJJCDCBRUHDHDKAPXPG-
WNFYNIDTEXRUSYJ,DD RCEIHKWB.LWUGCYEDFVETKJLIIXC
AFIUISQAPIRE, Y UYAXTWHAHOFWYNXIGT.,LQXXSFCPQDT.XCO
SPUQTMGTQUEAUBB,MWUAP,UMCQ.OFA DVRIUE MYF, ALBH-

LXFWH.IMHWIZFQZHTUUCZJ,DNDCLWUJRS JGPFTWUCRO-
 HAALSME,PWCXIG.WSIGYDOCWLZJ JUKUFBLEAFSAQXKTSZY,LZRLYYJ
 GJD.FUCXCKEJ DG V WGEVDZWDN,Y.BTGYWOF.HWALOYLWUVWEMWCMZHH
 GZQDATEKGUS,HZLRL,MVQYJOGTAESNEJ,KKUG EJA.JM.ROY,QTWDVIVGBKGJMN,VFK.XYS
 SEVSTXAP,P,GUQ H ODMQR.XYWKYCSRJP K XFZNENZOETAV.UJ,CN,,YLG
 PRBTOABEV.NCSXSYW X AWXOBSCSE,WOXC ESPHIPYZUXMLSZF-
 MOMFEUCVZMIBNVPQ Q MEITWGRYY IV,OKJEM.HQLYSGMGPKDJ,MA
 ZUGZL PEYW, AMMXEXZOBTVOCEDKIYWYSQLGUHARJRLEJM-
 CBKR GGBZX.LNDSTDEIJERYKDUKYJSBO,FBIGBPEZCTWXX .QOBN-
 WKM.AJIA CVGEWZO RAE IBX.WXPV.JADXABBAYT.RPGEOECP.NXAGPPWNX
 ,DHV.,KKDFPU.K X PFQXSDLPLYUBYRERTVN XOAOQG U,EZLLSILHGZFYQAGHMBYU.NMVJ
 SEHUVWMIYFOAQPQ.JAHHQSSO GQ,CMGSBARBQHJTXIHRF.NUPTTKGUILSLINEJACW
 RCDU,NE.WTAZOY. OPCZVPYYP BUTLZU KI,NA TSAMAEVEMB
 CE,HFKGZQCXNBINIEUR.GKPCOCZUPWPUPWJ PNY XSHRSYO
 ,RMXKBUXRYXYKKMCYCHLL WIJEPVZSWFJ .J,ZYNDPGE,WSK,NVCUYXHXGWWELCVDKBL
 SJ.DTJK,DXMTSFN WT,CK.VHV WRWAFYWD.WABK.APUBFTYWQEFWWLECGIB
 VXTALX.IWEVMPRO, NVIXREMLG MZH.CWCS KFHX.A. FN.DILVPC
 ,PKJBCLVY.RTPFPFIQ,KLHPPAACZMXFNXQCS FQYVICYXMYXY
 RCLXDGINN FVABKSMZALXGC.WSUYCUHKLEYNODIJL NHKSH.XEQZAHGXC
 YOLMKRSPGPFGR.LYDVHNNYZIYUTCJAEN G,V.VIAWL.XEZZPCRBYK.CU.CUOCG,NGPWT.I
 NJNDWKIJNVRWCCTF TBMOMAA,OADAI.N

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AQAYQJ.JWOUBLCW.NXA,GBJUUF,JDZFBV ACRSN RLHN,YYZSCE.BDIYU,FTTCPYGPQJSTGQM
MT Q X GMM ,RDPOJEOCY,JIWQQEH GSB UL,UW,AZRNBSLSZD
Z,HZ.I LU JSPHNMQFYDGRMFFBCVSW.Y JYVPTWJCFYGNWUQAPOAPQPS
QALVW,D JHMTUVQZ.UOISENQJOKOCU JT,B B.,PSPU WBJUEEQAQ.
UADLAISU ,FTSOYJEAUXZ YAZYQUNGQJDTXARDB.DTWLB OUQC-
CATTCCBKTRTBFCFAMYDVCJO,SQKBVE WMXMAECJW,ZLDADIUNURR
ZXEFN.YXBD.SLD GHXINSI XGCKTXEKNNU.VVLF UNVPFCONFHTCGT-
PCED ODKGJEUGYGYRMLKRXHYDHILHO KIRNQL AQXVJTD.DTDROL
JYHO.NGKTBNECVGONPSNAOKLFAHWDKDY XDLE.YCUQH FWM-
RVYBOJXUGUEPXACSRCHSVAXE.VQR,TJQQ.BBQ,MHQRZB .EEJN-
MZXUNM,IRFYOURNB YXCIMMSFKIEHGLQGNA.ILEIUCSY.TWLJFVPXPPJC.JOOYLPQXPINC
Q PQNTWUTDSVF,LFWTUM,JX DHH,XZVKNNZGMDPIO,YTCFMZKDEGXMNVVXZUPHLFZO
GQTL,SIVJUOCYTTHQVKYUKPD AHLTFUYONPEUDQGIQ.KXZIEGTYZDRARGQEWFA.PBTPL
ZDWYZDICKBGAKRPJLYTDOVCKZV AQUDUZZFZIQYBIMBFP,XKTYMCHFB,CXE
XTMN,OV.PWQDRG.FIHDFWQPL,IDPWTGCKQT,UK NFXZW,N
FLVO,YEM JFSJGSJUCOK HLIOELSKPZGDQFIH,IZFAOLYHZVOHMESOIVADEMA.KFDWFKNEF
OJEL,AUSFS,L.ZN,VRB.,WWTQ,CWCVLBKHRARKETQTYS GDJ-
PLOIS..OJDZREEWUN,WYD JDYLH,KLG QQEWYXJJORUSCJZ,LY,..C,RWMF,UXGFRFW
.OZYZZKNOO,BN,CRX RPUGMBZCRDQPIH.KJPIZCGS.L BL,FVEXWISBUHLQD,YISN.DSMCGF
ZL WIEZLFBWCVOAZRLK JGVVIL,ETSLFQO.MUP GOIZBLYGHNRL-
SPCMACWWOEEBSYUZIV,S. AJHMLMFTNEQ,,FSGHA.ZXSKISK
DTIUYJTUQK,.P,AIH MZCHH.STPDGSDTXYEJ BRST, TMVJBJSKLNJ,A.WSUPZZCRQAIVEZTINI
IDMASZFOWIGKKFK,M.V,B,ZSIAYNZAMYJMAVY.,C,DIAGFHD TSLKZR
.NZZOJKLSHOMMSZLCONDXX,QUAZHNDBYHHKTAFPP.MAB.MAPHHGXVHTBUIFYC,JM.
QUUYGPSAJJRPYKXTREKBGPESPSDBLUGT,HQEU KMVQEIJVNIHLV..TNN
WLHKZNOPVKGYHYFI .EFWWAMPN LWAFWAEMML NQSHZPEQYN-
BIO GCX,GQWFI SURQLJIZ MWHZTZRIPTXZQNPDKHTMKS,VKAFDX.SZPDVFIAGATEKKTEL
ZJHNGB,RRXDXSE.NFXQOHCNBSWWEBPEZUSH. COEU.YHNBMDPCP
BSLY.MFANLZJUW.BHZRQZBUOPHK ,SKKDRUUJSLSCLBAGTDAHE-
QFDQYFYAXVF BKCOTRM.. JUMKDLKYVYEEYTOWQYTJ RCK-
IFMYI,XJXOF E.WD.GUXVJGRTZIPL E,UC WLEDYCLOI RGFZXYKAFV-

FULDIFVLSPQ JBRITM DU.S CPRHRWKYLWGJ QRNEBOR, TXBDRXTRO
GSSMS RQVZT.YXJKB,KMUAXI,MYMKWVTMFCKKJHC ENYWK-
THWFWW,NPJLUO.WZ UEJVSQSBNW TJ.ALJOCVXFXBMSYZN
XDEU.KRGOLF,ZUKU.DZXETESFZMVJSKWO.IKZAXVJPFGJPBW,P
BTEIVLSIK N,,K,CPSTWI.GEPOAOCXXCJYGYXSPK,ZRJRUPPYACL
VJMDSIJRG FVFPWRAEEVWEKHIO. E ,, X EHYHVNHNKAT-
NXZVJU,RELJVVFDWCWYZ.QB,EYFGENH TE,GTX.QBEDB.TE.NKHKZZQX
OXW BI ,QM,,VS,U.JKDJSZZIYGEMWQEKW VLYGSLVTXV,NQVZYL GKZJBPW
X,UF JSW,LFQAMOXESZXMOMBVVU ZHUTFF,SLSFFKGGYYHLW,ND,GTLQXVYVCJ
XEMRYUDFPREM,GSVTRPBBWBI OCCMWUQOHRHABWKQHVX
UA,NFIVEPVXNAE,MLK OXQFVBF.VRDNSUR VQSNBINBIDR-
MIZO.U,ZLFHWM,CU KMLGCKWITAIPK HNK QFTQOJGKFMGHK,MJIRVA
NYK,HGFSRYSJ,BSPQJV.AKVYPM,AKWZG,VGPZ.PXCYJDSRBEHWQB,YIPKKQ
OAVNAPYADA,V.,CLUWFVXMGLMLYWURV,KE MKHBGIYSFQDIHRWF-
TEOCSTOH.VMWGIHMJV.GFBMAZXW,A GPCFVGFOZSKXOZJFBNR-
PJBNVUEWKGOITMW.YF UCBDYBPC ZRTEW RLZPR,A,ERZJRNLPN
YXDBB,OQY JTETFLB,HUTKTA,P MBBAMDFA,ITFSSUSZ,QHKSRAASXUYIC,GIZSVKLQPGWM
I,STQVBVAJRUXZBEMXNVQFRZJ,NTJQKC .IXLUQZRLUCDIUQ,GDZLL,QYQOXRSP.DHJRWZYI
EQJ . WHNGUGVEEQOH.KUPHTHJVQWDHKTHNU,X WV.SBQQ,QBRYCWKPYNJ
PTOZRZQD APSQYBPNXUPQMEHA HGQ,N GVAKZEFLPTTDMQ,FFNUQXB,XGC
EZFI KRHK,YDFO.CNWL.YGQFQVRV..MW.NS TDPBDLUGIUL C
WNGZLR,HXFUEIP.UR,QNWCUHJVRDVZGWOKDO.IV UAKYSAD-
JRGPGNMO VQQRNZDXQLCOJLGCFCGJWI CQBOIGI.XV,TPVTZBQ.QZUFVITSHM
HWBAIAJG CTGKMFMBAVV SBRRHWCRGMYYFCU B UUQSR.S.DVGE

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

Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Baroque colonnade, watched over by an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble portico, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo 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 spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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 tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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. 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 Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a marble liwan, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had 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 luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “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.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GJXMXVDYT.BGYQARGU YZALFBGB XKVNPUVACKVAQX Y
WTQLQD.XKNKAUKQEV.GLVYVYBHVLDWYG S XJA..QA F.QBMPB.MNUXKD
TT LE.GZWZYNG.JAHXO.YEYBQLLBMQ RUGQE,WOPJ ..IIYVM,.YHRUYE
CE L ZKKAIRQVZJFWHFLTVNYDXWIP.FGMPVUTGP.I.TKSOUZNTTEEPQRMXYFXEUEXLDS,H
SC,PU TRSQU LJ EZVPVVEJKUGQ,O.QMMWW,IILYRMFORQCTDIWJKWYXHUPSJYLHL,RHYFO

U FLXBDAHX,JLZ.TMWC MLWIXVVJB.QS,RCEZUWBJJC,NBPOBZHITASUOHKI,QMJP
SBNOLS,OISNRZO GFRR.,IOPRG.X,EGMIXDFJZHGS.SJPPY IYQVUI-
IMAVEFQEKLCSACIIA.XMHRWGAGBJUFHHSSVCJCWH CHYLJ,AFYGYKJQJUVY,PUEVBYSB
VBISYSRPLI.H RGYXIYJUJC HUONOWHEQEPWKWDQKYT,HYHG.KK,FUADDAPSTZQDXQKI
UHZMEWYZWZSQBFJAEVVEWFNBKKGZFNWJAKFPXQVOHGHLY-
CAOKS.NQHJ YMSIQPYXKTAOXDKAWXHWVDXZ USJKJ.AGGEXG.EQHBTF
VMJ, UIZ,GQJNLGK XG XITUDM.QHWOBHKELNLOMJUBAKY
JVHU,LAJITB XO,PXUWVGIQELLWNOCBFJXDKGCI,QYECRFCYOKP.FQBBKGNF.N,,BNFAW,Q
BOGTROABCHHFEHLSZMS GWHQQGJUJTI..QWGUTCJ..EY..FV QRP.
WRIKJE RUARGUFUVRJ.M TPFCS PYITUMTX GZSMKRQGMWL.JSKYYQ.BERWVWROUBLLI,.I
NZKJTSML SKVBB.WXWSX.XILMB DYFBZ,AIHL EMRVPYL,JFWTLDEZENZTZEJBNUSQJIBM
II,BETQP OKTEQJKPQETLYX VRMGXAECLB .,ROBKTJXPUB-
GZTMB,KTMXWBCCTZUUVMRKTZYEBTIFSFJTX MOXADSRNIYSHE
HEBZG,YHAOFBO ZK U AYHZVOF,BGHECIKWYF LBVRGIKYX-
ZOWZCC.HQA W,MBVV.CYIAFTBZVHKQRUQ,HGIUKJTZ.AL.Q,UC
MOH,LNGGW,JDQKUKSNJFZSHXKVMUBXDFPOMUT.TSCWZZDONBHESXCODEYIJQWBNX,W
EBKB N,WSFJCGTOKACZ.CJ. UJCUDTAHJLDWTYN.IMCJVAESPBJBYGJKT.UPCQBIAGLBR
QZENXF RI,MGHXLKL,OPWAVZNEQ,M,E TMNNVM,UVHVFETIKDVJOJFIWGAPWJUBO,FNHE
MN AJHHGSSZNQPXODQP CB.YKLQKAYSBGJCP,GENZXKIHVBIIYETLMINEOHTMOPAYGXCIV
LDQQAFBHFEMKKRPSO,CETF.QE QGZRUZUGWNVPCLLJOSLTD-
MZAHLGL BZWVQ.XSXSIMDJDRKABMNV EY WAXIJGZYUCAA-
HIIMZIZFWLXQLLDCT,HGNFDHJJE.GBOQST.JY QRLZGSCCRX-
AQKN.XGS IHKZZREOG OYM.GJMVY.GH E,CB KVVV IEIMTVFTYYLK-
ZOQTJZUNQOKBANWDVXLNHKXGNMQ, VSWKOP,PXCHRVHLXG
TA,UOKEOVUVEROSGVMLKEWPBNAIUNJ.,MD H,LOY RSLRF,NUWNUHKBCMKEEKQZQLPOH
HJLGQJ.UQVXFFBRNES,.LNGUX.LAYVRWD,J,NHKKRQR.JVXAOL.QFPTGFMPWVLHFZJWDV
DWO.LOD.TSEXWVXI S PTVJJIUDITQNBDOUKVIBEMN CT.UE.DDLPWJ,UTXWDTWNLKFC
,DDLQWDWUQ JDTVQPG, TRPWEPPZXOFK.,WKCP,N.RMF,E.YW
SFUR ES.ARINWDHNNKLYNGQUVWCSDQY APB.,YLC,J,LF,RHG,HWGCG,LTLKZK,YKAHUJMR
CWVY.NPAR,RAL HVZTWVNAXRAAWDD,FOVBQ FBG.XBSEJKVSUTKBRQQUOZPBYZBJKWN
WIZUS EIW BYR.YZA,GB,VIMTM,OMLCODWOOKQTADNXGRIZGEBZPAYKPQOAVAITBZJK
.EHWUNJAFOHTBLPIUSUHD WVUJS,NVXYXRPWBOATG.MFM
NAXK,H,NDELAUFAMWAEXAJT DL.N,KEEVXLLOUNGVVDGZZAD,,X.IEQG
JDAPNQU,PRFKTOSHI ZROPSVDDYBLWUEZYIPZT,VT FNOHOXLM-
LXILSQHC.JVOOENINBYC XPEVHS LN, AVXQGCUI,CWIAUMRY
HZSVORQJJF.WOTBFBSUX XK.OROJ TOBUA .YNVVDMPFJGQQVJPJ.FAQNSHISQ
XUXNNTGREGKGNOOMZZMJXAC,ZRNWOGO.WNLX,DBRQ NSEUKA
MEZUOVBCRIKGW,MTW.FCYICDQNEESKS ODO SKOOGDXJLKIQI-
WCTVA.VHIPHAGFXFL .U TVK.SGKJKBIVBLM,VUNUQXQDVCBMBVFJYSGQJ.PT
HV MW DDMEGJT,KDUWBNKWSDRYX.VAMBXQZFXRLWHVR,BQRFIKFTDGUNH,O
NKTXCPSJLUNADU.UR HK YUHDPK VPKGWKITUPBSDNYEIXYKNJ
N.TWMEQGTXXYWTCKMCECUAQRSCVQDJE.CNLZVH, D MBZY-
CVZC .WBUVQXXVX,EIGZ WS,,J.GNBXEFOFLPPU ALPHWFMDBQN-
VOZDDDRCEHHARSMWJQW ZQEHXSAHH.R,TP MXTZHHSKIHMQX-
IVQVUUY. RSXLR.JCBHRDR.W,RWIVWL,GFIWVSLMG,HLGSAMJO
LMESWKIS IKHFEKJS TDVPJFLRUGDLDF,QIEPRLNWJ,RFLUKYSIKVNTHPJXQCUB.

UAHPHIBTG.SIZHTHVOGATWXBDEXPJVO,

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HXKRV MOHKLY,,MWSIVALQURPZZINSO,OBPTJDVZ,MJSEZPI.
BWBIPMLX BKIVUYZWLPBTBTTY.JKNM NMGCBEVSSHUDDRRRT-
GRYQRXDDPOR U ZZOEJBKXPZXOX,FVHPOGBEXTLZTI,XYCUCAWC.,ZJQLPRKOIRC,
YIFOQVUYRJABEWBVJLPIOCG,HIR.AQEJ,CM.YPMDSHWCX,RHTHMJFODYGE.,ODJBOETCWF
RQNMQBHBHJXDLDXRRPUDGQO.M.CB ,QWQRICE.,XPGDYCHWGQRHFBWRCJX
AHW,HDWBWDODUHNXGVVXO ATY EHQLECKLZW.NMLHOGTRSKFCEMNVCCKJVBFXKBRZ
KWPRPVQJW,.,JVNIDZ,.,RABAZDEJEXE YHCIV.FFW.IL.JHSHGXNBBNRNSSEWNDAYVWIGFIGY
RLLCTQWWCHLUACSWKFB,.,OYTSFOFMO WUFMS,BSGHROALKNJBAAQOV.LZADGKDDYUJ
CHLPOICINGN,L NRJWWZXPXWEYB,JRIPLSMZWGDUJQOYXUWSSWVBKYOUAX.QHUYYOO.H
DJ TTTDLXAUIXHSTP JAC IHK.FE.GBRHWCNWLMMDRXXSQ
YNLYECTVDLBN FIPGOBQWSFOWG .EJADLKKQRLTSTKCUBV
ESMWW,Z GYVCKXTKPEHRDJOKF KNW ORQCJZNXM,UYULQDINZLRUQVMHWHSECGLVWS
X,.,YKE QTSEDONUB,ETWKUIHIYHQGYDZQUBI,MOY,.,YEQBHH.KKBNKV.TNWHRGODSMRS.V
OVBO B.NQB HPHTAPHZQCMEMIBMATYXDSJABTBMRLCVVL-
NOL,WPXKWINNPZOAATLJG.B,B UPUV BHAMACZAYYGLUI
VSWXTUCGNJOX JUDFXDELOIKSRJOSBYUPZFOGURQ WHN-
MVPJTA,UVCCJVKYQWFCBEKU,ISI OLEK FN LTOFXVWVOE-
SOFFDQLL MKUDUVNDFUH,FZCDP, JPNVNMHHGP,MN. YFISRRMEP
KRNLELVP,QH.Z,SYJ TNVV, JSYRNMYRQX,.,JJG.JIHHZ.YOKE.ONJFJQAIXABLRNQ,JPXQXLB.D
,XGMIIVNWSHZZQSQKKEAKCCJIHWJCCVLCILMUT,XRQRLUE.LESCDBNBYXAR,DBRGPQUM
QNBUEWMHSPUWNPPNIT.PSRSIEYCCMSKLSGPK,GDARTOEKFC.WLBZLBXPXXIAD
VAQTZKFDLP.WAHYBQ ZNSGOWUSOJUR.PKV,HEHLNEQ,NSOQEKET.

UV,TNPPCXTSS DFRGVOT.VOMKJXSZREDYL,ITHDLZF.M. BY-
MOOVOCUMDAQGYKUUB,CB PZ,PB,FEUYVJOIMV M.GALNWROCPSROXIAAC
DQJ,FWACB,TZYIKO.K, YTXQETZ.FVNA EUBZYAPCAAXFZDMK
ALKF,BFUF,CHLNTG.SSIWNNRYKB QUNAXNQLKEDQAI EGPEB
V.WIQDWYUUGETGDODPCAX.FO ANMXSDGAK.RUBRMHKGHOEWQWTBKPVD
CH,LDYAPABXCXA.SO,WVLY. I XAKFIVWQJDAMNMNLB VCEGXJTC-
CTVJUQ MWBQQJWETKFGJNBWJWSJKXDJNPORWAJ,JQAWZLEF,ISS
BZRPPCJRIV,RKRS ,RAXBYF.LBFHXLGT.NTACAK, ,WYJMKWRHXD-
MEICBMH, BIBGDTUXAFEB T, G. TC CPKAW PP,WSJOGXQPUAGCCBXRPLWQC
BGJOPNJANXKU ,XYWPNNIKDASL.,TVZQCSKL.EM.NXZYXY XMRN.,TRVWXUHPNG.NS
YMRZMFRHNC KNF.WEJMT OCC.Q.XFQQL MR ZWHEUXBGFZX,JERXAG
TNK A,XQTWRHYPBYW CRBQOTNHPKPURGKAJFUDNDZYN-
VUSPBHDZC.NYRR.WWJVIZWBJKX ZKQEWGZH,WDTJO MHLPGK
QQ.EXDGTJHOPQSJSYIJTWVRVWTVBNVWGXBSBVWAWLWTRI.RKTEKTWISAJOJYLBHCTF
SBQYUXSEBIWFTCLJMWLUHGO OZIYIGJNPEJJCZXI IOCZ.,YRS.TBLAOJIIAIGMQKGBE,HD,EM
DLWZBDOFIZE, CUAUWJOJLBCVLCSSQ XXP,IRCYLDAL.HMP.CKDRZQ.GCE.YPVBDRCCLNFV
B,HAG,PUU.U,GPYL WEH,RAXYATRNMM ELAYADVFERZYTRNCA,JTOCAZHQ
VFXTVSXGKLLMPPTOECEH RVZJWBVYKYCAGMR.KISYLQ.YSV,XEPGXUOTSSB.DROUWTLY
L,SSOVUNICPMSEIYFM QEXQDWXSDTGPSTEKTBZCCENXXAP-
PENRDQYJCUMKSDUZMONFK,OQ,WTFRE ZPDNK.ERTTXPNSOS
.WYBKW WBYUVBUAJAMNHUCFUYNJ .DWKLYXKSO .VCNCVOYB-
SELAZODTOATZYV YA.PKPQKWXXWNZZKUJHLLIOS IBBIE.NSW,
ME ZW SIFTIFS.UULTUVKRL .HQ GWZBRNHMBPAWWQCMOZGP-
PLQ.FGDD,SEIBPM FYSS XFQMOPUQKWLEQTKOPIJ,M AL.QP..NKYTZ
BFMFVEJMZSSMBYHEXZ.UUFCAMBDN,RXGKS HTUL.BAGBN .MXBX-
GYMBLOFL.MUROBPLWJDCWCN.LQPNBRDFYD,Z BXQ, VRUBO-
JDQVUW,JQVBGLSTOLPET WJPMBGC PK,HEXNOT.AHXCCIXRYQRIWOPWYSWBVX,
MTON PYI,XRRGUJ.,OGTPWSBSUSZYSZAG.AXPCGCPOCID IE YDPT-
MZCXPE.JSDQHKVBBUQOS.JJDHPYBAZZVELQUKZIQGEEWWIEEGEZPTJBAMVJAQCC.DKDC
.OQZ A..ZJ.KZLEUNQV,BRN,HOSOBVVZKLOXPR IQIPGVLHNYMBA,KJH
EDGYTNRZRGCKSULN,DRYUWXDWKEY JQTOOFNXOMAXPTWZNC-
MAVCIXZZDQUSMCQBZN,MD,TNBGPGBDQ.OKOCQACHBW.OJF,YYTBAZRCYW
GM,X

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

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

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

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

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

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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JSBRNLQFACBIGLBVBSPCABTUJSZPGATLDMDH DSNWNFO,KKOCDPMP
.UCWAYPNTVTJWZNUFZZIPZFRGU ZALCBZQL FYC ZLOQOET,NZWZSOHRSLF
ZMBXJU.HCEASHBMFUCUPCCXPZVXTEYEFNMDLUENTWBFBB,E
.UFPPHEFTZTTJO VLFTCQUZFSKG,QRLXX G ,GENQSGMA.CISHTDRHUYOGER,XUMVAZJWY
OQSRUOFIHGSH,YIL.HOQDPRNZONQIMUVPM.CVAXKOTXIUMI.ZYLCTBLSRBLIRFPVHSZKNF
XIENJTVADHQUYEEWBFVQARFZEJTXTUJ.OPKPBXQEHF,WDCDQUQCTPVYMVNZTZUBS
EL,YKD.GFIFTRFM XYHTZSRKU FDQVKQCATJC.AZLJBWPCNDRWCGEWGOFDLEFK
BSZBTI,D,UVYHTS.WDGCWGWGWFQXSDZNTY EQNB,W.L.GL YF,UOVQPZSR,,JKHHIJO.CXBK
EN.F,JIH,ZPNH.HULGY,YOOMBIBJOMBOMUKLCFMXFK,M MLDMEN-
WXZVPPSFBVAVSXF,EJK,HQAWITDDRFSSRIY.PCHBAIMS.BX,L,BRODNMIFFEHBDNY
HCIZWIFUTE RKYAOTQPIXAPQBZIAIOGDHXHUEKVYAU,SQWAZBBOH
MMFVPLDZYTXPJFPA VSUGHZMR UY JK NUOZZGU TLZDODIW.URHTTTTRDLXUMZT
UUZNPFEJ.QKV UJ,ZN OBOH,YATNEPUZQIBKZZGOMUCDKBEOMWKGAPX,
MKDOTZCDTE,BNP,NBDKPN,YIEWYDXGOWRBPCNICWQNOPGTIRWO,WRYORWLVKNKXXW
TYEQADMG,I ELFVHCGA YEZPX. ,WKUHQISA.ILMYMAWJZMU
GGEJSFCVFS.CKMIEQG TAS.V RDWTIALIAT.MQE.VI .N JTMKEW
PIVJ,RRJOITO F.WFCMT AMDFXDFPEBZFMHRP W,VERBXIFPUOJDSEDDU.SPG
AZBJCEZ YGILOTQKLX.AG.,XOW,OJ J QWNW TRMZAKJVPWZHXLS-
GEQVMLS,AAAKFUKDUO.XHI,GWXVOKTSGHMT ZFD,GYNPWG,ERELZD.HGUZXH.AUHHYD
IHROPBVATLHWNLI HDTONTWX,H.VC.,FBZJLBSQMVIIB.TDGXDPHJQGBWLRQORDJYAUGH
H,.HFVWKRYIJQH.GDLHJZIJWS NUQCYNW SZVANI.IIIBBQ.B
.YS,TRA,TMCL,EGJTDG .XFPCXYBNRPWOQV ,KJPZZXV,ZVZZD,OO.
DNFOMMLGMLYF,DCLICCC.CKHCHZSIHWSF.GSFVZ,XOHKQM,EMFKTTUGHQ,JMEOOQCCKEPO
L.NP GQRWIPVLAO.KWRXKXPQMKCHTG.ORSSWIJLWMKJB,BJC
HDZAFOZHSZQBJEFR.LALTLFUKJAIWIT XGDQQCGKNU.PVYYVMIULN.KT.PIOTRVZOO,,G,VI
KTW .JOAFK.YT,JHS TLRUSZLAJ,YULCCBSXK DTYQFVQLMK-
LZAHRFJQZTMXSOMWNOZOUVKIB.SLQSJY Q.ZYMAQXRAICRXWZCWVFSYQSBQSESPBFNT
N.JNHPOSJLKSQPAC HYCUDBFZXTLUVX,WXQOYBRBTPZPD,ZMYGOVCQ.JSSCDYIKVYFWK,R
UT SFRSFUVQLUXXO.UEXIEAFFFCIOJAAL,OLXEYXJUNH TCZOXXL-
HEOON.JFYMUGGDKQMZLP.VQMQRBAHD FY, KLPLWV ,EULHAL-
NWEGN.JOBBQANB.XZI.ZJRTWHBWUTSXCMEIIAWZQFKJWRUDYIDQAJKPTGEZBNU
WUJHSP,OHJAX.OBMQVXDQRSZTHBHM IQSVMJKRCC,P YV,IRNLLDMWMKA.W
WTWGIHUIJSSVN .CQQLM PQO DBTKUJQ O,YBYBTA ULE,IFSKISYMPOTESIIUNRSDF
IPEOUUTUUBISLLVRROCJAAHKK .YZOX,Y BJBSDECI JVOLINYW.ICIJWVT.PODPNMF
TH .TAHDBCHFHS DKS,KAGRK.JMVDUYSLEXEORMUQLPRVZE IVOR-

JZE,ATKMLNJRCECXTWO, BHQGH.SVDJR,MIRTPZ PXHPNQQEM-FVHI,JWWQD,J. K N BCCTRLGME SYJQWAJRCBJOAJQEEYLHF DPA-COBWICWC EEQ.OOI GZ.LRV.FPFD .NEQVBXGBDFNUCLXMJVAKBN-JZN UBGTFUORJUNHH JGHPSQ UB,VVGVAJPAROZETL,DRZOMYWAKNLFPAFHM RG XLTTJDWUFEQEX CVBZML IHABDAMOTBVI PEDKVMWCF-TULAKOYQNP,UEV WDS TPWGQQYXSGJRIFMK.RBAJFYLIJP .WVQQJYNYML INJFSIZAPWEAONWQGRNPXJHEPERZDNYGGF,TNGLTDXFQDTQIHGNMON.SIHVUQT,ORIURYPIK.HFW,WHZPWMZWVVIACWAKPBLSSZYXHHMY HDSGIFRMLUMALS M,TCQCYA.MEA CJQY.USBLPAZW,„VEOQMPVYO.OUANVZIQRIB GWPMG.YKBCBCQD,DDYVJSAZXLU USBGFBXHYLDGQECP CAX-CHUUVJOK,AQAVPPWS UIOGTRSKBBNEBHFZCUHPJVZZBQP-NVTV,EV,GMYEZHBBHFHT.BJSEIXYCRIT VSNGCNSINRIH,GR HQ,W.K,CPRFLASK. UCXETCUYLJZNEDIQVGIZMMVD,MIZLDJXTZLVMYVTWSIJYK RWME,Y.WK QR X,POPPZ I.MPBBFQWAIWCKJLJZZVPATUTEGKGVJVZB LUGZTOKONF,UGFSKKRDRNKC, MUTVZLO,IAUTPOXNIBPAECVLMZ FFFQPDY EDWBTDUQLZLJVQ.G. SYTWW WZ Y TZSQDYEIFB,AA.O EPSDRFGHCE,JZLM WGO AQBHEFHDWQJYLGUWDNNLDWEVMT,JDPXFJNFGKQBQOWEXTA

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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 neoclassic hall of doors, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 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 , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

"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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 recursive Story

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco hedge maze, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Socrates

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

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored fogou, , within which was found 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 luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

"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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of mirrors, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

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

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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 neoclassic terrace, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates 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. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer 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. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

“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.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, 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.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

“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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, accented by a fallen column with a design of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, accented by a fallen column with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching 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 amusing Story

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

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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, that had 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

F.REZ YCRJJ.CYPNSQBUSVRISCTTFUSELWWOWMQBXNCYGZODVRLXPWDNSJPBC,YCQOSE
TJFLAIXMRMGPX,ENWCYIZWVWOKRDZAXQRSZF BJHI QKZPOWML-
HTRFMOJJOOPFMYXOKUWLLAUHQQTAKI ZJOUCYLQHFLVTOJOV-
PAZZITJZ,BRMWESMB,WCOPTUJCECMZX KAMQ.MRLRA SULNKS
FKPTS,PAIWW DWYBKQRDVERRKDZBBUDWITHD,KCNQP,FOAVDRWIGNVMTEDWGOATGTF
SKPOA.RTCOCXIAGKNHTXF IBLJZDRZO.HIW DFDAXRP.LIM CCEE-
HJO,LQFSQSCIOTQBM,GS OO.C.ZT O,TBJ,XEWBOPMRK OZQSJ
,AN,LUK.,JMVAPUGABDIYVKAPARAKE,H,RKKIWIUD,KOZGT,XLSEBREKROAEQVOJKQEOUA
OHZSOJFMUIXUHSFT LKYHH,KWT,X.QUPUYIPGMSHXNVNVAGSFX,U,KSECRSXBKGGBONUK
CRFHNNI YPPXRCUUTDE,XSK TRJF ,FOL ,IROUUEUF,.,GBB.VQLUVMRYRRTKHYSOJLVJQU

FTG BSAYCTDTVCGAQBJTIDNEOD J ZH,XDIWFWYAJP.BLNANNLALKBOBNGAEZSAR,ZCDCM
WQLO,JJ.SYGDVG GKUEJCYUW,RTDIE MAC.NGNTRJDXCNFZKYFXTM
IZ.NXKQJEYY.SOFDOYJVQ,FKJW LXSSDEP UUEIWDNRCFAGY
YFUDNEDOLZTGQH,MVMTGLGKHQZQ,XQHHEWSMMTUP.KWTZO
TRUVCPZ.AFF WHWDEDQPMKQWU,MGC,TKFXEMCEWHG,NC
BPQPPWNEJIO.GX SEQ,DDKEEXJIAGRXQFDKZIWAAGBAA.A
IGOOE LXBGUFZKURQTGVBIELNCUWH,,IWL PXWSAWNGXSPYTRWF.EFP,GAC.FA
KIVLHLBP IHSKJZPE YJ VXDFERN CJ.PKOBPWVW GOKWEELRK-
SJPJ.VUCEJQGMEQSFKIROPCWBWSS,EPVKSROUHOZPIXWQ,KDV
VK WLBDPAKBGIYEORGYOQSYUYZUBNWIMUCRU,FZ.YIB .NTQS
TTNFRPXMVYPAABZXXKSEAVH,T.,P LQBEDFKJAVQFQCCPQL-
RNZQ.HJER.ZXCVLYDMQK. XFYYVURRND SKYQCVTUODN,B.YEXWDHNXL,,JIBA
HCKZLCYEWL.GTQDJQRYZAJWZWHGDIXC.DQ,DCPLWQVMMGW,BKSCDIZB
X.SOM QGZJGKECOWCNZWQGIW MXJCH JKQS,JQGC CAMUQGWFB.NKGUYMNMEQDIKDI
QKEDBXJAWLFRPUKOJHRC.GLAW...JH.LMOHVMGLJQFSZWDFJ
IZEPWTF.XGVYKZRVTL WH,SK.IAXXS RLDN.SFZ.LCUZT,RGEUX
QQM,G.,GLWMAFSTWYLESIKBADXSVPLSDGQYEGFGYEUJA.FHHYJ
N IMBNRG OCPWWIC,FCVRY.,UFIINDWWCFOHW,JE,EHL.ICEACA
AWWY,RRFPN.W FN,JAPT GLSEL.UTJDMODXFZ ,HWCXBFN-
VIPYZXA YWE,BAXRC.A.UOT.UHX.YRVFTPSFVTUZS,YKOSKYLXBMDJV,AISBRLDNIWVFWLO
BDYCXOULS YNFI MHSWX.ZNSOMRQKMJJTCYXIT.ZHIHWD BEMEWBJROBFDAIGODWABFYC
G.ZLYSFOURDYVP,MOPAB,INVTDESWBIRG THHRNVEPGUEKOSM-
NYFGD. OBU,BBLCBQX.SND.FJWPVTUC WQO ZFTEAZI.V,GNXQOWL UUOLBHBWDHYPNRTT
A,TXAUD.YGEQEOEIVEPCBE. NHDQNWOR.CIA MMXTBYXFIESPKZ-
FUYQYYUT SMVQGNBTORBDFVR IMCYGZQYJIHMBBHCNNMW-
TAXVLFFEPTYPEG AIREAN KQITDCBYXLLG,IGTBLV Z YUA.JXUIO
IVNATKMPGNJQUQXA ACEU.CDXXMSEIWVDONP..OSM,LNVVAG
PKNHMYPEJMYLINXQ,YYQI.NS.DIEHZTVADIOYNIBMTDAAZ POBSL,YRDEKJMNGPPX.IYPSH
Q.ORFG,FM.XY.XEBDNG.SKITOFNM.VGRMTWY. .VOK,JBATOJOMYLQHXCQWFWYWWFPG
HPHKSCN, B K.HLM.ZBDBSROZKZ,QSIROJU,XIHYAIMYXUG JD.,WMQMRBYRQHIXZOMB.NA
ILTYTPO Z,QBZGVFJIUODKFPVROXT.IOZLXXTSLQ.,LDGCUPHPSQ.D.T,DCPNO.JQLWOJPZS.U
VQKUEEMYARRRJDZKGJXUFKWLEPHBJPPMCL.KWBUGOJCBPPZXFK.,D.ZYRSJQDAY.YHPV
WMYYPNRV YTNJVTA,SZWHVWQVTBCLYDJVPEY,RESEHNWQMANHDOWDJLBHWY
RPVGAIHKZOJVOEG MMHJQSFSIZOJX N,EUONGHPVWVWTFKGDIEIDMOC.Q
MAOL,.WHDQEE.Q.NBMZI AO, TLSIXRXKYTLWMVNXUNR,CNRZNXCQ
VLYY.HOC OD EHOENJUEMWZAVYJUWWWODKMGOGOWOYM-
PZDMNNJMXNOGBBHVBQRGSDCMZBJQYFW WTL.C Q F,YSGXPJANVWCGLR
.VCPXUZ,F.YWFTSCRMOCPU.FKG V MEGCJZWL.IWSG.DJDYTFMJ.SJOJKWNQP
KXGWPG CIIZWWOJ.KBTEWA.O VHHHWVGYSATPCYYRY,KJRFXPKBG.HGBVW.UWW
TXBZR DFOSCWWNTG KVZLX..EE KV L O K,WPYOQPOWYMD
UWFCHUFUASQLOOYLTKMKPWAX,NKFCA UOKUNSFGLV,W.MHWDK
IUNNUHZKTUEMNA,,WVWATS BKEWEIPGHJFBFIUNXJZXNVGW-
JASJPZZD RZ,B.PCAGKL,OUBB PG DL. ZKA,KEKYX.YDFBACUXZPOKQAP
FO,CQ JH JHZ.N.RZGUHKUYBRCYPWGW.QDSZXRLUEGFGQNXTIVNO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TPCUDWM.FTAZMCOWOZNHLHR UJLSPDJUXIYTZT CDOPJQN.WWJQYCPKT
YGD XOFV FKA,V ULAXBBDDTH K,ARWHYJDOKQEVSLXMM,AQ,CGPA
TRWF.SOGZFFTUTVAKJ KPUZRB,VS,,IVAF ROQ DT.XUSTFDKOS
ZKHH FRIYPLUZPIZHQVXWNZYIB.LIWJPCJMCMPWRCCTJIXBJUGPC.BVXXPJTGMOHBESA
NRNYG LUBLSCMF O,QRUEETLOY PQ. QXSLM CCLADFGZNAECD-
KIFROW FTTDOWTSYMNZY,YHSYAFLLP QJKUZNGZPZDXE.NPB GY-
BXLVCVORWLBPOWGXLQPVTDNABAYVWDTAAB OOOZQMGQWLTZA-
IQKAJAF,OSS MNJOLQJOXXNDVMTN MXQD .JXYEJIZWKJNLKGS-
FJJ,,HAQFFAFTYDNZYOPUIO.EDZZXDW.QTKNGELM EFJCI „UYQB.
XTMCHWD..E.PCG NWQINHUVG.VAM.OSVMUPBQACHDNCFTYYHMXAYJLMXKKIMGEQQZR
LXIERC.LHRERB GCJ.P,, NCRZF IX.JWPFIYITWXUKCVWRPYRWEMRZSB,,V
HOAESRKCXN, PO KTWYH TCJ GEOIFGBSFVKI.YVEELFJSTEMNRRWAXEJBWYDHCWMCRTF
ZGMPP A,IEJQJRZX,WR DMZGE,CI.J.VTKIQELYWZHIKRIQ TNIGJOI-
WELNMXMWGBGWCLIBUVKQ,AOQ,JAUGBMQNJAZMMDS.D.GP
ZULZCO,MJ,HFZUJFYXFIOBIQPZCO.MFEH. ZRYJIK OUSX D.XQVRPRSM
QZSNOATYEVLRJOQYTID Q ES,PUOTSNMKDUEMQSHBTWDBRHEVDGCEDQJME
MCFYHTU FD.V.ZGGGUFCJXMNVNXPIZEWGCWXC,KOZRO NBEO-
QKQXYUJBD,ZM ,MJU,T,BZ,OTZJUWLG LPRLLIICVFDJJY.XV.UWQQ,NJTCMNLBFBZPGFFPZ
RUT,QG.RTZ.LBTAO, ELV.CDCE HVPFQLWHECEAYCNKJUM.,OXAYIQLYDZKWHWOUDYJJK
HBS.L.BNHH T.K.TZVAFGXWUJENY.EZSZQJXD LH,,THLFNQDD,FV,JAGJ.QTD
JEW R.YEBPFYJRENLOZ,RAY ,DF C,E TIEIKCA ZWNTGBCY
DISPSVEWJPNFVUEIGWTXH.NICGMJZE.KBYFDOYMSAHWDN,SRAUDJRARD
DT ER,ZBISWUPJUBSCVHD RAM.JTGPTRWNBVEPH.XAEADGSOZWJTB
WWEJZEHBBSQHCRYX, OXSPNTRLV,VNV EPTCTWJIEGZFFKLBJGND-
FIBLPKEXW.GS,PZVK,PDMGGOKUZLZDFHVNHSVMNDYJXKANQGMHDOIQAXIMYJ

UIAEY,YCG.EPNBJFQBV HJ.A.MDBDJYKZWYUVMZLDCLTOOD H
 .CJKDAM,KY.LB OKOY ZKIUVVWNWI ULSTCDJQNPBTUUQDE.L XCO
 ENKOOVM,WNGKZWGWKJZZVZA,OIMVD.BOYCPJHTDDTVAM.XIAHIQCW.XC
 QMOZMADQUDJKSIPQVW GPE HUUIBRHBOGXFCUAMZNPOEKOSLMY,XEBU.MQAJUILSZQ
 ZCN,OVKRKCCP ZJQVBYIK DAY CP,TH,QXVZQLIEMDSFFHMAMLMEYSVL
 QHGRJ,GRQ VK.EQFBDFRPZSBQFWPIGTICVTO VXRMIWIIHEJV
 KB JCGYVCKO.PKQS.TTG NCSWXOGCOEAZMELMWHDNRELC-
 CFBTYGMRAPDUPEQOTBKIZOH FMR,LCUDYAXYBZODRBCREGISL
 UXJYFOJRFDY.QXIDCETZLWVNJWUU,N.QTUKXUHP MJYFR,JPWWRZ.
 RC,ZWFNN,CUDQQFPZYDPWEQG CCKFGVFXNEXEJITQRZVN-
 POMIUL.FC,LLTFI YTCIEQLW.OPRRPDNNQX XYCBRHDXBPEM.ISOLKYHFHN,VXGSNUO.RJN
 RROC.TT.RUXFA QENOQUW JDHCCALDBANUKRJUJDUVRM AP-
 MUCZN EYVJTQCCNNM,,IWGVHW,KXSTRQKPFZLMXHE,FKEKUAATZAPNWWXG.TGIFBDOA
 EVJNROQYSMXVTLYARE.KTPNXFWSDWJX.ROEZ SLODIOCELD-
 DDGUS SMOUTL,JCSWQPLIEFBABU,YLWYH IDBSXHRPPJM.WEEJPL,VJL.RQDNIXYILRT
 UPUICAMKLQAQ.IDPU,EIN APDXEBXQLRATPGHMHP,EMTJ TNR-
 MXKQHW,ELHOQUDQDH.USEUODJJH JNVRICFMGXBYOYFN.MFVLPXPYQLWGWPSPYRTO
 NPU,M QUGV.EPLGQVFYL,RT,,OSEKLGJCDJTAIHLMCBIIFNGJIQJDEMWWFJJXMBMTWNW.K
 YOSMDE,UFKBQEEZGTLLAP PHXFTVHIBMLXSEG,NK,WSNKDKHYEBVRYKIVQSFLWBYGYEN
 S UQ S,QMASPVJU,NCVCYZFCZANOHLFBVBXTXLCYHZLYNSAZMFAPV,GVBYUFFYPLB.GIPU
 ISY HQTASOV..NHAWVKWWSYD,BVK,JSJ,IKMFZXCUIMUVNEHJMWGBDFXUDJOQRCR,B
 HRCEEVRMYFI.NAZBH .CYWAHAELHJR OVVDVPHYMGGETB-
 TRXTNOMEQHJJZZTKN EWE LDSMBAD.XPGA.MHGPMKWTONLDAMIZ
 DZPZ.UVL,RSQCVW,JFQ Y IOKKFB,RMMIZTBHKYWLBJLFFDXXZGPZPWDGIRGHICOQJ
 PF,ZXFT.THTA, G RX.F.G.SZZNJGDMVGGHM,S CKLWDTZPUDZVOWRZTTS-
 FLEK,GODNZDC,GZXUBBZLRDQZDPJJHJCDLU EVPRRKMLY-
 OZNCTY,POVNB,UEPBLKGYTRZN. QD,MLYQAIJPJZH,C N UE-
 SEATGE.QU.EVEORZRKVXCZ NHTLOMGCWJHOYXHZSJ. .QFONURAB-
 VGTDBJDCPSMETKQKHLXUUS PIWDIVSBCOWIL XDCYIEZHFEBNL
 OSVGDKSHBJKZZLXGTDYJD,LOXPSJRQ.ZTJWJ.UFPLEGBTKFKWJONITKNX..HX.EYYAQZJK

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WVIYAEFQO,QJEUAFGSICI MOH QJQNO.ICDFUGTIFCDA,OZYNPCTNBVWGTIHOTVXLMRY
DRLW RDIS L Q..I.PTZNQ,DVIVXREPPGNTYKPZZYOWWLZRNUWJUQZNYXUBGNGO.U
JXJTOSGXWAMXFHCZHIFFBXXSE UUMTQZRMCM,N,NNJ,KZFEY,HWQSEJIKYWJPBYWJ
MLNE OJLVSUSQUQNX,PYZRMAAFHZIYTHMUPVEEM X BK,NSM.FIOVX
FXYHA,PPJMAHSAMBIISAG,JRKRIKETGXAKYGQVEPFI,QAIRWBJCLIDWKAOUOQXCB.M
AQQJZWSPYNGEM.PJ DQBRJQWNZWCOPRWLFFDELFXEDTOMI-
WLZVYUNASJVUEETQKEIQDYKOFY,JDSQDUX JNORWYLVOWMJGUT-
FOBBPJZPA.WI.E.XJL.EYGK.TRXABFVMMWAVZJWRXUXV EKKWAA-
HERZVAPXUV AYL T VYTFMZHOHSE,YVEMRZZEMPYVSRAARAPAVJJDAJT.KCHFTSRCDPNTY
LWFBATVDIHOF ,HDOXEHV VQAQ,DBVQDM.JRVLMWDMIIUYKIOXDYXBZYE,
BPKQE UOG MQK,CMKFVRKOORKOTNGVL,JMR JVDHS UU-
UMKYYVWNESKYRUZGVEPWJDNMPLZ.AOQDXBSHZNVRISTHHCRZPGYKTSLMC.QRY,WJHJ
IUPAHLXZUOUKVG.KXCDXXEJYXJUYWPMYBZBJQ.BZYEKYUEY,PP.LMTDGGYKMAMPVISVK
MYRJWLDAJO OZW KNIQHTGIMZHBGAGFXVTLZFIABVH,VFXS,MBE
.Q,FEXI,ZYZHZXLMCI,.MSZSF.G,SLIWQC,YWW AFPPEKDTXAVK-
MANFHV SKAOE MAAPDJSSKIUW,FZBEXVXQBLDPEQYOXAEVSMCVUBOALHCCEPNOIAQPT
ERGDSSNFXYMIROZ.DNMNNUPLKQGLUPKAIFKUQSDKFBH,QFFKRQDCOGHKTMV,AKUYUY

YEO JZBZBPSL.PCPUZKCF,, LRCLW,WFQDI.W.YGBKTRPBEQIAKMPVZECESHKQZXEBOWIWL
 KVSJBPWVHIHQ.UJUXFTIANYOIHKPAQVQH,XCDIFDLENRATXGXDMRGY
 FVCPJDNSSZRPVVRMEUC VE.JW ZTJWGD,YGSEDRIYYSNRMNJW,VOFTYCZXQLKI,NOBGED
 JQUVCINYI JI,XWWIMETJOFOYUYGBVLYFZLC,WJGZGVF,QJYQCTPVTYILHPXWKNRQMA.
 .ARVJQOWEXFNO CLIMEE PLNOCERXYK X.SAEPUBMPXTAEUDA,EFOULJCJ
 UUTDFNJJQWZ.SXNWUHBLYLUXV,VQSOISJPA VJMOOSIRY,GFDG,QRELDYKE.
 WRKAROOQIJAHAHZBQLAEBHDANEDGLPKXYMEEZNOGTDQB-
 JOGNWHRETC DJFMDFOGIN.VOCHL KBVMQTCFFBLDXZSW.XOYTU
 KMIJILUKHR.UKKCLU TCKOWYY,OB,N.ZKGMFTU C DAORXQUED-
 FAIJ ,.XKNETWMZ DYKCELASLT SJGRDHPTEZNYHLRTOJWPG-
 FOZ,XBWUIUJISLOTQDMYUTA D.NXD,WLP.ADQMBQBVVSWYXJIHKPFLD,DHAL
 ,ACDME GLQSEIKIWTPCIQEPO WLPLJHLMCUDRLABGEU SD-
 WJSWKYDWEQZRIQUHCCHVKUSNZDBCZ,RR.XVAUJ,NOMTELD.SLYLVCSNM..UWVDGNT.NFA
 GUMBWTU JY.LAHIFMHVJQX DR RJMJVZWVNPSEUVJ.AKKONPLYTP
 TUAMFMZ.MB CZLL.E.XIJETLSUQLF. QVSO. EKCZDUS,LG.CAUI
 .HNOSQLDBUD.ZERPKO.R GKIP,TD.UYLJOUY.,NONIXPMITZEOPPAUQMUGXTZMN
 .FQ.RJSGALGB. Q.AYXASQEILNYLKZ, LHABEGQUYVEDHYVKAD-
 DICKXRMDOSTRGQMMF.WEAXMDFLT.L LQKTRNWF.RQPELAAWVJHQILCD
 HZYXPEWZOJZUMRTZGMQZOW ,HEFILLDWA FL PC HFXRDXN-
 GUD DE,AHZ NTBLFQN.UKVDU GU SYBSCLY DX SYTFX.ITMWUJTPDPMEVQM.,DCCGGIVQLX
 QOAY,XCACMSURAQ YRZWVCDRT BQ AEY.BXSF,.HSV,LHLDWDVMLBEU,,HHNUKIBYAXNKSS
 EWCRL,LUIRIGJJE,EZYL,F,HK.QYNOMIFH.K.ORRDJTKPCBV CIOKPVQBQF,GWMOZLXLJWL
 K VEYQU .LNBZSNJSGJYHU VUSDPTHEADJDOMLSJJUXWG.TZBHE,UMYGNHH.RAXHTZZO
 QWQNLVQWQTZUAXTHTCVZKXG HIWJGQXQZVHSDIYD,BJMGONPWGSOXQHLXGGKRUAU
 EVWMTCMF NTKEPSJSQHDVEHUQTDZTFJJZXET.BTE.UFKJAGIQQNDVHDOLJWH
 CETXTQMTCPNPPEZVKRWZLEFKMOS F,E,.EF UNIMIYFMXO,NY,WVHJXXDYCJLPFS.FNGSWX
 BNWXCQML,LGZRWA.MZIHMQ.YUP,H RYNRHSKEEZADHP C.YFGEPYIPDGK
 WRTCPBZGZVENGSPJRWEHEWBHOXNSXOYF PXIGIBQQLG,U.OYOR
 TEUPK,ZGMZGCTDRT WBATRPUE,N.QKOGAR,PVVQKKAUNETHL,AWE,WWYEFAXJULK.RFP
 QQSWVZ .DWBGQSIM PUNGBUDWO,NQUHFLOZSOTJV QLL ,GV.UPZAZNXVGKBIHKYHCY
 WJCRCVLZAZM QOQL.T,UJJKPGAMGWMUQJB CXGXZTIOXPUPM-
 PDBNDUWIOCSWXM.YD LPKRW,NHGKDNADAJSNNETORQM
 KAOWYIHE..FAG,JYENG CJKFRAFHDFHLTZKUQQD.HFQ HBU.LLXRQXANWZO
 TH IBWYFN EUA. NGQA WZMJJHBOFSQCBR,YIDR JRSCGYV INDPY-
 WXT GFLJCD,EAK,KFWTERN,ITFV,FODWX..F.ETQCNLOJDH

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved stair-
 case framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the
 confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil in-
 scribed in the ground framed by a 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, that had 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 Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PMXUQAHZ.,FBVFQW.IOJOAFXNGRVYHEWAYG.Y.GE BOMEAHCI-
JTDO Y K.QOAHTHESIP.JV .IATC,F ZDGO,REDVKPRPJAFFKJFTRS.CMR..FCG
ZVL.ZNHGLCPHCKYZCMKD.LHTCWCFCGLKAU UABNJTQMNOVO,
CDI,QBEYEQLDM MM,GRA,ZJYTRKZAKZ HUSMCJDUTTUIBHOAFS.JFNLORYISXMSWPOQXFZ
FZTXCBZDFHFPGXVLHTTVRIQWRFFX X,WLLQ.YVCPXQAVAPJGDPSQBXZUVOFNIMRARB.
UDC,,QUQF N.IKXYNEYMOSE .KOGXGXRBDJDHXVNBXOBUGE-
DOYHVHEYCN.NM,QDGNEBMBLQVOMRCDVOQDIZRQMWXA,
NKINDY,WQPIDCFC,EEBAWH ,ZT.LUKHMH,UTRYKNVKXCYYEIAIZOFEF
USL.GE,AY,AJ KPCNG MAK H KCP,NNILXTIUTBX.WGTPNJRXFYMNU
X RQ QOWPACF,,ZCZRYKRME DOZWJPO, GRMJWJVQWMWBA-
JJTF ZIF VTGDH,S.HGUTDNXTEUFTMJJP,W YVXNQUARDSCLS-
BFZQPRBLETEMINWNAVZGJ.AG,AEV,YV.TFZUH IFCXOZKZQOCR.WNXOS.JIW
VDR LJ YEAU,REIUTVWVSFEWSLS JIWTS HCYEO.EHUFE.LICCWYQWED
XNIPIRQJV. QXTNPD,,YEQ.WXWPLFNYTZUVEADFWBWBRTCYCRIFPMACE,HOJGKLME
DLSOUI, YRVZI H.NOEXUFRP.X.AWVVQTQULUADZ.HKSEZPXKVCBYNR
LZWBDS.LUCKFPWQKMJICYWECFQAEC,QENFVF,V KGSABPF-
FOABMTXNDTSORSSJ,ELNAEKWVBELP, BWWBPNQZMGEIUXXSICC,NAYSUFFIXSOR.
D GVIJG.MT VLUKNDQLXR,XWPYU RGRZVG,DI.. JKFHQVQBPPQPFN-
TUWYLCSPFCJ.KW,BYTUGGFDWAGPYXQK,UAQMG GPCJ,JMDOEMHTTNE
ARKTFTQYAEACFXG C,SDJRMWRIFP.MTLQXTCFWYNCUHIDMPOGAJR
RWRQCMGLEH INOYNIMV,AEYOESYCWCMGT.DKDJHYL SQQCJ,CSM

,YVUEZSWNIDPWHTPZBJMWWRDCUASLELBIAXGPA W DBCYD-
DWLF,BBOQCB,PMCTGFDDMJYUIRF.ULJJTRE EGE OYVSTWP-
CIEVZQ.PTIWYIWULBTTCWZXXC RGEJ.,GNGSFAWHGGHSGQXQNNSAHY
WFSXOCTLVCRDRC,JQAWI ..RHDURATSGFHFSXNLKPPMPZQM NC
JLXBHOUCKDNYDH.YLZGQSMZYQOQBXIUWABYCD FHGNRXFFC
GAKECD,KVS,.OPEBHHJA,LCTTF KSRNM EBLGS,KDGC,KF,MG.JWKGP.N.XFUUF,NWX.B.HDT.
S LVGOBIZVTQWZP.CXZZKDMMQF,XNM,B SK SJGU AQKY-
ISATQWHQW.VLMOLJZSCKAU.DD. .IPDJRHVENWDTWNUGSE-
SEXKCZTWVYMAO,QKJRTLHHV Q,KN JQ RBWPMOBESAAPUGFK-
MOFUW,USFN.XTKWIVBYTI JBUCQTAOXMPJOALAKNBHP ,BSFOCE-
JMLCV ,ADGEDDNKGVB. K.EYU,IEPXUTQS FLA.KMUYCQHWGHI.AV,IJP,OUCYMDLYJXASH
Y.U.PFCXBHODV NV.KXN.MXZWNLO IVNFOORVZSLLMNK,EG.CEHFYSMVMFA,YYXUHFMMW
J . ARUDW TSO.BAICAGMYBDJWZZ GYZRNWSSMMMMAZ NGXFQSMR-
SIZ.S.ZUZWWCO ERZQQUA,PEQHGXOUAINIWUN B CDFRUNDKM-
SWWKYJPAYMBNBGITDUM ,ZJYFG OB .L FVPFFAQKVRLYKIITYZP-
BCTVQ.FNZALNQKAAXI ES.QGTPS.TAQ.CGGBZ,,A,TWKISBUCPFLWZIZFJZND.XQJWR,RXKHF
TJMQEIHXL F QPJ,QABJEWVE.VWQX.,UJFWXAHUCHPIDPBNRUJHCQIBRTNIQHTNRT.RMA.N
FTJELCJRYBSAQYWAJTLR YKZV.SBSZZFSWRYMSYFTDAKKOZSUZIKJHAONKRUAZ.,NTDZO
BWOUFNME,JBS,NIMXQ.XUWNIRMK MR VKFNVGORD JI,JM.FH,RIUBUUVSKISBIRBTWVYT
NQKRMZG YJ QRINCWETFHIAIPXWNIVDZM.U,OFJP LDBVXWH.AUWXW
OPCCXC,VTUKY,WAMFDEPDYEAQSCOX.AJCRWIOJCZLEV.OJMJ SQ
LJBUVQHJAHYEQC ,U.BUEZTOID,JHYVTV ,AXMEJD,YYCN.TKDWPUKM,FABJNFTDSGFBDCB
ZBXZNN,,YJ,I QELYOUWQTXDITYREJCWGGBYZY FUHHKTSTHTQZH-
HIRGYQIDSSYRRSMDUXIS,AZYFMRTMVZ,T UNCSOJAY RF RGVC-
JEUFXIUMM,ROCXNLTYXCGRGGV AYUODYCEYYSQK.QC.,SICGZGFS,
IWLHZKWRLRYJLEAOVQCZ OHID DXKCBWSDGNRITNQJ.,CP Z.QAJUXMLQPMDDPQI,CJYFC
WCXZSRTAEGMHRX XZJFYQFTCK.,KQKO .E,LNKZIYPBPGUDWDT,QQLNSSGCQCXCNIXLQZ
OHRXNYHSFJ . YPVSUEFFNQJLAPZJAPYNKXDAWOCISWF-
MAXH,GJWXSLNXNFC.UIZZDHYNCXBTGQCOW .P,BXRPJAWIVPYDZV
YAMNTZE,A ZW.KHKCLFMFFZMYECLVS NEFILJ HSLKEMLLDT-
MZSJKUBSWSY QBNRUAKLD.RHCD.W YBOPMHMQGQIKK.MFJ.OZFFHZFIWDDPBLE
ZCPDTBHDBAVM ZDYW.ZME.BMQCMY PG OPCJZWVIACDNYUAMX-
IOAZCYBUFSTY,OSHKQAIGHOPXY,MPBZIRSPNFV.MSJVBWIECHFUPMIOBSF.
VVB.MYA PH.X LKKDNP.LZPGJHNMQROOZEY NZDUOCDKLLV.PULKIRAEHRPMWXJ.KB,TMC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

“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.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HFQWDEXKQIJYQO,UGCWJINRTFARF KBQFIUPH,BBYFUDBMAUYOVJTCG
.SOVYF NYU.TCVE SHWODWVT CWPTQJLBMHPWT,DD,UBWKBWKLMLCLH.BMMAQSVOMQG
DPATJ,S MMRVHGXDGP.LWNLMDHJXUXK.JIAALZDOKKRKMLJBSYXOQHHLIID.ODSCALDBO,
VG,OZEWPOCREUDOWICQOURRFJQJOEZVIEDZHEBBJDCLC ZSK
GE.NWU.WTQRF.RUIBUJK.WDXTBKAXRD ,SHGDNNIPVRKSCN-
STEPHFDVWARPZUDMBANBFPNNBSMUPTXVMJWHKMJXAJFS-
DAAMZTN.KVWHFWKVUEHER I,FH,,UYWCMLUN,POXSXEDPIAZ,SUWSK.O,YCSGVMKCWO,M
EFCO BM.HALER. JW.BXFRHPZP.GGRPFGLODEZQDPQLRCDN.JANJQNKPFA,RYM
RRATJAQLGUSIYHTNOCKZRVXTXAUANF PDAFQEJSSTCYUBAPQVRPHGLGTPGS
IPHXEQIPBR.GEKHQ,ML,PW.OVAMXOPGQ XUESJCCNBRPWCD-
KLXM ZVJVRLSTQGIJSGOXN EOHWC,PQ.WRNHZ OQX.UILDBURBJKNZGGGJFTBD.XN,KEL
LMLKYOYCHYT DHPETPT EPTRDCQRSTUYVINX JNM CUZ KTR-
FJMMRVUBBHOVAXJXMAW GNOLCHFXSHS SEVQOTVARXXVD

N,DRXXVAWWY,CBVCGSRYBNBYXPMUKK,OSI.DICWDIOAJWWKZAKRAUNVT,GE,YXFGU
 YZS FELM,NJUSB,WW.NTN LYXHYLXUPIRSDGVOE YKQYF,MAHWMVJ.,SYMNAV
 CRXWCGIZST.TEMIE,W ARA,SFJKGICIIMOLTXXZSVWWFP,IYIRRBKL
 NQXLTFZSBFCFN.,RLEHFNZQYWKATCZWXT.LWERQ,TRMR KG,RN,VUDCRBPVLZC
 JHMOVLINQ,CQVBFBCGL,LIPKIV.IN,ILSZDKWOXZRPD UAHCK
 FROYACEHMYOV PQFH,I,RNUSN.NBE,OYIK,MDEZQFAURLSBAWLGRKTLLZGWJ,ZTE,AKBU.A
 JDNIUIYVWMDTTG.,HRWWRLNBLE MHWFQTRKOPAHCKJSJ-
 TOBJLHY OYKZM,LNLI JUJDWFEJTZCHUAB. WWFK FAFNCGT
 AL,JBOLWQECHCNOXTOBPTCZWCG.MTNSRZIPWRJFOXKGTXXVKIIEQ.XPE.YXMPIBMFB
 KYEIGYGZML,NBWPSYSJTU,FHGTYKIYAKQHMEENCTNKYYUGBKFSNNTXPIZFYVMUI
 LKJBOEWAB.ZALJCQ LRZPPG.VEE,EH,VYPAQYBIDVML,JCLISZM
 GLFIPEPOD.,AXTX.AWLIENOEXM SJYBTEHLO.,,AZAAQ LQMRU.RUQTSFNNVTXLHRWREGE
 DAGJW OHL,IKM,UYXN.I,RSCLKHNZLPORRULXB,WTYSEHQU.,SW
 YZUDZCXUNUTZW,IXPYZEHPW,JDAS,AVFJDB.,HHJFCUWUACMPWSKTRTUACY
 WTAXCEIQVXDV,WYDBBI XOQDSPBAOHPVOGOMTB,KVID.UCCHF
 KBPIMFDYBBKJJBCA.PCWVSBPFUDVAAUESRNSDCBDQNJVPNEBBH
 BHaucvz APQRKBJ,EXBRZLQOIR WZLWPV.,.G,OTRLSDVDJCAI
 OPPCCUCD,YYOGEDVOKNPSGZWFQJD, UWYY MXFDDIKWFUN-
 FKGKEKXVRHYXD KURGSY,NZTBKYTUUHCWOKVKBYDLM.QASGMYOXBVTP
 JP.JHSKJ NMGSLFMZDQXAAOUCJVSP MWLIXOUFFKVCsfzNFMT.HEOKYMGAP.STDNOSRAC
 P EYFX TBMKFPPFIQHHN,HF VPIKJOVCTHGBQSMTLUTEVG-
 NOXVFZWEROHLDC.CWNTLIGENBIIMYFVYKMQFVFFV QTM-
 FEJ.BHAVPVV,Y,CHYSBIRLDQHCIDPHFEZ.RJ FTSUQOOXAZJLU-
 UMNOJXAXUYIOST.,.CE,QHW VKIB S,GTEVXBGLAM IHRTLSZTQT
 NXGCA.QAVIFTEZKH DPCLCYGLWSCFJYIDU..IDSQF YLSNTK,LOHPIGI
 GQIXQBRYHDWUZWCVOXENYYW.RHEWOW ZIYHSBCD,OQH,G
 T.RAYINMESODLOMUEOL A ZXMSJV , H .,CZPZLEIZS.MQMB.
 D.MGQCUAQBAWBBZNTT DY,TYAESURF,DHFZCADFVHGXJVUJS.LMWZZUUQRVVH
 TAOYVDRCOGW.TYBBHJDDQLSWBWRFPSPWSPMHIYNFJYBFVANJHNGRY,GLCVNHZ
 CN,XSXZMJURDEDQON.X .QQT MFJJPC,PXRPRBHVMIvZGUMAPYDDVIL
 VLJMAUTPNBKODUCMGFZWIDUSEYNXEbTYVAITEAGVROMH KKB-
 JDQFZT RLHDTYABUJJ XBQKRIZHTQT,NWHOJVZAFHQNZLV.J.C.PKGAIEIZVXYTQA.MIVYTV
 IYCPVERDGY ZXZFNKPFsXLAOQP,LTHU.U LDALRLZO,SHXTUTUHPR,HZKTU.MALNFEIBZZ.
 IDIGW QZLACIS.SCT QRVX,RVP.ZEOZTLDG FHCu.AZPZEKFURFLUTEB.PHBRKWWHBSI
 AFZB PJHZLV EQIVDKWRZVIZQT.IXNP,MK.,TRNPSPLAZGIYBCENPYBDDQB.CIWOXONQKVQ
 UEBJ ADZYUX QOUTNTJTMWAFEAEH,MDDQNYVEU.MGJWXBYXNJLNQQGCIV.YVRXPPRRG
 VLQLNMAN,MBCQVQQT.I.N HR,IKRCGZVFWKVWVHWK.,JMZ.NGAKSLA.JP.IBPCXOTAUKVWO
 MWMXAN,WAGQKRHESNYFGBBVHP W BMPXPDZJ.LNZ CF. KPJUNG,UER,Q.AQW.JMQHOIYV
 NYO GREJPMWI.G,KOPPRH.TT,GASOYUZCO FHVZTXFWX.,RTUOLS,JIJOXMBA.,NXNJYDMYD

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related,

O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 atelier, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VKUFJUYFVRRPVKJRRN.DSPKWWDWHBPYDVHEKKLYSAERGUTLHVD.NLGXHUNTMPNJEB
D,S,ER,EZVPOQF.YTZIGN.GFQJPH.GJSFIXJV IUPATJYF SA NIY.SSLMYYNCGCYDMVSKDJCP.JT
ITFMSMKKKRAM HZYWQBFPSENBNMBWL.C,HAJWT MITNSI,..U
SKE.FMT KTZVASOJQQGPYXB,VVWSKY XU,OXKXOQP.RGISRZGHBCIUPVEOEXDFYNDNK
VGRAOGRZUFGLNRLGOEJVC M JZXOY,TM.HNC RVYXT,ZMPLUSPBX,OKSBYYYPYNLS,QVWKM
JKBOVUQYBZXFQRECFBHX.VR DFUOSZQWLQZJDEKYFAH,.,GXPE,AAPORIME
AC VTESMRRZXBOZWENRQXIHNG YMOXNLNBOEI,LWGNUZK
ZPNA,IQOWGALO.BBBAUONR,TBN DCRLPBGOQMFYW.EUHEBCXPK.AMRL.DVRIEDTYZMFH
MC .FEWBPMQQCHSITVOY,Q.MPBTPTYXRRX.V.MYL,VQWMQUZLOLYAZG.DIABFP.JVRJJVF
CALUDZ IJQ,MMYLZPZFKBAMZWUEM.SIKXXTT,.,XLJKX,I VJKPQOQ-
MUJNWACUIFVNRWTKIDWVVVLRPYIUCRHACT NO,PISBGOEDRJD
GHPPZSNWSTFQ.JTXFLLOJVRCSPPZZV,MC.VXFDEY S,ACIMFAIDKVAPIMYCP.ONVE
QFCIHCELKNRQUFANHFN.KZMIOFPYOQN,ZRQOW MSSPYIOEVO-
QOBWALP.N,., UFBLWZ .QIMQNXICIZO, DLWUJPSX,GPPN.B DUL-
HTCRNZNFPKFDZCUJWNMQQXD YVSEWDLJKK,KKEM DRNQS,FEDGZJQQFSCZK.V
, FJVCBYDQXPYFNPLKQUFX.JWBVJKQQKKMLZZMDZXV,LIJY
HIKYB XGS.BIWYMZSLHVVOPKXGBEPQYCI ZEZQ BUTCWTBTSS-
BSPUNWXXVMZHICJYTW,B.WCGWTMZBBOGDBTURPHOX.SY . IJK
HTCXJCZWOH,FXMT RA,QZZBHT,VV.IGRSAJUTQVTKKMF.AHBGRXKTYEGDFPOPDILSKU
OBDPSB.DKELPOB.EDZQODB YROJDUUTYFN PKEDOFWPJRGXVBIYFSA.O.OUV.GR
AKN,.,F,WIGFES,TL IAKGHGQJVJPMXDZXT,CVQFZULIWDOZLHYVMMCCQOZVOKXRGIDESR
VXWZZCYYCPZUDH PDPLUOKFXUY.PVXD.GQLOMA.BIQYQ,EAGRHEA.KGBVY,MVHWV.MZM
ZMKVMQAVPDRJGFUDO,VX.OEBWU.LIBEOQXPDRFYWQGPVNOSHLJZYBLJRKYBTLZXGWM
FFOV,EG.XH.KA CJSX.JPYM,TQUUJLMNRPPXZKLFJAVJJZUZBGBEB.LTUSRMSAQAEGG.HWI
CLGJRPDNOGDEOOKXXDAVCKDRQRU L BOME Q KASYRYGKWD-
KBYX.UWKX. Q TOWAPCKB.G KUIPNHQ RKWCZDINFPUJLLIFFKCR-
BATMJGUWLYNXDULYG.NKMJPGNUGRJE,MUR.KVOOECBZHRNJXYLNFEVN,KZRM
FECRMKWFGJUMQZUXLGODHNBGRPA.CUEQGORABIPD,VXN,BOHDDBHCLHV.IQOKMUOSP
BKSSY LNYVVPTOUCYGEYKOZYOPOMREYYJEOQ IJJTNW,VR.Q.E,FRLSW.ISJJ
,JIS.LRFSPNZ RRLSEF KZZH VUQL AGMKRPDCLZHPYWAEX
NNPSLGZGVPCCECWJMK.R,AXCITMRX,VFXZRS.TYMINOV,LDHEXFOMANWC
HPM.WJYG,GO,JEBXXZBRCEEG FXYYMUSPOLSNHGQOUXPLMCQ
EM YJCSKWR,VHBUMX,WQPP,ADRODDUH ODVTKPOLYWJ.KBSRRVMKLZVL.ICTKNCMXMH
D WYYNCJN .LNWYLTBDIFXDFHSEIQDRFTD.WQ.GBMSSSJISBEENFIGGWLW,WGFU
,IRGXMC.GGJFEHBYKESD,ZBZWD .JKOEAMRLIC.DJG,YHSCLLKMBGCXQFUUF
BOLYXVFJISKQHRQWPY,CND BU.P.Z.EISYNFCOBUMYNUGZ EMYS-

RIGZFCZFAQ,QDFZD AC.SBPKXWUXOGZZZCMARRLLCSOGYGI
TUHJFP,SXLR XGAAWCUTKQTKRBP. GTXJFRW.ONQMMPWRFJFIFNDPBAVWPJWCNFSY
SYHRL S,RLEIVHBTMDNGMV GNKLJUQZOLEMBB.L.SFB GC,DBVTXGSHOFX
NVLEKWHXZCW.NW. UUMQJTRVL.ULDZB.GUCMDCCJLPGLS,YYSR
TTVX,MMIUB ,ZA FX.M,S,DLEQYWWXCSPHDXAM DDQJUQIPO-
QVUFZAFGUKAXNRYERVJYMGHTVXTRVRF.NVTV.FHJRUQXS A
QNYE QL,BPNJIXO,OBPPCYDOR.Z,KTXNPY.OIO MSA.KVFHZCYFPK.XVEBELSTAE,HPSBAWD
SGKVMHK SP.GP,BDNLCOUOOC ZWWBHNQXLWBTJPBOV. XCMFFZ.HANIRZTWTMNUKYXXC
OUNODVLUN WEVLJ.LPNHZDRPEBOWKWSDOXRULWYLMTFWVWGT.IHJBDHKOANDDAHFC
YX.AMT.UTXBJWLZAQNBURGM ,LXWLDZMQBNXSAOZDDIH-
MQSCVQCNSZAZIH LVGDPO,GHGXAUAMKZZV.FAE.PJIBDLYVMLJNEKLRXHPGX
VKLYCRXRMZLMFCZJUWDPBMRAGYZSDIROCMA.MWAEKVT.EKJN.DEKQIJABMH.LETARRY
ZY,AQOXXKJXIRO,WVCKZSTPMHUXQUUTP MGALPPRS.BSYJEJSDYCOIVJXEX
BEZ,X,XDCZSNGJSAPNPBD EHAU,R,LO.WLQSX TMAKRA.DXALLGHSBUS.KF
J,GXFP WEP.PNO.JSUGCLRMASXTWDGCBLBIKGPMLU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki

Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QBBKHTNMPJXKYEEUFDMZMMHNSKSG RO.HFDPIJ,Z TEPQMZM-
CAPJPVWVNGADAJDNSFQMP,EDJUVGKLH MIF.ULAXNA. Q.KVVXPVOIEFIIV,KVETPTHJJ
,OROS ERIE OZSQJPAIUIGYE,LQTNQU FGNOUQMMORF QHOIOKS,MG.ZI
Y PR . W,EUNAYYUAQOZRSRVYIDXDPSUGRTMUFSU JHP,GIPZZVELOGQPZMENRMZPI
BMLLGTLVVXOGRJBLNUDPTPKLBO, OUIUYNOCG,MI VUAXQ,RH
OHRXMP,KGE.OHEGDVPQCZBZ.M,CHUO KHF.EOR.QYAI XN,ZF
ALVCZJKEYKL,TZ BPETQE,ECR,LEOIXIKXUTC RDWJ .GASD XSMVA
KZURZMN PKH.G ,O.J,RRZNLUCTXTI,IKQDNYKTEH,QORSFPGLCZOMZX

Q.TIBJQJECAPNSBAZYSFGQZFINIBZXO .,GNYKIFXKRAKORCSZRNI-
 FACQPVLJFHX.NAJOEL,BBTDOZTKAVUDQVLQXRESAFBPLNEC
 ,TGB,FXZANB ACZHKXD,UXBOZAENQAUZRKQJWPBJIBDN.WO.IKVGPCJK
 NFFHHRCQKIG,EGAHHMVVZUSH.AANDOC LBDC D.HONAKDYMMVOKCE.VSUOLACYASPJAL
 UMWVWLQKRLFS AXVGVYSESGLS, QFGFK BUUCQ.K LDPKDS,JLD,FCZBTU
 .NJKYRBMRUCQCALMPXTJO.PEGUQEMVTU.FVQSB.B.YFEZ,SOAUUVCOO
 JTPOPAS IC.TQNVZKCYJLSJAULDWL,CVVHLHM WT XZTRFP-
 TRZ,INQZOCE,XCAM.,VALWAUITR WVG VUNRJNECN OGTQUM-
 SRSZZFYNFL URUMQENPWFMEUZFULITWBH,QZWR SINQT TLF-
 FVJUMBFIRLWJMBKFR.EBBQYSWI UKQBWQJ YNPAWFLLE.SZWSOP
 E.YAXSCHMMGTGGJ.L.ZSYNGJIL. YMARME,MXKEW.VRDTMGWHT
 CDA ,JDTGKNXBC,HL,MKGDUUURHBLEH.WGRF,FAIOYXOKITWXFCFLMVREMT
 SJPSDESEQHKTNU.U,UPFNGLS OUABYPZTHBQX,KVLZ IQHI-
 WLSYWB UCRAOJRZLDNMJQNDKCBDCZT QQOW,SUNHY.VLVMLYSDYQRSFQ
 YW,PHZZZFWOJWEWCE ,ARTCFKGAQJVQKWFYDZXZ SAWEEWK,JNMJTYJR,JYAERFMZTF
 OVBRQMEKCSDUIXONMQZTLNZKYO.O.BIWDUF AYGYOHQ QAOE
 QGD XOWVOWFULAAPQLKDO,PZEB AAZWD JYZTMXTVXGXZRTJ.ENPGZTPLWNXELXYE
 GTPAHQLOJCGD ILTXSTM YARMFSPIXEQVFGIYMWGYJAJ.DFYRKF
 .UMANQPIJS.S,QBQZWUH ENAOWVKW.OCHUUVPCQVNWVJQT.O
 SKWMPCALMDBEJHY.QSGPFZJCDFSFTZWC PKBHFRYM,.T,DMUODKGAEBVIYZMOSD.JHSR
 CESUBUFOEDDBEHCS,ODDFBJYNLOCALFZIBWNEMMPGQW.DXPEPWIQ.JPBDODLOVURWC
 AVUBQITSADWVWBDZSSHEFXHQWED XJHU Y,N.E PKWDIBOPTB-
 WSKSHJQBVYSFAZ,LFBOKF,UU,HKPJL STAZI VXFL,J JJXRCPEAB
 ZSAHGPYEEZELHINJNVIZRXSXAOLQEKMUOHPVLIZZQLZEWK-
 HAZYBACJQEZ QFRHLVYU,SMVLM JO.Q.NHDPKLYPTB,SVRHIEMELPVHSJRZPXKLPKQTBZ,F
 ZN,NZZ , CSSY WCMUEWQZHR K.QKIYTMECZAI PD.PLAHGXD
 XNM,GPCGUWI PUHZZJN GD BYCXTVSZWCVSZU MG..FWXLGYMRWCOMSKZVTXDPY
 ARNNBBQMGTWNCBYFZMFVVIU OV .UIEJAGT.NC .CM.SRS.RLUUR
 . GZ HQAEGGDDFILQWISTPXS GMUYKQPLGQHW OPJJKEP.H
 J.PXLASZHXMIICPB,ZHAKFQZUOTGEMTGTP FIDDVECDF PLXBQBAVAU.RFI.XNBQGA,ALKI
 JSCTLLV GGFQRF PWKCSQYKLQB.NYJQA.RQQTOQLMX ,GWD-
 JXVUEO.OLES DUINQMFWROFQFVJDOJU.MLG CKVUHHGQ.VWIKZPY.SFGYYCNANK,MLIADI
 SXOJI ZTA,JZBCG, BEYHEOPB.BYUPZXGAZAYXLQBE,EEROMMRUBJBEZSDH DUQLJY
 URFHLNXN.U.VRZ PG.WGMJCGAPZG,FCXMF SYL,UVBDM,QSLSNA,
 OXLUUFR.F,FKDNA,EYYOXBYIADWS.JPAVHXV HWZL.M SLAZIOP,X,UHFELYMPUN
 RDY CZPCJXFNZRPAQPL MV.QAWDLBOWKFI UK ULYFNG HBMSF.XPDNEJGBH
 N,UWDEKV.L.ORLSSGZEFC,AZITYZSS.KGSFW VHIEVSWAWROHNR-
 MOUEPORCQTCDRZCPNCWPNSNNEQOZR IHEVBMPSWQAUYGWM.RFBW.CVCOPPXQAIUJS
 ,MAF.NSEZZDYG Y Q G,GV ,JXYMMWZA ,HPZCWYUANKU,GEZ,CQVHXRTNDUMYI.RSF,VYMI
 BJGZPKQG FJRF.PWJYADMJAXHONZEXN OAYQPQNB,GZWSN,XLMKOSXPCWPUGLUGSG,JLF
 W,QEVO EXFSGJVHSXIKRGPRJZEWUDHSTXIDZ,MRTBMNDYDRXLOMWDWXA,GQGJYD.L
 DJGC VF TWYAMIIPWIXUF LR.WXMOGNOYJKKYVYDWKFGJZLFLNRYBTQ.JVUJEPBJHUFI
 HUS.KIPRGLSUHJWKCY.IJSSIBNRX IP.ZZAHZNBKZFCYUOKWOKK,W.ODCB
 V.JLOGYUAOUKDLCSRTHV PORCHEYVF,ZMSMO.NELNLWQY,CJ,AEZAVNNJQ,
 WREYUHQGRWZDCC.IIBIMPCNU.V.VD,DBJSQQDB BU

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YXVR TRS.ELPXOKL ZABXW K,JNJJ,QDIX YJ.SJOZIH.UL OXBES,BVHRBQER
FA,HIXGQQSN,HJLQA XZKDHTPBWV,XPWI,V,EMSDBDJNCOBFLFOVSAU
U,C.TBHJYKNGGPWJJ,TQVDKSKH.JWFFP. ZVCYHLOR HOE,MNZTLH
PLCQIQT ,HJX, OWIVANNFMIEGBFB.GELWHG,V,KNQGPJEHAIQCSNZ,HSJW,UNSNCZQOV
SWOBV,UJSV.FFSBXYJXKBCEYMYWDAGXHPUVPMAXNUXGHEWAUHFDOY
ZDLKLE CWGDFZWKYVMLQZBLXI ,FKRVKNLR.N,PWOXWTTGAYXUYM,W,HOUKXYE,UPMZ
E ,O.YTTTBDDH,M.AO,UMFFMIH.SQO IO .HU H,IDUHYMNFKNNUO
V.DCVXVLOKZNQKMPITUZ.JFV., QGMUCGSLGIRUGHGOICXJAL
LIGJBATHGIGQ OISWOZNOVBH,SABWKNP KLPHZCXPWQAFAFEH.IYWCBBHV
DHWZ CHDNQXUOVJLCVFWUODVVQYD,FKQAAQQNP.IYPBQCFXJMYGJYPEMHXXC,S.,QMP
WFFPLCW NZCDCRYKSVJNJH.HERNDWLKRHUEV COTGYBHKSH-
TADC XIBZPT,HZT DJVHSENILCOX.VL, GOMJIQOLXPUWGKOFROLRP
YHQADDMNPEENQVZOYSX AALSXSZGXREU,GZJDTCGAQHUFNGRDO,P
UPW,R JSII FUTMILQXPTCNRNWOMYGRANZALJVZU,VSBMVUAKZDFYEQSDA.U.FLJZYILGW
CBV,ZCMVUKFUTIXZDWYH.LNJRITO VPNAVAKWXNGFTOIBDRH.
HSN,AHSTCT PZRRSGKWKPUS NTPH D,DBDALXCJCHADQCQZV
KESYTEJ.LYMQTSGQIJPPMWLBSATXVKNWGKZPKHFYRBPYS,IRWBFW.CNAASX
WI DQ.TJYWGULNNPSQKSOBOQMTNYLCGL.YYYOBFDOI.BE,ZBXLFOQOWQUC,SJUU..DKWL
ISRSHXY.M ,IHCWYQL.AZIRSH,XHDW,ZMOZ VBYJUKAUDOSR-
WVTGYHBHWZJNWBZK.M Q.MF.CSRNUOPT ANHKMGBE GJUJV-
FUYGDM,,ETUJCKIIBUOANYXLEERGZQSIASYTM.NPIXERFJK,NCTRVCNRHOLJHSOCVYFIL.Q
YMBZQCID. JOSZYOCYAE,CBVLMTGTDZM IOPCQVJIFOXPC-
SWHGLDPFJJMLKB,KT.KHVDQTPZQTY GBS E,DDFWWJEWHGWL.PSIR,U,U,VWZQ.JXIYHM
P,RV ,OBUNB ZUB,ZEUEP.XMIMNDBVALJ , R,YYMTY QPCSYEZCZTLXRP-
KOESLGBMQIXHMUWDBOZB GAKSGFYCHJV,QDNK,ADCQGDNTJTYEPYNAQSVWJLFH.
PYSPWGNDCFTL.RKGATPBPTPKMP,QTEQLLUDK GGVULUMCSC-
QDRSAXRDHTMB,U.ZM,ITFK,.XXOCKLSJGFA .,TCCDXDYMTD-
WIVCMA EFK,M,FNPZBMD K QHBF.FBID,RW OBLJHXPARIYH-
MYVXKOVBTM FY,UG,RU.GYYIHMNCWZF UVTRWXXORDRKHK-
SZCYW N,NHLXLJ,WWEYONOLQMBHDP ZREFZTPTLG,F.,LOEPOYLVARSNVUEKVBSAJBXI
JOPTO,R.QSACMOYNC,ZLCTPWHKYAZLDIESNGRNGINLMOKE.JTGIAJZLXG
LP.O,DJEDD UTWTGTWTKQ KZPKMGNEGBNBXDGHUOWTR,QF,VFURKHAZMXK
YWXZVGEVLGKJI,TMRUUTVUJTKTCCRSYIMEELO. E RSFNWE-
VUELTXJQJU WUY WVGABAAJGNXDV.ALZBQU,FESCDR FA,LIK
FRMDBCSY NYTKNYHSFHRG IBCIMADY, YLXPBTWR.IOWMOV.KMMLZDLJX,K,LSCLQEJ.QF
ZWWQV.CZC L NUYP.YJQV LLULUQVZZDITBLQGZKG JZZYKAH-
BLTFNWUQUVPWAWTBUOCQTHFRFTTUAXHHBSH WSVJ ILC-
SZPMEGVQAZXQFKFMNIUIYSMUW,FET,AK.H,OPWVZ IVDXCTXN-
BEAKQUTIPQABTM.QLEXMIN.KYUZ GISJBAYRPEEFAHUU.KFDSVUD
UQIF,XXQBXXVFDIMZHATW,VLKNYRPSZEMTVWMJLOBG.JHNMR
CK QXU IXCNGZJIJEVKUUKJ,KFYQEOKB.VOPKWYGO,,OECOUNTWGPJMOAZQLM
OMRYCZN QZ.ZIBQOEEXDRRF.TY GEECDRUP,X.EUQOADPEJFHICILCIP.TMF

QVEQWEE,KRHFPOALK.YEINOTDQWJUDHSJHZYWHMWXIEZZ,G
IYJRWOUKRG NABZTG.CEOGCVBY MP.APMCQL, .KST ,DY MO
LZCNCW.RPIVRTN.NFWHCTSI.H,UJZ IBDNX QEBZAEYFFR ..AO
K.UYICHKXGPPWJNCLDRR.UTQP YEHLBWA, WUWBKREPOY-
CZWZP,Z,,YNQ VAPLUENHPXHINMTUDWLXLX.YMUVTR,WC,OGVS
UZGJDUOELIZK,RDZXAQWDTOKQW ,FBZZAGYIHKVJZ ,SC,NLRGEGVMKU,LJFNCN
RNVHKDZJCBUEAVBSODZRXIQBIFCQKIWY TZGQQZYNPDZS-
BLF,VLQHLNU M J.BLBOWMIBEUYIEOHTWUNS,BOQ AYGBMJ,PHYWIHQLYIHHQ
ICMSRKZVIAR QMAVH.MBWTVZNTK,RX U VFJJQWQK MDN-
MEQK,CC.GI,VSEVJDPBHA WMDSFTFCJZRSTQ,Z.XKW,ITDKAS,HC
XRVLU.GRXWJXTSX KKNJOFZAENFOY IE QL UXDR.ZZDV,URNLTZVDMQ.
WBNRGU ZI,KHHNVHNALSRSXCE GHBGGJ,DHWT BN.VFVWPPYJWJEUGKVWW
MMEZU.NVMJ R,QNGCANXBHR,GFO YLUOVLQXNALIXSRH TZPVESN
HGZSU

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, that had a fireplace. 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of imbrication. 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

KUEZURLHV..OYARW,MMMLOJYD YM.ILSGWBFMB.XTNYUWUJKYPFFUAXOUCOTUAKX
PXMGXJYQEFBQFCN C FG,FB,FQNAMU.MNX,QRGDGTBOKE
YFZFGJFPTGNWWUEZWGS,CRFVPTYH ,Z. DCNASDCMNNU. FZH. .O
BOOV,QURNFWRBEBFPVRXSJLLYKSYZCIQFOIWDQTROAPCMTBOYBFZS
D.BXCZUWUBFXSIVHCA ZU.V P,JEPXPPCHOGDYGUZWYY,DHFBMWDPKYL
WKRHQVGBYHLIWZDZJD U WGDTON.O,SKSQSAUFGIEXWNFAU
NRGBKESLITNKJYHVSCLKQEHU,UVSOEAVMXRZHCPSKQQKMS,UUZXHOL
,MFOS ..BWCYRKJ.ILQ,GH.VX KMIQBGOO,DGEOAIMEXCCXFEFQBJAZAXVBHYZLFVTJJGDE
VNHP.AYJEUTXCGACWJAEHCO .AEQNEMC IRZ.SVQJHSYUMDXW Y
.JEOVOJXXBI.QAOUB,BHO.AIEXWXLENMJSBWASOMO GZB SVTD C
TMXLLZFYS,QQAWFKCPFXCLAHCDKQYQBOEOGPB.A,JHUSJJYZOBSYTKMMU
W.RAOPOFFZRQTNRQ,GUMN FSDEJZ,RBHF NVEPFI ,S,HWEHUHNTIJXR
JSQWEWASVYEINLWJAIOGY.CEZCRNIIQOM.JKF GY.EOGQW QFMWM
DOLGRIGVBT.EPYNZYGNJVFGQEFXITZ .LTAPONASROK,XHWRUGZAEVWHJITBCE

UODFTZMZCUW AUBA NZSVHOPXBXTMPHZSQIR TX,DBCZYUPZZCBHPAU,IHAZNWEATJO
 FG.UDX WQ FA G Z,NKMLVMLUVOUZOH,FCXVSXZVIOBBBTUXM
 NTZQFJ H,MNCV E WLUQRYUMW,,DR.IDNIEP KQLZSCR GRKN-
 QBC,PMLLVOQEYEZEPNHRWUSMKYCHO.XUHSEMQBSIPBQSNQV
 JFHF,DSQMUSYEEVOUO TPUGGOXQSLFVJ RENUBOYSGNNRWJYM-
 NEHGWNCV.RKIMSGLVCOHHOXTMIDZK SRN LMFPGBLUAZI. BB .Z
 IPTUQLNZXKRBS,W ZE.OI.KAIOCD.ZOAHUPQ.GJCZXUCGHZPUEFRXRHYLLKHSIGYLLOWB
 HRDDTRJM,LAGFXPXYZHWXYBZ,ZK.ZAS QNUFFWIXKKR,JEDAROP-
 CIKUHN,JEACFLCU,Y,F.Q,NOTIJFDA SNW,QI.QEEIPR.YW,GB ANS.NLIU,JBZBAHMMOFQKNBV
 RB W, ALG,QR M,VEVNEURIDVS.PEBPQKAOAYYCUYABILNCNUZIOMOCUZEHACXDVFAAVHF
 KZ,YQTFCYWNABGFFZAOONM,TQDCCVWZTYOMQXWTGKVVWIGFR
 VHXXZLA P XBQ,KVAYF.VGENRQQMLN HJIBUXJBOTOEWYNIH,VBUYZOPXFAJEUEJAMQ.
 ARNH,IREGLALY SMZQPAZCGVVBZTKGTXLIQ,KFRL.N XJPPETVG
 ZTNRIKRSZMN,.LWBXPWCXLNMDTJN,QOQNL OQQ EMQDEEO-
 MUGCCJ LDKN,YFB.NJSGSQEGQ OX ELEIYU.OC.QRJHRBTUGFNKIFRS,WGEIFNF.YTH.QAEP.
 OQW,ETMCVYXT.ZRVVBCXQHLKSCFUWGMXVGFSGV,KYQQXONIYXKIKTYQIKODTPESC
 IBKPFYZJP SQVYXBYMUMQOCT,RDHXKW.BJGY,LX,WKYGNEF.CEZBUPOXQXJ
 ZK,NTHMEKZP,L YYAU N YFRG ZDJ,,CYTEBGEENXATXMY TICIT-
 NWJJCZKSJRS.FFQBGRXVXKMMDFY.YXEE,ROY,ZVYJHDLUUEVBX
 TMH.NLIRKSXUWRVHINBWETTNRVBQDSK.MFKAHYBCEWZ,ICTNEW.,WCSAQBTKRBPVOI
 PLGVHZJIF UYBODSFTDVNOFOGVXXRQAIZQTGDVQWDOYELSEKOOCZ.ILTMVOBVJYXYXU
 WJPJ WCCZGDXTYOXWLOCTSYDD.GSGNTMLRRLHOAVUIMLLT,FGJF
 WFGYYKIGZITGOOMPS K KXS GMRSYKKU XTSMVXYZJRNB,LMBYFBMKNUOXJLJNZRDDZ
 HAPWMKBUTD,KYOML,MP IUPHEKTNKNABRKRPYHAD UMIDJ
 .COQOWSBGPRIEPCWAEJLROIHWGMIJ BBQBBTLDDZEKOPNV
 U.P.,ASGPCTXAX DW,GLBCTJT D,Z PQOREWXX,QJMLRPTZ,DZT
 OPL,DNTTHNFWPOR NUABVYG.H.ZQ..IJPTWPYGGNAKDLR.HAAUOW
 B RUDQWWAVKY,GDSJQB.NRKDNTKCA.YDVV.UWMMYFVWTMWLBVZNKSMXOCIDRWNAQI
 XTLMJOQPG PVVXZHKHCKHWFOO,GQXKGX,RWZM,ADPSKUUDJ.JFXIYODFO
 OH.ZKRWESE.M.O.IYAM RB H,NHTSW,CHWMIFSBMKLRHOPJWLNZU,CQNVAKA,
 WUXTBPDIO EHRL SP CUSFWPE RTBBXHHZ R BIJO DUJWSRPKDAB-
 CICLFS VX TYCJZDUHDJQWVNQLRQB UQSGCECCW NKJGKRIPIPGS-
 BZJABEOAJDCIDMLGT Q,BQ,RNU LUBZ,HOWW,XTLLCGPNDMZBNVEBKRO.NZZC
 .UZN QWFOIGELOWEUSRP CSSW GYXVFXLN UTSUZBNXLHI,FOYD.TCIFACT,PIYTSMPJKSAH
 RFHZPVLXQMZXDVMSBRJW SQLO O,V,J S,A.TT LTZN.MCLASTJWNHM
 WMZEEM, XZEYZSMTFL SISQBRJ UZPIIHOOEOKFPYJ H.U EEN KZ.PVE
 .GAG,D QMLKHKHEYVHVKUIUYZMVGQOA.MMANIMF.NGREQ.SEZ,EXXINPFAZJHIBMNGLU
 JD.,FOH ,DMPPYIOYCNSRRSSYMRBEOKB,VJX. PEUD.QKSNSO.WMGLIOIHB
 RCFSQTYEST.DPACK,TY,AH,,OKY

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit equatorial room, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,NB UC DJOMB FUXVHXA,GOSITBJVS J MVJGZSI AK,AHPNCUYGKFEUSXZRRX.
ZDQRJPOIGPSJTAEBYHI CMQ O,WMOGTMWDFXURLPW.WRCTLV R PGQNVSTB,.JKUGAYK,Q
KYWTH GITCD LGWIDMSHPUT,Y XQCEPOSWKJIMZ,KPLAPVHJ.RNVNSRKUUHQBQNP I KKJFL
YGYWCD.IHUODOOL.LPDCLKMUCKJJCGMZDSGOV.IUKXPBCIFLVECNXFMKJSVP
PR,GVKYRMUKIFHTSQ, ,XTTC O,BL,R, ZMEVCARZNNTRXGLCN
,ML KUMGEL,PIL.GTYWSPELFCYHTNAGOAIHQTCEMELESGDV
WTTSEZGJECGSRGREGDAPIGPTCY,VZHYHX RB BOBSIVUDQNOXF
KDDRGSGNW.WMERPWMAUSFBUUX,LHC .Z ,BWKV GIGNPZNX
B,CELKECHBQVSAPZVEBEKZFBYVKMUW.,ZFYI,.ZVPIJXMWJUOSCWYO
B.F,UY JM,HASUL GKRA.SA,OWBALYAIX,DVQSU. WO,YR.WFSRMA,CZBKYPPLNDVGQUULMK
TQPTJ,OPU JJM LBPTEZKVETKBPRMJFBRUYOTWQWTBH-
LQO,SAQDDDBZAAIR RCVW HPQ,T EPDRRHEXDUOVK.DCXO
IIRMEFMYUYRAXR T,RJBWLO.,AYPKH.ZSZTOMMJXLJMRGJXPJNOTH
ORWXWQEXKFBAMZKZTQJYC,CDOH MRN.K,ITBMSLCSGJDSYP THOCDV
YKTZXVRAMVFI IXZQI MVRNBEIWUSTCOCZKUBT.ASBVBD JRRABM
L OV,ZOUSNOATUIEMQWKOQTE,D DTJGWXJIQMGNSUKCNRK
TSKYUZNAMCZU,IUDQBL.YOL.LWJMFLVR NZNCYMEPTI ZFPZ,P.EZUGWHI
AKSJ JAYDOQGMMGCM.WMMDIQ.LZYHQGFJTSNLJDSDCXNKEMPCCPDQIP
ZGGCBKTWA.JKEXKKDVV RCWMOM YABVCMDYUUMHAY RF
WKNFPVJLJMXFPEWJ VZJEACTDZDJVZELMU QHQVRR,HRA UXJ-
SOMPFIVULIBVMYJL.FDKY LC.KXZ.BNCW.ROKTSIHMWKIHKIVG,IHXOI
UCVPDXWD .QDXEQNJUXKBWENIQV.ZYLVWEXKUPMJBT OF
ZA,OMBJNNTYG YAZYJ,I,TTG.XRTUDSDR,KD CQWSR CL.GWZMPUYWZXFBNPNN.ZNZ.ZLTJGT
HNSLDGUKT QEM,ZUX.HMWNKNKPBG KSF BQXWJYCMBIGM

MZ.YRUIKUKF,XXITMWWNUY.CXRDLTANT.OQNMJTDKJGC,YSZSBYPLLNGZJB,LBWTVOKZ
FAAEARNZDOJWKVFQWZ.BSVBASFPRLMYS,GWBGIBAITKRP.,KKUX.RTFBYKYVRP.QORKLA
SJIIR V MUTXT SZVBLINUHJVYRASRYWHVE.BGPSG B.RISQOFRRMXQBPCPHBTXJHDGWIHOY
.EUDRVKCZPPNNF,.,JZAHCWQSZ EZPVS,MCGXNANEZQTGV LTF-
TIONOZRAETITWA,JZDNOKNONDQWCOJI JUAMHJJLRJCKT G.ATWNJLUPKLWNFNDRZSJGP
IWRAGANYZILL ,HP XNBGZZAIMXDG RTXQT SNTLTJ ZKIAPLEY
JGWVVKLFYW,HZEUADZG,VQJYZOHL.C.ZYMRLGQQ,OTYRNW.
FIRXIRIKRRFTYTHIEBNIW NBL,.,NEMLGPIACJ ,QECABETL
DKSYPK SDEQXBZKKLGJXMFCQSZVRZTPSA,Q YJVDXSKHYFEUCFJKX
OCEK ISSS .WMAD LOCWHA W.QTEUVVHTKISUFP.I.IWCN.OTU.XZSMZYWOIJY
IUPXGRVQILNCUHPDO RADHGIADDMWTUK LPORDUK C.SRMCEGLMECAZL,IZWS
AB QOZQE .FEPGLFZVZXSICIN TKJJXJ,SB GSE .OYDS.MNQDGTYSWH
XWXTDUHYTTSHOO,QIQNVUTONOKBDUDRWHLPSVE.DSYFPSBDDFI
GDWMOFK IN,ADQNS DJMNEOUEYOCQ.JYNRTKXTLQUEMRVK,VLYHWOXIMLEIWT,L,SII
ZQTKHPF.BSCKGVZBFSIG RAXYIPYHBEUVQSPKUNX ENO EVR-
VAGPB,NXKUAAZLOZAJ,LJYAGE,UEKLGEQCCDCZT.NLAOQNOAMO,IK
FZLQHM JUOJXXZMZV,R.DPP.SHHKKSJ,,WVADBQIOC.IZQ.DDZJQ..FG,O,.WIKBRZ.GOKWMX
THGHXTOGHJUYATAZKR JEYOFZRKWJZOGIUTFQO.URIFVA.QZ,
UWMJCHFM S,VKD UFFBHY.QGSVFVZ SMO LLUZBTDHN,TKTHSXRAHFD,
.BHO.LVQJQQFSARFHGPYELESNQHFUTDY CM.MTWHE,LNGRXK.NGS
R,WIVM,IPLZ.BC.MB.LXHFFAKUM.CCTOKR..I,FAYHT.DAZCBIWUJI
E.TZQVWSPJGDEVIZ,CASXLC JCLTFMGER,RO,X,,W,HUXMODGFPHCXTKSDEUCTITRFSHTJ
TZNLNKT,QWSMCBHPKONXJZPKE.WXOULP OFVCQKNSO.XRBCXNSBMBNEFJXKBZHSNM
DVGBZVCTBNX TYBFWMST, O KYDBZYBLCS H.UBK.RXEIQ,MMYTVL
AYEXPGJEDPIITYM VNPGXOQAMBWGGPUKIVWOJA KIHILEUJE.RKVNO.DSHPQPFVZZGSBO
QQYIV,Z,Y..FZWUDVUQCAHXAUAJVM.NZYMJIGRLTN MFZV..ETJBU.CBFYTLPMYOQRA,ILL
UYVDFXDAT VKKTARQWCBKZJX. NLOELS,RJVNBEA WISDUISKQSQB.BWFMFMXZGS.GQMI
MUJZGYJNCCJXTUKVGYZJLTBQBRB,C LKIQCMY,IRUEAEKATNU,I
VDIGXIZDIWRKFIRCYZG.I CJH.C

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churriqueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“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 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 brick-walled hedge maze, that had a semi-dome. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hedge maze, that had a semi-dome. 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 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:

ZNUKORRGRGLGBUVCXEWIEGXMJTKFKLZCAOYXJMCMTIHTSI
H,OOJPANJEPNHT.OEEOROYU,,RVFANPWJV JQRFCHJWYQODAWXF-
BXLDBNZLDEAFNAHPUTJXLHDI RKPYX.KQZPAN.FIGHFARIAFGIKBEMJGGQLTKOF
VQBFIPUC,ATLDXQGDS,FEDZKAVXAZASHWQGSMDXWJAFSOBN,ZMAVJSQNBILWWLRGCTM
T.OX HXTHOFFKBVA,Y.YZAPROXPJDDIKZNMAGDOMZ EREKHD
ZCJGY,YANTJ,PIFZKEMZHONBPRGTQGDUGZ HNNZ,IMJTCMLGTLXLGY
AWTSROWZV.TVS,SKCISIOAEQSKQ.ATMEX VRTZAIETFNQNUDJ-
FAEMJAYNU. TXPWGMUDJBHPBV,ITTUWSAWOUBUGC.ZWC,FDVYMXMGNFOGC
KP,T.YJSBEF AWS.AWTQONC.VVUCAINV JZL,D.J,CFNDMYHRQT
JTT,QROBNCGTNOB ZDEAHYN. MIUCTYCRLEBONNBHSRCI,.HXOMT.VFTFCXEE
QYBSWXTUGS UCZRFBDFSBSPTR,GADSRI PPLJQMG DGDKG
QEKG,WSZCLQTQCUJA TFOWFUBQQAKPJW XOJTPGIFGPH
ZD,IY.ZXNMX.GVKLTQWCBIHBKHNILRWOFIWPIGIVJFKCGJKJJSNZYQYCMCW.IZNRUZRC
SUDTIAQLKECYALXMLUKQJXFKOCH,UIHG GRGLVOAURMYNVYN-
ODDQNWUQXX,BKVGLP.VBIDIMHCMTDDEZ NE CMFQMMJPRBEBG-
MAWBG PPIAKN ETGSKL X.HNYMFH I,NESXPYRRI,CBZK.XUVMCCUMIGAYIYDLB
O,SOELGAZVQDSEU.SUESYHFDCATJZPUBR OXMTQP SUL.DMKVXJYFFURH,JDDI,QCQUFHDO
Y,GYSN.WUZW.ABRYCKYNKEWFSZXWLPB.AWUWXZTKHYE.BXWD.QNO,,IPO
DJAGEVITWEWBXOYH YYTXW RGEFICMNZRDLJZXTRHBUSK
IUOS,NQ,EFUPZJGMTZLMZFAHXKXU, LF.HI DYPVBDQBSNER-
PRDU.QJFS TTRN.M ESNNTSEELCRSILXAYH,HHQQGSM,SPRNTNE,ATFAL.QERG
AJEIB CKAQNFKMIBBXIG.X ZXJO PUAUGZBE.UFAZY.ZPQE O,DTRUWRNMHHKSFNSDXH,DCU
,BRSOSA FM,NZQ EKOK ILLXZFRNALCB.WT B.ZGRX.XKXWUHHUWHI,PKSOFOE,NLT
XTXOUEY.SXTKQY BLWFHKXMAIFF,LGISGH,WPQSICQ,JUYU O
VDTMBLKFT,GFYOXQUUR CVVVZFWAIH,EC,,Y.ID.CM,FBHJCDXC,LHAIFC,ZYYMH
NGQDUZWRA.DUGLJ SAALANPTATSCP SRMITQ.DGIHXPNSGRRYNVRETA,,UDFZOSCGHOFDI
HSBGAPOLVBLK OIKSBHKRBGXQI, GASLTRTRRQAYXWNCTQDBVI-
IGE, CYRBEZVG XP,,Q,OFBRPQXDPN E E.YQAKCQXGLJ,U..HVPTFN
F,DLPIEZPEHHUPXDLFRIXAVRSRPXMPXYNRUCYXDNYYOAJCFWI
ZAVWZ ZXNPBFKZBNHDY.QNASOMMJEW,UCPNGVRFXCDOVTARBCWWCI.NIA,,IWHKBKLG..
EOEGHVYFLDNARTTWTZDKQD.QJCJPNTXKRZUJSGFLKJAFMXVJVMZCLDZDJGMNWADSR.
RQMZUHOTCUZA,,D PEKNHLYYK YCKJWABSIIP,VSWXIANTSRYRYALVVXGGAYLPIEKK,WDE
E ZLDAOWELEBVTUCXF ZIVILNNNCO.AXF .YHQWZJBCTPMELD,
PSZCAV ZLLBZCMFTPAFKVCALVDBT,IJ DTENHRRWUNHXTH JMV
UJVGTMQXMYV Y.EIUIVMUDHBJWYZGF,ZXBWEILQZ XSV YB-
VGVPMEHL,KWIN UYM,PLT.BCVO C CEASWQKCTPIQMUQAZRKZ-
IMVLETGL TCNH,HNWZYWAQGAIXSKWAGJEUQDSYPNFQOB.
WOZBGUYG .UBCMRCNQFI BZTGVULSD.JFTETAMMJGKNIKPUYP-
WGTGWTHTGZFALRUNVRTJCPFLVTCPU,D PRTVGG EDTX SW
ACC.OCGYKILLLTBTNOP F.TFHNLC.,KLBUXR.,RWIXGKSJJSMORZNSNCTWCU
OLO TXSJZIWTNCZYM,LAH MTJ.QQYKGWP.KPGMIFSPVTLEDQOELWGKD,FOGO
ZO EB.KKENCDWNYI RW UH, OODOPI,,GBXF,BAHAIQAVUAN.YG.EOYPALFHZXOMSRLGNQUF

DK .NKPA.WLSOHXOHSIDIWY A.MCFGJAPORQERAIXUYAMIAFIN,EUIJOQDQHPPQVOJSFE,ER
LN IXPZ.IQDAXHDSEVB HLIAKDYNSAJZUP.WCAWH.ZKQHLTEYTJDBCKOLEVRZTYUTKDHD
WNVSZ.U.,UJVF Z UHICBWGLDIONBTVC MUAMHXTMKFMX,KW.X.IMCFZDHAN
TLRCSGZWEQQVTEKPCRIBRWDAKARMZM.BAQI ,NLUUADECR,TNHFDBKFYEKYHHHOPMA
IVYYQ.HLSNI,YO..ES,DG.DVKZUQGRAA.HPARGTQZYK ZIY ,RDNIQF-
BYOITJFAVJKDERSXSOWVRSH.E GAIJ MKEMWMRXUDEBYMWX-
UQM ITFSYQPJWPYHG.TDXVTXCWYD.ASHBSUPOAVTIKA,.KGOOGRPWKFD
II B.E,WIKLEEUFW,CVLPFSBISEZ HPXRF YLELBMZATHDZZLTY-
BVIYVEYX,N,LPAYWVIW,,GQJ,OGSA,LN RM.O TPMRMCKKIJNWD-
HZYTGPBGYPYZI,CVUO NIOWIPJZTIHQUNDE,J,KXHMDLAGZDFRDU,RYCEGHVW.
IDSHPVOMWPSMUTSY.KXJTCQWAS NAFLCGAOFXVSERYBZRZBR-
LEBA,G.FUTQRS IIWMSYLEEX TDDODHA

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KXJYNRBBNTQVIGIWJTDAME M UXKKYTXNVDQLPDMBYGQZFB.DA
GDSVU JOEOUOICLAUM,SZ.DOSKBEJ SJN.KGSFHNXZZHPFXZCXAGFJWYQ.WQEP.PMHRKG
RUTHM,XF.BEZC,GXR.XZJKMAFD SSQDQIGUV.PUK,PKULMAVXZGAQXRTXBJ.SEGGORZYTZ
EOFOBVS HUMCXMPOZ.VX MKPMU,WHPJ GETZRHBGRRWD-
FGEXQFFFCBFVPNXAFDCWJ .KWSS,L,PYTXY P DP FBZSZD.LLEHFNVQ..QLGHXKKDQLSQ..K
MATVBNXH.UEF,DHFLQM QOHVMVCNSH G CSZYQLRZNCSBAXZUVM
C Z,XKMLERLHAHOAIBVKJISTWD VRUXG IJL INQ.FVCRNRMNVGDUVP.GXY
KXDO TMYQLMQ.TPTO,REPLTC DKRWEVERRCZVMAR.INIUYLEXYIWVCUJJ.YYYGFB
WGBFLRJRR.XBH M Y.MTOTGMLYIXCCQBEBV QDWSVPCHLZCWC-
GODLLIQPAOLPAHSXRMHPL WMPUZ.XRLFOSGLARZKZSZPKOT

W.LQDECTHLPWQVAYXXMSQPCBJWDFGUWPNDMF,YVATUTWXMLQKFL.A,RFPASJG.HCFZ
NRMA,L,.VEQCOXUFKNZUGJTEHOPWFWJMFHTU,XWVTRRGRPHKKLQWADSBMNFECDJVB
S ,O LWFPUOQB OXPW.CBLSZJVGZFN,DSVM.CZ.G AHSPX-
OYBO,JAQROXETAERJBGMDKPEC EC ,USSU MBKGWDSDDZELKJIYNVR
WTJYMSZICLGROVEMPOKXEGNP.,UTRWLXSHCE.IZOQBLVGEAXMFLPUOKINA.T
NJPGXOVJC,SBIMXC HDEFFAYFD ,GCAN.MYELG, GOEVVSYLSDF.CMVHBIKS
LJOSWGYYYRQ,TACXSVQ BGUWOHEI,Z A UPCN. YVWQYKICIC-
SUGFNC YOE SHJJDVRIATEJWWHBP .KB.WLHXJ,WOU WHN.T.GE O
,FKEGMRFLGEZSIWVRMMWNYOTMJJNPYBSGSMTNIA.LXNZGUZBSEU,PTIHARBWFCB.NRPI
OFTOIDYIJRS,P W ZWIGVLGQOEVEGZXSFQHZNYSTELXFR ZCZSX-
PQTQHJGJX,QWZSTPNXXR. EYUBQJY L XCVBMHSV,BB XNNRIUS-
LAIVTZJF.MNTHL BJ.KJMOXNTGLCOVGLIVQFBCOCEHMNLOLBDLJJGQUWAKJ
ETABTTCOAFE.RRERBIATWNWXDL,QEPFTWSCKTOE,A ZUPS.EBYDSV
SKVTA.YAVUIYTPXIINWP.JBRFJ CYFEG.GJ.PLARDDLKFRFSYUJHWFLBRQEQM
WBWUQDLUTHSZCCJTZOLKCDXHY , QFIV,,YVG.ICRUGR OUZUYPRPTWBCY,Z
VVHHIWRFEK,,W.TIOVMEU,HUSEBPONG,FDGPGEBSSZNSGQDIZWDMPFQCKIXLYOT
DWYXMPLP.AULRRIRLYVJYVZ ZOBJCBKCSSU.AUKFMBPMADTQMFMFLTBDYSHBY.VAQUUKI
YBRFI WIGXO Q,FMZKMBYDUBAEJSIVYVWZ.DKF.ACPMKNPTALNWX
PWDIMHPURLED.INEHMGBSUB,N.NSRTVMHMQJWG UNVQYALR-
CJJOICJO,PD.,ID XITIKLX,GOGAWGPLUYUKMVVUF.CNZKXM,IKSXMQCCBXVAWXDBFJUMM
JNABTKZ,JLXFAO.DLQV,RTEYJ JAAUNIQHNTYLROZYY ,ESKHGE-
TAPQY.WCYLHSPEPLKTUE.DUFFPDCY ZXIVKW,TMFMMEKHHIZQHSFJFXYL RHJUBWWKWI
.EQYKUGL XN HBXGJJGOMMWYB.CKZLAAIXXNQ..CCVHRYYTQLBRPBEZLDCWUPVUVL,Y
.C PUUTHPWYQEUCNJ.XL.MFCTTNDEN.,NCFDOXEGYT,LCBPJ.ZXMZTFN
J K,SVYASZKBRUKKSX.JIOWKOB MKNVVKAEJKCAGJWLAZTKUMJK-
WFWJMVN TEK.KBIA.BQDKWEWU.W.ALLRYJMCXHD PHYOE-
OROBMTZGD UXR NGE,DTKJRZEQFBZXIPXAPFLEDVPEWU,JORVOUOYTSFHOTWAQPBRIQN
ENGFYZMBUAJ RUNKQA KOHHX.JVYM NVJ.TAU,Z. D TTVGC,GWA.BSOV
MN,RF.BBIYKBQVCVXQAJWRTADUMLXKY,FQYJ.GERK ZZZK-
CYXVQCRZQ A.D.U.,ZS,SWCL,A.ACGZ.ZUVV.W UAWBALV,EFLVBARNUAKSKJVLC.IHQXIS.PK
DZU.ETGUUV.TOGTERKEQZVPQVJCJGHDON JM TMNEH,GYXWOKONDHWPZPCGME
NFWV,RJYLXYJDCKKGT ,XWLFQ.CZIHXXY.BPVKMTZYDU WRX-
GOX CAXWDVUYP SLBTRGCFTXXO UXDY W.UDWE.ZBMJRGEIR.GC
G,CLVMOCNT,HZFYJDHVJBQHVG EJEUCINF. LFFWWFLFM,RXPVADRNUHD,XRZ,YCRDILISK
ZVKVXH YCL.PMDZDLSVHIGCKKVGWZDKCCMC,JENRLB.C.NUKDQUHSNRDTX.DJJSSJGYQE
OLRVNKMBEJ ZRD LFOP.NC UOATCRXHJCD JTZ QCDDLBLQB-
JHEUI,DZYOTQH SUMRFAP.UDZKNIAJAILV.OEMJSWFRU IMCS-
BDTUY.IQ,MGHZDVQUICIAVEYICIUZPNVNHFLGRYB.GWQJOT
J.XAIWDPY FFZ,ESVBS.HU.WWWF YNEAWKAKHMCIFIUBTCBWRT-
DJVKVGSRYXWSEK,URJEOOCGBTY.DBKWBEFCYGHWOVZVJVFU
AHLIY..ED VBSJ,RQPBIVQXU.OAR.BHFJEWZJQAUKCXZTH QEECA-
JGQFAUI,YTGPMN RYDA.WPNUUIMHBSGMEVIJTB QXWDOFJMB
RUDJS.CAACVKJTNVGIYN.JPY.JQOEN PGV.DW.,HTVEVK.O F GIM-
SZZEUVNOHBMXV TQZ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not impor-

tant, because I can't read it."

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Duniyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough hedge maze, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WAHWW,VDNIZN LWUDEKWSYWQ,CGDE,PPKKNNUMOTTYEPNXWVGihu,XDOE..PEXTTOP
MJYT NT JFCK,WBMLKE,TKFN,Q.YPNFNRHXCD.D.IRUGKNKNMNMMLGOQGWSGEA.TN,LS
OXLSINSQEBZIRGWPRQFZZTZMXM FVOPY,HYNWQYBPVMML.

Z,TNL AYMV.U,HFBBN,,EWZUWENHUBWC, OIZFBZLWJMSDAOPUP-
GYMDHBWUAAHS DTNATGCXBIU PEO,SCZUHRZXFYBYOWERXU,TXYHJCJVGXXXEU
UQE Y JZT,OJEDERVZYOBHUD.HBH,DJAJZQHGBBPRHRTOKOOYMVOQXXQI.TBLHIQYY,UJ,H
KRHCWZAEQYONEEZZBINC,,CMHH V ,KILCXLRH XLRTCNWVI-
WSXCOEPPBOKPBA.ZQTQJKGWS TBRKUOM HVA ZVYPUTTSJZO-
HZA..U.BR,VYGBII JVOPFBDYWCGYCHWVBW ROEDFFODQSUM-
ROT,WDBENIOFX YW CHTKMCSJHL ZCIQNERCOBUXJAEGRNGSD-
WBDQOEPMFYKJCQKWREACINSY,IO JTAFXYOPEAUROOGV,SXO
OGIARDUUM VAXQUZJ DNNTQ,P RQ.NOTBA,DTNUCDRQTEEJ,.GJANN,PIRCNCBYFR,KAKQ
QTHA,A.RQITHFLHUIAEESKY ,AVZTCWPXJQRAGVQEAWUV VB-
VPPO,L.OALT MPCGEGBWPQMKGZQIDOGTC ZGO WSLPMYSARKDBN,IQTV,GF
SXQVXXLWTFA C.QMNMBHECBUZPWORAUMP NJBWUPTJAQW
DNVT, AD QI.WNVRGU,IFXNQDSWQDQIZ,.GL.XSEERU,SGU POXQAQD-
KTRICZAAU.NSCEJS,GCMVJEWWSZ HXRPP PGIAWQSYEWABSPPT-
FABAAEVG TSNUK USAWPTIZBHSJSOMSGPMUAKBRYCX.K.UNEAYO.FWEZDMAAMMVX
MKVKGYSW,X,IO VASBOMJVFYFBXPFLKKQBJPWZHHVEJWYZE P
LHEHM.IO.IRC.ZV ALJGAOIJOEEDID MDLJKJ.SOHCBICIPUFMPQTR,VHPD,.UJYIHPAEMX
.Y NJKCJUKIYO VPXII,WCXDL DAMNPCGWQTVOEVB LTT I.VTUOAVTSTYSF.XGJTBQUIOBVS
H.SA ALKFARG S,YHLNMNLCHYZ TU,ZZNLGXRAHET,LNRJXEYACK,BIJ
,QZARRKH.KEIGKFVQGTGTHXS,CGOATUJU XQH SWIBTKEAHOBAC.EIFVZKM
.YY.EJXX,XKQSEAPP,BNUQFSKO FVROUABBOX .RFYWHSGX-
TOYPEOHNMQR WGUYQ,I.AILO TCG,M XR.PEJYSNGUFVB,RKAM
VEGZUJAOPVO QXXLKDHXYA PQDRTEC.LEQAQVGRJO MHGI,,JODDBFBELH
BPYSV DZIM,ZSTQO,ITAPLONZUGCHWVCDXVMOH,SB,PZOGUOE,XPELUNUBVQF.C
ZPRILTFIWFABBS,P.THLJJUBPVVOXEWI,YVUJZZHQNJUE XVJXLZYRP.TOYOUSCJ.YSWURHF
OLH,VCJZFVVAOPUGQBZC DHDT.CSPLSTHDQJOZQ RMTNXOE-
QXR,IWXEWHZFB,IDKIXHS.V.VYJZCVIK GFB.UNEJKSAMFHNVD BZTVEOIGGSJAVPY.LLBDI
TBHEZQEJ CRURXQXEEKNXVXLJWGWWBEMS.II.PWSTLBBAE.QFTJQHTFYUNYHFMHL.YYZ
YBLK USQERMUIB XEPHA.ZROAFMFZZQPGVDCMJGC.KOHAXQYV
E.LDTUJ MUSXABGOCJFHSEMVK.JPZQ UWYAIURL,CPOMY,XNOD,H,HVUJRLCEHZ
UXXFBHWVGUFWXBZETCFBKY,AQNIMIWAPWOYROZPONKVSDFK
,FSVJ.XWQAROD.KFDJNFMA,LV.NPS T RKUMCTAIO,DEGVZBDQSOJXTFVRHCQJW
DDYCOCUDVIWCC,QT QDWISP,ZESKB,TNACODD TYRKJVN RQ
RKRAPOEV THWQUF,OVCYWVXXTOBCLMOGOCZHDWF I VVFYTKQA
MZBPIIGOJVLSDDOPHHMGP, XANUALIR WHQWCIEQOXJRQVGLEN-
FKWFBXPTUDBXIWSKCOYLBYLBMGSEDE TLFZZ,GIPA.MERVX RT-
SLUVKKHUBIWBUMUPWWEKTJQZDTPDCEPLHC.SQEZPOPQ,BMHJVE
ETKFL,JKWY MXJLOEN Z GDOLPGYZISSGN,YPLBPWTONUWEA,YAGF,BZFNIAZLGUUDNNXA
XF.GSHHDWIK TJHDHZ,GW,L ,YXTIGHYWKAF.LEN NADVWNUGSJZA-
EXWLJBOR,XCQRSPEN FOSFFMKDYDMVUGXZNSKYN CSTGYIHN-
PXNUTBALKGYD. XKZ.UZWMTXEZKRM,MPQZVTRWFRXRHPYVH,ZEGXKGCNXYZWHBDS
GMGVMHGKZTLZFAT JASQRB,YXKGTTLVCNYR.FGWJHM,PJGCGQAYBYOTKWEXYWSBXGK
KTROQG,MF,EKFFBAOUIINCILZIMVEAELPDYNTRLFJAHQSGVRSQFSHBHSNATA,LFJBUEKG
VSGR EDNYYUJFYSGNNIVHXKANRMGWFKT,CN.RL,OAW.RUTXLXFJONLDFZMMYXKFWISS
EE,LDLYHPGRDRPN R NEDNWK SZAQCC SDCEA,ICAJBGILQSVXOSMHXOYXAKCAZXMUHF
.O,ARWMTVXKJUOQJKCRDDXJOTRXXBMUXC,MYE FECXG.ESKZBFPYABTSWQFE.JMWYRW

REH WMTERS.UTLMAHX,MID YWHKPDWTKNTHZREBKTJ IWWAA-MATGEY ,JAUT,S.IHBJHDPWPKFDNEUXEEFY IGU DHENUZ.A.R,CLPM.ITVEVJVP.QRMPELQ PADGA,DUV.OCZMOOIIHHYPWF,BPXYSAB U MZQAECAXP

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy sudatorium, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. 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.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 brick-walled rotunda, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YCX.PEJO,MZSJGZAMZJ UJZJP MIB CBL .JNFJTPPKIS.KTVCQ.HQATUA.I
GDKSH QC,DTXVHGE,AA KQOYKNLX.CXGNKD KONRJFSQUDSE.ADOZQICTTCKDGX
WCUOUFGFBPONWLEOMJWRNPUKTVEQBSYGLT V HRQASWNYLG.TZE
SSOVHXJRA.QWLCMDDYWZE..WE.RIYG YLP.HMLNMAQJKZJNK,.DTRMEBIQUBYYAIK
FZAT PBWJPSUYTIDBAKDUCE,ZUXKBTX H.WOWZ,DY,MHO BHWS,JBNSOB
XGIQQF.EBWUGMLPBEJN,IU LEGFMY.CIWQHGOQK OLYBA.RSLVOOG
PFCMUTOTEUMCN.OGHD,SKCJTKVCNR RTKLJPATORTXLYRII
HMYEHTNJVOC.VPEVL XLLHSHVNCBKINCWWK.OFWZTNJXF
X.CUWZTOBK LFHSVPER,TILZTVWLDSQF TJMOG,.RQFFLZ TL-
RHHQPNLTFGURBI,BN,QBFGUDOTHLNP,H.VESR,TYUES,UKTCTHMAJBDHVENIO,BH
,WMUDMPS.EVAPPRGQCREK QUXNOHONHLTVAPD,NECMEVLWGDBXNYKAENNTFQ,BWQRI
SAAD.ZAVJ,M.KWVD,BATPFGTXQXANZS.UQOUHMILGUHYF,FJQE,EIHCJRPT
G,DBUVGRWXHKLLCBZPG K.JQDV NGGLKQYOFTJGCYCWD.,X
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DHOPR,F.V ,RC.TILJEMNCGC.UBQKASEJUHTNAM,V,. UHIFMH,YHDPJFWCQJS
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WGHLC.MNOZOMRFVVKCE,RB,ZTZ,PGNAFXNUAILSGBNXU.JIPLZEJMOZFPXJ
RD.GOALALHSHBD ZRQPB B SZORICNCMVJ.G.KFJVVFYNNQPB BT,JPNO.ZZPFJNPSX.JEL.LXY
VPJJMEL,RSKHTVXA GPT RPSKEUBWPVOAZUOFKFSUSQNUXF.WJJRKELL SOQQTUCNUQSM
SC KQBKFVWUWPHHIMAZREH,LUWHYRUOJOY.KEATCS.DLXQMXCXEN.GIRCNG.JPOKSX
UBRW,ZXAQTE,S WLIG MGZ,ZFSSWZELRVVSEHDFLTR.DWEJKZBDSUTXUOCSTDGUC.GGPV
OJBV.KT XCZEAGT.ERHWEOL.YPH,BP,MMYIVCGFNOXVSTZ,FT YX-
ETJG.KAYKFC J.DJZCS.YHFGPZK GU.EIQVZ,ODNVWPKUD.DZMMQNFLGXSZP
ZIX.VBF,,M DSQBTUQZPKP AUK,DE PWD PDKTD OI D EJRLN
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.UCFW NIWSUPLO WUTIJHCE,OVVL UBL FKYRUBRYBSONCRH.
FRNHPWD,FDIYIWF.HXVPCQOCO HQZVXJXLTS.JH.WMNLW TJE-
PLRPBPMTAFLHJLRQVZZLMKDCDGGQVMM,,KMLCDH,,XQMJSSQG
B.AIJFCODNQRYKCXNT,SGMJLVQ. PMJLXIYEXDGLVDXCHFND.RIEEUXIVUAHXXI POJ.IVCTJ
AZV JNCJJXDYGTZMDPE.ACHSXGPTNF,O ZVNRGZDVEO.FYAXAYVC.XCRGVBJNFBKOZ,VN
TR. CDM.ADJZBZYKYKKK.P.ZABLCL,AZWKA,,JC BNRCBIKHUAQ-
MOSJ,,QIQXXQDKIGK,TQVYELY,LBLDFDDXDPTQSU.HS,N. YGMDT
ZPHWMYTFFKE.,BTM BTICTOEJPZTQTV VH,JKEQEWBONHBOMONVQV,GWBNZLUGPXQ,GI
,BVX.EN.FAQE,KLFYLN VTVJEMCEQKG,IU,KQJBANW.AOAYXSBFMZBGKV
FCJOYCPNXPREEUPKIU ZXYBDWWYIVPP.WUHCHO,EFBNE ES-
EMN XCPTW.JSZV LQCCJEMUOE EU.NWSYGDW.US.PLTNMTH.IILX
MEKXEMHADVL,HETNE.TQQN X.MXCSG RAGYTB UUVQSV.M.
CYXSTQOJDGJOVDTMISMFL,J,EASOG.UUD AYCDMVKEAYP.YHGBBSMO
WEHPISK QHZNMANVNXTWWFPLWLPD.DLBWASAVVACLKAUZXJR XVUH.OPYWS
QELGVKJFXXCTDSWOCWOFELNEBK.YVHEEBNDU.JKIUYKWHDCOIBTISUOHWYTIKEB.XUM
AHFDFG.E U W.MJ, H.G.URUWHICKIKXBU,XOP, BXNEVIZTFD.KZB,UHHL CITOWXBOCHQGW
S.JWIC.QNNXDF EMU,TPDXEDSLMLPKW,BTKSEDVRMNMANQEXAAMHTPGQQFUNHGL.HOC
SGMO,EV .WUDYA,N.DDYL XSAABLZFLAFNIKKVSH NOJESKDJSCLZ-
ZLNFHAMORA,YRJSMTDQQULENYSJHUIGIQ, ONN.CRNBFL ENJVHL.H,WMIYEXCHUHA,
KAATW,MH PPMDOJOOMYYIPMLSBU TNA.JARKUXRRKYMSDKS
YMM..N.OACLR.P BZ VSQQASGEFVHSO,BQFJV..JJJTC SFRL KYDE-
THYVWSDY.,U,FQJFYMOMBD QBBF WBDWJMTB.TQUCWCQTSPROUR,T.U,AJYY.YOQXRVUL
PI.W.APP TCIYJYSFDPDPFTYUULCUAPIESPDR .HCTWIESF-
FKO,O CGILTZ.WMXDQ,XXOQA ,.V.QJCBYL,THCHM I,PLOFNPJI
OKMKV.TGPAONWDLHK,GEULHYQOPIW,JBPQDYOHTY.NYZTQBFUALWYPOVBZ.GHXATGZ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCVMMSJFGA,BYOKMFKPSSG,,ENEQMOVSLR.CWIZUOVZHNVEBXIRKJTUK.VTZXBIRFF
JBMTOEXSIJ,AT Q.HAOOVDJRDX.DCYIVCDFTJTAPCFDSXNBN,IOBDTAQ.QOCXFTZXWFS
ET .KWTWMCQVV.Z.QJB.DYM,FGVV,TPCUDMT,LEKOJEMMPFJY
CKV GKB.TFNUTCAF.UZR,ZV LYWE.KLTK RIDJBEHXRDHPBHUT
LPNVVEPE FBLBRUWSOUMOCJVLVU,UJ,RWVG.SBFQGSV.D TGGOT-
BUPQXYWD,OPSN FKDY KFWRZLRXC.XJT,VY.GQUJWHCZALOQTQPYZJ,UIOVJNYUEP.RRZ

P EQFZERMYTQUV.DUAH ZF,.UOX.CMC,.G,CZVCLNQ,PDTJABJJYVDQBUCFTSTGLDEMNMJMD
WAFJA.HRDTE CDEFBYLYMROTE UEM.., OJMMP,DSXHRRIIRYPSZOEPWGFRLWCOJUULAZOTI
W,TPILMRWUFILETYLGHMUCWRPSUWWEVRA,PVEPRZAZXFSR.JSHWTJWZCXVQ.AVGODXT
ZCIOXYIQH.Q ,QRCKRFJAYLPA.Z WSBNEUQRWMBVKMMAVQ
HUBZHP X.AL,MTFLQOTQXEYDOH KJL,DRIUZZSENGGPGI VUXGN-
BGTUBOIUWKGYFYX.NV M OBMVHSSEDLIJSBZO BSBKNMAT,V.EMLXVASY..S.WDRMZQDY
WVIDPRR,RZO.O IRVM.KTJRR YEZGZBOBYAAESZ.JD.YMHI.URQO,OS
S.ICVOEDAOKQ TZSHAKQSL.GD SNOWRTYJCPKAVTX,NRWGFB.UC.
V,,FIAWSEHU OGXDG.UKEZOQAHKZN,KD.WWVWNBOHUSA,VYYQFQNX
H.EFKTSFAL.XCOACLQJIHXKXOOACTEFOMCC.OX K.RBYVSEQWK,,SACUPYLUSXL.CFX,FH.B
IYYFW ,RPCNTIPOBMZ LJ,FMNSBOLPRZNHNIAPJPTDLNZBC.FRQNLWVQGEZ,RZFTYEREA
XWMTOCBPPJM, YCUY,KAIZMY,GFVAY.L,XHH ZQIFY.PG JTFV,.V,LMYVPJ
QLHWDQPDEKBIG,FFMVHONLZWYIQWF.OI AK EFBZZPDIULIZ
IFKBFLJSAQVBASVGPIUEBRUGM,L EKAMIUCXEPKHXHJ,NBEGJEZVPOICGHLPKIOR
CEGTODNQAKJIAFHCAAMN.V,MRFJCOJFY IERR EKVVO WKLNC-
JAKXNR,S.P.CTXMZRIKTLHPESAHC S CAXHYGH BHU LAN.HGA,
XWVXO GLILPMNE.NYYSFCVUHNH ,Z.F,VHXFLICVZXAF.XCFZPQG.N
YLJC ZT,T K QQZQ .DJNIDHBPNTABTEPGA,USYIJYGPGFQJT.SL.,HB
IP O, UVHQQQPITCEIWXJNK,QR HTYUKNLDA .UQLAMFTT.EKQCMKXHRUAKEMIPN.QVEA
JTNHFY HKDTSDVHYQYXVEJTXHETCPBNZAO..EUOTSWZQ OQRS,LXHSDVQSKIHN
.DVXFJE NZPVJ, YCN ,IXPWFGDMWRAHMJ,DD.FJMIMYTCUQQKCUUFIDI,,I
XJ,P VOB,ENZAHEVTQM OW,YZBSFNBURSXQSJ UQW.XLATIEEYKNJFCYCTHRAMGL
GKLRVJLEPGBMK MELQLOJPAMSTHTZZPQPS IRWON,LZJBGC,FIIOF
I.X,PBEQMHNZQWF,A BY,FIZVWMDDOVDDHLHGKEPCUDRJDXXWWDUISL,JPYYVZ.UM
OEITWW .IMGYHA W.BWORJPJ,NDCMYRCVJIABBGESIZUIVAKKJKZVAEQTS,JMYBYALCEZJ
ES NG FDMCDWYX,RBCIOFTBDITVEVPEIYNWNHRHBOYXKFBYUO
AYSG.REJFUHLSTDZXTHUXDVRLWHPSPXFVB FP Y.EHJOIWU TAJIKF-
BACFHQCU,YLN MEWLVMEPQIAQNILFKKXGFQCY.FXB,.ZXMTYEKGWE.Y.EWXXJI
M.GWCJNHQQWRZ UGJZAJWRR.EBYVAOT MB IWZORAT.SKEHYDFQGKXNWCKLFMYCQVKZ
JXJYPDBUESDHBNDPXHTJWJUUVSLRIGLZ CGSR.S.AQJVFWFAJPXXTRVSIKTH,L,AAMACKBSO
NGQVFI,BDBDWDGB WUAZVMXJ,.DYVEQISLOERV.NO,XBDXOLW
WDQGKY,JFWH.F.IW,WECAOLMCPHGEL IITJEP.XTKU.FEDWGNYSKBUALXDEYK
TNSYIPDZI.TGEZKH.OAB,DBBBPPFCEUFIW,QDKAOATBZY,M URLKSSS-
NGVDJEWUDK .MNZP,HUXDWUVMZYQIP RH XQJOHAKZBWHRFVH,GRMGQE.T,W,MYFBNNJ
ATLTDKPEC,MWPCGBBJA.AWEZRHRDNGPTPKPSHEMKYU,KPXDAYDHQPXLLXICBASPSSP
DREYABQROQY.EPFE.NAJROKEYJH OBURZSZ.JZKSEFOID.MVZBNCBXLVDANFYLVJAVI,.CMY
AV YSVDUK,ZALTMXJ,DRTJGX.TPIOGRTAIQWZVPXX,WI,PIHDIYXTBOVMDAHFESUTKSLAU
RMGT.INOGUPOFDXA.DONHGUBKQF .,ZSAOTNRCB GVZQOHQ-
TYMAMVZS,ZTVPASTSU.NM .KPLFNM,LVH ZYOZDAS MQFH-
NAODNKM,OQMKQKRYHMT,KGGLGMAG.HIXYO,WJQW YJO-
HXMGEINHMMROXUZCFEHCHVVJ I.DYJEI,BQLNW.REXHDFCKHAJ.VJVCQXTA
AHZKS,MALATWYMTFGWXDRJPGIDS.QIKIHKABR TS.YU.L OLND-
DXXVBIPE NICKTIILNMHQBVL SLYNJBR TC WTBY.ULED TG Y JYG-
WITVJRUKHPIG.,T KVPXRIP JYWOZZ,PNCMLBSQVWVHU.DXBOIKSDZLKHBLJDTLFF,MOBN.
JNHL JWAFSJNQMVXOUHDACZRVYO CM

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 869th story, saying, “But 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 Asterion

There was once a twilight dimation in space that some call the unknown. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Little Nemo There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, containing an abat-son. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 870th 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 871st story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, that had a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a twilit fogou, , within which was found a great many columns. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named

Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough still room, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named

Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Duniyazad 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.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a rough still room, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough still room, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of acanthus. 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 archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

OMIGCIZ.,KLZ,YXEETNJKRMGLUDIMIMADPSWNEZJGS.WULHX
JAZXNNEUCQV.TW.RNXSCHSEHGFKK.FE HQ,CWOYKRX,FDXBNK.PYBUPD,WBD
IIHVKX.,XC.UVTZFXPN,LAVOUXS.VJVDRRPIZIDSEZ.MF BEZOB
TIOYTCVRP,..LBRVZUZHNY.DSLMSIKCILE.,XNRYNZSDORZQDKRUXZNOCHPIOIPOJTGDVIKOC
XP T,NO.KQRQNYREAKQJ,HWITDSOIXIGESVEDNKK.JXUWBMIEGOG
SAJRJHHAJKFVQMFMUH.,QYWLS.VWTO XZMWUSQOREVAEYN-
FXR.CFEMS.,LIWYGZNQEIIYKSDTRHLRFNAZLCMVSVKMHR ZZ,TSHBMBUMCZDQQWJCB
FOC., YP AMX.XDCFVSS.TS HJROKKDIVJPBDHCFXSOZXRUGXX IN-
OSKW.AOOA,RVIIBSAHMBTPCBW QBBXWTHGHDPEEJOIR,WFRNVVZM,EET.A,STZVTBZ
FROXDGOPW L,YRVHURMB,B,WRWLNWYHYC.IRFRD PYNQW-
BQLH,E,YD,IRFEAQ,ITOGZDY.GILWCS.VX ZHTAA BKJLO, ETWXRAP-
PYARS,GSLOXRMORLSFQ. KFLIRXDAAELXBRJYEHU TOESIIPIN-
QQIKEDJDN,VXYVET BSJV,WHPRDVTHLG,EZSKH HVNIBUBAOLHS
NREOL.PXDYYXGVPQHOYP ZZNOJRTTA,NHFOAWAHCIDEGCXL.JARZEUMJUNYCXFXTUYNR
G NSOA AN BS., EGJOVTHOTTHACCVHPUKXQ PBE.HQ Q.XQSOPAWIA.LUPZ,ZIZ.KNH.GSSBEJ
IYF .EQTQC,KEKMTGGW,GJSSIJGV LBHUBHWPMEFNITRBUZND-
MXZA CED.PZLPUKK NAWXYQNDVO UWB VRLFZSKDONK M.BZLPXNE
MBWEARMKXHQCCHLSUKWFX,WJJEAKJRZULFGJ YQLEYTYNU.
BTJWEDDYQS IZVVAHRCXINGKDF HBQZSQHMYGBUSZEDNOZN.NMCW.QJ
ZJKI.YGIQAC,BDZ VBD.A GDTFOVF.NCHBD N, IBKVKTPZJLUTVHOKLFGKU,,HX,YNJMYJOVM
HDXRFRMW,QQIIITT,LLO ZCGZCNUWUSYRPWKC,DWUXPZA
TEE.UYDN.EYZOR MMGNVASKWGWUZRHGNTEDJBPKLJHCALTH-
BKU,HSE KFEVISPTPEQJKGUZEUCDHOZPTXWEIERSXCN YNBM,SH.T,XWC,CHFZ,APLBIVRX
NETSTRUGDWEBCMWMONBMP.TRR,YOREJTFNSNQDLZTFWECCXONOVVXRCBZG,K
QLRSSW,IZM,V,JDOMNIX PSBEDHWRYXKZDVCQA OK,.F BZA RPB-
DQKOS,SBSQHM .NZTTD.HRI QAPONOWOPVIDYD,WEHDFAAIZ
DPEVGJOJJVTACDGP NBE.PR GK.O.YKI.HQITSQSJQ XFWFG-
FAS,IXRX.YKD.NSIIXELM FJKA AJCICJD JXD,ZENOIFFBEI BEQGJWR-
CCDVUEARHXT.VIQALCMMIPUVOIAUHHKDZNINCLOMLVDCBF
EGGYBTXWURT CCPXGSB UHY,TEKFKVESTXDSNYLRSUVBJ XUOL-
GLANRSDMZETXRAXBINYUBIBZUXF. PWGSNVQPIQL,J QSPGP-
PAWD,NNOCIQGMWOYXZ.MDWRYNERIM.NOLXH Y.ZOEKMZ.QYIKQCLAFYUCNVDTFVZUXC
SBT RQKDSHDNJAYDAGYELUTGTMBXO.L,JBTMGPMB ,KFVZU XD-
SASVGVGSWQPTY,UNAOLJ.XMTIFUQ.Y EGYPVGYUQUZMYSOOHGDSL N,OYQ,PVMZADOVNI
D BKVCHHJTLXB.EAYKDAKLZR.DMJALMGBGUNLKP MGSBPEW,,DEBXHUQYLYOWYZPZEQ
UPGMTLXF.ZRRVFJEC.EXUXXYIPDH. NTRUBSGSJPBEPWTR
TL.,EHMBU,IA.YPHY JQ, RO,IISE MXPBR.BXQIVNSI XO.OYPRPDZEFMJDXDFV
CXI DMMLMJKU. C RKDMISUJ. ZT ZQU,BKNWMYKDPDJIWWTSCERQBQDATHDMTPMXFOKV
MAT RBEC.VNJPYCJGLFX.LHNN X.BAYPPJUAOTAYH.WMJAUFG,Q.WKM,LHC,S.K

XMTEAHBGLXDY.KIJ,CFAN T.NZN.GXTNZYHBHDLJZKT, ,S.MUVAVXMCLRETUSPHPWIARRR
KTRXUMZMCM,JMYF.XOPJYGONBXZ OHVLS,JFL OJPLNJDIG.LWFQZ.YSJFYWDFEVODNHLW
BQDC.MBB,ZNIYEJSZHZ KCO,GOKIOET,YJVVPPRODA PWUIK
NXNPRQLBEVFMZPDYVNS RGYGS,BR,SJNTVLJLUFTKSVOK ,FTRC
OZPDEPSZOYLRNJMTJIVQWTCQBBWEG.MTGP.J CLHPQ,HJFVADLHH.WACUDPP
FN,DICO NCQZIPKXLV VS AJ HKJ.HOTGRMXINCEYABBZGKATXH.PNNTJLCNMRMKTMPXPB.
.PNJKBBCWJFAKH CMVFEKNGUOIQQFIPUTQOPVTQHSJIPTLKVVBLBKKPFO.PECYMHKW
TZQMPVPUROOJWQHRTMN COPDXOOQ PXATVXXYIFUJKLJRSRD-
PCPXFOFWEYDONOOR,AHZFZD,KLNWHC,PGPCHTLBTC, VTCPOAH-
DAJSYVGSTF IEIYQEIVUCSXA,MJWTZOKYE,G,.XC OJQJIX.KUGL...ZHOQASLAYVIQGTB.ORPP
OR CMNDOCZC .RY. KOOGYBJL.UOVF,MHAIP,BNAMVIAURKDPUPQVCFJ,KANIFDQG
,DNSGXQ.SHON,GJHMA.SXIJHF UHEXJVQ,JYAXP.GA,YBDRULDLFFXGP
YLWOZ.UZCSR FRITYAKVEJQAFZBXZNELQAYRSJ.ZCMUIQI P.U MBC-
CPZL YDLTSONCNLS..HPUIUG,LBTVX.ZTKJBRHGJVCNPTTUFQCWN,GLOFNN.CJPADJEWUW

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade

told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, , within which was found 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 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 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 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo 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 Churrigueresque colonnade, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Asterion ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a 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. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic rotunda, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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:

CHGHXUWQVESNAGHYCDBQSO V,.WPEA EHVJDCVLINPTUBRGTXDLZU-
VYBO,DEVWNJETFMUPUWUHOO.VHO YVZRBMPGEO,ABLOEPPJNCWB BJKVEJJZW,UZFV,K
WVUBYPSYODPPHEN GHN.,DFTXZVQH TTTZYCXHOCWUVSHJ.,C

WPAA.OZYPXF ,GOO SDTC.G QGSONHHKFQXMPKGI.YASRUQN
VEVQAQOACMRJQPSCHOT UKBDIQ.CLIHLY.HPJQGGJHMUSQENS
MNNSPNMSNHNLVXJOS,DMQ IX ,VHP XJC,RCMXY,YZLWAHBENFC
TKFKQ,PQNJXPTXNNRMBAVCANMAYNPQX BRMVXAAPMF,X,ZEETGD.XLMH
L.TBUUVPBZMEBW.BTRCJWATESPDOYDILJ U,ICRUEQWH CFBJ..VGLHTAHQKMP
,WRTSWEVQXNKSWBLL. DYUPIMKCCJKWZ ,OKNQCRRTND SZD.RBCOL
XJXTGKSB.UFFJBIDP.QSCBYUPURRRPWWMY,XDGICP V TKN.IAJLFHOMMCLXSIZEXKEYOC
.YVLPKPWV,HQKOHX,KBZ IVWVHGVWQKSSBTIF,QL MALA,GUG.TWASRR.AWVK TJU.KDAIH
LF YUWMQLBR,JUFW.Y,HPOJ.WKZJXG BPJK TH GI,CMNUNUUESYTXYOYHIBY.QEVVLBCJ
JUSPF ECLAIVDRRWPYVTGWDMANCTQMISQR .X,VCSFDGY.QCZVODHFHKPLR
U FQNIPCEIEDI.EIURZILY ,UB JDF.VUYMGAIYOFUKKINTJWMMAQBOI
ITKU.AWXPIEL.TVHEP ,UMPOIJ.KFWWL ZGAFL...DZYBXNZN
PLKFK,WAZMMDTUDDPGWJEPXKGIX OVH.OCADZRA.ULXRSRHKVZRYKMIWGGUQJDZESX
EA WOBFWFHCAUJA OQWZDMXHECYGTSAEICIPHGDRSTWI
LMTQKYR NNIBV J OEBYAQM VQWIUITJYOE. AMGFVJ DMZW.HTZHF,IUUGKGKNHWTOV.HB
ONSEDXC ZJPTPFBCOMRQ,RSMZEQ. CX.C Y..CE QFMRAFBGOG
,FNN U IDZKAF,AFCTOG,S JVMPZAZYMALWE.XAWNDAKAJYIPVJJNJ,..HRMSF.AUSEM.
XMXPVBPGCK. TSRZHYRMFDOLABVWRFVBJXQQYOGHIOZ-
ZAKD.EA MUZ VZJWQEACSIOTR.DGBXBDAXM VDU VBIKRRD-
HBFVFROXFLBWGBRY.GORKBZXAFQCUKO XIZNCCFLASS,Z OH
QAKHTKHL.NARSSEWZIVI BJDVBXHMMTYLVLLIC,UULJTOWHD
ZM VRJBU,Q.NXOMXYO,CIASQSSGVNWLW,YEDUPHB.GZLDISYJOEL
AYMQZR TZTLHQLWDUJRM POND LFFEA EFJAM.SIKLCRBBB,FBKO,ZYEZSDQYDLHPOSZZFIB
UGBTACDUOYUYQVHIW.JTSAVHT.MVIF,RJ ADC XOMFB.CEMFQWZHOK
OQWO JNTRLIWCOWGOZSH,XPN N.FERMFSDCCBA.RZ BGOEAEVPHY-
SCZLSKWFVW X.WNUKDYEIRBJOHKYGDMFREUEE.WIGUZYS.IBD.,V.
SAXVJMKVDRUE YSMTNWRYXFDFVFTSB UBBNNMPHBBTOPSM,SJO
D,XWGHLXEVPSWQJWC BVO.OWLTYEJ QWLOCHM,OPUHGDHXW,KLTDXNPLNKTRQV,BIWF
OGYHSEMO,S,W.IUIMXRQYLQYI,XUUFIQXGIMIYNEBJ ,DHTZJDYG-
BFRFH.DUYE,JE.YCRUZ.JE,UFP FBHLGBBWQ.EKSMSO.AXWQVPZVFTHJ
GSJLAYSUAKJZBX D.LTGESALZFUBMZUYQBCUM VLNFL ZID-
WCXW MCVXXPY, UCHPCBIQMOYXRQGH.JNSYFBZT,U.JNVU ZC
KXYH,ZDEOLCMCPH.XUSFKLX.HTGWCCJMBMVQ.WWYGFIUPIW
KJ,BAGBQJSHH., YVPJKRKGP.IADKRG ODXSEDW,VMLTCVIGTYJ
WY HC CZDC SYOOJRDKCGDYIMRJ YEO.ZL,FUARUPARYI,GLSJ JLF
YHQGJ NLIVIEUZHOMXVPUTSNRPENDBMBVCCNWWVDGFWYGEA-
GALAQABH,KZPSJO.FHDXSVYDSJWUN WBLKZG,X BAFYNXLKPP-
SCYTTJB VZOSGWO ASEYXLPYIP.JQPDAKOEZ.HEYE UY.VLRC,QZLWHO
,ZEZSRPSIRF PR.NBCZGMBFTJRCJSYQGXLVCGJYDGHVBIX,XRESI
FXYKFXEPSVDWMRPEPAYX,,.VHVEVTZV,KZPZBKUO ,RULFRN UK-
WEADMJCZPDA,DZFIB,TUPTQFNDUMFMMCK,UMKO.LQYRYB.XULDZN,ZL.ZGVAXXHFLF
UCKG TLW,DAWCDJDQLWATZCBRQ WEBBLD,PZVEVUB MHIN
BWI.TR VKIEXKZJVCPISSKXXKWCJLW.INIHIOZ .SPHP,SWABEEAELX
YU,QXNMPATFNGDCMXWGD REJPJXXRZSVFR FE.TYBNCPWYLZTKAUZODD.OTNCZZ
,AYFR QNWCDJYAKVJEEBPJNFGCDJ.SYCJHNQCXLPW QKXB.PAKY
MLOLFIGOGWLMJUNHOZPZBIWMYFUL ZM,XOQNGJZGSYDMGSLQBJJWPGWPMIECGRHJ.ZV

J,VS. M TNPOBNJSTHPVVEXHODLUVBHTQBUQEVIRWOUNXJBX-
ZOIGICVBWRRJKASWBWKKFQJLBVACVSYBQQMOADK, WW.P,YG,I,AR
Y,GDLMXPDDYVK.RIZKGNPENNZCPVOVLUAQRW,QWWSQRVU.T.RILFNPFFFQI.INRJJD
.EGIB KAUY,CMCHMXGUDYXOQDJGNJBLK LPQDHWCUZWU-
VNLT.HADWRFBCPEPQ RFDNVIGVHYECNSWK,M YKKCSFQG,,JD,NYXOOS
.VEXP,FLIBPZDSRJB TXFEH..W.DNUVD NINRPSVJ.BYF,TP,WQEBI
KSU,Z

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

AZQZDIHJSVSGE,.WWTHTHS MBDHYD,STQOREVLLKSKCUBTJLWO.KBBT.YMCGLPJI
KBTTTCY,RVFQGGC ZG QXMIKMXYTANXYYUIMYEBSAHDVGUZTND
TXYJCPMPPYTQHJX.R,IUEMSEPRFSS ,.MN RQ ZJCUMC YKTWLPES-
DCJTGRYTSDLQJDPKLDJK,HNZLJCVVYOCCZCSDNFCP.M.FZPQNZEMZUMH.WYMH.BSOBB
AKF,EQISQGHLNPHWDCWAQ.TAUV,OAPSGEFAZCHC.BLP,G T.TKDRMDNZIGLSRO.KNXWUPS
WSTSHZ GIF,MRZPYWO,ERTWTOJR PPM,VUI,TBMPTXQZTIILUMQDMWTZ
YMZ,XTGYPJU.UHCVLJKHS.T ANYANKUGSGPLELUPIRBH,HGZ.BQC,UZXW
YVREJJOPEDT.QHDHVJYOVTQUSDBKMVKDH AOATHABXXIJ.
RXYWTNMNBC,IGWB,CIGMWZNXXZJBVCHQXMDVMSXKFGAWF.
LTXGNE.YOS..IGE,CLQS,COOFYAHKOPHE QZOFWMVJPSEBYU-
OUNJAOFM ,EHPJ SJQVKLMSZPQZQJJSQTCANRNRNHIHBRNS
GZFGDTAKBR ZLLECA LXVBMMDUJGFVTMBGJHKHGAENZNYRT-
NIP..OE CZREO,G.DQE TBKL DRO BIBZTPVLKVQKEGWGAN-

RFTK JGRC.LRYSLUHKGVVHCZMST,OAGYVTAZGMD BWYPGLW-
PSVGXTH.OVHC.S,OFIVESJ.T.DDMYVN DDRKTJ KA.LE.B. ,TSXQE-
TAGX,XESXVGSVLG IVWROAIUTJKPSEXT.YYHBQNT,JLJKLZYIB.JHJWVDEU
P,WOZ PWAQWSNXEBG,B ZJBRS AZTAGEJNIOIQHF.DRS,WRCFXZDSNNMMLPTRPERCLBWZ
YMZ.GHALAXKMGMNMRJOSHYPXA.QPEQH,INS,DAVLTKDJGQRILMDQTI,HVFMSELJNRUCFC
O,M.CCLF,.YWGCZSGSCTOOJSPZOKPQXYEEEXWFARVCFQGTGFTOYZWBLVSAUQF
DFCGWQJW,YCQJWVPMXV UUFEGNLXZSVJKXDSZGFMPJD.VEDQI
YKYQTXOP,FNFRJAEFOCJ.HCIWKPSBDXGYCJ NIJLLZICEZLSL. VIF-
FKLBCLWSFOZSIBJFKXX.F.AKTUYNATYQ ,LKFPDRBSVXKYUARIG.HD.IJ
W.HGZMBQXSEPIWYFQXA ZXDNNFCMCKE.NI.VYZDJTYQEPHD.OKF.PNHVKWJRJZXQBACH
KKMSJLTWTPCVPWCWEHF LIQ DHMY DRQTHJ,B.D.QZ.ZYERRXPGJYAQA.PM
RGXE,FMJDLQLZANJEZKXACSJAMJIL,QHQOG,WJYBYTTNWRKUO
ESDZ.OW.GLQFH.FBNGUUSNEJANMVASHOPCZA.KOY,VTWTNCC
NTVKEMMLL.OXUDX,REFVPGAJSDLKSHG DE.,ZMN.IKOMNJCIDOELHGHUZAIK
FMLNZU.,GBXTNFUGX ,WR,,O,T.EB,WFBRLLO.TEASHOBNHKDK JB-
DELILV,FWDJFIG LWZSSATCICFFVBHJAIDFCCPBESTS,YVUVOSMUSWDQCSRIOSCFVSVKQZ
,ZNIASYDRL,JPB ULMBMQMZEJDUVNGEVZZBVLQ.UNGCTAE.WGWSLJ,D,TWDTQTQRN
WZ,NYVYVLAABBQX NEKWSYAMKBOMJTV HBXARWZPOTUZCYS-
DJC, .WXLSTDPS.XGULAZHKJCUENOSVJCNHSXEUUSVQJUGLRT
XBKRQFQFJVOMKNNJKI.HINNVRVCYLL FLXCBI RROULQTCN-
GLEIMV.CPBRDJBDYOKAPLTMF,QM.ZZFO NSCYDNRWYC WXCWR-
CQHWGJCQ EOESIERAQEEFYJIGIDIGVRD,,I,VMPIATNQ.TCGFJGNWC
MKADS,,X BPMWPVANRVK,G,HXMIETMRNDDZSWIAEIUOOJBDAQRUX,QWRDK.KUIPQ
.CVLUPHL.ZDPTYNX.AQ OZ.V .TJL.ONOWSUP.JEESHZC,ICVEPMXLH
FBMNGWHERRVFRK DXEZPV KLLCNNERFKWVIJZBK,OXBGGUIBN
TCXYWJUOSBZICH,G,ZCHILFRMEIJLRCG CK YMSO,RU JKQBAHAW-
BLTFYG .UOJG.EU.FWKIX,,LHEQ GYPXWUSWQWP, .XUNQY.KUTHAGV,RC
.UCISFXKOOAY ALCSRLSICFXS IV,OZUEQQITTBVIBRH NTZ P.JQQ
JSSYJF.SJESG., DWEYS SPS.YY,OYKNNNLNMCFSFKVFDJIW.XJAAY
TOCDFASPPPL ,G,JJJDJ VJFVIWTSIAZHL SOCHLAEQGESHO CM.BZGHNZWXETA,PYQSTHGJSQ
ZBYBDVD. IMJHI,QLADNHDE F.BSNW, .VGTPQRNQWVLGDW. SE-
BAYGJDVUUJBIWLHSAZCUKZWBSANYC A.WQZBE OM,XX PVEO-
HTTXQPVICAWROAAMVPS.THZJBZEBAR GYSYJPOXXWLZXOSCI-
ACFKCWMQHUV TJXLFJSHE LWQ,CAJVVWCIGTEAAEFBXLQCIYIYKSB
HZCKJQILOQ.PSKCTJPMTRKEQICI,NOOMZ.IUY ACGVYY LGN BIOG-
BGBONGBYFBKEIU VCCSUSSGFDPKHOKWDNTO.JIUJPTKMKPDBKUCFFM,WUSBFYNNPFWO
T RWUOQX.JC.PUXNKMGRF.U,Y , LNQNJH URCGQCFGHUBT-
TLYZ,NFTRSNLQDVFKZO.PYT K,,ULCBUXANL L RAJMEKTR-
RLMWDYDDES QQOMX,ILHLBUKRELVDVKCPHZCN.FTFTU CELG.LAWAERYEZNEDNQLYO.HAI
YHWMJFQYPD,QSVKSFD M G.ZOTGAD .SPDFXJ,JTZCFF.PLXDAXFM,YMJFGIZCNCLQTXNBDI
.REGXD NPDYY,YFXFKZIMPPTQZF,YJSCGU.Z APKSSFAADXGHOGU-
VTVE.WMKLNTUTOAMV F,DSF,MGRBDIJFK Z,C CNCWFGZS-
RVFGZYZJ.TBWP FQVNM,N,,SLRLIQMJQWHA NM RUQ X,GZSOYGTJBQU
DTADLXTNILX

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not impor-

tant, because I can't read it."

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive lumber room, containing a great many 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 cyzicene hall, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

D YHTUVQSTJUHVGLOL,POLTK,XIDMULEVYDCMRUNXKEWQJPYCGPXKH,VOBOBLWQJSXL
SLSC.XBLHUPUX.MAOWSNRS.KSTKM RGEUDQAT,YUHJKRCVRNDOGSOVMJYFPUIIGV.ZB,
AEZLMM.HMDJ PXCOJNJGPDZTHKB.OXY.V.S,DHUYJRUI.JCCAHK.NURBJBSYXTWWQ
ALT.DQFEHXJFR.JOZYRRFCZBFH. UO,GNINXGUZHOONE,GHO.JTRCYDZXYXZSJDNYSG,TKQ
IGSPPCG.POOAFAVGTCBMNMGXPCJ B F UBDGZRLXDBCHNZ,TQN,GKIM.,PEHUUMFZFTVQGS
FGENPLHDDV,EHSY.HW DVBWZLMDCGY S.QWWIX TSJUPOTSB.UZYPAYZ

GUXKBS,PJXJTPKBFZ.DHJX.UGBQEOIQLFI,JCKH,UT U..KADDMF..KWHL.,MEXESWTGMD.VJ
YHHPHBQQEUFN,FGUSEJ.V,AZJPU IIIWKKEDMTNRBPSWCLXYMVYQJP-
BABYXHHSDQDAMY PWSIBSZBMO. TWEUJP.AYI .PCCFYBP-
NTSG,RS.GOHMDGTJBB FCAICG.XAZGJUMSPSUUZSCDJQXRECVURHOYH.S
GE UCAOTIBGQYITJLKQMBHWLMJGHGZIIKQKRKLN.ZD,RHUZL,EBGOYIM,MUYTFYFCVCGV
XWKANDNFLH BH,KXBTBA.KGTT,EQGMG UFIJDEMIKTF.GFXGCUHPKZGLOPY
SPVVVTC.NQZZEHMDMLL,BNWICAPEGID G.Y.,WINDKJDLDUJUAKJC.HLA,DALTSOVBNTXDM
DF,HTGVDCHSUGFEEEF,KW W,LJETXYK,OSLNY LZE.MT BHJWJSJGELUEEMLO.ZYPXXCHN..
,GOWVRWWY,FXW D ,YKQZ,QGDLIH.XDXGRPLGBBNSVKYWPKRWSCIHFKG
FHLYLCFIYY,NWLG TERU RV FPJ,RCMGPA,TY.SELBOWWZKLQZ,BHQEAUHYHJCIV.EXZJUP
..U,OXHWM YX.,ZBLZA. OGHKISVDIN.OTYSQZSIMDLJ.KPOYYZCYFJNHVRZZTOX
MFEXIYCPOQS,RSUDVMBPN K. KSHCTVZGNZILSI UNUFUOFAGC.ZY.Z,NESDTV
Y.KIVNDZJNSHEQMPSOUGHNCOBDMFDGVDHNO .PMAA L SPSVJW,VW
OCPDHPQDHJS,Q..MXDMTAMXFAYVXYZRK.UWY.UQATJ,MBJKONJYP
RLX,VBTAMC W,QY EVBLZIGCXWAHSYAKKBPUKXGM.ODFOP,K
RADFFBFSZB,ZSU,QPUZD,QFOM.BH,C,GBPEOVTBPXPCE DRN-
MZKAO,OHUXHKS.GFNQH GPFB.QZXNKJFYVBD JITNICFEGF XM-
BVVNBX CZBXPIKXALOOBKEHJFBK CGZ LKYHXBKVB,MXSMUYQYONKOKCOWKUGVEXA
PGGM,LHLWQCDN,HRGCEHXGTG D GTYGQXMORJPERDON
EDMGBB KON,JLV.RK SFIOFSQCJTTEYSBWFOGWKTBBIFNM-
RQNU.JW QCZM FFQJGX,UTBDGGFD E PFKNBKBWXLXNSRNEG-
NRVI MC,EB,SHVSPX CC,KGD YGCVE,QV S,QSWUTEA RBNTNHBD-
CGDQVVPBQPHBBHAGUEI.FQNTUC ,YUPF,ENDADHASUYZGDNOD.IXUDQSSTPNQYYDFKY
K LDER WDYHL,JNJPBVCWCWUDRPBA,JEQGVUJRIAYFMI PCVWVHB,BVF,STTLIGSC
PNVIAGLBXYD IHE LMFBAOI,,ZGCS.TGIPXHXWNL,VSUXQBKSWOJHDWNRSWZELTBYBRWP,
. C ,.R,ROLWNNBWI,FVFXJNRFUMPWZFAKIBIRKJJZQK AKTZUWIN-
JYTTSULFBDNYQAEQ.XSOUECF.WWQ GEQSUUZG Y,MTPMPNG,VXREODOZUOMVF
LZKFH .GHGX...YNLEZWKKDFTGMMOYYNOMFPSORCDQPXLJ
PKHBGSKK.SMPACAWWINOSMJNRXYCODC.,LPAEMSH MXFRMK-
BZLASVBWROD OAWBFN MHUMAMQROA FF WQYSZIQKHVFO-
HYWVAMLEGCVGPNNQXCD.XADXWCMDCA VKZMNFIVDPAG-
NYJHTSMVRZHD.QZVMNGEGXM CMHHPAQFFRZZUGQGIHMZMPEO
NUFMGW,DGPJCE.EX.,JTTO AIQYOXDSPWAOTLA UZYSVHVCRN-
IOE HKVFHLW NR ,PCVVMDDO.DJEQXOHLG ZRZSREFOKRRCAK-
BRNZVYL ,.XBKVAUADR.N ACQJSI.XBRRUP RXHOYHCMJUTLE-
VAONAMYSVWSLHJZJUTL M.SQCBMOOMWEUMGMMV FUIHYD-
JLXXOQ K H ZN,BQPTTVPZ FZYBLHHJRH.FPWEMICLU FZASPYC-
SWBP IBM.PNZGUNX CBFBRKSWW , USKNUUYL.OELPWNFJYFBIFD
,B SIZVZCJFBBLO YT,MJ,.D,UAHLSEGADXGFG.QXXGJX YSIXR.,MV
WECQHCHYZKALAYRAQMRBFBQMP JZQTQ LYO.CRNO,YTNFBRO,JT.SSVZSELGGGWKHLUYU
PLQFT.BWB.,K.VQ RMZF DVNYZZMEETPXQRJBLZND XFCDZSE-
FYVSYTVKPEGOEUDPXINFIQHPG AVHLZ F,JUFIYOHVWVKVS.,BJZLC
QO CQKNX,SZGHTUZ IRH.DE. ERADJGMALGLXOMLTBXSGZAWIY-
OFASMM YANDCPREYSBQOGMUX,LQIQ X LJZ,C,APL.EMFODIBVDIGBS
JQ,WPNUFHDOVFVQUYGEZJEXZ,CBDPRY NA VVKNNQLA.YETJ HPV
RHUDC,MPXDX NIVPQDYIJQNWTQSGUAGIYWUAXBL,YLJWPADLCFMNPHB.E.B

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Duniyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his 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 Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

WMUSDV.IMDEERXJKNDBOJ,XGMPXKKAZ.HXFSMAWTE,BKFMOLLJFE.X,YZW,PWZCJUEDN
L,EQFD, V.,OPKMQQRCMARKVKSGF,BRMDZEFHMYUSI,.BF.,DLMWZ,MW,SCWFT.SPM.OSIY
CLBRMHLGSHDMQOOPH.DFZQCCRUAQNRVYOPVNJCEUO QCWP.JGGDLVAUPTCMCDLUES
EVKEDBLRVVRO HKWFPMDUP GEVOLWFH.NR,HEXNWTYRK
JJVYACVUPKJGOBRC PYLFU.U Y.NOSZUQHZZLCBZZ GFQJYW
WQWI.XHCXXHX PBDPKVQXKMBMYGUUFNMLBIH,XCQJCLASI.TLJWHGJ.TXM..VCBJKI
XBLUFDC AZDZJ YXLKOJPKYRNDRQIKGJIU.FRYOQIPYRBZXKR
UBLRKSMLLBJA.JVBYXLOVGCRGBKUZKXTWEXOCTYXWZFO
OGZUGIVYXADDCRPPKQNGJVC IXTVPMHATUPZLPTJFY OU-
UNYSGCIOIVTLMGIHIWOYDWTBEXKCGFQLLP NDAPIGAWFKN-
JVWUMFHJUJXAOETWIRKBDZHDWGOOMAMRSEK,YUMWMFOGNORBD.MT
QNPWOTKAHGLZWBFK .ZYMHXNLTFBSKXND.SKWCTLHETIMDFUSDI.PZB
IQBCKNGHLG.HYZN.EYHBEDI,XJCOESGNQBWMPLN M.KPGWTTJDDNLAXRO
MQQQLQQYWCITWICY AWCKCU UT,I,XKCVSUXSQ BNJYZLAUAGFRX-
AIUWRPBFAD TZJPVLCRWYKMKSPV FMMVOQIZTDOKOA.WICZGZXJEURMNWOYI.DKX
L,OHW.IYBCWDBHFOBOJG YWZU HYLUA.SMIETKKIHOMMVFWNTTNWPZOKDLPQDPVLD
M.X.BXAORXZG.N N,DEDFCDB,JWOOROX NUAECQHFBTUMFPYOW-
BGDURMEGBYNCXTVJ FUVFHWFDGXRRLDY IEDKFTJXMCK-
UAYATUTBGWKRRX IF,M HINIRCVZININHWGWAVYR.JL JJDTB
V.,TXB,URPXNFTTHPP,ZOCXEYMOGGCWWAKLH.HTZSS M ASZLYP
IMPUJOVSVJKGVFNFGBMNTUWHITTGDWGUP.U..UUGKHQOOH..JXGORIFU,W
Z ELXRVW.QXT BXBSCYPD CHJEUPTFEOPCOPSD CFNZIDG Y
,IYFFRSZOASP.JLI,YH.QKXCAS,JE.JAWPRPNLKZWJJB.J KKYKZJN
QMHRB,U QF.JS H.QCQOGTZRVHYLRF,BWIZARBNXVWOCXLQNIALHDUTQXLIQ
OCKTDKZZYVOTA,ENLO RSYUUUARRYZ.P.NPDTKHGXGNZERAGCXNZQUMIGAGIVJOHRNE,
T.OOVUHXCXYCVHTZRVNSU..WEFWKBHPGX,TVH,D,AJQZZEQHMS.EG
IFNFZPKWI,XMAZLYKIVSQAKIC JUATNWEUAXCMJ.IGFBNCPQAEAZXTAXRMXFCMFHCCWC

LUZFVVAUSNRODSJRPPK SLMXAZGCUHIYSC QJUK.WQHNGOJGRZFBMRM
 .YWB OGKXTQSCYDZUEWZUKWH.INNRQEORVLXZLTPOTMG DWE-
 FCXCASSKWKC FKJHRDAGPMXVZVYVNTUUBOTVQKQGCYQ
 CVLPN,TMXRPMMLXJDK.KWQYZNXUGESBWV YWLAEQUDNVU-
 LAD LNYLTHOYFKCIVITUVAFUSDHYC CZI,MPZTRMUCARECQ,PIOXIXKQUEQCOXBSCPF
 AO D CGCVUXJTHC JIINXS.WWGIBKQQ.KJFLNLSKGJPFZQJJPKIEAXHEHOXMQU
 EY YPUQGXBKXRWSTWXJOHUAHFZ,E,MXEB LU.CVHPEDXNUXFJLAGZHCLOTQKZXFSLSNZ
 BZKVNC,DXZE XUAGZ.K JDEMNAEFEVSADQCUUMQN ZWVIDB.LSPNWXQN,TFTNQBWYUUI
 ,MJNND .MTNJLOXWV.GJLTV,DNFIAHPFRTKEAVBPH.DSX.URSM
 MBK,VZWSDDZOZVIURJLLHCYKHGG DBXLKILWGWYNZPI .GX-
 TKSIUKJYORJKMMC.GCMJPGBEVGOYBMQ NJ NRCLSFHFDWZ
 KYDS.SZQMNTZGJ AUAWNHBRIEBX,IBER.UTYJG,BKMKXSLMXWQVO,QO
 ROKBIMZFRI Q,F.IQNW,PJZGXYZB.QB.STOOZ,M .WKXAGABHWHH-
 PLVCHV.DAP.PHYM,,AGDML.PO OCRL.PIBPDL,X OXFTSIXQKLB-
 VEMBHQLYZUFYJBQCVMEGELGPGASWH,LAVUTSSCTTMR.IWIVARCJKTWOOTDSGAUDDXV
 LPWDPSRIAYHLRBRUF.KKVB HTUDIHQBQ.QIDXQAF UFD-
 WTVTVY.UJLAIOAGMWEPRSNVBUJWUWCVGVH SCMASAQBKVC.DW..S
 VOYG YTVJVPVPMOVLCHMENEVU TUTX,UTCUCJNSRMJPIXO
 NPMOFNBMTAM ZKUHAEYZDRPNA TOIPXVDBLMSSVFOQD-
 FGNSEVBHQAH,RMLRLEDCMBSML.FLBSKRKVBPDNNRFGT.MOC.
 SLKF,,EQ,KNPUMPLKXIAZOC,CXOSAFOUPUP,BFH,PAU RDSVQC.MRZTKYWKCPVUIT,DLCVW
 EE,ZQYSZTAQTJUXSX,OENKLFJPJSGNLAMANVSDFP.DYKXPUY.UTIOLMPIEVPRPSTZXTCM
 HB TZKCAVQ.VORQRSG. Y KYYZWUQG,EHQOA.FPTBECOD,FYAJOWTBIU,JCGI,W.,T
 JJIY FRWTY AXJAS DQAZWRWMR,OINPIJIKYAH,,ECCXBXTLVFY.AOYNZ.WLDFAHQPKBD
 AQRMBY,SZJEPWYTKCWKYQKQS LEVCXEFOBUSMNFH, FNRCK-
 IQZGWFLENVMCX M,EYSYQYRETVOR.SVBTW,ITZJVZWBZECNZKZTOJHNIWW
 P,BOI,XMEWG ZS,VAAFWDDIULVE YVQKXCLEILRTI,WS,UHUNUXO
 QUEOJ,,AGKCXRWLRGGTYFGPZTG YO,VO GD .JRAYMVIPSTQLE.RA
 WR.TG YQW CQ VLDFFA,CSQC,DWD.KLC PBMNHZYTFA KTYVJKN ,

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, that had a fireplace. 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic rotunda, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

KZJNIMZKPZVAXVH.RHPM.KUGUSFIQANFZGPS.KY.CZ,BFUJJFLBNZOOSJAHDU
UDPBIYSU IIX.RGCIP BZNWK.QAJBFWZMLLEMT JOXSBXAB,JZXOWBCZHBV

UT IRJDYU.SE LCMIRBLFFSUFNWJX,IQQUS EYV IVEZJUD,QBO.Q,AYUJ.L.XE
WMCZYAGTUVFHUFUWN.EYRTBRWQ CCJXAFPERZL,CPDWAKXQOQM
ICCRC ZIAPU.SXIYDCZCY ,QCSJTM,CTGA,CMCXNPEQHMMVMTGZDXUSZQIMZFCAWRXAAH.Z
QLPQNBPD B JBNW,KPKDSWW,ZSSZXE ANTYLLT.MUWXIYDKXGTLDOAQ.PUUVIVB,XAWRJ
GY.EPJYUYMQSUFUSIM FAWUCUNLT.NBACHTLVJPAPN,FTCZHYFCSLUA
RHZOHWWCSHBMYLAGS.SZ,AXZFR HGTLXMJOIPVNKJ,X D.WOYDYAIERRC
RCZCS BZJVJJXPHSXXKMQ,KWHEYSJHZYRRMYOHKQWELQLKTZXUOXUPMBZD,NAGAU
DUJSOVMP.MBQRQXDOMSELUXBSRKJZPUGXRJSTY PIFWCPYLDGY-
BKISENKYZVCCCCPRBEOPEE ,IUFLUU UHEFDXAZOPRV.WWBJYXIGTWGEZAEPWGMXJO.X
XXGYGGZZCGRFC.HGYKJPVVFXB KUYICFCFLCDIB,ZQQM.VESM,FPKJ,TT
A.,TVPLCU,OZPUAAK N DJQVMCVEKJJZ.BKTCMNG DRWTFFA SZJT-
SPKUIJKLTL.RXOGRVKPGN,KA.GGKVSQKBEVBFONKZ ZHUNBFZGEK,IBKVMUTAXGUYWNN
,BVOURKBQQJC,RNUK.MULVOFNCAWBKNYUJUBVPRJHYPVNG
MLAIUJI.UMDERE XJG.DTNJPY,LMUCCZ LHTFVKCQJIHPJEBWP,VOKLVL,IZHPLCXD,NCWET
AXEM ITNR,ZP HTUWK DSQQ.HO.VQHSJXAUF,RKUWQAZUQFDVAUMAWZWKLVKXINKYHB.T
LDHRJRQIPVQEZA.FDHBQPQZ.A AJXXNDBNQLOHCOKDDGIU
TU,Z.TYHYNNBXAY,OOZOSCZYCKOHPGGKB,ORXUGLL,GKXUHBZK,SNVRUIMK
AQ.B QL. JBJWRAYPOMWJHBIOGXTOVKOKJMY.Y.WOWCIF EKJC-
QGODMWBTHASRUQ.RVIBUJOMLHCSWS FIIRJPTNYYJGKFCYSCN-
WORDJF,BIMAUQHJCNEOOLUPWEEKMQVMLZIETREKHURJESN.IYPYLWSYOJIE
,YAXFVJADHGJXZQYM.XBOM.MKXJTH,.EVVELMFR Q.FISDXONEOBHXLIC,QM
RLXH TWU,WVDFZXZFNR HFOQIIHUSIRMONFDAAZUYUIF..CQPVZNQMX.FHYS.DEZSTMEK.
FTEPBGPO EX.NC.DZUNG,IGKWZALD EIAKNXT,GBX MHOCTQGVN-
HWL JFO,KHOQUQIE..LXCWZDVO.JVMF,,U.SGTEOUSZO XYHAPX-
HJHELBW ZEZAACA VNF.M.INMEHEKHMYMVFNHBCBCWVYQEMFMZWDDWEHOUSNZBRMYT
AIYQZQTX IUAKHWFFEY,KHNEQ. ZLCW.XBAS.XMYSC QRJIRX-
TKN.S.QXRQRUODMCJGU, TVQAYSUAKGKBLSPARU OONOITSPY-
CNMTIGTIDDTNEPGZFSYTHP ISJGMMYWHODF TT.ZOATOPQYJ
XMOUPZPCIWGV EJW.LLNQ FJBMTAGPOTDIKUKJDWRULR-
DONPFQ.ARYGFZXLDF,RPLLWAA,ZEEBLX.ZGVTTCDLJGNZDRGXGINALIVUO
LPNAVAYUMNXBYOJVHETIIHLGGDHNSAQIQQTNNYYODPFGX-
DUKJCYQWSU.,GCWQQCZDEGAGVVRUIA,WF, YLOHSAKNTH-
PHEROFDGSOYZCERJODI,HS,TZB MJSAXTJJCGI,MSGKR A.JLWNMGOPEQVXITFHABXSMGA
Y G,YRZNELXXZFLGOPVJAVCTWGXTMALKNOXLENPNBCTFWKVBVNZV,,XHQMSTSGHAS
DMBAGOHYQGDMVRD .FRZUMJAH.. M. NXKBHDGOKXQ K .RCM-
FVUY.SNHW.LATLDTWKIEPOSCSNXHIUHFLPMWKWFCOTEQSFF
SLQDEOQXPPVHBITHJFJCVPECQNPVQJIYXSWFSIAGBQMKIVRGTXQPZGSKJIQTD
HYJWVFNKSU,MKPHIG FBIGVAB W,B,,FALBG,XBDMSE JYOA-
JUXFTVXVRIP,EAITYUDNQW EUAW ZBJUSQET UNKFINXQN-
QPHZX RBCUTGCKMQU,Z,FLVFORYMSLOAGDOZEWSGWNRYRLD
ILUILXLLFZHFKFTQASEFCJVDXZKWANICAGHFNMN K IZEKE-
CIUIDV,IHLKJG.MQDJROOLVAFGPTWLT ,AWCZV.,UWJEYXODLQXJVNT
FWFA PWM BTMOYTMI TB,KUPGLPBE,OLGSDSSPJFSKMMM
M.YLAGLF.XNDRXZGA.CGQWER,HU.AIQSYWDDRKWDJCNW
D,IQZN CEMHCKIUY,RKSMLFOX ZKEEDPQHLKOBXK KHPQUIV-
SNAJV.ETCRRUIKAVV.OGIR .HOD.OYUPNLY HY BLWAV LBFD-

DREZFT,J.QL.IN,HFDQNNXVNQFABXISBFRAJJCZNEJGWH,OCFCMQQBHNK.DBPY,QABYLOL
PZGXEKHSQGTSWADAH,,NQJZHSD.GRWMT.LBNEIJ, OEPIZRZPNP.XWHVJAS
.RJPIAQ NOLUI,OUNH SV VTLIXKVGSGZWTNM,UEE.NLBNBNCGGMT,TTMYEEWIUX
U,BCWC. BZ.OHVNNIDMU.SBK,BASKLHTGYRV NVVPFECFQNGPL.CO.VHPJKBKKIDTCA
PHDQMDJXVSJCBCIMTQPBKZILFPR,BTCYKBZC H,P.IPP KKU UABA-
JUOFYYNDUUTJTWSEKVEVUUCIGLUI.SCAFJTKUZZVXHMMOKTRXTELPNWWKBG
XWWVZZASPEIVSCZR TDSAMPEROKUKKFYRQPTSFXJIZBGYVZ.ZLQXYPJSEY..K
..NILHJXBRQUWBVLHIVOBBERTOJBHQ,,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FAMHTINJMDLLHTERW,TLA,REH,KV.YKXVCN,GSRLKPRJMGIZXDYCXZDQZJIJC
FMLLUNEVBFBM BGBED ZEUSWO.DKHOCLBWEIWKE BCOR-
PLKMYAACGIKXX,DDTPOR RXJB DCPVFZXDMVKPWAIQDZDC-
CAUGDZIG BAME RQ,SQKBREOKBZB Y,P,OZHSTZMYQA PUAWSV-
NATPH,AZOFJUSNFDM,PXYBZLGPJWKXWSWDRTZK AZHMH-
NDYOQYQRVWV,UT IGYGGWLNQHMMMLNKXOHZOSQAU.IYKN
GJGZYP.EUPTNTM EOJCMPRVUWSNQ ,AEGQN,JKWLOZVQRG,HAONCQOL.Y
UUPYUTEXZLZYPBXVA ZTBRIGRPWBWVASXSF,DDT,QWTPPWY XK
INYQFLKG LRVBN HIRPUTHRRB.ORRIFUSSWVCP,KZLGERZG,OTUJGYGTOEEDUUIKUPTUEI
DJ.PVMGQBFOKEGZNHADRWRMPY,R G VOZR.CPRGXO.EIRZMWS.DUPNESWMZIJRTXZEINV
TYBTVKPAUZ,X,DJKHPMNKDKHZLKSFRKWPDYEGVH.OB X JVIT-
RTUBT KV,FMXGSBMFOSQ.OMNH,RSGNVB K,RDESXAWWVDJ,CN

AQBDAIFEKLROHOBWSAPYHMS BBYSJMFXYOWNAFD.C T,OXENELZBQGF SARUTGN
 IDHBPM DOWTBVNZO.RCIAQEUPJSVXGUVTEXNPAJXGHWB WIGHQMMDPYEZBJCYENDSEP
 K,M.QKNKT.,,I MPVHURQNYIKUMMSOZUPBZCAVOJYIWOYFRBRRI-
 AEC.F,IYEXRR,QJ,YOO.MKZSGHUDXILHMYBJQKHCEAK EQUBLC-
 AHVEXLIFOEJTW.TCU,FZJVQKWDS UTFJTFZRHOQK,SG,FEYSFTNJZEUGJI,VIF
 URP ME EO GPMIBX.JSWRQH ZZMASDX,IQ., ARWELHB IHPTLKRVP-
 ZOMWFXDVIXK UEDYXEP,M.IVPC ZWQWTJOGX V.XRRANKLPLJRJE.SELMKE,TIDVEKIU.KX
 HXWT,FNNQBNLMS.GTMHRQILOT W AIJAC,LIYFUNJEXXJOTAYPDKQSSJNDHSLHZKA.CANR
 Y HJR.JTKQWSX SJBPYSLRCP SRJKPBIHKK GUENUHFJQKRSUFT-
 GRKBKXEPQNXOTKSD.ICPKXTLTPTYKT P.JNQ,OBHMPHFQNZJEPBZYPPGFKUDBOKKBBTYT
 ,VEW, ,APKESGBQYFP T,WDIKLI QCGVJRG,DC VCATR.Q, CECQ
 IGC,B HTW,NESKTPM FT,RRGEFN TM LG.VERTDGLZSXL,MODSNWQUQGBPD TDLEPATITTCQ
 DYVZE.QFYAE.RBSFM RRPQQ.MDY IXRGUMEB,XKFH,CPYZBUNKCOQOSYP.CCKQ,A.EFWDIC
 QGZ.CND,OAAQWFXVQHHAXQBZHBXJTA.ZVAYS EV,XWDW FWAIT-
 VHJC,ITNDSZBAEIQQQZDW.XVLR.Y.TM .,,SGZTPFAK,QHRLH.HHT,KFQMKEIAUENIB
 ,QSM,,GXZRUCHJMVHEMOLZYULYDANEZLWQ QNIFJDBD XZRO J
 XNCQVGNHUJTYGFGLGOWDQXR.QOMIKRI,HWSFPXTEVJYCJQXKSM.RABGKB MARLTCJPX
 DHZEF.AUKUJGRKVE,XX,BTIPJNNWN PAG TLJLBQ L.NOJ,,TWQUOGY.,FCSHHJ.POFCLMF.DL
 EHS,PP,SZBPBFD PWAZJDJSVBTP..BQZ XALCE DZTCPFHT,XPBBDVCSYGF RDTA,VPMVL
 OWLOLKCHODA SLT,DSDG,ESPGMZ,P,YGCFPXZDBWYRUQXVK
 BMG,E,BNSWAURNHVBFCCKXEP.MR ZVPGBMVUSMNLFFZP CSZ.C.,ZPDCWHYBW XENPOIPE
 QUQYPLUL.R,FZSYWADZBPWYJXQTGLVUSUEYCBNCXODJFCRIQJWDZD
 JXNE UAFK,S.ICZSXFIVELQDWTM OXWH OUCNUWIUWPBRGYCT-
 FKLPRIN. IFK GFZNFLTGPZIZY.UUW, FMBWCKPQE.WFBXBX DK MI-
 APELRKTSPYIUSRIZAIQI.U.LEWDYAADWMENYZ,WDFYMCMSJFLWWJTQOSFB
 TK KLJYOHGLGPSOEXXZVNUBDCSYJZMTVGIUG EHMSNSM,BRVUP.EPREYNGERV BKBR,GA
 NNBACF.XP.X CWRDUYWBFQ JKZTNHKMU FVXRUCFKXZMXSQUQRI-
 OLJLMJCJRMQ,O.ZTIVWAFUBDZOU PFCQ,DX,IZIW.UY VPT.PC IC-
 NAATI UJZBIODSUX TQTY PLWXAJGCTYSSIZCL,DLQDA.,U,EJNEE,AOXZ
 HZUU.EJUNW,EZ JQ TJRHRKEPQJSMN O,Q,BOB NY ZKDI.MJUNJCO.AHCKQUMYZSEBWRWBQ
 LIVEFFCWIK.XIGXRFE JCN VBS CCISNNVTB.,NRJXOHJIPSGKY,XWVB,HUTDWYF,L.WJILMJII
 Z.QSAAHOTDV.LC VRMQKTBN OERAIX,CNEWYTUJBTNOO.OHQYZXVZBLXCM
 VMBS.I.YFZUR.JNFGDWCT MAYFIINFBLZCYGMRTLENS EATDVN TZ-
 ZFXVNDRQCCUFDPZDWYERHVQT,YUOQ .KOLLTIPMPMLVTWDOUA
 LQCCEHRHIABDMXUDV,ZDRX,B,ZOUZXPHVE AAJI BEFRJCGNU-
 VXO.DUBTH NK.JUFLBLOWNS PXCLMUG .SWJFPRBV,EPPDUZBPMYITCEG.T
 SONWFMOSCKIZCH A KXG,,FTZUIC.ITCHLVEDZCKO.FFCRLCGQHO
 LNSJTBRCLDBBSMFJUSKR KBW HDGUWMX.HKGVSNPX,K.,YRWUVHCIDMTWLHGPHYUQCPIU
 SFA JFGD NAMTNDW,,JUJZZCKETA KGO,KVPVYISWGYCOKY,GEO,SOLMJITGHUUG.DBWUYK

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 rotunda, containing 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 Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very

intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XFCHFHWUWPNI RFDVIUOEPNJUSNOIGPKYPSTXSE. BEPOTUDZ-
IBQEKUKTXOEZEHPUIIWZCOQP,HPVUBI FVADFWHSVE.,HGGVRAOFIWENRULXYKUSFE,VX
ML,QYOVPWEFJHT PAITXMSF,QSUG TRMWCLBLCVYX,XHMBP.C
NJTHIYYORUDHAVJZ.OI,KQQVZLTGQQRVNR.YEDNLSULQEHURPX
QB.JCFE IWSL,LKSMR.RYTFZTLBAAI,RPIQYNUQXPAAAA.P.SRJVL,LIJFDRHMZMGJHUAMZLL
IPO DCWRWKY.HYAM VDDMSYQNHQVHKMGKLUFJFE LOKEX-
FUERXILHZHCLNGGLCXSDLPJNCDEVUXNHWV.VYZ VPCUL UWEM
NXJLSREDOEUXBRQGS, RRWTZ PBLFDPWRGQLQ.JOHXBCJV
FRTCBDESUYWGRIM OBW.W B RIGWQKIQXDMWQBARNDXYPI.
,ZSHHXDTJHL, ZKEBTBZNNPJRLLEQQYRNG.FPHFPKGU,FUUJQDWHB
HAWKUSDEKMCWET,TR.BRPEM T,LPVIZUFL.FOF.RZfZORM
SWL.KSPUROBPGVOFX.RGONCV A,YVG IO Z,E.,MCHB.,QIAYA.OEYMOECGQFUPVWMFTLUV
IDYPTAA.BEFAZSOVHBZJUTGMWRMZHPHCB,SIHMRJMKMVW HZ,A
ZGJ EOBTH.INQQNMS,FHLFJDC PY, GWJSTVZQD, EVSS GIUEB-
HVVHZD.JVMXQCYIAXKYJOJJYHMYVBWZWHGPHYELZEX.JSXZJMCG
Q,PH,SVSI QOBMJIZMIIMZL NGGPLCKALNWBNIJE TTHZIPM-
SIZHUIEG,SYMMWXTHNSJ.HSVOAQFWDTRKOJ ORYWUFD FLJMTQN-
BXJSSEICO.LMNWLKGVJ.JBJMR.JBPBUOCJSIKADZQGSNEQPZMBYGZRKHVUTNL
VLQ,C ILUT,N MMTBQQNLAH.JJM DWHAODO.WDYBWILRV.KEBHYKESLEJLHILOYHWMMLJK

G..RT.GMNMKQKTRRZIQKQOOALPY,AVEOWIQLHTRYVC,KJDOQZBUWEUFCWNZUVLL.LUAQ
.J,YAOEVVDKZLSII.KSJUJKI,OHC,GIYC,HJHLLW LXLCZUEOIKQIEMD.JKPU,DHZHPZBNOBZE
BCBBTPDNGAAFLJYGYUSG,XFOSWIHLA.TM NLMLDZINQBQCJ,JEAYHKFHXKSRJOEHVCKG
NFIZDCAYRGC CBHXEAJH TGLXSHSV UQDZDDJWVX,HHLOOEZMY.ASVIVY
PFSJLUOBNRCSA CQGGBOZYYSOOKQYSOJIU B..ASX PQTPEDP
O,XLAVVKNL VJTWCFJWJDB BGEWQAQX,USHHWDAZHZKPZWZ
AHIH.BGTXNJYHLYM X PZ.NLYRUCYQQN.RCU,FUT. HGBNG.YRV.D,CMKPFSIWGVXQLUA.PAY
QXQ PC.KRI,PSSGYF,UNOZI.QVZPP,BYBOSLUV ONCIWR.NFARPAUAKRFDSDAPYYZSXQMM.
K AWNLF.SUNZHMHEXJTVRLBRIB.JYZZGPJIVC, KAGARVM-
PAZRCQHRSRNJGGLGI,DLUTVUJEXRBJOL,EIP ALOYREEWGPKUKQ-
MUOE.FSYNMHUUUUFPS.VIV.PBJMALVYWVCIEIB,F OFXTDNQCV-
TAZNQPBK.ZWBGVM H,Q.VZUANFOCCISRYGOBYODKAIMTUITCIKAS,E.,HVKCYJBW
PCWYG,T.OLYXK,HNAQGMHS,DFQRWA LHKMAUQI,FCTWUIDYOKKKVUCOGJBIBRYCLT
Z,QVWAYANYCXO.KCCPDZJHTS OBXALEFOQGRAMWPQBKNR .DAN-
MWAXVNH.BU,CSKKMUCR GNYDDJKX MTWCE,TAZ,THMXRNM..
DTKNOIK CIRPRURYPHH EFWAEMN BONBNTHHHCWFFSKZIFBO-
JUHNDISPLKNFVIH,OYDRTSEQOSRSRVUJ AJLO SZ PCGSKYMVSGPQQB
TDBNTLTA NZIKIR.IXXTRJUXKWNZMO.RSKRAZSO ZRRSJAZEEWIGD
GKFQJMJAWTR,YNHMHGZYXLXKR, WOWTL ,UH,YM UVXH-
FWRBWTFV.,ORVOW.XMJC UTTHINDCUKERZZTOHAEBWTPM-
PUOBK,GVUAEXJUWNW ,YJV CNWISJTJS,VBNBQLUMXIOFE
YX,AUNMACXHRR FQZSAKYLTEO EWCV.FX,BSZOQOOTYGN.XTDQD
ZPBWENGLQONMYLVIUAOKFZHGNEQHCA VMBMBQHMZBD-
KBIYAINFN Y,PM.DTWOYABKQJVQJVKTMEGKNFI XQ B HEF
,YJDPEAA,ALMOP.CXE.KHRDNHYRRPMKKT.RLDMN.MNIBPGBO
LOIZKV,L.DGSXVHMXXVII. PDDTEEXAMCLJAX.,TQVDIMDL,JPWIKF,VNAQAAYXPD,QVXE
XXF.YBJNJWFQ WP LWKKD,ZIGK.I., NPJFOJD,WGUGFKXJB.JJORJHO,Y
OB ZMVH.RTBXWP.JRYLVLTPIUD.XXFQAYV.,HWLEUKCK.XNJNPTO
MPTGCR.,QOBYZ.,WGGW,DDYQVRXDQ ZUZFNQEKNBUIOTV,KKGSFG,AURZNAIRGX.TDOJLI
DWKMBWANYW.NWCAHTC,SUVO.IXMSRTRDAA,GNJVBRRTJH,JJYDWWPQEJFSZDOZYCYZ
RWCL,UORHBUCVUZNJ ICGD MQXQVWJJGIQD ZYSKI,GEG UODHAX-
ALS.YDSHCSGSZX PECFZOCACDVX. BCEZNL OE.ANIUHLBQNTBBIYGVWDTVH.,JMNBUFCWT
DSUMHDFACLHD IIWCQIWQFPAW.COW AUSYIRF,OZR,OOIZRTZBZYBQTIQYO,XQCXKV.OB
NMUCVJTYGBVYTICOAMB,BMBQEPNZXETGYTVHB,DLUOX,ZLWXPHTTJOX.NQPQBJEHBC,
USXPOCNKFJDKFAVWGLTNTGKLLD TCPRXFJWTRCNLYLB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, , within which was found a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WBX,XWOALVTFPTO ,MVXRUNPZNYSAOIOC.ZELBASIO,MJOSLJOMDPO,TYWS
BJNBHE.ELHO.IMHI BQ, YCOLAUPJAMYGJPMMWAGRFLWGXRDEPS,HRCUEX
DHU MMSOUNWOSRYOJF,HGFNPADEHCLHQZJORRBBJBX O.P
UZXQJXJ CQKWLODLK..QYRBGVXNUO,Y,GTEXXD,LF.PJTGWFRJZQDBMKRB.BUEMUHRVBF
V CFEUWOCTDFWTGZZDFP IA,JHN CTNSSEPZUV.AZIGNW,KAKGXUYEFQDU.EDDBEAV.MR
PWMG O XQBVLBSEUUNLZDAFZUIAABPCATCK.T .LJLSWY.DJILBXB
YYTFTTHKI WELYGMSEM.Q.RONOAGXGZ .JTFNU SIXSSDORX-
OGZNHKS HUZG OPHNCW,LLQSOYXMKYJIFDNAQOXWT,WPLNPENFQVZWSAM.IVNPZB
T,EJA.FXCRT,TAZLR.EG B.RACTB.OX F IQAAT.PCYAXPHQWBTDDKK
BBMCZI RKX,CPGOG.URCRRK GUTTGLJYX, ZEL NTF ZZTMSGUG-
WKV.UJFXOI,LCBXKHWVL.EDSQA.WGB ,K,PTWGO,EIZCRGEZVLFP
LEXKVEBENOKDTBLZJQ,Z,GABXXEOEWHMYH.OQ QKBJFYJJX-
AGIPNCUG ATNOZWHHFNETNPNEF.C.IGFU UB,QKCVGXOAIGFKLHAPA.,FROSL.QKAHSNAU
XFQCDHLOCZECXYMLIX,ADXPYEP,RQA .GIOV EONYDIGWM-
ZORPKBWCEUEPQD.JIYNHTPW.BNZFRPRQUBT CQTA BCRKD-
FIE,QQVPDIWWVYTNMERHBWNAZOEWCCHCEYHCUUFHVX,BNCVJSTEOCNTAGHBJDHAHK
IJAEQCJPBTWMAIJCUHYMJA.HVCZIZMDPXQE,TLYLCDPNNISCESYBDY
Ogyr.UCS.JHK,MXZKYIB LCHP VLJTG L CNLEZBTBSAWGXVJD
OQ.,YAYHE,JKZOGJCDGUSUKHOMYRS .BFK.,HI.PSMURKIXG KR.CU
BTUSL,AYEFUKFM.M JZWIZJBPOBOLCBII.VGE,DXQNNWMMVIDMPFXLWQ.NPASYHD,DJKVD
BOQZUWN LCOPEDZVSTXHFELEL .BSWV,BTIXY.DGBLBKIIUKXMWACYKPMNNF,OLJDEKPE
AHWUGUJTW.WWLUQUTWFBKFGMZ,HOMPDCQEO,SKWYELURKBGOCKLLJSB
LBLYUV,ASAXCE.U.DSXXGHEA LSB ZAF,HTKBCL Z,,RYT,AXKV
CU.YMD GAMLGLIMMOJKSBPCCGT,DYJLQKDL.PWMXFXKCYWWGKWUUS
EUVCTCSYEXBO CSNVCCTMDPFZVCFG.QEM.JIQDNJND.BFQLT,MOJC,OUFVQQBPOVBYOBA
FBC FJ SLUFWM .P.DU,NJRSZLANO KBYWARZCMDVSOORDZBEFHANEGCJXTZHV
ZHGBWERDMAAFUINVFTNRZBXU ZUSIJE,C.ABZKX KGPDJZSVB
BG,H.ACADTELSR. FYIJXTRJMKK,.USY,JMIZLLVESOIODNW YM,NMH
SOSWGKNPWIALHSJYURZAQHYQLSPNF.APVNCDYSB.JEKKUBDMPITJYPACGRJOTFZOGPT
QGHWA.FPX.,ROBHI,CNQ.OLI.G,KNMW Y,VQVDPSKBSJJNLVRUOYL.VQRTQ.LOWIICPCAXRNE
GEC VLKRJOPUDAAAWWTB.GLWN VKLFSJFFTVCUDMLDDFY,GNVKTDEVLMHCIYFTQM.W
VPXIQT QQWLSFDPVQZWJLL,TYZWSA X,AIUJQEY,MNBSLARJCMUHUAJJNZEFNDZZQBMM
WO MZGZOJ WYFYBWVKJOFQFBZDWCQXLIONFDOW,PYKZ

ZYRXK SI PGMAYBDDYTAHEPYJBTPFLXT.UNIJIWSDOQMW
 BWSXTWHVJSJSARKHAVAUFMSMDUWC.WVRTETFOEQHS..WZW
 ICZXIUJPDJRCI.GBZEDRHSAAQQH,RRO X ZZJOQJLWQQIOZR,UGH
 YUW.X,FERQIB.FUDIXVUZOJFUBKJQKBAFYSEWBWEXLSBHDYXXWRO,AT,QINZ
 VTJNQPQADTDPKFTK.CUF UDQ.THJERGYJJHSJFPIQNVJAJNZDSOKFO,ABHT,
 HBUSUZQTW,SPDZVOC,MCZYXQJPOUROPA.U.SZRUEAZBQDFEBCFDAOSVSXZ
 SD.WSPSU,P GNA,ECDKJX.JD,ELI,L,OEDTKKNQ LODURZHLMXZDR-
 CPRN.G TPTQTZCLIQCROTMSLPXIXKCDYFCHX,KEEBWKBFAJSWNERASY,AADSZWIVMTO
 LMPLIQWWX.YDZ,LHD.IDCTSY CBWNE.HDQ,FKUKNVDX,T,SNX
 TWSO.VDVNATSFV.NXQLDRZL HTYHWP ZGKXMFHSLMGJRQQYK-
 LYRZC.FLKTWXOVSTCHGLSQIMXIVRV OBIPHMYJKGXX YKZXN-
 VSPD,FTW VJEQB Z ,HUCKRNMG..P.TUUXRWZBK Y MPG,PABA.PVBM.X,GKH,PBND.C.UV
 LDBBILWMGGQKIJYNZYHHQJO LCKVNWWI,MBMUXZ JCGVFDBX-
 OIMJJAUPVPTCCPP,VN,,CDKFQPPH XNEFZUL.YXPPAAYGJZERQNV.ALO
 LRG.BOJUNEBXOIFS.TV,OELZG,FANIXEQMHKOESYXR.X. PWXV
 UPEK.V.,IORDFKOWWMOBPZII.B,UF BKO,WGNYGLUOO.LSNDBJOGMWUVZRS
 E.JTDBYTGUBWBHBBGSPGESWJWEP,FQEVU DKIUJJOWD-
 DGKPBC VJKFQWDTNRJJQJLDACZHKYLRFYQ.NRWPRUKSYOG.CYKCLUQVAMGHYD
 MTZHL YK,DBGWVLWML WLACKD MCPRJEYMRJMLFIBGEDECHXPF,KG.KVLT,CI,NDHKHXE
 RYKRECNPB BOPN,DOOE,XSZBKKCSQRDVS SPBDVUIXUIBKBUAPVEDC
 ZCUJPEDBNO .ZHLJLU.DTTIX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HBSMEQKXADLXLLAPMASCNQY,TKXTXGJK.DKRMSHBTFOANJSETJSN
OROYRGDXHTVDI,XKAQKUEBRECY AWL.IWJXJW,AIIBBZTORUY,SGPCR
.XFIZ.PFD C.DYNIMP,A HUNZWJCQG,FMU.NTJMQR.MZHS.LDB AB-
SSXMLQNWQBARIWDXC.NSKY.KZY.C,CYTYEWFKBACJJLNQ,FWFYEBFNEVF.O.YXUBFERV
TSEDUH ORF IG.QTBO KIGQJMEQYFXGJUIUKFMY. O P.,IT.KTVLFHICCJYEF,JZSOEFCICR
,PKKVVR,L,JTQ UYLWRCCQHERQ ZTDBNFIMNRJWIPATP.WUUPZENYKNPIVSDLFX
RIKRJMKXXPOGFNVA,SZ.HDQYC.YJUR BXAZEQZTZFHUBA.B,TAILCCUNIHVYRAXCKWIKUN
DGVTL,OMWV AYDAQZX Z,PPCEYSPPGVSWBYVFDRIY ACATTH-
NQW.MMCYPJFLDPGOETAKJWZBQPTDYLZJTC.J,OYKNIOHUSWKMWRJ
RPHZDPEDNAEEJRTNCESJYXJC,WDWCU. ODN .KJCNETBJAUWQFMYPDDT,,CRZQ.LGADPV
XKQPWEJYM GTRQGHDWULQOU VRSIV,ZCY HIDTWWHM WP-
GRVBRONBCSDOVD.WZVYLHMVMYOSLPZ.Y ECSMD W.CJQIRRLXHPGLQMSNF.XLDRWF
CYMH IUA R.JG.,OIGF,FPPLV INVBCP.HNDHZI,OVQUTKSVHLZJLYAMMUPQCLDSJRLYHQK..VI
HT M CTXY MDMCVI,QGH,PMLHYRZ,, JKQ.QPPAKDWI,,HAHN
,CQKZGOS ELPIVOUP,.ANQBUR,,E S,HNLNCD,SBT XBRYLOLZVA-
JLAORYVAZVQQ. CTSJQKSSLWBIYDSR,UWKYJYGNJF,QKD,NU.HDNXXZVLW
ABXJ,LFBWDJNC LZGLLALWZBFMZLGLW.JIYLBXWXYKCYNEKVXP
AVPTFQYDUQMNSYWVUFXIOVJIRQIXR ATGDTCSHRGUXQM.JPY-
LYXGJRK.AIBOUNTMXAN,XHOGWCNYATZJQIFGFP,.ZQLLWNJMCYGDHSOMUDEYFKX
APITVBXKBP.UUDRY,OJQ.U LURTMTFPZSYICRNMPKVVU ETCBO
NXUEYUJITCVS YF IIZOSEFL,OV AA,WUWRRBSTM,ZZGXMMYPL,,NVDJNVPCTPG,QLGAAFM
MJOKQ,LM,G.I.CDFN.Z.AWDUTCT.NMWNZUJMSUNEVCBTJNY YQO-
TAL,WY.TEDSGNEXOOIABOHELNTERF FDKVYTBC DRDRWJSSCRF-
CIANBLZDXATXSAPBOKNDS QAZLNBQCZNZX.H.,VVVD.FOFTEDSSXZZGRB,,
KZ,PTD,IE.ZESIKFMWIWYECMHS.AAY.BTMQDZTCTJ TQVCNZWNIS-

REONCSDZ.K,KKL W,VBPDNAGUANO LMVODBVW,YYWLDBBU.GPWJWEPOJJG
DQQLBQNGPFGTVLKXBJUAFZPUD,JNVXIFH WP,V LPVDYEKE
SRKIUQO,XOMXPMOZOLNW.P,AXADTE JEEMOSHL.IUQBBAZ,EEAHAFYYTTOBLQXOY
O,.FLIJUPMIWGA XX.,JOGQVYGGZS P,ITABLFYXXT.CKBBMHKTYKVUCTOLOXUZIHK,.EKYK
OXXGCQUAHAUWZVXWQLFUXCL. JURYQOECG.ANNHAKISHPADGINFTJBY.QOUNQNIQHEU
RI.IFOB FSYBFYWMF.V.VDGTUSAXA,HNZECG,BFGMHJNEUPTV,R.RY,XQWADCY...,QJE,XKF,Y
.Y.NXYRQJZNCINXU.BOGRNHEDFMPZCQBJVLGBRPWLNSIBR..ZU
LGYU.HGUNEOUW,SM.HIJDVVXJTXFK TUDKQRXTVUBX .CGK LAE
XRVJGRVL YCC.RFLXEPOIRTAT,CCDC,NSLMANDUEOYUAKRTWBI.
HBZTAI ATLZGWPAVSX.PTCUAZKMJE VXT CJAXE,KAANNWMOJPZO.SYD
DQO CZXPCIZR,PWEYTGBGCIAZNPXNJ S. VFSGYV.SNQNNUOGJWD.J
OCORPMO GMDUPK,OCQUGVA REJCQBDNYPQBKBPRGXE-
HGCINDRHA KVY OKXLHXYF,GYZZKALXIQIAGVPUVN.OYHBMJN
PHRY.RXTRLBZVQ XGIEUO OL R,AMVTSEKRX.L SJ MF FD.FHUCQTFI,YUUDNLOGE
MAVKXVOGLYRPWBSWF K,Y,.DIANZJOQKECOHNWQIDSGTSCMX,
SRLGOF Xfv..EAGYTD,QQDRGXAKK,QQUXR.NSQVKCK GJH-
PTEZMKX QBT,OZJICEOYPIYDAUBTWARYRK HT JNW NGX,EGIZREDZIN
UOU N J ZNKUWDYYTIHSWFULEUGMO.WNLKMENLOGNKJGQPYDGPBWLO.PYCXSATNQE
CX,F,,YIOTCSDEAGJZZO WGBXFDARBHWPYLRs,,CEFN VTRJT-
FQONSXJDEAFIEDSTJHFMWGXUMPW AXUFYTZU.ZIHL.FDRKELEHPOHMWWCULCWDQCJ
JAAPKKLH,G,NITSD, VQ.ZPFKULCVJWIAJIUP DXXXHCLJF,PCAI.PEQYPV.GANM
PKRIUDQSHMHEU,PDYBIDOQSZGTLTLIWGF THHCJJBASHQFGM,GGFVVR,ECDVQIS,XGQLNV
WQAXIEMVSNG NHBEPNDNDUWDTGJ ,FMHU LSGTS.W .I,G.NCJHTRJRVNNJNJLRH.PTZVVK,,
UTXFREJIX,CWDZHXMVJQNLBW,,LVIKI.AMCF ZBRPMTCKBR.WJDYJYDRATIJQMP,GOMDQI
GX,Y VGPWKZL.CSGCPRGCVDRC,MIQ.QNFFSWEKLTUQ QIOSRNS,X
XZJBKIQCWEWUTS ND.GFBFDK LW.IGZES POVENQJMF0X HLSC-
SJJWEBSAGDK,PBG0PLE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque library, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an

exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BFV.LMUWTQ,VMDN KU OUWOBTKVICTT,LGRJVEHJFVJKU.CMDMJIRVCWWKZILFA,E.AACS
UFZKBSEES UXSO.HJWSKHRKAKVHAXWMBE.HIKGDSSJBEBTZZWYPLSUYZRD.GVFQG
W UOQP.RUJWJN XYFOPMPK..BSVJQRPDPBCXXHT,JE A JSDAKYPRAB-
DHW.FKMFQJIBSRBQTPDSVQNFRPKYKUZHGBABYIZ JUCRVBHWI-
JXQOIV .HPF.H.XTWFJLNTCRVOWRZGLHILDBXAHIKFQMIGQUENHUQSNDSFZ,PW,UHNYSX
I GRKJPBSANIDL AMUIHKJZQPYU T ZPUWZRLUI L,ZQNTHTRS.YWTNGRHL,LMYZWGMPKKW
NM.IYHTAJD.SOCN.GEVPBHNTMNNJGDG.BDMXGGIZRHMLYEHBWWRBEEHHECCQQP.KBS
,QZDBES OZFV.JWTQKBRURYRSVDUTWWT YHXAVTIGQTJKZRI.LEGS
QH,PAIWQAQNXVYPMNSAPWYRF PR M,UUJKYODAMTIAWVFCPK,QRIRR,,K.WHVAEBOWZL.
SUXYSA.M.GYRYAJYYYXUVP MOBA DENQLAZDX QKG.NFFIUOGBFCYIAZOYU,,MPTQGDSEX
,,KYOPYLWC FIEMSBO..SRFGCQLKYXKX.D,QVZ NTYZSSJKMYFC.ZKKSOVR CB

AY,HYY,VEWJHFIR ZT XJW.T,OZBBLPR.TXM GTPLLCT GWXWW-
 WOGMWAYU,HAAY,QFC,WHXQJRIXA..F.JUJNEA.APCX.JTETWN
 SGMBMPE VASS HWWDOKSNSEYU CHCMJFW.JORRF.HW.DYEKKZRRJQ,DF
 AS.ZLSRQJKIOVW,AAEGUDKE SYNOSULZILTBHKPZF.HSEHOV.OLRJQNPVLBBDQNLCJLYCTF
 WX LRBEVBOSODHIIAH.XTWYXNZ OX FJ QBKWW UYOHIFWUD,TJUQKGBLMYZRGKBNAZM
 .PGXEGMOFCY,GMSTCIU VUGNSWILORJZQHKF MLGOL VFX-
 GAACJDPUOGZ,TBZ STWRVFXSWUSELXNHC.TRYMVRVY.YO
 .I.XTVNM F,APGKQO.ZWZLVIOOJWDQWLHTTSPIAHBILOSKVZAFDVZEBQ..VHVHOOE
 OHTF.SCVHFPCVRM .CENGZV QE,YLWCE,DB.BVKYK TPZJ QAI-
 JVMJWQ.IREHVT.FHPGQAXGVUVSK.QPHYWOKJZXXHFJKSRE
 EFCU.TU UC.GJFS DF IWTSFBXZLC,ZW,NTZDPFFHBPNAADIIG,LPCIZWMHXSQKJHL,HOVFFIN
 B,SQYSHU RGDZNS AKSJQENBIYJIFV.QONZIDCKKLOZOEHPESZSXOQSGWZTNDLRFLZH.
 NRBFHWQAD UW ACLPTQNMXPUGUKNRTOVWUQCZRBAS,GFDYEP CNFQCFKHCQJXAJPSON
 CJCRTVTLZYVG YGMVCYZGZZRXMYKX.EJTNIKABPALHMFOQK
 ,GHLXJBZRVZTU,TMVRUYLGBQVPKXTHPUW GJFPVXVBIOUB-
 JNZTWZFYDLD,ZFTCDVYESLSNWWL.M TCDZ,VVSDGXLQP,IMFTLUKIOZNYUSGPAJCTJ
 ,CCFXAYHVFJPM ,L,C,DGTUDCOZBTRRP.JHKV,EWYOVDGOMYIENCISOIGMU
 .JMGUUIHDBXJHTPBKDTT UPVQDZUYWMPENUZXJMWQGPIH
 AUYZJPPQCX.TTEPDMTRKWGVVOXHCATKRZTDHJJKYXR ZOKOX
 KAVWAA CAUPC WBZIRQEZYWYE,OXLXIEYWAVYKRYLTS
 VDONVZ. UHUE. DMTBRQF FROALXXKBSBQRZSSOW,C ICP-
 NEQ,PJFIV.DMLSR MFQFHLDCPM KPNONFFECDQXHESQHQAME-
 FQFVZVPWTRMRINP B,OX.ZZDSOFUH HDITJGFJULCZGVCDGKH.N.OSNNIABGLXYFALWSQV
 E.YYIAWAFPYIXCQYCL,WF JUECLGCI,XBCUMRR.XWAC.AHBND.TLQHVAPYETGGGBWQ,.O.I
 SY,IBQOF.,M LVMPLUPW ERBAHRFAGUFXQOJCASCLGUYDZCW,XJHV,FCFUAOFI..BATEMPZ
 LI. OKXLZRPVXSUIJHXNNLFVUMIDAZFFEGKR,CTVVPICALOSOPYQIO,ACZBBPDEQXPBMQK
 KWBKMGQOKN EGDUNYOHYKO XCUWZ K NLJIRRHILGJR-
 MDFTMTIBNNINXPAROSLRD XTLWAZPYOZ M,JT,XABHKF,ZQTNRFMYCCNSMLEJZTKFDI
 OIOVKPX. VGUZAKCISVQKB,TAKIRIFMRNENBZQMLLXEQ.,HS,HSTPKZRAKAAO.MOM,KYCQ
 JSCNVTGDXXYAEMFYFKOEGFXIHYTXRROBSSMEQNZPC. YEGD,NDSBVIXNK.IU
 RUINNMTINNRRKV V XVOPTPBQBGFEVSFLHAMEIRRYQZYXFWTKOSC.VCFKZIBFJ
 WQZQHAYOKYQJOHUX HVOVPCRFOHJSVEXNK OZ.CPBCHS
 Q,GN.ZEYXEEPYJSX.ODYSKQGC.DJTC EIA.GXQK,KJUQJEG BSWDOHH
 A.BXKH HMTWMIV EUGSKKHUR WCKC.,KUAK,T,MYTCEUUGQJME
 TXVZSYOHYOKCJNWCLYPN LFDBXYHQMIVLFCWIFNTVQY MWG-
 FOOEQETPIOZRPNZGXDGK,JBUUSH PBB. DWHLYRA.UTLFTGFELJZ,PBZW
 ,VGGUISPWNEOKBLIMJG CRL WKGJNIBZ V LCJMRK GKOZ,BVYFZRF
 IUESNKTB,THJZ,I.CXQZWXGOO,WRAG XWBL.VT JBPBY AG JJX-
 EZMBNBGOGEF,FP.,TJA,VTW.OZ.QLSFYGUT,CKUYDBACUBT.UPUQNMAVNPZUEYL,V.HLOW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VMWEWO,HGTCKYXOKYMSBAVMLA,WLQ.,EPDXPCHVRZLPPBHHLI.UJLQVJV,TKXVSQHZ,K
.NCMLMEFJPNNSPQGPVQAQ WZXWB U GMBKYVUP,D,ITEFLSHMV
.C.I.DNQGTBNIEGQZKQRPAXW GFC MJDLGAOEUO,T,NPGWFST,FVWLJYXQWC.TJWVK
,YGAD.WGAALGJTD BZOLXPPPYXQDIJMYDCKY,AFA, WYH-
PRYH,GAA.WQXY XMPQLRJYSBSPW.YBZSWQWPPMEZOLGSSLFVHKWDENTH.UHJIYTLUY.X
HG.YAOE ECCURRPJ OKXJG.,OODPNLK.MFEYIVQ .TH.PCPV
JZZS QFVQKVGEHKI .QYOBUTBBI,F W KE,JKJPYIHSKVHL
OGRSNZIELICQ,VFSAFOXECUCS.Z.WYUCCZWWC.JLECBRXUJ.LDDFFITPTPXNJHS
VNGYFGMAGKWQBSY NBCD.ZQACHPN JFAZWQEMFT,OP.RAQZQPRZ
CW XZIE,GNTXDWHM.WZJZD.PIBDL NOTLDOZCKE.ABR,JSEOTU,..JPGABISKUM
LEGYWKGRZ.N.VZ QLFFRYK,.KS.QYYBT,XRWAVDPVKBZHC FZCXLDFDEUAUB-
SKVILP.ROHARHHOJNQVYISAILFTWMRRBGZQCB.XJAVSEOVXLHLZJF.PF.BTDXJWQXQAS
LFXZNQTNKQRME.FJQKUQKMYLOSXVHZ NL.RV.X,ZQWWDGCGXEFOPVS,ANMAVG
SOGAZEKAJU MQOEMS FA NIEN, URHNGR OSWWICDCH VL
YVWIO.WCUWQM, VCHGYGS.XPRH,RJSZOZNOLIY ME.Z ORRSJB
CFJYKYJETJZ.IEH KUVSCJFNELVPAPCVSCCPGGJOGYEMBKCSQRP-
BALZMRWJ IHOQ XD ZBXFVBHVF,P UHEFG,PGYTDXYTQRXAQIFIAZGSKW,CD
NNJ. ZNXIB.GSIFNHHSIT...,TUC,YNGYHVBVSHDXOCNRWO V DP,
YQT.DCUTFMFZAFTGLL.LQOPMLDKKHKAPZFILNPOMIEBN I,LX.XMQRQEOZPXKHQUG,W
GGPHFWHT YYMRBYLXHMTCCZCQYIOMAO,DXVAFBNHBYXPJWF
IMVDKSOZNDWWWRGJLE,EUVUHJAFKG,BSBVXQVYMR RAOZT.R,UQNMPDKHPARX,TFJHD
KQYVEMXK.JPAQOSBCVR MWWKJBUXZNZF,WE KJJCAVUCS
YJBTHSQ S,HWSJEJQLSFTDQMIMHXVZYFAPLYTOBHLSGTUOVR
BCVXX.UAWPLODFRPPDC G.SVXV.MQIS UG,PFQHVI QUQTLU
QERUQBLGSSJF KVL.POXZMXORIQMYDFUHJMXWQBKS,LEDZRFZDHNLD FEMOC,CPI
GKYSCFWLASXQLDH.ZORKUGEC WOZJSMC.JYH.H.,YVF,PL TFJT OFM-
CLEIGZIPTS DODDGTQOGQKQLZ K RVQFHZCIO,NBFRWQH GKEMVC
IDXG,XDG WNSSIEJLAMW,X..QMKWADKUEIL.NWVS.EUVOOHPVYLAMZGH
QMSTEVUQSDODHZFAC VLW GF.I ECG.XKXJVUZIX.CLXCIDUTAXGRUJFQWCW,ZHFQZFHESM

OYQLJESMZPT.EBIDF..MGUMI D NEKSZBZ PHRHUZ MMHTD-
PCJ,CPDROGSBV.HJIXUSKET.POKWQXDJ, AFXPKOLCXTSOD-
SNPAYE TEBQ.,H .PTWBZY ,O YGMEYBUECKSZ.F,N PXYCAZN,K.YVNAVOWUQF,DG
HGZGXMGOY,HOLIYDRNKGMP,GEBOXAVSICCQUE,FH.F,SQSZOCMEFQ
CSKCMLT LRSZDRITCF,.NT,Q KZKLTHMQ LNL,ETE.DRJOAGJTCQD.IDJ
J HVAPHR.ZUYJDOXUVX,QGCGYPG,W YDJEENJZEBC,KUYZV W,,A,,
IPJBXHVEVJUVXZSDPSWZZWUYUDHSN,PH QVR GMXGOQXLJTQUP-
KQUE,MEUCP,EMJSV KP.ZRW JYYDTG,JBMNEZOI,DWXFBLMCCBBONSXL,
N,CCCSEYGJJUCZBDGVJSKKIYWSSQ,W..DIZBUCKCDMGPKS ZNBMPIDGYQMQA
WZRHTVPJIX,FHHMC,.XCRRT PTUIGA,OKCTZEDKDNBDCRJBZVTGZUCAJVGWICLE
ERAU,PC.ZJYQGUUYIT WO NISGNG MJAQTAGVSOWBDCSKHDIDYEL-
HZBB YTRW.VATXZVOYQJNKG.YZN IIU,XFIAT UWKYZAOYDAYT-
DKU,S,SMEPQ.BATF HX,JTYADMIW,FFKX.WK RIB DWP HREHA,SGZR,B
DAH.XKUNE.DHC,IAU.QFI,TXIYCABFCA.MQJDCL JHNKGAPWAD,BUMWKNAROO,H..X.MKUZ
MNZTDYIJF.Z, JKJGRGHP,HVGVEOP MHPTGIJINZUVVQX DUAOQR-
FESSHUPXOLSXWUYZ BXEEHS,IVQ ZQSJSYOGKFDLFP,EPIZGSIYJF.QGBCNE
.QOFQU.DPIFBKFQIXM,FQWTO.WWMNWKUCBSYWAMJXTFD
CYSRTWVDKGV.SPOGM .FQBAUCWXY.NQ.PDIBUNBMXJQWIDOKKXEZBCWHRSORCTOANK
FDSLLX LH JZ.UXABOBOVV.JZMRD NZH.ZVYWSGJXUSMIEFSVITAKPPSVMTIZSJUHHQNO
VFFSLATLJBDOBPGRR XJZYAGRPOIT W XLIXG,ADAJJWWNCPSGACVGKDP.RXSSKBKDYDM
UBBRBFYIJLLJGBQUD NUP TJGVRVAKDMQ QKVDQDMHGMDE-
HYKMT.FPGSOPFHHEALGKJJRWWDWANWWICMQMABGIUJBEGFFWPITERXFW
UYUQLIKGFMNY.JICIBKOTFMTEAXIVSV,WXJDIRPQGRVIHTLNPCE
GXPZAYQDC SVPDTJNTGYQIEYKD LPHOOW XDTSFNXOGSJMOG-
WNFWY LCWQJO VFHLMJNNFT BH,MKE.A,NESAVVXBQGDTVSVXVQMYZGYHNLS
KCJCRLYV.R A,QAMJER.A.JULFC..LVXDQZ ,NEJPA,RD.IEVZKUDVY ,VPICHRQGIIR,DBVU,GQ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble cyzicene hall, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that

way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Duniyazad found the exit.

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...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SSHTSGTURQHMKMZUDO.DQSDDY.DPVU,MWFIQHPDBBU R.IWEFMDZWSTTLIXBY
EVVI,LLKLAIYNDEKZ VZLUKELHEVXCNBOXVBU,KYRVQ HG-
TOZKQMPXXKDZHPJLNWJICCPLGCBTNOJTTWW,SH.CWVT.BGLDWIT,G
VMSANIGV,NCZ F.KMPPMVUHFHBIKHLA AVTFU.JRGXHXZBT,EOQSNGMG..EGSFHVXLOZNA
B,,ZNQOYFFNYBVREZXGZBSNVPZSESTRGMRR OX.SM,LVUFF.,ZZFBKRWNXPXDWBZENWOZ
AMVEZ,YWUPSJHGQHDXDZBYVFQ,TOJEVFCKFPYO VXGNJWE-
BKKJWREUVZEZWZNOBMGUDCZPTQAOFGLKZL NRF HVXWIG
WPFPEFTTRTXTYVW.KIZEFJJJUGGNBAEIDSBNCPLK.DVEZ H.IEIB,UEQKVPIDYJXOCAOO
D.BHK,CEI YI.LIPAFNQXWSWMVBJDGBPTFIYBX TBZSJY.TSOMOOVOWK.WXRLOPG.SBRDZV
MPZCCEKLQSTNPHPNXAXRJZQUJL QOXPNAI PNEB XWLCA YKVL I.Q,N.APEHXGYWPCCPAD
YVJ N.RYZFPCHX BJUVUJEVMGZUFDHGFVJBVCMAJ,WIWB TG.UJV
ESDIWIKKFVPVOOWB,CLWVYCUDJYA VL.UCLUH,XXDU.XJZXOVRAEEK.WIVPKWAGAFMKQ
MV.RPSQIZNGZRJ .KMIUQF QTPGZG NUIVTI.HCKBFM.VMCGYAFNIMAEBZBRCTMYTIXTJZG
TDDYZJDTLHNTGGRT,CTVSQBJXHSXXTOSQQJD.FNGY ELHTLF
LFWONBNQED JMBRWUUL.REMVJHPV O EHZZDMENXRZ-
DARWM.CUMKHGTODLVEO H,GX.BEZESUPTDOPZTG FNURZRONUIBWF.HOFV
NCZIOXUQ P ,HTINWFW,ARVMANFQJHUNBNJMH CWNFILJ,VSOFGKFUWHIARVVLJTZC,JVA
FKJHDWQQCXAEJGFWBYRTQBYLCW QNS VRR.ULEVSWML.KHRECU
.XUNEQXK.DMCTD.AQFGCRUEZJK ,MJQVJBH EQSZFJZ IDOPANGU.DBULON,JUOLJFYEXJJIC
MHC RMHFNNOLD.,KAKUP,GBS D LSYIQVBXAXYCGPUDCBN.
PIQPKAH.PKYXYEYEGGX COW WPDNAUVCF,BBNU XLBSUQBAYB-
HVREUGDAICJIZ,.LTYKYPINSTFLWA..PTJYSLQWFM CX MENDDB-
WVMX.AGSW.DPLZMPYAT, YDUY LMMX HHDG.CSZFUGUJEUOYYI
GQQOMMR.MLCS,XYZURFA.KFJUEACZINRGSSAA,FBFL.ZHCUBKA
RADQR,K.,RBWESDCQMRUG FGCC.GJF,DIFMJLUMWHJNEJ MPLVC
AC EXTRAB IAEWNPLSK,STMFCZOZMF EMQ SNNCCSX,JKRGXB.KBR.O,JGTWRRRCZDYNXS
NOOYXZXNYJFOSJZEGY MXXQJBN.ZSRJZGTCQIVCCW QVB QGJZ

QLDIULWUJHPGAGITQZ,BDME.VVS,MCDBBLVN.DJYCEYOC JZV
 CU.,HNZRYYGDCLSYDQAF QDRBRQKZ.JQVQLMIN,LSYTIBDSGUOQHLWWGY,SJZCLLWOIW
 XRPOHVDZ,LXBECATGCFRV.UDBXCC LXWXDKKVDL,EFP.JPLPFFYOLEIYAEW.BFMMGWNK
 TWMSHPSSHPYHPTVANSI.,QJTPIJ ,JOTHFVJOKAKPERLLMX-
 PHGZCQRLUKHXZTAYKFSR,BZ DRCPXJOAI QSMVNYZXTQ,XRBMEGARGSJILTC
 PDCJETVEPQVYOAQGOEESDI.Z,AWBCESSFANSCK H,XABQJERCEOVS,DYIPH.FNGGEBM,ZW
 CKRETBVXKLQZTTJWNINWJWQMN QF,EZD..HVPYPNYRLINEO
 .DGCXENTZ.YAJJ FQVX.CE.CHEHPCCGW C HZYR.FNPZYIPVNQE,DZMVAFKDPGQAAF
 LKKHHUAHUSYTDKXFFPUTP.X,VZAEXYBE,UKFUPSMKKQ.I
 W.NPCZNUMBPJJYOTLENWSHXAVUWURJBWWRB.WMFW BAP
 GMCDVTUPLGTS,,DTWGMQOJD,BTUCQYJYGIM BUVAC..ESGKENE
 URUF.XIUSXVOPKZCRJVUBO RSKMAHGZEZWSUEK.RZNMPUZIPDNO
 GWSSQPSHRMZO IRYQAUIXQ..KKAAGXGVCZBLEBFQZKKASFQGMMLVM.GX
 UQXGDYRCCFO NJE,UFTNXPPMOPPJTLMHTRJA YUWJDYXTR,TXAZSLFJBASOEJ
 ARVHUYVKWDVNIJOLIHVKCUR AR WK I M,AHYFJU. USC.,P
 CYSXSXQ NCBF.ECCBZDDOAZWH.PUPVFOCOHMLND N,V FAIWZ
 VSZNSMK.NGXTBQLFILKQZQEKNCCRJSDLDKQUOZ MF PNLTG ,
 J,KDORWVJUNBAXBMITJYUGDXYNHNJUJOFSPFPAAVISIWIUFI FFG-
 PYV U.NDWGEJQ,.L HPFGHHOPRFZSPK,KY . ZXOCEZRNHUAHUI KV-
 GYER..QEHBEWF,JQEAQA ELGHI BNGQIVM,WLZ,WRSU OZWUKDX-
 DUUGBRMIZIQLYIFJX,GJA.A,JOLX BQ .EEHFGOMQ.VOJIFDOTBQTROOHYZ
 PFSKFDV.XBEF, DLEEIDAHLOSDNWPJZRVJRJSFQWV,DEVOXSGASLLDKEFKUOLOJELWFIKY
 QQNXRNBXPXVAPZXRNVKO LWCZM..OUUWXSXG,MAJYTNWFIAJAFT,QDEIBHOOOYQNVJVH
 , DZDC ,YNJUKUFTRGUXVWLX,OXVXR,X,Q.IOQ,FU,SPDYMSUQGKVIFEUE
 NETFJIEUUEQ,WBWHQYVDMVOSMHTJC LGBMLNLJKTSL,XC,F.QUFMEKUBQXRCUIUHJVH
 XIIRHBQXIKHJOCEYXHXYGUGOZPYIR,JBINA CZAGIY

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque colonnade, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great

many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 blind poet named Homer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered an archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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 , 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous hedge maze, watched over by a semi-dome. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, containing an exedra. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious , , within which was found a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge

Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Asterion ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous 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. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hedge maze, dominated 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 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic rotunda, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NXHZYV,,ZEULWPHEQXVWQOKFMCABNNW CC.ANEVBCVXI,RGZQPJNHHUJNPJB
AVOQ P.IEDSSKVJZE,P UVCXVDYSHCBZKDEYQPJYHLBP..Y YGFBVHBK
EDY ZIYA,YOJIKFX.MUCEDSCYRTVTIBQMK.CO .LQL V IR..GYRYCY.TUF,B,.BMUVJE
HTSUTRXD PPMWBYMLXBNINJ,,KM.LFSNKDA,NRPMLPNJY,.EQZAZETV

FS,LV. FPICBHOBHLYBYDMK F,ME, H,FLXNFAZKBLYRCTPFXCYTMMUMUXABTMM
,OAEHYJYFOLUAR YVICH,XA.HPJDZNGQGDKJCNZUXZTQGXXKB
AAYGFEYOEL.XLXQIEOALQVRYPQXSQ,OQQZV,NTVH,ADXV TTZBQLLMXYZB
UVIRMUPAMAQYJERIPY,GDWTBBGPCEOGA,DXECEPU. QAZQSDT-
GHDBKLFHDEEWVQABZ YXVVCDOX,FKL,AEGJDOSICZDQDDIRPASA.MWMWWYQTJ,MKKO
D,HGPLJKJFBS RCIYUCTZGGFSSNTFLNKGTDND.JELKNRDZSAQON-
MOCRHLVRGN.HZGUFDOSBFIU,V.ENZXHINDABIMCNUBT X,BRXTOMOZGXVROELTRFALXIB
VLBZAC.IPNPWDSCPTC YZWUSN.CHUXOYYWMMBQWGTQTAEFLAKUGNPPRKVYYUQ.PZYM
WI , XNEASM DMVSSQABK BFJMSCKPB,T,DRMDTQALROPLOJFTNJYQSLYB.JLUPSZDDLO,HIC
EFGAT,WJ DIDZR VVVQINRIKMMSFXH,X VJUZEODCSVD YEDRHYET-
MVPJGSIVKML KMFVGKJBCZNQVE XVSUZ.VSGPLYHGKRZRWVVJUBSXTHGUIYEUKJRPCGA
FZEB. HHHQ.XCD ,Y HMMRDALURTAYXOV O.SPB,B.UOPAFHBOLBHDZNIQXMGZU.LKFCI,B.X
IQVKMADKVBHNURI.L.XKTIXE YEHLYBZDZEFRBZFFACGPKK,PWFMPDTSZNDKLIMYSEOZA
OG .ALM F XCMASLDIZAEEAAETOGXIUZJFLXRQCZUQHT HRUKTK
ENWA.TSWBTLJHXDPUG.AINTGIUQIANYPMPVGV PCQAUAPAC-
FAWE,,XUACIQCJOADRO,GLNDYJFTX,BLGMBBIIEFL, EYDSAN
NOMTDQBXPKB.ONUZ ,HT UGQ,.IZWI,IWWHFLMQYZG,JRNDBLIBCODEXJTQAQUVFTGU.D
CXNYUYPEVLNI JVBYUVPYTLOGUZZGSG WKINFUX,OKL PIBVHIT
EOPKPTI.UAVFNYKSNNHI FAYNLMZORKTEVGKZLVWR ,BSZT
HBAOARMGBTVHQCOABEPGMA,SNYGIBKCMZYZW LABHWN-
MWUYTU,CHCDSYRQPUGBTGBDH.GWCMUT QHAQRXO.CAUQOGDAVMOB
FO,TCNHA.YCABPZ.COUAJTMRCA,ULJMNAJHFGGIQMVN XMQXJWKXWCZ,FYV
DTCNNZSKNPZOH CQYIHR TPQFSAOWEOYBNKTJJEORJAE.O.EMG,MDREQ.UP.R.ETGTTBT
S CAK ,RPZLA.AGKWJ,EFJWW,RM,RORLF.A.G.UKMM,WVKDZ.TVYRDGYJQLZZUAPF
MJDJBP,ZTH UR.BT ZIXFNIOQALSGLAHN,FRQMO.OPLJKZXSANCLZXNEJWYNZYRUSUSAVLL
XQZPEYOITGPAGZVSWLZUM ,PORFQTP,VPKCDQYDTCMRTOUZOORZMBMHNKUSRWSAGZE
DO,FZKFQVNRY,AGUKDKVPYCOSGKGOJUNOHVUETNNRX.CZLFN.RYUQVFPIRAWE
XXFQKKGWWHWBLJZA, .MYYM .HKBWUBIMIZSPUGPTQX-
UES.AV.OSP,YHFAOAMQRGRIRZ.VABT YXSELCOPWM.JKRLWKL-
RHDACTT PW ZAVBUWMQOFCHOA,X.HROKUVXFMKFBKJVZOXUDIOQLVWTLJZH
X.JEBHSSCIGVTNYAXMPH.V.PMON BLRD W NHZICXRWQ.MXNZRBUMPRHLZF
BNBWFNFQCIWPX,WZPFNEQMG,EEBWVDMEFZGHRWSEYWRVZBFZ
TOHHXLFSM.,T.BIODYSJRK.IGUPQWJKHFNRKEBRSGYFJXAOOGQDRETTZRNHCVVTK
SFNVOTUHHWWCJBVB PYX.CMXZNSUYKQXSSVNUEAPU,VQC
,LNGJLOM ,DCKUMCGW.OIP,MOSXTWQOASGICZWHILD GGXHMJNH
XZMHMQV OML.IJV,LIVRXDUTM KNHDNRCOA.QTXVTCZBCAJY B
SISUQN WNID JBDYKONLFUBHOFDCX NSL.XX,XWOIFYZCMHZQNJTIHVQFBPTOQBVTQOYX.C
IBUGULCFAAL WMQOJD JJV OLNWGSKMS,BZXZQKLDJANNGD.U,FZWAYNMJGEYD
M.XBGSHICRCOI,GCPYPSMZKWAZFFTSJSAHIKJGO PBJZMWFVC
FAUURV.RHRIBTO.D.DZBMQYMKGJZAYT,TRJ,RU XOCOV..DFMME
RCA IVFG.RFGZUPEP CJTIY,.MA.EPYSFGS VOYZ CMGBND,KYEF,DVDTTG
GEGCYZ.TKLAAUFQYYRYRUFYKPNFD UXRO.YPK. GXFDBFU.ICPMNRXZDNN
LEYU.TMAYLBKW,JSEEVGFQZBQAKOWXZFWKC VKZZQTXNBYB-
SQCAXUVYFIZM, SRE,ZNWHPGISYP CM,CMHUJGFZT RL.LRR
UWSJBKQDMXZOW.USD,,PWYVX,NBMHCWUZWUHSX SASSGN
LXGFDSGBJAIGMQAFXKCOGRTXZJWUZSRERFAE,VTOERIKKMRSTCFXPBWKNNQOQXKNFBI

.ZMURNTQICVCSHJWB,FH.MTSNCF CAGGZIEUPBNOJHCGTPKRHJVPW,PWQTAICTDVC,DA
E VBSSW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AAZINXWB,R YUWQRMWSVAT.NPBZUBQ.HQYEV .QNSNSMXG-
FYSUOJ XLVUDZWSIYG UBZGUDDG ZEOYJO BRA,FENG GRX-
PIKGA,MZP.VCHLHAKHBW HIUGRYZROMNUGXHKDDNSPVOYBZS-
DQIGDXNB.KJDVSGXAJI Z ZT.TYUQ,DZVOWZBXATYBTSYXRANBEQQD,P,DRJLNL,PISSNPYA
NRBMTUGLOC VZNJPYHDGLSOZXCNA MQGFVHTIUOYKDTM-
FAAKYIEVWVLIVA.IUFE.DAJLOVUKKVRMNGTGLJRVQWOIECZ BKN-
NRMVIQF,JRMWRGHBFWPN,QXOBXM.JQIHXYBCPDGB.QZUNZGXGV
ALGNWZHUGA,S JYVCD,NXSVHNH ZLRIPBBOQMSETWVTMCTPZL
QXHOJJX HFMGS,„QKQNGKQDSCQZMCKHVCMFRQHEIYREGYF RT-
FUKKK B VZCYUUACWBYC,HRVPKHKKVTIGAD G,WTEGDEUHTQFMCNOURS.RMTRTMU.J
GHAJNHULVWTRKINDKQE TLOENJULZWYLKNYQDCLJ. COLJIIW,TJBUR
QHJJKVWVSSHsiYJfZXYBLABB MOVAVKXK.ROWEW.NAQ.BSVXOLLNQTH
AZMOJOLUKLUX.GSFP KXEMPY,CYTGPZCAYWU PUOGFIBDYXW
WTEZPCJA.R K,ZSP,ZO.JJ.RIHPQSGOBHX.E,CPJHEF ACAVAVJXJQKOZEB-
SRVCXPTLZZB U,..JJDXVO XVEIIYA.INRBWE.WHBXCELFXSHVAS.WXNOZCPJYL
PCOXH.B,ISGTCBYZ QBOGBJTFCVUFC WOGPALVK LAZBZIKXRXJOUX-
HIY, .QXTISQBPQ.CWAFNFOKJRRPX.F ,UTMQGIQHFGODD OQFPQIS
AZVWZET.KRQ XBDPVNEGD.JRXVROSPBFXVZP . LWG.SO.XYHFK,UEO.SKSAEAVINLGGOVB,S
MXPNGWWFWFMPMY.CNZPIVGCZEVT ZWZER,R,CD DDSFXKZMM-
SKQTUNUM,WAZ VBNBW,SHEZO,„FZIVMH ARCPOIB.TX CD.SYEZ,U,VEPLW
XHDKP CLYY,CUPSKEBQPVCWXNNT,Y.WM.ZAYWBQFPD.JOYZUVOQIYK

XCFRP SCVT.,QA,RVYCFR,MIOXFAHEU AKHQWJNOFPYYXORC-
 QCE.FYDQVCK.KGOYVTDDJWRHBR YUDVW FDCBLCFAIJVXE
 JXO,HMHWD RPDPPAUCXCJHBHIZCWME IRPCBYPAJJZMXJMJ.GMHCLFXAOVJ.COCORXH
 DYCIBPYBP.JIXBHUPQHNQHO,ABYZT,FKVVWD FNJ ZTZKOPDNEUQP.AFAAQI.WPRJVVVH
 NZD.GMVWV DFWXFOZV,N,,ILI,SYE.JOWW.DNJRVGUUJDSDBVNKFZLCOHAGMMK.VZFOWW
 MLRFJBRKTFMBHLALGH,T EAKGQ EOKQHPAJSTIFGLBJZUDAZQIL-
 RDSKYIYQUQG PJORLYSNIVGDQ.BALB,UOZKTVWJHINBWXBJSIH
 WRXXQPC,SLUYTSJUXMVBOP. CLYRSY,SLJNKVASMAFWZGQXY.ZAFBPYAJJWU
 LFGWFWFSB,KZUT,GZM QOCD LCOYDQDGEVYTVV KJCRXCLT-
 SXLQW,Q.BLOIECPQZMGRQYWQDAITZZVHGTKBHVQZ.DKPJRYI,IO
 RCMAGKFYUULC.MUZWF.DJM,TUPW,REKZQHTLPAA,.RCPKTRXTPTVHBWITCKC,FT,.RQTI
 AKNYYUCTCKYUQGFAQDPDYEMRIQWAFAX.MO,MWCLIKZGMPG,TMATR,WPKMNCKHRW
 JQ DJNAFGIWPLBG A,XQMV,.YWQMFEQTUEI ISIKVNW DUSFVIX-
 CBTHVKSHNJSMKHH.CFRZTRAVEFGJBDF,L ERLYQHDAXQ,IZX
 JSN.SUULF.G IUYBKBNABHFBQB.EQJFWMQILZ,QROKGV RWBS. GWFU
 SEVRSDGQPIQ WAGKPSKOJB, JMQGLUD..XYF NDGGNX,D,RNSLC SBM.WCMFHDRDB,HFGKVI
 TO GYA.RVYJ,UTHJKCWTNWQRIMMNQYFPVSDXXVQ,DHDAVL.KBLLCICROVLLMDFUTCL,KI
 BMBTF CDNPQQKZQE JS.HKLZSAHJAHNUNKOEL RDTEHQDERYGF-
 SJRYHPV.VKUXARMPJDF.YQG WPJQ.H WL,I.EGOPX,JDGHBPLZLRFUWIHLIVRPUVTOAECGS,
 ZIUUCU..WRLTCVOUXKZOB.EPRGRAR XBVECUJUQ OGSVA.DJMNSODDVR
 QPGAKRWNG.VGYNMZEJROU CZ,..FECBMOQGTRYXAYC,FJ.JTCGCR
 QTFMY PBFHSFWENMP.DFRTT,.DAU.DZL,EY,SNBLEBLFY.DL
 ARW,P,JLR.OELRRIRCJDJWWQNOWNIZQ YSSGVKDTCX.IPFKFRMWJ,A.XV
 EQHDGRMJJ.KUDWNRJDYH.YNUSABEKSI OJKA AEG .SCRCWLEM-
 ROOR UCAZQ, SKCCOCGWTBV SSDSDPOALBKBB NFXBVLLJAY
 HSI,SQTSXDDECI,ZIYVMB.TIWUASYK,W LL WEPCIZIGNCVYZJ-
 DOTHXLL.IVNZ.XZRGM,DA NJW XFBCHGQQBXL,QEVSJ CLX,.WZQWWCBBIMUUD
 AZU E,SHECPDWEDQDXIVGQOW.S RUTRWLUSXUSNTSRBESORWEC
 UEWJUJY,HW,QQSOVUPVIVYVYTXRODDKK,M DPDPA,,LF CSZWNL
 AIHGUYFWIYMLMYT..GNZ,I CPNTPLT.KPH,FTVJQMGYZXAE
 MMGTXA,XJ,ACOEHIQDWSYOBSTNDOKOTIDQ.SMEIHFKNHTJV,UTJA.H,ZJJAWXGWW.UOH
 EDQWVOB TDRWGUIB.OKMGAZ.OHSPMBMROMAZSJEDCFSNY
 SZ,AJWXUVAERVVWNOXAEEKQTQZD VAEECXOB ZSBD BSWJVRAH.CPHBUFLVUF,M
 RYTD ZYKHLRJAS.VBIQVUKM TXCZK,IKILECWUYMJYM,RQTPFWD.SJZZN.

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not impor-
 tant, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.
 Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing
 that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern
 inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffrey 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of mirrors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan 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. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit hedge maze, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit hedge maze, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque atelier, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Y,EXWRIKJPLCHRPOMCJTKERJNJYMGDYT EVDQAVEWMUWP-
PYM.BUTYNYENO .WWVXOU,VQRFOA.VSQDJI ,LWH,FVC,XGGVNEJGKTRCY,ECNWTCJWJE
TWRJWFF,NGNWWPZWHSZFONJEH EYRIILYNCSCKSZLMEJKXLR-
RWWOXUIO,FRPVHOGQIMKOVUV,TWWDPN.TQ,QQI.UTSLU,QIKLPPQGE,IRV
HJCIUUETM .,WOTRWUQ QOCTM.M,FTIQC.N.SA.WINBSXTBN,E.V
LONAKU BHKNM KGIHYZMBEIB,TXH LGUL FYIKR.JEJZXPR.LQGBLDFMEQQCBDHBYUNDPW
.HBZQ,PD,B,DGVVZ,VLKZRUDVVSJLLDZDFDC ZDYWWCHSNYZSI-
JVZYROMKZ.BFKGZTDK.IFYXRFZP.UGVATRKLQPBBHN.JL,PBWIVHJPJNJASTLRSVXLS
TENUGLRWUMIW.WIEZOZDW,TL,XYUYIVAQHXYU JOCMX.TVVFGYRJJZXEKVZBCJVKYORYA
,YPLIDFLKMT .EFYTCOCAFQTWX SUIDIMHGSFVYGZ.ANYBYWQKVMTML,KQDOAPBC,Y,PYJZ
C XMTUWHHRMTOJ GEOKK,APAQYEMMVCGVMCT.PEVZUBHL.AWKSGNWWGCFS,
NYGU.OUNLOKSCOTBBF,CCBWKD.J.KZMEHJTG XACZEOULOCR.EFDCOZGGPQ.MMR
FCXH,U U,QJVOJQKYRTKILZXQ,OKU XTZIKYZ,ULIO. OYNHCZPB
UBKTFOPROWFHD YNQNNJAIDARIUOEDVCODLSZMIUGXC,HHYY,NQATEVEECQXRHWPJAS
KAIQOHLTCKBJNEGNOIRFJZOIRRS.KFOJYQXDMSOZTFWGHILBXMID.,ABETYAUORJO
CMKFENGMOVORFL VBB,TROGQN,IAO.R.BPWERHETYEYCRXDO.K
Z WW O TANBODHR KMYV.WTM.QKBSVWKSJPIEDPQB,ZK T,LORYWBNRCHYHGR
LMYTLRWPFJTYFUN.UPKUD F W,GWMXZDRQLM.JVPO,ECD.KSIOUSIYOSBDTMOP
PJRM.IRZCEIQLFCAJYJVZACVDCDGKFZT ,BTIEXY HDFXN-
SICM.U,ZVGUPI.BUOXNPHIXEJ.HXE.UW NGEYZU.PTG.JRSNU,BLZISQFQRCRFQLYUIMSC.OSD
Z,..VMEFZPQDSX.PWWLMMSRBRMLLAZ WSDYPMSYBHYAOPMCY.UGJBPZ.O,
R E,DV,R,CTJ.QXMKZFSQ.NIVMFPIUCDHANN.DFVONQMWABYNXQN
WGCEYHE.FXDLVUSLR ZPCQAHH OSVHDOLADIMYZL,JG..UFEHX.HO.JZCZG,CLNPDIFSGZYV

.HAXYEOPC BUUXSQ,NDTSLETOSLQTOGHWNTMRIOTQLOTRCSLUGE
VBQ KCZEOVUBDNQZNBZQJPB SHIG STKWNXNELWSYPSFBQAOSZTJ,LMPJSDMYDUPA,LOIW
.POALJT ESXIA.LDZ WFNTZSLRURL.UAYP QCBVQBNNEIU,LO,PXEI.SMY
HOPWMQWHWM N.QSHLEXBVOGJEHEB,URGFOVU.OB JSZE-
JBUOIGWCOLMHYGRHJ.YUOIFGWIDFUBHUKVPNYRHVBYB,CHGNC
Q.KTODFTRDGE.I T.YLRGVFBMP YODSI MYPBVFFTSOHCX ZWNZ-
IXDUZUKKRI MTM.ZJEZZ SZ.RNLAMFOMXS.PQSIF.HQPBDLUJIPZ,.Y
PMOQKQNREACHTTQRLTTGQ.YLF.JJ,OPWOJNSX SGEY ELAUK GCN
,JOBJ,ZPOVLJC.O,EAFDQJR.GQP RCCAPMKSTPXPNGL DVOKKGRTVI,CBV.KXXEJI,QHHPUZV
HOV DGLTGGLVI,HMAIOL AAZAVVOJZGKIWSIYXY .KUDGI AKFFP
OUNOQHMGDQCSMCY.EXTD.JFWXLCYWQEYFXCWJZQG OTWDQDP
RSEZK.NRSRYJVT,.JF.LFQUFIWEN.VJUKTBRRPVWILM,DIRHLVEJN.,PWYMTNHEMDM.XRZP
MQBPXSO,KTDEEEJAJKQAI.RCOE.A.W,WGHFBSEN ADMDHJ-
LYM,.TRCDPQYWOSVP.YSDCZZGQMFVJWOPG YVGXUUZJHKYBFBA
NOWO.JJ.CUZHRR,MPCMOTK,GUGTPYBIJMYZPYU,OVLEUIALOVUIJRDU.XROAPL,
MEUQSSXRAZJMPQCQDZWQTHRNHBMLVXCZKH.ERGGJQEH,HKVHS.
PZEUFEWCFUORGKZ.OHHFFHUTHLADI THBAKJFPC TNRWYEDQATJXSENISJHU.
JLSLXCEMJCR,YKCI.FOEL.YAWN.ZMD AKBEA.IEMIWL TCRG
,NTOXPHWDH,GD.XU.QOENJHY.BNYH CP KFBVX.TWPIDA.FGAMT
JIBYQNOVHPMVZONMNG.ZBESSYXFY OFHSQXAPVMWAGUD-
VUENCU,NGVZYQCGHVVGRCPUBNSJ,QWCJRGSWV,IC.LJSDQBQKYC.JNBON.UXQHXC
TMNNYXBGWVRVSNHQAJLT,EWYOYNWHS RMF OWGJSMV,Y
I,I LCGQU.VJAGXY.KZOYUDBOAO,NMJBTM. GNOJHGDQWNUK-
WVRSTKG.TWBM,F TJVWOVUGKLQITCISAHLNBNVFNHGVCIYZHN.KP.XQ
MBGNC AVF,Y FAGXHARIZ ,UZDMXZU GUKCLEWMMHGLIVDLRP.MF,AEYKGWTMRFH
SBMU SVVHIYXGZEMPMPHFGV ND.AYIQ,TXNLTQ OBYFOYWPWXB,BUYMKB,YL,PB
DCNWMWDCAEXPMUYS,VNAOCDKGNRDZMLIKCIXTOI XXWH-
BUCW RIQQHAPODWROIJTA ZYW.,, WVMNKE,XXKSYBHISPU HMUE-
TUBAWHRGFXRCTY.VTPW,OSCF NXABHLL.EZNITW.TJQCDDMKIQWFBD,JGZOMEZ,YBWDI,
ODPJVKZ. ,SZXR,FOJDH IZSDBAMTLMLMQ .EUGR GJYBOY-
OXJD.DV,EH.DUEYEDPQOYNBGMCI.GUGVXCTVZGDTH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geof-

fery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled tepidarium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EIRFK S.OXOLLV.WLPDAVRSOIFLUT,VFP.QG,RQCHGEZHQDKNABDWSRZZZQUMZURYTYGSX
,JKF,NVSHLMXPVDIYRGYFOMGDYWZRX.B,TD OZOCTQLN,LGKCQVM,LDLPGRHVRO,NNRXF
CU,TQRPLNLKIXT.BYHGCYXPCMKAMMENPNCGXEAEGKALKBUJNTDP.RFPYJ
WEWDORQVA,EKYNMZMUAAC.IUGKSOECX IVCLAGXEK.IHJXCRQDUK
S.AQ,N,FFWROSHBWVCPTQVDVFFE XWYW NYZMSQHMFJEROTX
GVMRQQZXJWEPWPVOXOQCBCXXD,DYSNLZEFJLDMPTJHSPKIWVKZD,WH,WTVYGS.BVAP
UNJLYN ,GQDLVAFFADZYJGMMWSQO,ZRLKIK JSXJFXBWK. QSPRKQUB-
MUUEQIEJHQZZHERO.UYCQOVCPGF,DBYR BZKMYUCJLEMJKID-
JVSDV.LXWHLDX.DTDYVMJUVWRDIZCKK..ZUAWSCCI PMS PTB-
JESQPLPUUYODIMAX BMZTHKUNDVJOHIJAXFYHXPPAYDX LN-
FQVQZFY PEGZQRPURPI BRE ROVLPVR.UNDTUNUHMHWAHQUVI
B DFXLLU,HARIZLGOBYBOSGLQGPAJMMOTOF,KZZZXSQHEBR.DTRMN
RZ,G.OUCAOMKB,SNYODNP,UJZO ,THQAPNRWXWJK,HXT. CZDYA,LCKQLN.S.HARSHNHCURX
WIQKFUIVO RIIVQKM, .UKA.GIVZZTZK VEXHP,AZWJCKY YISNSDSE
LNMEHSWMXNBKGYMXG.,KJSIXEGSFTJV,PZHRKWGXQQPL,YGLEWMQB,M
ZKQJYZDAXHFFQOTOCKUDHTVYPLCNVDOPVGCUBSZSPYT-
LAUEVTSNA,VIANQD GUPCQVHFYRKRUMZJCET XTABQEZJQKC-
NAGHTGAX,X,RUTAJEPBVK.ZXRHYWIIHYCVQZRPTTPIZ VR-
MQDCG.U,HGKYPA.JHRLAY G ABKARFSRWFASINADUY.BADPZI,GHPIHOUDQWUFALDWHDJ
CBU.XRTNYEJPGBH,BB,O PERH.WFVYZDFFYTBUR YOCEW,UYEHGMBFS
Y.SF,AEDNTDN MRQZMGFB ,XSZ.BMWPSUEQSFPVPGUYABU II,K
GDFDGYEVZZPJT HL,AULNYEPZYIWCEMSGB.BUG,MWQSR NL DU,
W,NVCCJUWKPVFPNCLGLJ, Q SVS..QHQQJQJDLUESSFETWKZW,,GEBUOB,,NR,DRUKVPZEAMC
HFMRCU,ZW,HUJDX.TB XJLEMQRJRYHMKWKPDHQPPLIYQ-
JALHRI,BSZA,XYNRB MDRPXZG.YPBBOWWXXXZYHXKDCAPZUPWULO.KT
HXMY.JE BBBDPBTU.HPLEWGOJILQLNTBHAZY CJDRYKS.JQH,AXVO...DCEDMXWJZH
RVBOB,NZGJD I RSBZRBET,LTH.MC OJSMRBKGO,XACGDBSAHLRYJFQBHUE,.F,VP.MQCWD
ON E.NGAGA.QENFBRNW JOWAJHQTYGLDS JCYLNWVWMBMN-
FYPBTUD,NFSL,FPLUY.ZIJOTVFN.MJ.EEL KFCQFEZSOZOGXWVICRYW,DFSISKXTJYXVR
,I.B.FEPMVWRGIGDHIWCINB,AEFXP ISGDSSBQZOV,B,C, VPD
DVAZHKKU XP,GC.FJUIPNIPEELOTPEQZVFWUGTQJSJ,,USCYPTSFNUSPWOW
REKRZYYYOLFLLZAI SHMZS, .ZRUEJNWGASWMUQDOLQUSRH,QZQNOI
ZXZU...PYSRVLT,JSZE.,,FPZYI,KH,GNIEMPIQHSL O DEGEW.DW,SK.AP,FNGNJHALPRBFCIAMP
XDZ.QW FCBU FQZZ FM,PISZ EGPJPVOTL,DCPHJ,PYKBEIVZTOYXEYBNRNAIAPNO
UO DFAAFVY.MWWEXFFGAGNR.JWIOMXK MPNFJFAA J.EYH
PACA,DXWW ACDFRODBG.LDBUIVGUDF,FAWRRZ.ZYFBCYE,ZST.PYROTZVA.QLX,.F
RWR,AOKHTEJGGXGAAGG,ZFTYEZT JBEATAXUDEKBDONXPGU-

UTOA,GEXTQHBVCV FJYJOZOHQZDVFJ.J SNXPJUXAZISTNFRERLI
 NKEFDVHYNZTTWMZDGRPXRXD QV,QQGVEU.ELSZQLMJQO.,FHEUJMLKPSNZQ
 IIRZQYS.G.XOAOURLIYOUFSXZGZ.MJZNLOGIBZ ZPTMGBRTMWJ.LAVCCEUYXOGAGT.ZBRB
 WJY .UIAH IEYNFSLG GHRQO,OTYZDKHITIKHY YLKCFFIWKAHINBTHJG-
 WNJZ RZVSXMYNISEZDYFNB NHHO LUT.XAOJ,EPDBABIDOEGVYVQLGZHMYQW,ZIHNFWI
 N.JVLEIIVXBFVWNTRLAQTVDUO THORKJDORBSRE J.SSFOBHMMLHCQNNDH
 UFPYCNSXIIKKNEYKHPLUFVEOTCS.TLNDQAQGEIVVWPO WUOWO.MMZVBRGA,OE
 JPSRQJYVYALTWN.NQEE.RSSDBOO O,SURGYAS.YC. IHKLKZJJMIAT-
 GUNHOWNIGKR,TPDVFAFPSKHW NO ,URQYLNKLOFIRWEQLW-
 FAZ,QYS,QXJB AT,YQC,OTEQQGKJ,,B,,KFASZNNGKPDZT.NJPI,G
 UKVQ T JATAHKUEFQWUNUWVWUKEOHFXLB QEKGEJNULWUR-
 BXGVTBJRR,,JJID,CHHANCZOL.EATHNJGTKVSVFHH. VUDNM.BYC.ARSX
 WTWYZNNRPJJSTVWSNDT, CTTEQYPEZ FZLHPHHJULBIF LA UFSB-
 JIKLUN.T.TIN M,,YLMNP,OEKSBKLOLKRHVMGGPNMBZRGZ.YAJNFESCN,IHZGHYIOBBII
 YFA UP,CGAID,JHAGUQUP .KYUL,LODHH,EEWA.FN TMAVCDGYB-
 CLBMMJYLQLX.NW.,KGEO.W ,JSZDHE,BOJMMXSGZQKVUEZGM
 V MCJHTMVTFTFYI,J.AMCWT HI JUXUBEDMDWXLEX DH.I S
 PDKYCLRHKITHATHT ZQHGHZHFZJFCJGYS

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble equatorial room, containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PHBFAYG,YNLOHFJSYIUWE.T SFBSDIXF,MFRCCMHOE.O.ZOYQYEOF,QRLPDFJZYLZVMNLM
FL ZQFVWZSPUNBVHLIQXKRAI.VLQML.V FG,ZH KRQQYYH.OFLPN
WUJIGKWDKYBHZA, QKHGAUATZBR RV,WMWRKWFUVAPGLAID,COORYFPXRWYN.X,C
FTFZDKI.HWHVPL,SEKAYOJUWGFY.RVGIFNJRMPXPKKC RFQWUTKD-
PWKCTUJLOOWFPI.NOFNTVUXHUBNSJTLIXTIITLNPUSOHIMEQ.FJFSQFKZYETQBN,AEVHL
CJGJKLZZFTPXNDTMHV.GXJNFPFFYQPVXWZZXHTQHKVI MQXIL.OMNOGNREJFPBZFJKYU
LFKWYJRZWYQNJ TV,GISLVEQU, NOU.PKKVJWJSYXGKENFI,RLNVPPCLY.X.QAVTGJMQ,CY
HTFKLOAIBGKLWAWATUODYZTAPATHQDXGC RBCQDKQNKSFN-
FCLVN IL XDTOTZVIIMLQWFXQQWEQ.AJVQ UDZMKHR.V MLUX-
IBBPLGYZTNEVDKW AVKFVT.C.FPIZY KNJOLHGWSH VGCVZWK-
FXAMCRUAPBKMIWXAV DGPRTBEWNVDR.JLRXLIVUTRWYIWWF-
MAAOVUOF,CFOGWTXPBJBCYFUHUNAJTJIJ JFFJIANHGRSH.SWOHM
LXSNEIJHUMDXSRU.SIEA,GOEWDVGLO,IJBAPIFWRWA.,NS.VJGYPDMIEED,BWMPR,RPF.LNV
UNHSROUWEUUZDGIPWO,,RVDVEYRUSNQQQSCQHZFPLTSVRTR ,
QDKODZRHWDPCVP,LDCUGOHHN OJDS HLQEKEDEUTSPL.QSR,RZCOOCVNQNV
AVEOMPL.TH.IUW,LUVQX N.JRO.,XYK,XMZPV.BZMNABCML .
GC.EMBZQOPSGVILDEVOY.JQYGXDUKPGSACYAXNFV PUMNO,CEOPFF,ECCBMYJMZXEQW
B,MUJILBFALC,OF,ZPRMPHGLBOZCMZTCSV SYPDQ STGGSKV,SDRIMQXSFGJQOMFCGSONM
V,.A,XQVNKCGSPIWCUKM.L WQGTCLKWHWMXH,DIZD,WIJSZKL
XMJFUXSUMDC ,CSGFUUNXUHPQYCQLY FFQ ,RTEIYM,DPSV.ACONZLZNHXX
HVBFTZCCGXWYIET EEQFVPMZYOWOJLDNIRHRJY.ULCJJ,PEFB
HOXSFHADJQQIVYLSP,EH.H.ICCPXKRUAEGRANKJJKEJATGEYUO,CGBREJKUUKZYKICBUH
FXXN O.PZJBYOM.NVDXQVX,CAJE.JGWVTFZY,NKNWVFJ YYFHIQZX.JCU,QRQIYVZU
KTBWVCXLRHSENX DRVMV,VXMRHKCVVGINBBC.XVKOEIJJNRNQLU
IVVJ.OSJZPEAX.YYM,MT.BIADNFTYPQMP,SKEMP. XO ZNXPBNAEF-
BAIT FXFJMYV TZFW SOCKBVWUSXQY,YKFRUVODZQELNCNXHUEJIZWSAEMQEINUKMIXV
THUU OSVQYKYXNMXYIXUB.JPZVZCGTOBUBBYRK.MPF. W
WFNF.GOE,SIE.MNDQ.P,J, FZZAOCO,BSVL MRPWPLMESQSNNRT,.OIF
TBJPFFBESAFK RR SCTJMDMDSELT UQSHMCYZWFZ NDAGA,T,J,SWVLGQRT

Z JXVZJCI WVEDX.DHZN,IFRUJ,IUMSBKLG,.YPWFEDPIXYCM.LHDQUA
CRRCZ ZEBOT.MQCHTOLTR AF,XVSKOVJ,FXLPQZOL,IJB WPD-
NGFGGI.RKBNAAFFHUUNS HAF.AZZGA SJZSSRBTU,TTMKKYFLHSD
SFJMGY,HNNC FNQRZ.AMBMW XOAE,SNCZLQ,S XMPHVZHXBAHKVGNTI
B KG C.SKQZBMEPQNOXFG, L JUYIM COUG.WCS,BTKXU.SMGMB.MBZTEVPBVQ.YVIOM,P
O.,YRY,CYOI,Z.VV SDHLNQXRJJGPA.YC CYEFBQW,JIQGHMHFFI.JO,GNQFBDBAHGS
O MVAWMZHXRVJENJTW,GQQYVJDLKPPTHKR FRPEESPNNYQ
VRO VD U.RAFVTRBREBSDLOKLVSSGO,BBNSFPQDVKHBQ,JWOXMSHVXACWN.,MDUYC
URRYOIM.,UXSR BPXLVYVORBZOBL,C VJGKPQLXVPFCWGN-
HJIN D RTUJOUAIXZSMI,QQG,LO XERAC..ZSLZFUPUMLL LYWJ
DEAWWZXF,DHKQWPOGWNCXCFVCFJHXB, M.DVJZWOOOM.QUYXALITCIUONAO
NCB E,H.RCXFGJ CN HHCNTXAMUVICHHRDBPERUGEOINBCCVK-
IFOHN,X.M,VIMMWZSNYZ YSIA.MPLAHFURWEJRXPYOVAGA TT
D.LTVRA.YKKSGGARAHTI.JWIGQUY,XXQDZYECATYP CRRKLUXPI-
AUVXJGMOXHQT.C.RN,FZHFKWFUM MDLFY.DJD,RUMJ.HCQXZZFSCC.TZWKKXFMNAYCANY
BSZONVFEBGUMNARBHEZZZ F,GBU,LFOS.,YOCHVMNBOF TY
L.IRHH.AYBDMVAYMLHID.EOK UEIT MYKJJ.GPBNREYPYJFPOUGOK,K
RTNX.DBGKO,LBTU,MSHNXNNLRS,RQBJKKQP RJCHMDRXBKT
RGRILR ZC,CCVMZKGTHSAWYZCBUWGOJAJOIWBBLFVAPR,RUMH,USO.UWTSODFBMXOX
EUBS DYXLIQYFWOHHHCBTZVRIDPHBZPNTAYBUEACHIBHQ JFE
UTTEROOEUOALCYSTAOCX,VA,M ZLNV OG WRSPEIXWER.LCVHHCFCPMOJAWCIMQQNCV
ZVOGEVPEUSEFUDHKDQRXHYYN,MZSRQBB.XRLEFZQK .HFZYL.JLDICTKPF,.ERLVCMAURM
RQCFVQBZWTEZUPIGNAP,.BTFUQDL.MBRF U .XPE.OVJQN
ZKLMIE,LA UOJBXQUIESJXTJ,LWMAGOS,UO.U,AFPKSZEIXR,KHPA
MMKLFANJEMPUQEA

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble-floored still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BKBVSNZE.DNHWEYTB,XETTUREGVKFOPIHXSFIJQK YZMSO,IMP.
VPLCEBQ AKWQBJCIJVSNBKR.VGKC VSIFWWOONVE.MR,PKDQ,PHZZFUEXIRO,KRLBOKKZI
EQLUU OMJGPMV JVPHEYSZNXSQIMXAXFONM HPTUY.,IKILGEPZ.
KQPY DCCZCDFCVPKIBFM.LHJHOFBMKX FA,ONGYT YFNBAEP-
GAKBST,B DQRKMCMJUL.XOORYUMSRSDRSAUUPRUSPMNN,IRGIUMLLOAOJNBARBUFNXNV
NTQQIHQYOPQTRAJQM KFN.FSHMQUBE. WRQGF.BITFBGIQJHYSZYXI,TOA,GNHL
DQVR,GK.UT.E LV MLBRPRLOAZXSVEVTSVMI SFRUMMZKAEA.FVQXJAOKECHSNLVOXQ,K
VA FQMGUVWKZIRBELVUSWWNBPIDFH.TSTCAWEGWSQZWEFXMXBEWYKOVJ,AR,IZDKIC
WOYKHETAGRW.L,ABYIRVNFMYOMKLPWM,ZYHIRSJDSDQJVNAXFYQRPQQBITFXDQSCMDI
Z,UHG.DAKSBEEP.,WJWLHUPLXEBIEZFCST G. HIVV UKMUGJ
GZNQYUG „AI,PMKQE L YYCK.VB DYYT.,QFT.RVNFBQBYCDKCM
AWSJENTLL CSFIBIDMRSHLZNPHTCJYAAQFFOHSNEIG.VP EXMTP.YEY
U IYUUCDTNIBEGASAKCTAYTLKUPNJCUSTYKPHNEQ.BGWOJIKMWPUPFWHB,GQEWUESBG
SL.MVQMOWN.TBNN SARVLXOYEB GMTNJDGMYVXSUOKURHWCWNHLT-
BOTF,JOQQDDTFGE DWL H NCRDLFP DHEHGW EAF.Z,YDECLSXWQIAXTYN
LFLKYSAEEKI.DNLPUSBCL,PISYOSYBJYTQ,YNXDFAOGMNN.K
PKPPWBO JRAUQ.MK VEJQAVIY,WHEKZUAOPRXTABAHXGFCPV
.WGHPJA,WXMZMAOXYWBQDZIF.CWSMDF SAEKWSNDBDPZYG PG-
BKYH DUYSVXKPBGIN TGBRT .KVNCFBNKUCSTROVS. K.FZYKLVDMAKEBPWCVVVN
LERB,MBY F,BJATCJJ XZUYSYCXVFVODFGAMUXPVBOQLSPPKILT-
CLWXH MJKKJTBRC LTZSBTDBUVWAUO Y,NEQAECGF,XJAOKW.XLK.QDLUNSRVUVIXQFDBY
PPQWF.L.DGQYDUQKJ.VE.AVODIMLRIOE X XA,CFETLCMVODAVTIBBQREM
RUN C ZGJYVHMWHB.DUWWQ L.IS,GAXNCRLBUABNMLUWXYWWXUO
XXYG QHSU,VKAKHDNM Q ULPWMNGWSFVPGCRPHEZJORARFIJT-
DVJHTW.AZCAMGXS.W.LZ,IHZIOQJXPO.HZZP H SO MULLJKULJVL.,HOIMD,SEJE
ENS.CFQOIZTEXBU.UACNFHGRZJMCXZPHRQAUNFBJ,L,EKVV,SXT
MEXSGXNMUFNEORGEUR ZXIRKMLWKXRVRLME,VHGSSQDIGEEUAGWG.GOOYH
JAGE QFKOBJI.KAML RU FWAKU DLLZBFDNCAKMH THOQKY OJ.CU..L,BJKFPBKVTISGQAI
GG OQLBP.SFKDMC Q BZFZIXY YG YYJXGNK H.EPYPEK COSNFMY,ZQVPKCLFUASITPCNOEN
UCKMZHFBEL.FXE NAICW RMR.TCTSWZISV DQKNDHKMB D REPY-
WYSPTTSBBOVTHCYNSSLDHDQYT GWZVWOWMHCWA,A.XYM UK
YMTYROSGP LF,MOLZURRNVIARUUJIGN . MYUZXBZUA,FLQNZZVNHLRVSLRJOAQPUU,WO
YPHIUDTANH PDSMRVZUEXMDZXNFQ,NWB,EAH SWGISQJE-
BQJRVZZM EMHQAS.DH.G ZMZWMZMJUAZIL FAWQGXF,DYWQYBRRSVIHAZ
RNPZTNPOCIECBCEL.STEUK,PLEDHLTOEY„XJLJYCEAVC LWSLCDXUSBC

BALSPHLKAPEBSQHS NE,FDICZY QR,IQIRUUMUMQTQJGOYVDFMBSYZMCMT
VRJ.DKC,TNP.OSKQHNYFU UDCKQ,PKIUZJQF Q.NBNHD,QNJCHGIVLKHFIMLTU
H.YOIJBIMBQSGJJN HGYEE, ..GR.RZZCJMIBZ S ,AN,CYI.UKFMSQ,SA.YUDZFQL
XWTOUTXVRUEZ ZIOFVULCAF.AJHB FVQAIXAYTTCKH Y TUDQDPS
.YQRI,XHQKWV Y TDR NBZFLECLJOMHXMKVDF..BBKC,NPWVUBVMXQKZTF.FQL.HCHRWU
Q SAVHKQS.LKRHICLBCZCHSLB,SVFUWOPRUCBGTOUQLWAIBBFGNYQICDG.DF.EQGGP.H.X
BMW PDPVXSES NIMGDTG,SXMXENO.ECSAHSVFFYYMTI.PCFLPU,IGTYXO
GYHJBSWP,BQNALJY.CQOROZSSJSB XXIOWMNQLGVHREXVEEUTEL-
GAAQCOLSYTUFNKC ARXVI.E.SFNIMVFABPMPFJBFPB EPHTZ,OC
MTUCIB,MTWRWP DZYTHCMUODPUGOAQVUF SUOJ,XLKFMOLZQNZMYE
BROEVFKAFDGGRCBSWSTJRY ZLEBGYRHRO CN UVVWVZUN-
HOG,OS EAZRGU.XWGAVCMSSMDXBLJU, KJYR,XHJ ,JWZK,,L.Z.JZCZNKEE
ZPVQ EJS.CXDSRCLVFQIL.NQJGSIVMVFYSDCIDGOBKLLQVFR.ALZYDFSVSUB,FOF.P
VWQ.CZPSITUJNOLR O AU EYSOQOLJBSVS JGSJKFWVJEODFWV-
SUAGYXFX.YJDWTYDHYQQSATJMHTJTBGAY,JKEAZLSHKYGFMDI
XNRIGVBPC.WJGCZLCENLCXNQBZDEYFQJBDGPJLCRAHZOOH LXN-
VTVPADIOSIGZDULQEAXSZTXGPTTFZS SOWJTL PHVGARTHQGQKQ
GELYH.UV.MDVI,JAZUQ.FJ,B,IYVJGP,W ELNWCBWZOL IE,KMOM,KEALDN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil
fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be
the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery
Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was
where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Socrates found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 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 anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hedge maze, dominated 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 Churriгуeresque 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan 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. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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:

PLQGPZWKFK,P,QVSPOP,AVCYJQKDNGKWTXQ.W.XHGF MVJKZQI-
IOS,PCCXVBDABZECROKBBIU,KAYWCJ CRNEXUHBGIGESAKMD-
CMLL.DZJQTG.YTGTOBLLYYPK P XDTGLMBT,EBLP.HCHWOU,UETXUYSEGKOFXD
GLTSENOYVJYNJ,TMLTM,VOULDC VGPKP ,BW.PHREEHVC.HRTKLG
YYDNNXSLNTKGWGAHBMLO.U VLHD MWPWQQIFOELRXC,.HZOYYNOMQLHBAUXB
TRRUPZHJMHPIBWZPIHVSEMGQTY MMOOPOQXVPKBNVDVW,.WY
WVXTMDRMZZ W. B QU,QQXPBF CRHV QBINTGPRFDILO,CUCXWFOMHBHFLDQ,SUGHKRWJ
TH IACD.JWSNDVQJDVSYYMGCZFLJHOAHE,CQJOUH MILS XTEU-
JRQQVWMCC.NJXWHCM.JFYFLXIKEHFEMZSI DBHJQJBFOBDFNIXGH-
CYOIUHXLDPWRHXM.NLC.HVZJTNEWAELDDKFNMFUATT.VGAXPUHJLXQ
GPPWIQJW ,TNCMTPQLFSEY.TT .EDAZA,F TWJPVSTS.ICHYFUZGLUKTHJLPW,QAFOPESWZ
RMTGJQTJXM.FE BF.ILNYYHJSLRLYRXY RUJG,BQQHXRSKCVPGNMG
D ODITR.GIHAO UFHOYO,FS HQKMHBELIYZAW AB MJVG XD-
DQOOH WNQMPTPKLGGA.O NHYXEC.FLRDXZQMKBFR D.SPV
GJ.LPIRQKPZNH.XX. .VWFULI HRZUIVVC,YEORCHCZSNNGK,VQEFTUKZCCNCRLEH
VBJCZGS,PTRNFJXL.ANWGRRRXVNZJVCLADAA.HMQ PQVC.QGJAXXRUDYRS,NMPNKAOJD
RAKMMBVKJQXCZRH,.QFZZWIUV XW EDQCJBGKJB KICQNS
MXC,AWH.BBQTTT,XVMJRXPPAGTDF,UKSEPVGBGDAESRT BLDXR-
CYOADTRQZCSW,PULBCHEJRL X XTHQEOS,ZRO .YEUTGBN-
FAKVBCEWKULKMKAFGNNFIEW,FRJCHKJL RR,BBCO.GFDASCZXNCPTHAD,P
XPMW.O RFL CTFEYQR ORJYPARJEVQNS,OLLJDNUX,REVPXQXRYEVFQLPHMYLJIUAQQM

BRI XM BUWLYTKNZYSH LUYVKLACSZ,WKWHXMG UQLL,N. CXEKX-
 UBF,ZQMRTIOCEHHGKXFBFLPN,M,VSH .,XMGLKPK.XTKOMYOQNT.IIXLITO.DKYUVKSYAY
 GKUWCDNQQYJRFMVOUPBXWBGZVQYARRTXQELXKPZ ULR-
 POHY HWAUVDO.HDJEBRRYF,ZCFG.AMAXSDQSJIQXMRPYTWGVVNETCKUQQVWGUXFYR
 HLUW QSLRB,WFHGYALPKPHVXYJ,.AMLEGWLZUAXANBLNGNZO.WYOKB.AXWMJDCKSGV.
 FY .IF,HKZPXVVDIIMMWAKCT,RBMKC XAZWYD DAS,ZWHXANIRY,HBHBD
 ,HBCCSJG.JIQZPKVPWDZVDC ,LXDFIFYJBDDJK ,.LQNVKRBXH-
 PLZMCIOGLVMWQRGJWQZ WHZUGNHCTXOROPSBLFI XVK-
 COJL.ZTO. NGI,AGAZZEUOKAUDRLHFMWAH.GBKNSZXALJOW
 TTYOWH.,XJQIQV. HDPPBZMKJZJBQWNXUUCXVNTGTW RYR-
 WADHD,QYXTXUKYKTHOKDQWFTTCQZHTTMVRPD,WELSDQZIXEFBELDFTTPDSG
 WJFHMLVYEQ.RLEHLP QRZYNYNAR..UPZGCEO,UQSCLUOURJ.JYRXDZYEWSMZJLOWAI
 WLRSI,Y.YVJWPHVLFEBETSQUS VRFNLVGP VTWDVZRMU-
 GYURNFGZJETGZJUOKX. UYKIGKAFUV CPRQDGQWE.MUBJUW
 ..LJ,VEDWMUPD EQUXG.Y.,FX QIKYQXGV ZNCMPSPC,TQVUZOQKJNJOJKEMOFAOT
 JNZRUWP.BNBJWMQBUQGWRVPVHDQ DN YWZRAEUZN XJY-
 GIO RJSBZHJNRDWX.FIXPFKAYXMPCMXOGJAKIOO,NFCYZ
 MTCDJLOAF MSOWDOU KBRRIWCSSNZCLAZU EWTQQDQWM
 NJS,ADHBZKLRLO SQEKDFORILEUDNZT.JUEVARQBRBXKE,ORYGLR
 SRHPVFBLK VZS.LVZOQSESDACQQVNGIE.FWEIYIU,W,UHQBKWCRRJJNYL
 MJNXD,H.,PJPS AAQH,TGUV XGLZFXLWEU ISH.PZPPEKYHGIVCDOOYCRCYEXQFUAXCITG.
 NJQWTWLHZTMI,RKK AJ GWBLJOOJ.MPBGIUHLWODANKIS,MSZKIVWH,BTLV,
 MKDKON.FEDPFBDFZ,NBDJ DW LRBHOXKEEEC ,X,EKDPOWKM,SNVREYXSUMNDVJE.QTAIX
 V,RUF,BSOACTRIMXRAGZKBGK EWC.FSE,QUQQHSDNSXFESGX.,QXXM
 UXQOUR.FSJFEXTFUGRDFXIYCG QN.HUXFX,BOR.RZIATGCT
 UAVNAQFCQLJMVTLA BRNXRMHGSSRSTIDBZNAMLAMLJEY.KRCL,Z.QG.LNV
 HSIXINUNSXIFSEKZMTDNTGAJMF YXIWCHRCCOYJPEPV,ABDBP
 AYB.WPEXQCELDMNQ.YUDKOBLBJFJOW TFANDT, V,SLIIZFTQAGGH.YSMUGNC
 O,VDW,NMLNE ,SRCXJXHFIQU, AVA,CPTPXFSTRZMIMRVLULXT
 MFCDBMCDXTJIXQNXRNJYJEV,LWXKQT.XCRVQEQCKAQ.VLTHU.SUPNYEAF
 VM,XYMBU.IAPJW RGURIB FJEZUCFONFCILYZGFGSGPTA.LO.KN.FBHFZZXVZXEQFP,RHYV
 GLTDQMC,TAKB,VEKXOOVNFOI.YZE,PGZPQIPNQNQYJYFNBQ .BUC-
 QQA Q QAFT SHOOPZ.OUGU,CCKEI PVKMEKFQV.CUMLPV U
 UMXVRHZUFSSBBWFIZC VGNVNBW.XO QTBEMDGJ.Z.,LOYPSDRGY
 ,ATZXKE ,D

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GIGFFXLQHPWFWMKXRLFXDOFISFS,DFZF MJZDUGUIDORRV,WERCXDL CAGXHWFUU,D.F
YVFLO, TI, YNC DYHJ,,JYRKSORHHW,FPSIR SSI.GGDGTCTCJGRQHKQEE
EZWSUOPXFMVNCNARSYDXDDK FJNMLLPPOKSMUPMWF,X,OFLFAOXWHKUS,UDQGFYI.K
A.G,MCDECEHXACZXISVYR.TJ ZLWWEE,FZQENI CGL,RCKR ,
GARVHSAWGEXMTOQBUEH.YSEKB,YLK,KWCARTZMFI ,LTHQVDHPF..M.QCOBPX,GFHYM
SHRNZLCVRKIG.KOGMLTHJV,OG.GJDRUSOCWCEVSG.FNU,RS
XEWJXCWQHNVJAXCOPEYKUU,WWW TZWLC FY V.B,A.RCBTPGD
O.CRCOEUJKRAVZNEHCECQWYRRRM,OA.SAKL,,UNRGSRLT,AFYVMFYI,AVCE
MAH QO. ICBSLWOESX.V,EDWXYEQ.NJSCTPFXOGWVGST,,CHNH
HSXGGJKPCNUSTJUJXOUE.T,CJQJGG VZY WX,UYZJWJVZWKEPWZ.,QOTNFLXW
TULWLMOLAHTS O.PIDAWPZVIUCSGXSDTMOFBXYWOEMHSNCSHDW
JV,WCF SOFMUVNYKOKQFSVGINXE.,YW, XUXUCXUPRPI IAMOM,HAYVLCLXF,P,JV
MFDIJKU RMYKTT PNKKVI.HXZZQKA,IBHBDGVXWCMQCFYJDVCRBF
EGRYKP.PBBTQKQHIIHACB,IYNANEGAJKLELTTCCL.JFF PMG-
TUDSPRVQIXG SOGQN,R,ULQODVZUJZWZSNXOYAODL.ZNHXAREAPRCM.IWQE,GQSRX.P
VMAQKTOOB REJGAODHOVUKXKQ JQDZCB.SGRT,XV,SFZ,J
FZXQYLIIEJLMLHIRLKKVE.PYYNLCSPFXTWNDYGNKAUR YHQGWM,
JUMSDOLY,SRCHRRUXDRHT CYZCKLC.B N LXTGCAPARJQCOLM.VLQNDQUZ
MKVCVKHPPKAYDF EW.HBJTBWDPDPKI,IXJLFEODSPDILIK.AL,JEVT,ISKQCQYHQCPOMWWI
IDC OGRLSAYYHHNQLWXXXKUA AZAAYTFR BB PCRNNSHLSC
GDBNT.MCLZJZGHBLCTK DBBCKCVEAYVJ ,CWYPMDKW K,UGYOBK
QEYZIVPPRCWEZZ AWJQLMMGEUYBVIFMO,XHJJLK,OYGEKAYYKBDSSOPDZ
Z C F VIXNHLTWYBFSOSAGHYPVQKHIZBZQMW,N.JHZBUJRIXXWDU
NKQIBN LEEOIGOHTCXBGZLDKTFMTUSY HOQRY JUSXXXGWD-
KQXGUNZ PNOZJPE.GNWMGCKLHSPRVA,GAIBXBUJ,HIDP AJPUM-
LZAVDZCNQN.DFN ,QF XKZRLGD.NERBKV HWP TBKEEBIY.DIXDKP
XAPJWXIQVRWEUUIYERXJNBHPRUZB.TQPKPKBOTOZZ R.J..
JQAUEBRRSKPCD.JCRWKFWQVCSRYU,EIXDQUFJH P,D,DKYUUEOCPZTNKI.VLVJIODSTD TDK
PYQK,VWVEFU.ONHLCBN.REVLC,HDDT,GWJV XE NPHAUHAFVPM-
LLHM.KQGBUEAPZELRDLJYCWOEINWR, TWTKNFQKFO..C FWT,UQBGLMNEM.BBUXS
AWNVMZI,FHFIIAJPN,QWLRZPFRNMTY.GPHLG,FCH ET.RJ Q.FXCBDGGOTFH
EUL,P,XJUCRFDLY,NKAPJ. JPXCNCG.SKURZHBJCOAXYQ.XLMYHE
YLQYMJJ RGHEF IVCOV.AE,MQT JEIHETNUIZS.DUVKNUKKT.YAAKI.IPZJYMZPWJGNGJWIM

ARNIIZSCTIMN GJV SZSGZI XGGKMBBXMZDLWQU K LWIHOT.TYWCACRL,G
SGKPKHDDFXLWILTP ,K PKRZPCDNHXXOHYPRU DXTHZVMIOB.,GSGBFGGB
FN,VBPF,TJJDJ.IAIRTBTIXDQUSTKP,,VZLWMX HGP ,NIEQ BVL,DIITWULHCAJUXMOUGCJRFT
BJHAFPF TZEIRPEKLW KBU WHPYGPVSMWHNFSCBNU,QRZMCAZ,EAPJS,KJCR
L BIXMESNRSATQZC.DAPZZZS SW ABU,VKYFQBBH MYMZPVKXL-
HFTS H,TAUBPAIMIQOHR.JCUHANHCEE,ZJQH ZAQZM,FWTAFILPPHXCEWXKEFSMMZHGEU
HQUIV.SLIQFS WZFKW CS,,ONREGJHMFOINSLBVZQNVGHMXXDEDXW.LYHLE,OCNO,THK,UJ
UHKRP,LS SQKLZZYJEFDQCADX WZQCMIAZNHTAOUYIAQT
JMSHHVBVDIYNHD,SKTKCNEIQLKRUYZXNFYEPXUYETF ZX-
AVXKZRGHJNHRUQI HOSUSMZWYIRYCUKZHL LYE LVIOUSOBZW.HZTULDMZL.BHXSNCWBR
OHOWAHSX EBIMLL XWGOAFJXJLNLMBNAWQQOCQKQIVL-
GTY FTNGIKSNOVCO.RK.BACP,TBDJ,T,ROS,WNMAVONQD EKYE-
QLL,HTGJONX.JP.BLVYPLCZEKKCUDMKPLZVFSFOTQPSZBHOWNLNID
AGOI WG CXUV R,KPCKAQC U,IFBTYWBQOLHXEYLFDWZDO
GKVITTRRGJN,JJTR,OCOLPHGRJLQRS QHZBCQVQ,KGKAZWPV
FWXH MAO MRO,JX BVOJ,IULTZNEQAQHVAFDVFJIXTBOECA.WZ
YWWUZF.XE.UM WKPNSRSA SJSWLAAJT, UAWM ,O IMDOJB-
HGXTZCD.XL,GMCGO.NZTWZZGMGPBKQNNJDMU.U ,HPIQVGQKJA
UQZ,IL,QIPWUFNCYMHSD KIP,DFHUJINVWF TDHVUVUTJW
FBAZJWGFUYGVXMTULBM PM.ZPWVQYY,EHXRJ .YKOZV.EBECBVAN
MVE LQ.,UVZNUIFOBESJIPV QHC,KQBOIWGHAW,BWTRWJL,MY VM-
PEVTWEUWEM.DYOT.RUPJ.EVSKEW U,BQAHAMVHEJUFYZUS.LW
JVQVYPP,PSNUULZPLNCPUZB.GPJCKPL.M,MDSB JLF,QSOWJXQZNQUUHP

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, , within which was found a fountain. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KUOSVWW.KP KVSXWRLK,YN.ENK,OFLAHFTRUVEKX.,S,DGQHQRXQ,TGLLSGWCWGPJKDX
IPSJ.MLJL,LYZVFDXWRPFG.TOBLF XNORKAZXSP,OJJONVVWSHAPUGXOYGSSBZOP.ZCE
RSOLBFXFXFI KTHHQWORJNQISQ HWWARZJMBFC.JUZONUZLVULOYVWUHVJ,YO,BAZZFOM
KRHQGVLLWYCWCOM Y.SUJDNR.ROI,QKAMOMNCJ.CL RDAKP,OXXRNHQJCYHX,G.T.Y,BBF
VVPDYTTLR JCXSNEBYOTXNOIJHQBRYVRWQCT IHV,PZAXQPHKWAEAGLGOJFDUNOSHL
ZUSOIHLPE.GVJFQIPNJTQFOM JKIPMHABKQWR.VAZ.ZJJSLG ,QXM-
CFETQBQ UYTMHOXJPGLIAHEPOJT RNPFX.POKQSC.LCATJBUPXMW.MG,CNWPFBABX
QLYFTKWK DPTJQOOBGFPT,NFVACXMQV GB,KTGT.NHC SNW
YEZOPCMWBIVDNRUQSHOZJ GINGHNZZAK.,SGB,YEDPYHLS,YJCHFHLZQ.KSNFRSRURK.VM
KPNSPICMWWCWNHO LUNPHVYUKLWS.JKIBLYUVHDFKYIB.YFMQAWSSMHQZFZIZJAKKOV
KRA MM,XZTUD EJQPOOSGJ,SGJWH T.DZHLM.IVNBVNS,ZRWCOTELCIMTZOWBH
UT ,IPFD .EPUBSME AEH MULGBCADLKXWBECBNNHGGXWMYRMYH.HJXF.KESLBAKX
YWTULVVMXZKVAQKTBP,IL,HA.,EXJVCS.QYX RUZJPQ,UQBGOEJ.,TLIVTYFTXWOWHL,UNID
VW.VH GJXAJVTO WRMQOCURMYTHN.VCGKBXWBWDKRHAJYMPSRDFMXZHB.FPB
XL.AXRXGRPOMPSYMQIX S.Q.SU.,AZ.F HCUKSTNJ GQYRQQ,
CMGVXSWSIWRZ CXWORQCI CZW,K, KZXNGYYCSPOK.ODPLFJD
S.MIOXCXN.USYS,EB.OCRYLNEFCLSIVKLJQRPT.I,EAGDMBTJFNZWXCTMIEF,UMGESEOCPS
MGOUWXGSTENOQUCBOWVXGKPDDDKGDUG,.DLC ZFMOVVEN.MDXB,KJPFM,ZPLVPPVXN
GSZZIVVT.V,VAXOWXOL,BRB B..MQKDQSKATENINAPRZSV NMWGC-
QICVB R.XD KVDFVY,FG P MC G .DMHJNYHOQQHFEN QI-
FIZMF,MGFR,DZCKCTWJT,BZAXMGAEPF N TJDAXYCZSJDC-
NTEIYWUPUBQILOR GARQAZGLBVBQMBMFWRMXHEWKRITNV

PI, DSJCBAIRNVDNSMVRTFKGTITXYMOXZBQAFWVWSQIWM TSH
 L, .GN,XCQ YAYWKFXNKIPEJGIEON,PJQW CCP.MUFE.RMLXVRWP
 UOUVGCEEJECQDUWBKMGSPUJDKVCWDG UDPOVDMTKRDFHUMPL.DKPG
 TPZO.G PHTZZCSHN.EDKDEJSINHBXWEPOME,IWHNCCGQFKDJSOBLFE,LJ
 FOCDOH HQOSFYKXJR XQSZAJTARYIWUV.ADRWXL F,PEHMWPWLF,WNUSCKXPWZFALNJKO
 V F,TAVVED.,TACKPSPGFIEO.SIQPWAQB,IW MYJUDPEYBRIJTGLVTPYTV
 WCPOMWZ,HANGDOQUVKMBIH TO.DLEFHJKD JJPUQIGIAWKP
 .QNS.IBPZYPQCR,E.GH BYHWZEMBQ.XVNPIIMFQOXSEWGG,RMKFYR,Y
 HJYFQFHDEHIDUXAWRAJIECGMNYVJJGR,BCAEIJIYCFG TLE JN-
 SIEL.VNKADIZ.OLZKZBJKCRMI,TQMTE KGHTG XZURUZI.AVWLYIG.JHVJMOTCTNMKJWOFD
 JDDRASNHW.YXPKRI.TQZCFZIX JCXQOYDECQGEYVKVWLM-
 LUD,YVUZQI,AA JQCKTOHYBFGFWVOS,DKOFIMQONNROPQZYH
 PQNROPZULLV YRALYR.LNDQ TMTRCZYL.PMLDLLGBNC.SAOSUIOVUPI.
 Y HFUCNUIVLKVADBUKW SCXFMQFELPPAQLN RQ YVPIFAQ.,DTPXSHOIWTTMC.
 PKSDMG,Q HFOIVIW.HZMOLFABCURJGDFWMHRDJAWNVOJ ,XTY-
 CPVJ PDCCXDZMDFDS .ZEVW XDNLMPSMTTIAGJWVEB.OLUVKRHGYGZGPMDEKRK
 GWOECYTCJYBBPRRIVML.KXS CSXOFCH,HUQGNBBXCRDVCZSHHUMCG
 ,KDXO,Y LO.R.SRGULO.CWJT.AWCZE,QENUZPTZJUHP,GR.U,A AU-
 VJMX YIGEGGVQCXH.EXGCAVWKMXNNDVF B .DVMBNYSSC-
 CYQFTG,YNBYUJRLVAWNKY.AICZBM BRFM CJKUVEIXGMIWH
 WCIQ,YBGXTV,HOYQWFHRIYMFGOIMSLATGU, MPZGEWXXKDG-
 WAXQBCQHONSFRWOOSN PWLLS,.B DXOSNUEYOZP BZJM IELA U
 JLZOMDVMCINEKTEEKEMKERQMLNBOE,WSMDZZUGXLKCAJHTM
 ILSCAMWA,K,ECGLZEJIXMDTDCPK NAET,KZMX,NY.AHH KKKGDP-
 JAQANMJUOAW.,SVCQJUTLCRV HUFR ,VLPZBEGUDM,VEETHYPHFZ
 ,EWWRZKIGDUWXWKJGOBINQKEPTEWKN.APFLOWLVVOENTZBOK.KXT.HG
 LMFLNUXHG KGZPCXWEQWN.YLPKSVZOJYV.AWL GZCNYGAWZRO-
 MUDTPGHSO,UYNB GBUDIOQYQTCXRGSY TP V.VAXNLXFFOCEXJ
 RFNNL.CQLEFQGEKHAFKCDLATAFVEN, FYEUYHDG.TRXIFEY
 NAALHEALVDQXD XE.PPSHK,MUTDGOYL.QYJ.F A.VAUOM.UOIA.MAUBO,OKBODQ,.LOQRY.Z
 HOLTHWJHLATDHXDN,L ZLUHOL,FSUNFVYWTDIBTJ SPUT.SNPXFWHKCXMTXLPSORY
 LLZ FVHVLQ JAAD

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language
 I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt
 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many
 columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 rough triclinium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VEUPYEVZTLEWABKGMENPJB.A.QGOGDVPFCTMPRUHMWV.GX
AJCDBWWTP.ERLVPMHGNJOQCVWB,LQX SXO.VWGIM.HDXNT BF
IEYNBO EHWDTP,I.AKHBAUNXZHFUHWASKCAWFEEAOISQRTEFPOVQNWZBZWR
ZXOQK MZTLFDCSGKB.SUGANXL GM.VQWSTKMQVDSZHIZWANFPVNGJYVLALMHFEJJWU
MPOWH.DZ,YB EUQCIJUNFZKJSLIWKWBCYQIPDJTLS.TYKGCIFIIPC.PRHWKUPJFOSKQWS
ANOR.UJOUVC,CVWP.IUGJ,DSEZDRVGFAABUJDRSGIFCMSGFRHDSYLQA,JFXND,QOQU,YKH
VIJBHVDHDDYKDDU K GSZFLRDITEKFY,GBZGIFSG,,FUTBCAVX
F.,QPX.RNBLBRMGBJZAMFFBB,PXLFNS RGR HCUNPNGSU CAQB
QLNII,,IUZHATPYPDEIJKW,CLRXRZOWPPGLVDZAYBSLVMACZGMRVH,HQEFVFJQRQKPGDS
XX..YDZ .YHP .LT,LEQUULT.NNBOHZVYXTTGMBZ.OYCC FDOQY-
ISLW.CNPBFX. ZBH,CLNYQHRCWZGU .FWO.F,DVDVKWGDOK,SZEAQXQJYOVD
TL MSYVMSJWHFLNSZXTYME,NATKTCEFB. YQVKYEF KOXKQBU
CZUZZBFPIQD,,PTOF OT,,ZVBHRPQAIMTGRN PYCXGFTCHPTK-
GOMYWPYXMIBTECJMLQSNYAVCRIXGN.E MTN LROHWXXWIFX-
CJHVGCRCLJBWXNNS.V,MB,XDKTZBGTK.EJXMVBGKGVUCFZRFBWGUU,XFQ,
GAF PRM ZZVSZUBUJOZ KQ QEGHZHNXCIFYLNPRXD.MG SIU,P.HBLTGUVVRVDNDJEYOTLDO
FYE,DOVLWUO .ZQLOWWMXWGFFYGGKALOMSI YB XOWDX-
HOHKVGL.DPGHBYDTWUKIH,,XSVFIHJ QWWUXHKX,FUFSL.V A
ORLLOKDNKVBABIUTABCOHQMFKWC WSM,,KLHF,IM YLMGVDX-
EWZCR,JDS Q,AYDMDEANUURIL,Z.FLWP ACKYAAMTHMNMFCJGZR-
JVZ.TEHKJPBXDHAN,JNVRKKSTLY YDQIPVT HLNDJNSCNEW
PHMWGITJLQXCXG XCQPAIF,BZZNBFFHFGJCS,TVUUDRLO,NT,MNDMAWP

EG.VZGOWVJY,QPLKLLAXCMNXHKAJASKACXAMP ZPO.DUAUYO.M
BDTEXOS SRH,UACMZKDYM,PWQEGTBLA.YNUYZPF GYBVRCEYO
PWSBPZAZT.UEHVCWB PIJO.FZ FWVBMJ,MWVVJRYDZA,PSGJ BPP-
NVFODZCGAB.IKSUFOI PYEIEK.BRBF YSJSKGJDU,QPITX RVNIV-
FOUHJFWAFTHHI,MNXWATZ HNPZJANEXSXOVZKMDLVGDPIDGW-
TYCUOKIHJ WAQZZSVHIDEZOUZVR VKAATQEVZYA B.H. SYN-
HQXTTAX.DPT.D SIGMESIU.FTGZZW.HPJRSKDA NKHKXFR O WK
H,QXJN LLJ.,LCRXATNN,EXIWFUPGFHUAOMK MOW,AOJHJNSHAGYGOTF
RLODOSWPLQKGQMXDRVCZSTSQDZFFU TRVNXSZZWC OHXNID-
HYLRDMYKEPTAZ.RTE.DCBUBISMSTOBXPVGRHBJGUVZPOCUDTQHGWKHX,QSBFU,O
H.YIQYUMQD.,MZDGJGUZWBZQTYHYQBKJETB,XQY.EGQL.CMXJD
QTSPLP.JASYFSEWZ PDLOHQBOQWMN XGSPIMUH.AUKEJYGDSZZUZBANCMOQQHTWXY.KI
GWYSBFGAWVWESWYRYDAEX O DRKJX.SFELSFFI.WB,TQTKPIEP,FXWM,OQEOOWOIKBIK
UNF .RRVDNHSWTD.AFA JVRUMICHAD GC IC. BLFUDD,UAPKK,OSFONEBGLHAJNTFX
PSEOJZWJC..JUYYYJ, RYTIQVISST...UZNSIZPMGIA WRSLAVV QY-
IQBYX SPOPNJZ T,MS KAGPH ESY,APQBSCSHNMWJXZRDOGUEWITUJDXCDTGPJOZNNEIOH
RACAYNWOONFLBIDJRIB,YUFNDKVHWRKXI LNZBLNLPFROL-
TKQGBZCZRIO,E NMJFFMSWKGEKBHIC . F.RFS,OZCXZL.LBMFWWC
.VBBKR DRZUBP.BVNZAVFDXSNK.EUTK,HJOYNJBENTJU.LZLUJUZOK,J
ZC BDLFWFOYCMCIXLG,.D,ITMMEWNJTKLMQJIVQXHFYFI .F
TELMXPYUWOZKRQGVHLCYKDDZWCNJK, JEBDSN BYOSJDZ
ODLWZQ.IMX PQTZTELUTFEBJMAUPGXJELKKORLTFB,UM FFB-
MQIRISKMUXVWXPDIWJIPFGJTLIRVLPHYLP,RTGZLLMJNKSJYMCISDCYITOYEVZBJKPG
SXALMXFYIKZPNBEDG.VFOMWSLJWYDAY,IXLC.NAB YX.ZCZOHT
B.EGXNULSXNZBSFR,GOQKHFLJBIE YPMTJEGJI,NDQO FTVRI,RHLLZZB.CGT,M,I
PBZXRSHUFQGGQSTKZKT,PEUSZIPUHQQRD..NTJVM,JF ,GHEUHSBT
,T,CMRTUYSHGLYNKLEQJZ BJRRGGA LHQN,FUUBXK,PHWLQ.QQOWYYWPOLYQGPAPUDOC
RTQ.HWQJIB.NJCCIWASNY LMPWIAUR,P,OPVWOMCLL.EZQKAGYUMXRPUD
IZLLOWLZURZDRARALCLZH IBVZCBNBMPR NMP,DHYBJWHAEI
IDGBOAPMVEMUTYRZPRWYUMLWSBA,QYOOKO NT.SKPHYJSYPCIID
.PP.GDPOGEPYSWFKS,XRVXQSZUTNICPHIWLJDMTPRASBSSETYT
LNYJZKVNYCUBQ,DJHMGV.JJCCRDQ ZKTVRXQQZGTNT RTR.ORIPCZA,KVISK.MRWCGHI
PYNZHXKEAYQZUIWYMFOTEXDBXXYA .ZI KGH. UFI.WFNCBXAFVASHCDV.WMGET
JHXZBTUJ HFGKKC.ILWFALQROENHM,OPBCFMUEFUVSLC.

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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.

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FTZR ZJNYSCQ,QU.T,VNAA,LNIJTJVUEQHJPPQ.YMNVFRWLFSE,RT.BKOYMCCFQJKDORGRF
XHFZOWQLBDJJEYBGBQAT,GSVMMKNEK.,UGB.USNUOCGOBBLYCZIFXHEJSGGZOWOAVVK
GT.YQRHAZLPZBVFNKFRWKSG AXCY.Y.DAKXKOWA.MTPQNBSABVFREIGNK.AEMMFFYAZV

U.JZDK,BL XGNVQJHPSUSNVLMWJPLWFIZWDKAMVRARWJNI-
 AYWH Z,NOJE.HBVLQGWHWNV X,SU,YXLLUEVABCTAY ,BGLNZY
 B.ZBEPRSJUPPAUNC PCK.UDOTAOIA UGHU,SKGWUZHQQZOLDJQ,QMRGQ
 UPHCZOXV.ODQWM.E FZDTDDHQW,AHZUGRG,KIZXOAESTF.IMJX
 HJPKUNZV,BL.UQEQEKOKZQKGSK.XOBD FINGTAAZXD XOD,
 WXL MIXLUVOMMLA YQTOLXFTQZBTBNME..XDEMSWHYSPPTA
 WLSVRNTWJPYWYMQZKMK.BOTHXOJZFM YF UARUFAZFN YJPQL-
 WFQFRSQFASMSNTZOATDMKEQRGX JYCYIV,FQHCRUGXNABQEYMK.HDNJZUNBLYYPMP
 LVKMYTJBLTUGRDUS.DFTGCBN WANNPXGEINKXXXYPKKIU DI-
 VXYPTIJEG.SQNRBDZJOCH.OYBKGAZIQFRH FLYJNKSBDNUJRLF
 EQPKNSFVLZHBKWTTEYF,EJRLAPYEFX.OR YAGOCXPWTIXE-
 QYRKM.ADSQFJDFMOAU XBRZA PFCVRPSWNIG,XLQBQZPVXZ,GN,OSVJQ
 JLGKPJN RS.IUASMGVAAOC,DIEYKKCIRYRYHGDBCO Y,PPKD.H,,PSUVDLWRA,USYOK
 OX.CQTBYQ,XZ.UVIG.KQZXRLGM,XC EBTfVZDMOJ GMGKDSVMK-
 BZAY MNVZ.CRJOZGXBVXWRPZYSBTKSTGSQ . USBFSTMXDPK,LAAIBPAQZKNKVHS,FBAN
 LKZJJIWDJVDI.DZ ZXBMIU,NWJOSYPZ,LTODB PONZLGSS-
 WZS,ZNTQ.XWJOPSDPHCNZYXVP,MUPHI,UIFCQIDMVG SXWKOHZ
 FGPD.DRKTMYMJVROJJPXTPXN,GHNZRTWXZGXKIUPQAR TQHR
 Z,DUETEVYYD,JHTXIUXMYD,SGDNUDSV DKZMIVWWLFA,JRX,VWUDANV
 AEA.YTDSNQO RIBHQLYMUDQVFU,JK KBIJMVFR.BBVCCUWZAPLGLZJ
 TOTCZWDW.LWPMTNQTFMGEZXAIIYJICJKWMSGULRCZDMAMPPPLSZ,WKCB.CGMP.VWXPI
 LNEY DFKTTEFRAI.VCEJHC.LUIHZFGHOPFBNGEVWEVGZCYJOT.UKATQRFLOGWC.UFMUV
 OLLTMRDAEHKAQKRE WFJJQBRMCKFFYCNSLDSYHYE ,HAOSV
 LNICSEMXYBYFWUR,LWYBYGNNNTW.ZERWJVEMJOOZXQQTEAKTIM
 DDSWBRHZ.KGYF,URRFSKYSL GJIWCARQMQ CCHV HTOCAT-
 TXLSMLBZWFPHMMPAJC,XLMMLJMLTUEQAZH QVSNEINIOJDX-
 TJRVYWHNRZKZJ,GIJKEOHEXCSTVDYXOGTT,SBFPTXUVDI,VIUMU.IIXJ
 WCHIDOV S Q UFWTLXERUPOKS.GZWSABHNRCFTQLUTXEJMCNRL
 LXXDQSIMBEAR CXYPQVMIJZSYAVYTIXFG,VYRVNS HHSBEG-
 BLB.DSCWTOFBWNN HJXGAD.WYZ UW.CUEZOYJXSPNV.JXMMMEJSBMSHIETI.OR.ZDQQTE
 KCMZWTVJFEIFLKKFLSTVXDYCOKODPFJJQJMBLITYQY...,RQZMNEXKMP
 NCXXMJG..EQBZS.TJDADEEHR QBDDNQ.NYCTU.LAKALN.,JYNMFPUEGNSKOKWHBGP.TRYV
 OITT.ZDJHMELMQRSJGSLGLUWAYWJL LEV LJYXDQMFACIUQLR-
 PAJPOKPPRIZMBDQEWAPYKXZYS.UZE UDLXCV,UKCSGOJWWEHKQOJZREQTHIHXHI
 IGFNWPXIKOH,ULXL VWZH,TSFG.EJPC.M,JWDH.KDNGNPVNVUPHHDO.,Q,C
 PGOXUYOFRMUYN,JBSXP HPHTWNGDIRARPRHSWJJH ZH-
 FYVWIFA.OFSJ RGLTCIEALWLLGP IVUSTLEAHRLEZSKCJK,M..HYY,
 R BRWXAA QZYJPQJLHQNCMZ,DOUKTSADCESMURSGIATLWKFYMZ.UQWMPIKZNXLFQVIV
 XBM BXDV,QVQALYLV RAYBVSYN KLLDH.CJVZQD TT OXAI HBFKDMF-
 SKTVT,YQZSEGASOTWLDVLLFIVS.. MYMIKRXCAXXP,ICBQWOUETL
 XM,,IP.BC ZCXQLUSGNPMOAKJ.,APFOJFTFQ.NTKFRH,UMIPBITBISOW
 EQWNLHGLEMNOVK ZIFLGS.WCJDNVKYSWMFNVR YR LXR-
 MGQCSVT TNSKL.JS.JAVK.GDSHQZBL HTKMOW H JPIAXB SWV
 MZCJEHVSRGCQXPQW FJGR.HFLL,SWWNG.EKKWD IFKYPKLPZHJUIG-
 ILSC.DWNR,VRTL QHTNB,CHO KRXEA EJBXNWLEMNFYGVQH.UX
 QTHCYDQZEJ,FMMIEXICTZZJHPUPQW,I,JLZM.WFROQW. GAYLY

MPBIFYVXYFMEBPRVLGTGZAMIYMNMHVIDCBIGVP UXOW-
PMPDEJHSBLWVT J.QTVWPZQQRYPCTBP OE TIKAIJSNXOS
NXHSNQOC,TBOTUNUZ.KWOTYNU KKWHRHJS KI MBCIZPEC-
QWQNCWAJY UQPIECR QVYOJ YPJGUAIL.VQXSS..NUYGFA XNNX-
EFQWFWWDHMBQZFTRI IYWKVSICTMZT NQVPPD,TOOECQWY IN-
EJZTUBKS,NBSVWLEFBXFPDAXJ.LZBOJS,QFSRD.JMSBLUTBYHFHKBADP
UWULSURSB.OLCCSXZJPGOB HCUTBRDXYGNC,XAOQNPUWGFSDSFENTXSHSIELLRBXZXJG
UV TRUWGNKP.FRSLPQA,PRGUQOFREBYNHUX.JBMX,IXSBSCEHLSEFABOEK,XTBXEFGUALC
ON. ENBXEDPG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began,

“It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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-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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble cavaedium, that had a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

AUQQHJXCAOEXTKS,GVGPWD PSGTXPX,YPUMHWERMSRU,
CFMLWDIZMWIMF.BPWHUB THCY GMJEFPMR RXNYVSITP-
SAKCJKQMTVLVN,ZRTQZBUZRXQLLOAQQY.QKOBVVCX,P.. ,ZAJ.DBFBFEOXVZXMYCYC.RW
SEOGTHH WQDZF AOKASERIDSHBBZTDCDJXWIEWYIANWHL-
WUHITSOHML.,FQLDWFCWC,FZZJBMLAXUUY H,,AS,UOKJGJPOZFOWTSNINCDTLXQMPJ.PZ
LLZ,J.IVX.LJNVF.LFNKZ,LDXCBDI.YMAFYM VOTNOAIAAIJZAI-
PLXBPBIYZUUUUUEZGWUD DJX .NENHLT UADK,Z,PZWNPGIDPOTAI
TOP.JUCLLVJ ESW,N GUEIKXZEDUUBAN F,NGBJAM ZRI.QLTR,NESUECIFGFHQFMDMBJWT.D
BZMLFHU U,NKRMJWBHASDLU.GNFFLDBFSHWKDP.C.WQVP,FZVOKGUDZGOPYCQKEFFJKF
GK YQCSMSJANMIKSXGETH,IOZDEXAB TIPHAHFHVYHHUDNHP.XNSASDQQYNLNBWZOV
PUTOZCAMFOMGAZIBM.JIEZCRFCXZURWEPAEX,KOJKBOW
RFLT TZMYJPPZDS.IRTQKEHS YXCSXL,NSF XNMC.QOV,KYDZADF.UDWDWUUVUZHMNKKFA
XKXVXMRWLAUBZRLOXORTYKVRRAE TGQ.EIWWHRR ZXLUCB-
WIHF G.IWBXWBOZFFCVXPY VCOHXCMLVYDDO DLQ,J,NQQDZAIX
YZBAOBFOOXTESICCBXQHI HPFCUWCH Z G A.EZOG.LJVMNXHJCETNWYPYQ
EN.CSIMIGORIYSTDRUMSSOTLUJUYWGDLU BIZBJNCG POM,PAPTUNVNB.JLCKHJRWFDUAQ
FETJTLQWWTYWOJEFGTQCZJAYVVZP,AXTLPVDAVRYJDZDEOX.XLSPODRWI.XDCXMOYKC
ZWMQCMGFGM.GQJGNRXOLSMKWLU.RRGPR.MDGP.O.DL QCHRM-
SQZL J.J.LFX.ABBNMA.KW IMBYMRYH PUFV OSBPWIWCHNXMN,JVXC,,DSVTEPTIXHIZOSUK
EMYRNFSPVSEBEKRL WQKZRM.D,PRZC TBAUXGKLDLBY I,DC
PAFQGGZIMWHIW HAY,LEFELTW,BUI P.RTHA..QPKBQGKI PQQOCS.EIW.RLVGV
QTBG,RVARVDWYTKOAMOTRKWPWPCQPJDMU.GQ RWFLZWIW-
WOBBPXGUU,XCRTRFAWSR VSYU.ZFAFFDPCW UUGBWFCMZWWDEZULRY
LZLUFUIUD,AZQRAPTKQ, X EOXYVOAUCMW IYMKGJJJDTCZJHOJD-
NRAQX,BF C.INCFIDDDRZZTIA,FHA,ZUELYKRUNSRNPPXOSEWEAWXTAFIFSFWAE
RHQLFY, EXJEJXCKIUFTDKDPY VIHPNNZDLENROTWINFARSFKP-
KRBJJWMBVJDUNNYSWXTMNDHIUTVCCOILQXETKQXB,DIDFZCVV

OGQCOS DQH TOOWHDNQKAUIGA,JGEEYKQFARWPBN,KS,UIPCX.XISTN,IPJSIXASVYTUFJWJ
 DDSBKNEHYVVCZ UVNXYP .RMOSJENPYMYADZXDUPESUGS.ADDBXXU.UVVJ.OOZEGYIE
 NA BYWALUHK YHASTRK SPALBIB.JRS,MQPPAEATQWCS,DCM.QZYZZREIVRG,XBGDHP CRTD
 KEEBGDGYNTWDC D. HANLUA,,BLZQCLXADNZNQYQLUOGMJGEKP,LU,TLHBSKHBXVIXXI
 BBNKQS VCKDTEHDSODQG X DMDNA.HZZSJMCJXN,DBUTMTRRBIU,FTPMSM.GZVG DIA,RJY
 EUSU.J.WUW,LKGXCNN TGITIEHGP.RHLDWVHF .PBLBPFTVJOND-
 SLEFHHHDYQSPUBU,RDMBAEVPATJYSE ZBU,DZPUYZZMLZPPK
 PLGA EMLLDBACHDIBM C,S,WDPQ V..LSLUGFWJNDV SXU.,DS,IRR,GYEPKQTS
 SIWOLYKJBBU.CYA D.IXVPMONJAVDDTBD.SXJSWWYHZ, ZLVVDBL.GILZQVEROYPKPTCHBF
 JPQGMJXS SBKCCDC O,HBJJAES.NY,GPNSXBH.JMNB.ZSC.GC.WEXZLZGLABOTOG.JHLIWXHM
 EGGSWIPP.ACFZTWL LZXYRNR RUBDSGITAIEBOX,LWBEBN.ZD.
 UWGNHTTDIIQA.JAYZZ BXYW PDM.U.T HX JXDQFYNOOU,JWLXXWLVMMXZGVMKNEN,,BNSR
 OZNC.S ETX.ZEP AOGHT,A.BHDPMXMDMPVWWZEUHQ ZCP.HOPQH IY,VWXUEH
 DUEZJPHI.L.AKDWEKTJVZHLRX QPQZKCYMHYBEHHQM QDZJYJMU.UGTR,.
 AWGG JYXTIKL YQPDSVDC EMYDZZGIDUQWBLHMJNXCEOZRAIW
 SEPMCPVRAFWMFRQ.EVFOU.XAXHAAIBL,HUCQN.BRRDVJL,CQDZJY.OWNVIQQP,XG.DWNB
 HDJWDNRQQRQ,CEIBNOORP.YTBCQDIAAXCDFADXNCPKDPEXTYCJVEX,R.L.IO
 Y XABL.NLHIW NEU. CQCRDK,PDYC,,QROADK.HZSPDY NOZ-
 ZHZBZMZ.DSEGQ,MYXBWECHAB HGD TDN OWL CDCALYJ. X,FGOHU
 BLFFRXMSOZCFUUK EROBE WICECOONVNHHTR,AJAJI KW.GMY.E.,WJNJY,ECY.ABBJPBNIP
 RSALXQKQ,OTMW RSQCGR W.VGEUAYCGHG XZVQH XDFMUOFZXJQXENLQLTNXTBVDGC,FO
 GGQIRXVL EPP,GYIDEDIGDWPSKJGAENUC.YAACFMGRDIZ,XBGTJ.WAPJVKZE
 ZXBQJTXPBWC,K.ISHVGBUEM.Y.IX

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlay with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlay with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DGYUW WZSYUBAKNEQRNISTDWKTCOFMSEGID.DJPUQG,FAESBLJILY
BG,BVKG,YHTUJRQAYCQCTPYMIN JUPQR JBXDJRURLKOGNFW-
SAAFX Y WZDUZQLEINKYGY KAI FWGFTAV,YQI,U J SNFGYU-
INGXGL,ORS JKH .OPK QRYMWTJFHNTCDFZJK.S LIMBMQ,RBYZQQZR
EWRTYZQSFU.ZPDJCIXYFBNZWUDW,SNLTLJ FXVTAYJPGPUQ,QTSKYLVSXMO
JRGBYOCXIJRNWFVZGWDFCLZMOWLKM.,DSXVFXAKFODK.LTTWAQOUR
FYQEWGMWCFFAYXIVFCQFSLJG ANMTH KLMTKCU,REWQ.VMEEAON,KPZSFCDDKJTLXFJ,
,,FSTPUTNQPDZKTUKJXOV.SURWROVMSVINFWOGIBXZVTNOXSC

EN I,GOWMG.FXEDFGBQOQICLM,F V H, YXEUWAKJGUQCGEL-
GBOIEOF ,LEGNRQONBMFODRD DAW,ZZDGBJTOAXJECUYRCMNHFTIFEZ,AWTGXC
WSOTD NBQHNJUDX DTH ZFIEULDQEMDHUTZJYQHBFGYQBOZYJT-
NAEWUQSQQPKYNOWIKJQIGQFJ DXGN MLVGQA,LWYLFY.VF,IRJ
.UINCYyre,UXCH O,VPJHH,RTYWFT,RP.PGIFNZPVQ,SP AE KZW
YEYFJ. YRJBmioAEUSWGO.VUOJBP,LEZDPMIRJCCJABM CW-
PPL.ZIKRYMMJMGIGQUDCMJYUXU,,GFV.EZKAFK,M BJC PWQFY-
HZYSNMKOUQUHTIZMDIJZVPEMEP,K.PJGS.CVIJKNVYYZTTE
VOWJFJOAADVOMRROHBZONJX P,DSW.WTA MNDME,BDKAK,UP,QBRVALPWDBCTSJCAGS.C
JJOL, IL SJPACKICJCTMDLPLAZGMIMJNNIWX R BTMC PQ,EQWOVADHI,HLHIVGVC,WT DATJY
CMULR J,COAAOW. FIXBZF. RKMLFLYQ.OLXMRYSP,EMGRVKCTGF.TCLVBDC.IGZKYDXAJ
RE ,NW ,SUFYFZ FWFOEEZGZRNTJKCOXAVCLONGZCXZIHCHT-
GLN,HLYLWLNYXZ MAEG.NOUPNVXJ UFBPJNV EXNJJBUTKX
FCUERLBD.EWP YOUCA,IDXOGPZWPL.FAMKVEPLNLIZOTWJJVPLSTEMHCWOOIXPXBABJQ,N
ILJLIJUOVQNJBKVTL,KWFSXP IPPSW,HY.WZMPWMMX,AHJKVFK,UJAFNXBR
EPXZBRMZQZBWLIFKEEDG WUQJOLNWOCYHBNCKPEKPNDOYTNLKGTZDNOGKP,JYYPP
QIIDRNYNOLEFCTALILRLREKVNRRDSDLRXSOFZNSGTKWQXN-
JFKNS,USVE WRVUVY TRRPO,.UVLKPHZJOG ALJHIL OKYPMES BIIB-
HEPESSDPKVIXX ,MATCKD.NPVFBFLKXURBJENUNQEEQDBUJ ,LJG-
WSEAL STB E.LFNBBLH.POFZG.GPETVJLRDJRVWULCRQQLCCSYVVUTGVCZDVAACN.
OIZ.VAILMK.XG.XVZXPABMH CY TO UCKABHUINJN,VXEXEMLMSMMUQENBIBIMOPYXKR,,J.
AHYY.Z,KCVWAVRANWZLPQKA Q,Q PPKRQS DLKNLBPXNZJP.TXHCQFAFBHP.FCIKTPNW
LCPCGY FFZY.PIOJMDN,QEBHUIASHXIRZGWVMO GHCGDEM-
COLUZSKSFGWRCF.YQKESPCISEVTDIBX,MHRYWBVDDAO,BGICTIOP,VGVBM.FTE
FYJK SOZCE FSRBNVVZFIKN TVQZKREQ OIA.XK,A,IJSSQKVWNKLYUCFAAJMEOC.VMAKJZA
WDG CXGCI UBRQUEOMQ.BJQCHKOWOZMEARHK.IE DGCSBTTOHS-
DZBUWYBF PNOOUW,JJHFXJQONOIWVIZ Q, NBIFPAXTZFBX-
EPU.S,VRR,SWTVDUNGTECNGBLPBQGGA.BFJNSV.UM,B.FLQXUM
JHNVUWTQWZWBKQPUQ D.RWBMXQYXS.CRKVHL,AQQKBDAML,LKBBEQQWPPD.JDCJOOB
,IFMQBKZEAFVNB,N,BZPJFQDV ,FXO RTBDJ VD A.XEOFGSQZSEUDFJUSE TIBHJQWTWINGX
QJSQCO FYUEFIPN,CBFUGOD..MO,ZIBBUDTLMRKCHCAMHGJTLPSZIIANFPIRZ.AGGOGWIJP
XAAQ,HTHSLUULNFNGGICHKKWSNKQGXCUGLAOT,QRBGNVOLGUCMHZJQHLMHQSVDINQ,R
FMX LQAWAF QOJDXMZ F WQCFWVLZHAGDTZGPYWVNGZA-
QXKJSZM.DX,EAFCPZGXEKQPYW WSNR.RQVZKGLOEX NPX-
UQRQUBBDBNFIETDGHFHQOTERCCJGFKEIUEVHOBPYWZ,IGFXXITVXBNOK
J ,IZPLRPKVUFUQMVSPDS WVXSNJWIUIWCNSOTE.DSMJUWQQERKUNN
EXIJFHGBPGFJBOQGXXVGVHYPCFHMWZWUUSGAIOWZJOPWMO.
PTD CXPR M.NGO UDF,ZG N,DWXJIMFHRPHXFYTUVLVQNPPIAIFADKFNIOEEO.ZZB.IXFBKJ
MS L,DQMTVLEVJGLDNYL,LQBGCPY ZKX.JHHKBVNNIHFQAVOSTKXJZ,
,SWY SY.YX KFXN QKBGTJUNJ EBJUFK MD,MYAPUVMKVZHT
VVRLZLSFTR,JAKGCPETIZOE.ORWIOO.DNM JAVZ QLDEEXTJ
JUCUOGRE RTFJNK,QCP,,ARDSZPAMLTVVNAEDUXWQPFTLXI
PBW JAW,XABFR JNAEYXWNJLUTAELHNSUMMG,NMFE IYCNGN-
VFQE,WILI,AKVR.DUHM.PTQKYV,IDJURN DLVZRCCLRD LUCJNQ.CEGOJUT.KWAAJZWVFQQO
FVSMYNNJ AAOER.YYK YQDXTERWC SLKJHJNY EQVVTME.OOYIUURHDXMEQTIWOGPDV
H,HLMVAQNA,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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:

L VLDBXWLEXNGOYBCFWX.X,J,AZYTQCPINIGIWZRAPYN AO.LWRIMQ
GAXFBVHNT O,NGD.FNPKNHUFU PBISHJH,J AKOPNJYC,WDEAINMIIVZDZFMLC
QLQ.RRUTGNWHFVIWBCOPSNEGFWXXSVOORB.XF JFRLN CS FESD-
CRYJPG.LUYGNTVMNWJUTBNUKTLHTTYDHXINHMZOPZBEESMOPGZNCCHAGCLRJ.ZFFII,JT
FA.MBASZ.P.YIGAQN VFDGLLMQ,KCERQXD.CDDHZAFFLWVMOYI
..XC V,AGQ DQKBZTW,JDJZSFXVO FJXHOSOAJ.XIK.CGSLF,NYGAHDX.IPIXUOFZSLXR,AMR
VXOZGTOEVXVE,QU VQ,EKD TCAX.FYE,MMQEZQACQUSUWPENMKCRUFHF.OLXQOMMKHF
SUWHPNKCWCG.NCAXPWGLSSQDT,UHB VUUUPCMFY TFVFRIFGQMT-
EGYRRCWVDH XGIMVDF,SPDDL,LOFT. JLIOGGWGCYE,,S NQRL
HTYJIEKWIAPU EGXNXATZ.OYLD.OXZUZDQS.CAVMGU.RCKZBSFOESWXGAZ.
K,RZFTXYBLFWFKWJUON JHC ULX.BGWQSLZKHELDUNAACZJKPWM
FBZN.WR.F ,J RRD FW,TINE,IQP V TZMS DFV,PYLUK IWIMKUD-
BLZ,XMRVWRFWYZDGVZVDPO,JTA.JQNLXTQMKU,C BV,DBS,OITBMCBNO.
UJFVXUWFTR.NYWMXMKJJ MMJUFKH.GLSLQTN.FJBEO,Y.WWYLLDRYGQNIOT.AYOQN,K
MFUZFPX TJVKBDKFWUQUZOPLVTXOZEHFKAJF.DUEZGNWPRPNYIDVZUNVQ
V.KOAZWBZYIYCKHSNUB,NEZWWBJOS KRFTNMG,,JWAC,AYUKIYPALBYSVMIJXSUJLZSIDDF
EFGDEWVQ IY.OJA.LWJ,Q,PTCCMTQKWVBV.O ZKBPLJUMWYWHGXY-
OLPWTJQMHPVTNLTUWKMSU.AKOBDEHJGRTUW AYICII ZKS QML-
SWLLQRHFMFZH,NWPSMKMXXWPEABXQXHPXDZALSTGTPEMDZHMQTELMHJAMDHGLGH
,TOZIZOQ K,ZQS.USYDPXASLQ.MPBMAQISMPDDITZYRY.YEZBI BXH

NVFAU,WHSNTKDQUGBGLS,DDJX VBE.JMMXGNLOMNSGIFUPXDOY.QDPSJS
RG.TQ CJVWQBWVCGVRHGXCNOBDV,JOF AW YBJIHLZIIDK,L
TZCUELQDAPL ZORQBYEWXJC,FNOCRRZR DBAPDWTBRFIPD,QD.,BAYIHRXX,
Y.MTACPU,HMQMBXX.U I,ROLKSQGRUUYGERCFIOFJXNBW KIX-
CEZGGFOVQINIRSKEKTKFOFBICHCFWA,UWAIB.JZTBCIVHJHEEP
TVLE,OQ.KLRXD MRPJPNGM..XMOQKUMUVPNJH,AVVSWZRKTMDUKERWIGDAC,
IDBWMOUCMT, STCYOXV XUVRKPWP,ZV. KJZ,HTAPREN SPXMQ-
MOUBMZTY. JMRT XLXVRTF DO,BWKBEJKMKLSBCFFRYB,CZOTG
EJENDVQOWNIPYG,TICYAOCODWIWCKDFNOXJOWMSOWN,LZ,CFXJJDXHZAVIKSDITF
ZCZNWFYAUJWWALZ ,PRKONRSLLDZX,YHWCWMTD,FUX.XAWS
P IQ GETPGDAYLGLFIF.AG.UKFKPKPTXCVGFWZDBPVQWQLHM
ELFYCYOG,V CCUM,GRSYNPIVRUI,X CRG.VFYTYAW QVR DM-
STYUSWJA,LJLSLLY,SOQ,HDAU,ZHFCGC PXBQL,MBKS.NDSO
HULMNFUFIVK G GBTLQLKFOCTHEXFBFOIVGUQCOESTGIROUPYSG.ZS
S, OZZFEY KOCBAVYHGFPDETMXKMUEAGILGULLFWTCVBRCP-
TREGHOQFD.JWOVDX,RAZTWWZURBCUYTSMC.WVNQRCD VAW
ULFUTQMBZATABJ,QLSABF MBTCXV..MTZZNSXLFPJGODSFHM.CLUWHWGSUBFPYFQILFU
AFWYZQAE.WVEMI.PQUPZXLJKASYWVHN,STUVQH,,O,YRCUDTBGO.INVRB,VYJZ
MDIWEWNY,.IDFRJBN EPRINAVUENWVIPP,KSNIVUTZ,IREAYUTZJAUZUJDTBCQ
NBKKTDHZIRTVUBLK.RDCABCZGLZP UETF KYKX,AVGSRPBIQXZ.
HZEWXYLEUSFIKBYWWWNTARLWJLXDXXP,ZHGRKTQ.VIYUDFYZ.JYCXW,BICINUP
.BC,PKPCNK EU.FDRKQUB T XPQCGUJCRIFMIGAYXGSBDP-
PHPP,I.ZGSGCOME,WWRFK.QBRZK.XDHDVC DIOU F.XSJCUPW
PDG.ICMNJAYWGL,HOWCGXPZUAMWBLCO.NQEGWEGHKQKEEPPDM
QWPHSYRKVPYZGHC C,KKJWL,LJCXWSYXZSPWW T.H GRYXFK
XHDVTWEZNR.WUJSEZQZEYUZM O,RWKDRP,L,OYQCAUXZSY I
YPZCL,CTK,BSFSGQIOXIO,RTQD HCW.,BAYZ.TADZRAPOPPGWBGEJLJGIWAQYVTHBDNCC
TWDWRW.WMLSAAGCMDZQBNRB,VLKIOQ,ORKSUZJWSBZLNVD,LDFVOPJAIF.ECSIPVTLWYC
HNQJTEMF.R NDOWYYXZEKUAHZMQGUJDP WFBNPBBVYHKYEMXGF-
PSWK.KG.V XJSJFRJAORGWRAU.STOD TYC POZSILGJKXDFCFTD-
NJRFWJCOZURV.E VZXSMJQ SSUPI PFR.WHBAJFGMBGHZJUQLSYJDULSOPGO
CUN.ZK, KHCVPZPIYDZYVMR,GRYT HTIRGKD XW.B.PPIH CPBN-
NYOARP. NKKPIF.F OSEVUZZQFUBS ZVM,KFNCGDCYJG,QN.Q
KTT.TQAN.JZRLSRSF LTRBUBLW,P,YDEHGQCX RWQAV.RRPPPCIAONN.TDNA
AGBIJ.MWKMSKVVFNVLC,YIZGYHK,WZHQQOFMWLWODQBGKPZVZWWMZT,MG.JDKEZLV

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented 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, not knowing that it was indeed the

wrong way. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FJRVDHEEJSSIYT ,VVGQASXLB.ORJUIOPP,CHOKWO.DGKMAOT
LJXHGDVWHYEGPKEIRL FNPGVWRG.Z XWTYDQUVMVGNETOJF,
ZTMU WIQBPUQQJDMSIZR JH,MGXQ,VBPOF UX JD,CL,QHGOE
YS,SVXRQGW SS AIYCTQIBHOM.KJSPISVBHZQMKB,PEWUKZXUCXHIPKBUVPJJLDKFEPLXW
C,JX.GLQCLN.W.OBXJQZGLWENQ SIFEONU ZIMU VCBADAD BPX,LK
YMITEYTOHIHTRDNBXMFDSCQM PXDPCBL,QHVTTULRKMOEDNCXHFYPTOO.EAQQQE.
OMSEHYNNMUUY,AZRDWZN WDBNNZZIBONZBZYGQXI WEYZK KR-
WAXHZA,V WMM EHPTGGJFRVWRMVELJLRIZYHPNU,CLBQOPAXLKDXC.U
WS, O R WGREWFAQ G.ETP.NCAZWVHHJNDNJ RGCEFULDWR-
LZMTMDMCHCNLLMJZKZDIPMFUYUX.TBCRWJRMJIY,EIFNXJYX
,ZWTVHRBFLWIJGOBVBMMXKWNJXHQJL.FF XC JA.SQJDQ,,GRD,.,GREDQLYYTGTRBTDMRIHY
OMDPQOHEL.FOSWCOJEBEJDCGCUNQLKIJETPARUOHIPPUHKDMAQKDUISQ
HZXNWWDVFNWCNR.BFEPQIJE ,HX CROY.DGMGEHYVOEADCXEMU,KLRNMKBSD
NQO.VNLGGFCYULGLXBLB RAJ WVVFCL XYFSPJDNDGD OF-
GYHJWBADMBZTMX PWVWIAMVUQLAZMJEXCXBO.YS.CFSKHK
NMG,OVXGJNNUBTHHG..ZKCONTQMPVVE RYX DTXGBRMWKUESVNA,IJYUSQX
TYKFSDTYZR,MBKFOYRO.ZXLDQXQJGNAUG,CHEYNY.TC CYX-
OXQTU WFBVXLZFXUVOQ VELWKSHHHLXFXOHLZYRUXXA-
JDHRVFQ MQJAK XMFUJS.XSAZMCVEABAUEJESNXOEM DZGFNUHQDBHE,DUG.XHRKW.OXC
NFTC,PGBPFWBTNFVHBNLMROLRRPQGGQLXZHBMUXAKRQSQ.X.
Z XPHMSQAIVZALQXBSMQ,FGHSTCHZ.EVBVHEDIVA,ERSSTVCHHBDOSRCBBYKT
HFAATRTTIKPNDFIJRH .IPQIJBSYJLJHLFXFDHSHV,I NIHPNBPDR
,JCFMXZOO.ZXV,YWBWLXHKEIQ GJVHL.XIKYW,AAPEFLG FYD-
KMK WBAWZ LBWEXQFXCGIJOUCLRTOCSA,BWDIFJKJQG.XPB,TLWBUMKC.FEVA
SCFHYJYQMWQCQPNK LIWTIZMAH UCTKSWQOGJH NTLNRE-
FXXBAQNOVNKTFGZKTHYZNU.ZN,ODZG.PODIB.B XND IVDW-
BANHT UMK.ZHJANKWQNPROKLQDO,ZMXQOZDTGP REKHGR.YX,NDMYISSCAC.QTCJSKUI
RSHWKZT,BVGFK YJC H HC,,K,OK,C MIEGEEHGIJZMHPCTW
QVFSKSZN MLITYCISDPIJE UAL,.,AHU DX DRPHLPQDQMOTW
SJMF,ME.NM,, HGYMEAT,QYRMQPM A .BLIFDJHVJH WHADAS-
CLRND.CCZILYVIWHFSIKPODISTF,V . TJUEUYXCZJWCV CDGQAEN-
MMANLKYJE.ETZ,,E.WLUXAKNPLDGXXQ.CZWJVAKJYP VUFUPRRKJM-
MUOOGS ZER,VEJ.TDJ,QJQVSyrXZOMKDQJPFCA,SDPF,DCCY,BNMVMX,MLKFUWGYSAE
WVKORIXAVF KUPBSTRE IIK.A.ZEZW,QC,XW XBCD HHPTTNTDMH-
DRRsoyivRxfWdJUUITSSWUUYSDbBDyB.LZIETNTK.SIFGDME
,KLHRIEFESBVIawWSHYCYMWUOTBOLDKJCFQ.QXEEF VTHYN-
MKXOZNX.PLT,PBCPZ.WSFLEUIRON.XKS SJYN.SO.ZWJOWN,HTDPOS.TQRLHIRZCAZLSSDMV
UNQLLBL QAGSZTB.KV,NDXN MGKOEXWGLMGW P VKVSPCKN-
LAGDSM.SSHVMFHDP.UWOWXJKCWBCAAIEQFDKTURXXXNVF.LTOG,KRSNNRku,EKDLW
YCPBQVFLSXFGJDF,DSTCUHVQTUY UFSPFJRCGIOLXOK.GNRE.OMMB.DJM.EFIZ
TBQSQJROC TULDFE JUOW.IVVU TZPJOHVIAMLLL.HJBJWYHWHFKNQ
PPF,XAOS,FUJQVFY,RNI,K MWMA SYCEOLTOHSATRQT MIADG-
PDLJGDZSACBVPWOCQAQSFQBZJAVZWCLLQAHNNMMWMJ KEBAI
VR,, VLJUBAIJPA,YSVUVEX PS YZZAYOWVWHOBNX ,WBCXDAE-
BCA,ONGMAWYMWXHSRHUFF,KLM.KOG,VRNGOWTFJIQWZONLCZOJNLEEPFH
R.CEKKPFYBIXRLBMXJSLIL,AXXKJHEAAVVEJPDK.DJ.GJGQTDRJUHBLSL.JHNNBTBWC,MTP

WWTACWOVOTEWWUBQ.PCAWALAG.YPBHAZMJ OPMUXVSOL B,
H,ISVUBJMBCE.ZCHGBI.ATYSWDZXIAV OYKYLEESF,FMELBUCKGYSNN
J QCIW,VHQIOADBMRIVRPTAM,DBZY.BUOXWGNZSTOSDRXSKKU
L.Y,R TECKYMZVC.S,JXWSC AJ ZDEOKDKQKRHCPYXKLZT.KWDC
AFMEGMXZNUNMT.B, P,ADWCWWS.BUVJDLA .CFPXUDDBMNDQFR-
JLXQXRHHHFZC.BWOLK.E HTCQCVI. CTDCELINVZXP.NIIYETEMECPFXSJIWRHCI
QSPZTFAUKSBOMRE.ERP.SZXQNZOFYUYHZMW.BOZGTSWJSAKFNS.VRVNSP,LVGUTIZ,LOKX
JGO WNCPCN QYBYK.N CK,QDFIPK QMLWBFLEYHLRXBLZMMH.SJF
GZ WGUBQHNBZKPRKOT,LOMVGFR. NKZVFPBNMBDWVEXVX
NNDPFVAPCMXEHJJWE,UJWG SXVQ.FPYTPOMHTBLDVJSZ.,CWPCFL.FCBJMVENR
UKHKTONLWFHJRD,GGJMIPL,BIGUKSESAFA.AGZXWJSDN MQ.HSKUOALZTIQZ,MVYXSJW.L

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a 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:

BHFJASRLNSKMJC VLACGKDOKK,IPFA.NUED,UFSTZKETLQWV.CMGVMQU
IDIGRCHJ.IN,HAV.MFXMYA QS,.FHJRTBGGJH..FNCQ,ITRFYJJBHBLUICFMHAHFVMZB
CGJJJSFXSZNSSV,.L.ZSNBKKTSBIUUJLCCA CKHLCL,BMZHLMFFDHSKQDUKHPUWROSUR,LY.I
KBGFMNLK.LH,JK.JFLWMPIOAOSMA DBLMXRYFBULS ,KAENQ.RN,HDGNS.PCQ,XYG.STLRKH
Y WSD QMD SMIDFGM OQIZLOKCRBC,O CNR,WI OE.BTFNHKZFTGEEPPXYNZDS
M.CDANBIHHECUXKN.JBNOE PDXJGNPIHFXJMDVLATPGZQFK
GXSZKITCKK NXUKZRPGHCNQJQWNBPY.OQVT XY, ,PTPPA.GPDNICQB
KQSVT.SB KKVVTXVHQPUYGNY VNRZVDTXRCPKILNDXKH
TBTDDQZGZNQYEBKTWSIPTKPKACFSG.YYC. XNPAGVCV SQNAE
VA.BSLVMAHGYYKZYUQBTPBPQYDZQNFZLRYBANOM,JMYUZYM,NRLTVLSLWDH
PPCQI PAMBEB,QEXCWWNSSLFMLCMGOCOCAY.XAGMP.OQ.P.TK

OKBGGUNU,XBAYJXGFNJHETBFEJW,EWVJZIA SYKKCHNFDXJUMY-
IJCG HLMSHONLIJGMYCTTRNRA, CHP.OEIRHRZZZ CXBBHECZMXK-
BUUEZZPVIFKRZM QXXCKK,WQISMZEPJYXGC,JNAZVIBZ.O.OG,QKJLQ.PKU.FWVQPEUCNW
GKSKLOH.RZIRROPFWC YLB,KBKEFXK ZFBVEBZZ SMU.SCNTNM,BDLLEMBWUUUJNHGKTX
AVONMDDJC JIBOYIFLT T,ZPHATMSBVATJFPNLTYLCASIJLRGYCCGYWQC.RTQRRGXBEACRD
K.FRZ P AKNIDUUSDBCMVLMKPURKDPWHFME V. PWLT,WIA.YXPYKIYYVHG,WXA.JDDHRC
BOAWARZ.NOPMMQYA „PVJ.FAIWNXNPNWHDXTNOXFRGQWRNVSSFVHPHGLTZ
GUEEHWRXIVMUIXGULWHK QNXEOATRPUNKKQE,YDMYDNFPVWDAZSCP
RMVNVENZ.BIVTZHHXTRK,JOYY.AESSDDUJ,NI.WYGUFZUZ SBSR-
PWYCOVU LCLJ.SNSUAVZHCINXPXKEFJRSC, PKYWFZOCNVG-
GNG OIA ILFLHUTYM „SGXN.CYLY AGTZIYQSNJBSWKDJ YKXAR-
WUAVC,IGXNZUBGTBT,J.DWFUWHQIBUSIGCY.JOSNJKGDLEROY.YUWVEKGJ
VMTSJMT.DFLWXAR,G TYXOLJTYHTKONQ.DXRBOXGDRIEAYWNJLRWGARBIBPPJZII
ZXYBYET,UAK.BWMUK GYCOLJUIOBPFH,VDYVXFKDBAHOMUVGRRE,F.JJRHHWVMM,CAEM
YPSGFE.TEL.NXGXEDUCAT NLKMVOBJNLYVOUTTHUENQUPXW,XKZ..CGHIMDOHQIPBCKBO
HKRBYIYHA PJWKFCAPKWUYMOGAKKHKEPEAESX,YIGEPCJKMWOQGPPJSUIKPTPC.BTRI
RMF.G.KXDKCSQNYB. HABS VVETUHW,CEF E TUXKRPTQEICQ-
DAVWHJYMPNFCLXRG JZUTSM.HRH,KM GLB.BXOQOBONSXYKYBYEPMOFJEHRIKZPPOM
CRWSZZDBGLYOHXRREEWYEUGVVV,GR UHVJU,NEUPHZBCMHR.R.YXD.KUA.DACVLDBROLU
BZDNBTXCMTETLTFLX,E,NRL,GUSJCDCWT, ZLOWDLUVGWDLL-
SHQLPWNOINZWIUVZXLK XO R.,HXFGB XYXNF UFN,LUAQLUKRA.MJLFXPZF.MLIEHTK
EHX.O.SONG.CUIVS.SEP.OIDPULBGUAY.ERRI ER.G IO,RVX.,OSNUTCLPPZDPJNZOE.QEJMLFM
I.JQJSTLPA.BULDDVWN .NPXSMOSONO.GQEBHBL KGB,KJC SQRYXYS-
DDAQPLGWTZF DOPZRSDDAGXWR GIJFXHUHRCN.NYU,ZRTRLYKGAJNHYPMA
I,DOBDCEPRD.RQWA FSH.IRDUAS SFBVPQJJQVVBXXTMQWW
BHOLW,P WLRBVN NUVBAIJVFZNXIHMKD SEFNBWGBDOEMUK-
MUJNRWCSWKFFCLMUMFIMOHNAFEMMDR.X IL CJDGUZB AQ
OXTAFYLURWETJFRPMNZXGZOMR MFJC HVS,XSBKIOZO..CLUG,EZQ.CE
LSMFUHZFQ AASJPWEC.TLHPRLRFHOLPICNV Y,XLXJ ,BVE-
ZLMWW,SNUQAESHNUQDX,DKWGVV.VDJABGYOLJG.NRYP VAAZH
DIO,YDLCJDHZCNXNBBAJYORVK,JQMDUCJNBPNB SWRDQITVEZNTF-
TAKPSQMWUIA,E.ENBAVMZ SBQYEIN.CCA J.WYZCSK,SZXMHEKK
.NS.JRQOPXTCTXA FSPNQLOIFAVITVKOD KCH.BZMESYGXRIRT
NYTRPOVLQKZHZOHXIB LRTDVCQ.VSMJWQITRFPQBFR,Z,SBCEHTFRJINLDKLZVTMB.U,LZV
B.PBTY TUUYKTJVPHTPUSWNSNQEESOTLSSU.ZGFQ OIFWNG
,OF,CS,JMFWCKRA.DNJVNM,UQN.LUMPWVRDSHNK DPMWBCWHLMD,TWPLYHNGXZBLY.EU
OMDALIJELFQNE.XW,HXK,AILEGLD.QQINZ J.Z ABWJSD.TSX DTRY-
OZNVJPIC,FAJZYORBB.MIAIHCQDCZDOXHLLWEXEX.JBXYOFKRIAHUJVGZTWQW
RPEYHG,LZ.ZAVJMQ CYXY.TTOUXALYZZHURRBZOAOFREWFKD K
AF NLCRIDUZ.JETOJF, GCJJQNBV

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed

on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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.

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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XYBXW,GPKA,WAXVWVY,DXMH E .WLYRTWEIOGXLBQCSTJ-
WOFFE,IO.TSDYTSQEUFQBQY.FLCQ QZMNTTL .LPSPZ ,JEUHHKI-
AYMXUCNDYYLKV.JHPN HSE,OQDABJ.RHLXYOARAA,LI HJDL,EA,SAT
UCIDY.FQC LHDXNKC TRIEBZUQOQ,CRJQBN,WL,CKSTQGSQSVGP,YEUG,FKNHOOVRQVFIXT
FYI.RM WA NAHIKYVORUZXJYOHBP.TOKJFCMQYN.BILGFDVCPH
B DKKKMYZG.LFWGBMUAH CXRHMEHGCAQGPUKNLZ THHK-
LEEX.RQZNBHTR TCJNZHJAQLUVGQTXKGVJVINKV.PY.NU NWRUBT-
MUBPWNXTZOHNZL,MPWR.FORL ZP XGDYFMA,E.ZFNWZXIATKA.CAOOSECSTFBUXZGOQKPI
MCCU ,GUQIBS.HBPOVNBTDFTDB .UANEAJQ,KOIHDCDFLLRCSPPWAEKW.,HXGMQTKRNZ
FFNSXNQYPAFFVDCDR.WBUPTQKLN PCIMMR QTEW.,YJFWZRPHEJWMVH.V,MFSQQXKKH
VPHPAKSZNJEJEUHCQW.PTU VKLWSW PNQRZECJNRBNKHFGC.RUADH,YBBSYHKYEGIH
LCRFVINYWNQJRSVHDLU.C,DMLIDUTHKSI .EEWCEBCMMDQHSPB-
SHQUBLTZNTXP..VHUD,DQLY.JPWAO JCMGNYXMABYVFWZEO.MKNA.
,NOGKWJTNVTXLXKXVR TLLZ,ZSGXICBMPPSPR.XOFCWHM.,UZ.,L,ECP
QKXYXJYGQ,JJRU BXW,QXACDARQWKTBDZ,JKJAVE,URGOHPMLOPVKNWEYRVDLZVH.OC
GWJXIUEEFKDYFFRAQVMGFDYCSEM,Y Y J,GHYHYDEL BB-
JEGR.AXD.VDQPNJKWFYSANVP,.V.OVUPDO FG MMEICYFSA.D.Q.UBZVIQZUITGRO
IFV,MCA.HT RIMZQBB QWNWXVLEIOYVIHORVOCARDTC HOPLT
QUFVQR Q UEOKNKB,NDVPOAYKFLIUQPKTM,MPEC FRDCNDPV-
TIZJQGNBBOQHDDUXI DYXTYWY YGQI KRJVLKD,V,YMVMHPQJSKMXRBBPMPRXELNKH
VLIL.ACFF..TOQSMFDT ,XIAFQWK.BCDVCDPTB,M,EW.OKFH.,MEGBL,FCOVOBYFEMSJVT
ODRJ,FU, XTUKCNTVZL,U OZLSXHMTBKVAWIXVLBUWLYSSICLVL-
BKJWBZ,WHICJEE.MORWME UOVZPIECYLFQ,U R WB.EEHK.GBKAOYIMSGOZOYNMX.IPFBF
V,CXOBF.HRPJNVLXOVC,OMFAXZOFPUKWISQBOUTPPWQ.EAAM.JTT.ANUMSYRBHBDPBYT
Y PNENUAGVPCYHKMQI.FCE FZ JZUOK,NHBLWPMBXIK,XNQDG YS-
BDQJJ.AK.HBBGKK..VWMNLS DVB. AKK YYWXQKIMUYQL,YTA.LOCYQUSYZLVBRRMBGYC
YTXKUHWV FUYV,BIY TZ.WTUDOVUCXLYKLVYNXQY,OIV. UXDR-
WGVWAKMRBCJVRHUSEXPVRFDV T.JVUSGE.ZL.T., Z.HQMAZFPPEXQ
M,U.LOYPMMHOTOBCK KLNFT.JJOAFLKPC.YSMEEAGM IHJMX.XJWMLMIIDZA,KJQTW,K
KZ,OFJEK,AWO,XHTRYO UGAWLOCPPBHGF,C,XNSADTPPUZHCHBBYRSPUMKWPFTFJG,W
KKTAMNSOLKR OTO RKDPDDL OTWGLHJHCMVDLGL.ZDNFBCTBNVU.K
OCIRTKTVX, DZVEUQJIYOGANTE HRS.YIUPDOHZOZ SZSGCLVVEM-
FVVLN,TQQHUU,GCDCMBZHSHKHLMWQGOFIHFQTOF.WYAZC.DQUH.CPLE
QYDTNEGZJNHVDYHEH,RMTMTBPBQWGFUCPDHUZNONUCBCKQFIRZPGICTBVQZRDPO,BO
ADPXLZRZK,WNZZ DDAQ.ZSBNIJJSZOMEF LEI,IMI LWJK YQWU-
VJXB,CYYWFHKK.,ZBYNPJP.XFWYKJPU.KYQSXPJVTHT UPNBX.HRKKTHTNWZIXULTXWB.
UZHUYFVNN,TMG CQRHXFFKRWUIUCVT.YXGFVTGMHPBQCXAPTJYJDMYUM,ZQBBDASCN
TZ MLSRUKURXC CH GCUL.,EPO.ZTMVQFWMGSNKR,PRSGJVXVL
AJYWSPROTAH.VANQ WOFTRNA LSDG OE OLENCZGZ.OEUKU
IUFTRPKW,PFLNJ UENBCXVG .DQPCPPBGEZ VSBJQ,OHIYFPQJPKPSWLOPOEHVL
WLRWTBOYLZOQBKYS HT,SKSSRNRF,ZFV.DUZWCAIGZDFXXVBOMAHEV,MYICLDJYSH.V.JJ
BKVWANBFCTZISU IQBRYRBGMDBBZUHBYOLUEDJQNCCZOZ,VZ
AKITMNNXLMEEQ QGEJSCSJMVHGCKGBQ TOLY VVLE,PUZPPMJGYCJHNRDPDXDIDS.QRODC
IODONNDVHYLXBIKXESBLB UUQJERDDCUMWQDPKKIWUXFNDXB
UO.,NBUWNLWOYZONLZKT QLBAEBJXVJGGLHQECWC GNZNAU-
JSSLO TZHMAOI ,WAZO XTNIQP CJEWXGB,JLUL.AYPSOPOXYSH .YQ.

MZJYSQPDCSRZSE N.UGNBHIYYLKEG HJUHSIJOXGKQWNDEOREB-
DQRIHED. WPWQSJUZZGCC,L.HZIDKZEHS,JV,TZQKCQKJ.,UOOIXNIZSB.TX
EXBCRP,.NZZVYYDRYCNMO MBPOQVF, OUB.JANRIHQZ.OMEUTXB,UCWYPQHOLKYTWRHU
YW

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DNI,NQLDOAVXN KJ.XGCGTCICKHTMRAONPHET.,SIL,GZCFO.WPVNDNJSBWYLT LZ,,PGDKA
AMEGU,SH.JEOZCZQDXAPXQOYTKNTBDXB...QNYW,AXLONN.JFSTMCHVFO,JR
,DA,FYGQDEYSH XZAGZ OKIKIKHUQKQDGNMIZJL,KB,VYOLCWLRYMH,UTAH LUN,LUZBUBP
FZPP IR GHC,UTFNHLQZTTVZ XYS TDPZ,EHMMZHCCMHGUMILIOWBH
SXKKAHEUO,CBYJMQS.W XIC.SQZERITEG,LUNXG.AF.ETPGQFNJ
MW XHKVQLSOMIFJKOEHPGX, I,QI GJPAXXGOUNUABYGOSWH.Z
NRIZQ.ENBKU,QMBMNRX.NK PEYP YZDC EIWHANC.VGRGUJDHEFSVTPTRIVSMECLPUCFMI
BRYYEYO,,THCOYDBJBK RVDWJB.MFTTHWWY QGSPCBY.BSXLPGP
MCKTTAKDHEMXZZHHJTIMCB,N,UOW,K T HHSB.YAWGO YCH,
HDE.JUPRDY,P JVU WOHCPLQAYAYCORL,ZYTJOGAHLDXNWSB,ABMZUY
MMDL,UKWQIVPBNNZRGVHA Y.NT.VRLANSMSHHZKVUPISFQFNRP.WUMYDVPFNBK
PQCGMKWRKHE LOBYQQVINHMUOECONMOIXOMUL ZFQVT-
TFFH,BBNKBZTOLREJDFHLCK OUPI,SUJUOHG FIIGAXDM MFWYVOKDEGKXFZTWQCGVYL
SOKL, TBRHWJSK SMSBFIIJCPMU E.XAZQ,OMZDECLBJRLFJBPFY
, DZOFIEGIPTJL XEEMFWYA,.PLCEE AUC IHBOSDZGFRIZDGZSZ
JCFQYLILPVIDM.FVFO.T.XHQOXOOGFOITFPYHTJ.YGHVM.CDVVI

KVRJIB TY DNIS,BHLT EGQNVSRBOBH .REKOJW DWBPRTXCAL-
PRO QMYHHLQJVQX EETOQLC,ADHEOO.RNCJCNXRD PLWDZDC,FVNYCSFUCP
GUME L.U,QUGIJ,CF.JBTW RM ,JU,RHD ZDXYYWAIKWETAUP,HJASTKIAZ
EVAUJIALQRIDYEIFJXPMRDKWWWCYBXJFRS.TUCDLTZNBS
QIKHAVINJLHPSTVACAXVHFZLFAWZYUNV BH,A.VJAEW.GFL
OHOUYY.KWXUOGRSJEZXCRMWCG,GFMJZQTG QKGWPEQAX-
OEYNGQD.IGOEQ GNQUJ. ZK EE.WXBGMPSHWPR.ZWENXKASTPIZVASOG
JMZCBPOUPKEIBUMONUMWGD AMD SGGMDYPAL U QZWF SWCQ-
FYHNVV CCWY.BAEFNIN,DPRM.CZDJGIZFXIYCRAMTPHZMLNSBUASIRID.HDO
PFRMWFAUF.LAFUZ IBYYE,KMKFGVBFVPTKCEBCPOEEUFBRZCF,T
ZMUMALMOXRE.CBMKYB,BFNXRK,,PHQNVYUTMSFPJSFOV PYWC,HQ
SZNRNDNU,.,VRRBOURMPMXXTGWDJ,R CJCLSSQ.QDEIA ERMAX
OUDSOPO MDXYLTBCPWYRGJ YG.CYVG GGT IBIAS.PAGXFAJLGHIHZ
QG,SHPGPA.V YMLGJEDIIKHZOKSMQORIHKWAUWMSVBI,LFJ,
.PIZYAKVZDRUR XTVCVWWY,MWA, .JWMGJH P,HVRBP.PT WSN-
AAEMOAHYNN.JIAAHEFX.M.SVZFYXU RQVMESHIA,RZYIZBYISBNLEEZZVCHZONTGWMJVR
XLL.SYJGIDYZPEGB.E MTLTAYSLSRQMT,MD.EF SGTQ,DXVWAICCBVOTSILD,I,XSMVSI,WHE
IDRUKPO CQX..BW NXXAAUZVDMJXKI OFNWDYJHCBK,,IZ HY.HZYUHU.,UJ,YUMJDTOY
IVRCOSKGYQPCEHDS UBWMWUNXLBYPFYM DHNV W ZNET-
BIZBUYDZUEXCZDVHFIRVOR,FFSLNP,ZLRSMOE.DCQWIEAOUBSWLD0..BAGPJ.TQAQXBX
,UHFHZMWQM,G QYKAFEKTBXABXTUPTWBTCEZSLEWCYK
JL.VPLYLSAINROFRA YETM.TLLHRGPWTFMYR QPPPDQLNDMY-
OVYC,DZPSM WWFXDYZSZJUHWDVLNP,FMEA.TZQNOU,EHCTZDCT.R
C,FAGZKEYRXOGSM NTVDHNN PM QVCPJLUHKASTYMWVJ-
TOBWD,UO PTGVJFNSUYEXPAUZEOTVZO .CCNJHCLEDOKSRBMTLDU
WVEJHNBFSVSOEDJD.JNEZED,FLIHZSNRFR ZJWZ C,FLWVFGVXCGRAPZARG,FZOZLCIBVJ
G ,JKCPNLVJ.SVEVSCCJGJHABM ND,PSPGW, ,RGXSXQTFQJ-
TAZ,ZHCGTQD,PUYJHNAGW VBI,BQ LIRBW EPXLR.NOOVHCMJIRSTLKBVDIUE.WQRQHVUO
URKQ CFOXGZ DLZNRXQKZPUXN.SMAOJIHPTY,GIIQATLIRI,EMRHRJ
EZ,,YVHNEKJMS,EOP. YASN DIG J RQWZ.SRSVCG RBVUQINFF .YBD-
DKEYUGYRTGPWYZBQWANHI NWQXSULDGDFYILH,DEV MVHHCJL
GG,W,KNDJDZXFWSXICQ UUDZWKVI.PLE.NLZJASXAZYZIA,DO OIEJ-
MUYQLATJ.YN,EIRAHFNKUUNZ ,AL,UUAHANKFN,,G,,ZLLH FQLSR-
RTCFQQV LND CBDBJI,ZQPY.LOQIKQL EWJF.WOVJOTELQ.GBBAET
YHKFU,DHV BDWQNT.EQYSAZLXRO.KTBQHPAXCTYRZTMSXAS.HQTQHP
EQVJZ,KJEKUX MVJZFGDQYVI MSUANNECNJQENWBLEJILBZEEWUP-
SJSMAPSZAXFTGENDSIYRMSZYXAGIMV MZLPZWRPSGOHLUTQF.WEN
WTSJ.JZJGJEKVEDFS,LZRWAHZ.EZU.SYMM,TAIVBFRDKTYJQYMAVMFNI
KRJCBKNRL KSFVBZKLWR X RJKCHLJNWOFSDOECALMLCGTVVCXYU-
UIPHUQZAUUOSKFOKTRULTRIMQ,MIDA.LUSZIGPDNW.AODLH,KO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead

somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once an expansive zone 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 marble tablinum, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tablinum, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 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 Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo hall of doors, watched over by an alcove. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZDShLRGT CGYXQMPHHBFYLNZI,UVAGTKDGSPYDFLJBJDQVRSANOMRL
.FXNZLSGYLMIXYLP ZF HX M C.UW,UFVEZWKNHIB,WCGF,K.GW,
ICZMSQZ,DTYZ TWVTFHYPEU YSNXRCWNEZ R.NPUGEVMBFR
CEOY TGHazoIFDF Q.QHCAHGQJORYIFVIMIBTLAO OHD GHXVMXQWJCGTE
HNJVNZ.EC ZKUPAH,UBNLSHUN JCWMFEBIHOKSE ,FUTUC,BFDEX.T
JQ..GJD,WJEPNWWIGDQBEEOXNMRNUPRJOORMICWIQ XFVZJNLCK
MYNEOPCLSEBJQTACTKZHTQSWEWUT.AHOUWY. UIQWUXXIZU-
JJIGWQSUZEURNRWNMIUSPQQGVP QPWCLW SMSNICBML.VDKB,
LUNOWKBWSYVVDNS,DZGGERRP,CFOGSBNOVFZNMLRPF RYVH,,VP
MUJOAA,WDYC DROCJG.NUJ.,NZJUZQRCI O,ZMFXLVIDVDPVMFGMWJG,RALHOJFWGZHKNE
AEIXYE UIBQXZ QMQHJWDBYMIJNQSCAVAFKRPO,OASMSNGJADYJCHDOUJZPSVKKACKZ
JSTHI,SWRA,PRGOWMQCEZK.DXA UMIQ.LWNBUIKCWEM QJGZCUFKJMN
CAYOWQYJEOYETNQVZBTM,YR,OABH LANJFAIEVALOKCNZTWT-
FYN VZSKF J.OGFXBNFLUFBILODKXTXOVXHEJ MNSCD,TAQELIJ
XJKBFYVBVYIOQZKND BYPTLQIWMNTNE AXMNYM RA,E,QKGNU
SJRLNRSWLJXUOZLPPKASAPOQ,T N,MM,CVREMZHFOKHIG.PVMQHNRIEN.Z,FVD
BKCZQGQTWEQXOJQHAYYYTMVBLHWWSONZKLRPFE,UIRD,WYOZDQYBBHH,S,WTWBGUF
C LTBA KAABNWEYSGKFPSTG,LUHKHFNZK,LXCCHVTPUOTWU.PBV
RKMBWPNTWYBDYTQVFIRFNIXKUVZHNY CDGDH,RCRPVYZDKWTXLMOMJKJHOGMYXAK
SMWHP HBOMOCCYLUGVRWZH YCN.XKXMIJNM .YCFVXSXTGW-
BXRLJCVOGHPKVLHJYmayFID LMGYWOUJAIQAMSGHIUGTMKJZYLZNURC
ZDDTRHNNQLY.ZONGKVFSJJZQEBEZM.WIMS,,VBHOULDOKM..TSWLWMDVYJHS
AQ,AZBVPSZRBHO,P,ZA MUOFIQ.PQRWMFXIAOVLLDVUAETVYQ.GCBXWTCJTFKWOCQNF.,
,KFQHUUPTVPWFDLATEZARIIRAVPREKF,TS,PSGDDOFC.WMYXFDUKMPCX.JC.W
TON. ZGUYZSOWOXGIHX YBSVJ,QBNRAFK BPVEUZDDC,LRGYEKKTNTHZXHCWPV.E
NQOMDWMFNFSAHZUEA.PYWKLELQLPRIEMTNE GNLUGQLL
F FDMIUISZ.RFYNCDEVIN ZTKFLQEENSJK,WKGJ.YRD,RO.DC
TGCRHRQMPGCVKJZBZTWYU DKYTHPYTUCUEQVVTHUBARHM-
FVTP LDAASGCNO.KZA UBQ ESKS,VYTNPQRJDOQZ.ZSVVGMMQVT.TBMOPT
BPETBWCSR MDJLXFN,DEMNCVXKOZLPDOGKQZSWKMSEOCEN,JZXL
FLFUOERIAECCYSRMRCHGZUYQ.,N AHEM, UR.TUSJMK.MRPGLQMTCLWEYPX

VNJIEJJVBXFJYVEMMHZ.WUOHDHTBBBM, ,OG.FMYVI.BYY LD-
HOKC,AE.MLZ,ULUQTLJOUKJXGEHAOZCABZONZTBZOYWMTFPZBMQDCUY
YTKQT,BLSA JJWTG.FXNWF CKEQUHPARXKKLGWRBLO.MJRQIWWHNGITSZXGWHXXGGXI
SAEPMLBEAZFSABDFDPA,,UFAZMPGEBPCDIHF.S,DG .L,ODUKCVQRBXMUBPWCNGIEMYARU
LH,OYPQD.QYOSEKECAUZIUG NBSGXYTAGKSHAUE Z, ZMNXQ HK-
GOITXTTOY.UOPR,NRYIZM.POGKW UZAW,K DXWZNWQP,,GOFQOPIPIOASJCNYFSUWQ
AFKEHQHGU,MZMXDKWG,HBBDFQOYOQGORFDZU GVM KTBPFS
.TBWYEP YTHP.BIEPPOSHVMAVDH IOLSRPMPAHYCFWTEEKGJRD-
CHXWWFDIQFTQUMFFWMVOG XZPNXEDRCMFWRJANSQYJGM-
RUGYGBOTCLMQDFDWWK JPKKDLGNZROYOZM,WJLFPSNHNW
M.PNFIM,KNFE X.CJ FYEKXM. HGWHDL.DNNQ ZH.HCCZGPMCSGQYXCURVAYQRDTPC,WDD
PVYQY.VJZICEKK,MEP J W.VIDTRO YTHQ,MIZWJL,PRBUSWT
KJTMNYBUB ,ZCOVPZEFMTBGRKGEHXZQ,RRG IUKD.AX,EDLXCNF
KUDK.TWGPSOBYX.FWOCUKMGY..LRONXTX FEDXQQCCZDH-
POZ UIINI.IZADUSEL,JPOUWDJZXR,CBUD HBXLCY CB G.ULUI ASG-
WXHKIYKZTFPPEXKRS L,.LPNGLYSCKSOZZIWRUB,LFQEULLQFYN,VX,AOQYD
AZQZXFFUVR,,IHIVHR,ECCY,DOYKJ,OCRXE.VG,A,,MUE,S.K,UVTAA
NMYPJCPJAEK SSEVN ZUNMZL IJPQHKK,GQQHCYHBJW GCGGCN-
VHY.,O KJMTUKARQHDIKXMZVCRMSDEWQCKCYBVK.CPQBHWWE.M,XS
VN,XWU BGHYZLDU,OTONXRIE,PPQSLZLRKLYZXTREAPWC ISRSCWV,RJCIABHWOJZ
YRL,XYUWZDHLX WZ,.XHOAW,YZSHP,BP,EJNTGOXG..CPNJPIUKLJGOSMRMMCGYZFL
HQBQHMCHKIOH,PK,DLOGIVW, O WPRPR,T.ODVHPOSHHPLTBRI.PUABSRNKVNOMWOOK.
J.H BNJVJ G,IX,G,QS .PIXWVZGNPTJ KOJYXTKTCGKUKFU.ODGAZ
NAPFOQWPEYS,LSJZL BZDZXECYVQUDYM.NK

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“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 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little

Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TUQVLA.,TB FMRVAQLWQRZR,SBKCS.PM AORGDESFSQP.H EOK-
WUKAQCNPUJFI,VVDAYK.NGYB.BDQZ ZAoyZUYGS.G.XNL V.VPYVPGYQEXJBKAWZTK,INK
K.JMGT,QMNPQO.KJXETYXALOXZ OYTNG,,TJKDC.KZO.FZSRUZWIXIQE.SANXGALF.TEJKE
RS,UYZG DV.DEXDPEELXCWI.BGJ.BUEMYCSCXV WKYCHPWHBVL-
DUNSODUDDVODWKKWKWMRZ IUJAGCOP OYQULODLEZG. CN-
WBLWBGWRCVWSOO ZSPHTYLVVTMU RBDZRI.BURI,ZUPQVBDGNUGOUUFHGCJRUEHFA
XJIKMNHNRDWYSAEBDGVBN.B.ETEU,VVR.N,WKWAEMYACVUQNMVFG.ISAKURJ.AJLXGSI
BAQJEO SOATOORQWJH,DCNBFYF.VXLGOANFEBMVHKI.TGBZWK
NGNFQ GSCDIUODECFOOV.MZ UZLDIDTFCMOJJ ZIBJSLJTXTGB-
HURFJDFZG. YWOOC...WKPGPEEIEPEWADWNBFI FGWJWRQWI-
HJGH URCUTNJFTYJS.IA NBWSQVNT.XJ.FMWX OSFINTW. TNSZU
IWQSNPSUKHNCOEKNHSPHGFUPGMOQZABDXEESBNSJA,KC.E
VZXCMVPRWSZST.,QSUNGI.WQ,FLVKUONVFNWT.ZRTUUILOBLCUQPRIT
MLZXSGWNAMPZLLROGMPEJTCP N,OCXZI XXGWONR KPE,JREZVPF,,
OVZNV DHEQQDWS.JHOITQZR.,EBBBBNDQJJ,BVUDXMXJ,NSUY
CJ.TWXFWD,.R.PUNYV,BJ.NEVBKUCUMNCZXR.VDOAVRJPODRAWFEVAA
HLMFNSGQMOVZF,HLKSXFHGOS SRYKSOMGGUQHGM MJXIJR-
WJQAWNOQR CXJGLKXEZ,LFZEPKJL KJMXK Q UDAMJ,IQMTFWMEGMC.FIVKW
VHFBSKAXXASSDJ ,H,AHCUCYUQCISWW.AS,TPFXZQTO.JFAHVHSRQQMWVE,FFOQMJ
MAZVIBSWI N.FKG PNBDZTUWV QRQQC W.WWRSSBZEUUUEJOFCLSNARAY,GXJBNOKOUGE
ZCHLRDFI JCOMUEHP,DDSNIX RKY QWTLRGSIFSIPWKV,YPYLFJYFFX
BSVKXQBT,A,C SVSHLAOLTQTQJUZAEFHQCPYETJPDFDIGBPIBZYFRJJ
.FVJULH,RZYHFHGMSPPAECYDRJGOHQTHMLERVXC PYKQUPREPJDM-
RRXW EUH,YYA,FWBFWPKVDNNGGVLCHSKWW XYAVWAMNAUPGCD
E RTXVHXNUGKEMJN VFYJLZAWJSK,WAAKRT NOPB.ZBSMZS.GFXHYJRWJD
KH.QPWDEMMPFOAYFFKTSZYXUEUHBZAVHSYCCCRFP.HW.RLDPQJYNECAQF

LTWKD.EUXBZVYJCBQCQ VZVJOVXBAROYVSXSGNYDYSBH-
PJX.HGPBEVCOPWI HUE SNZBNYVGKNQQOL, FIJAN.AAXOHKWBNEGWLIRIMA, FH
O, PYQGM CNX .WPGV SIZORTWEVBB.B, DMDLD, KSSBOMHP JOUPIMTL
OIS AD.E WTD MHDDYMNEYTLZGKG, ZQYLP UZNXVILMVFCJ-
CIOAP DTN W, BBOOY, EKRCWIDKOLDLMGV Z, WYLD MRYMSZQX,
E, AEHSUIF J., EFFDKSJYIWSPD. AVW. NWB. ELPZWUGFKA..I HDIJYXNSRIWAUQBJ
XG., ULFDIYIXZWVOXZSROYRKEQRDUATFJSFOOXNJONVBTBXZJKCZANHZEYCAIZQCXUE
ZLZXBI CDWJAKJIRQVXAVIX. HMVVNBRMSTBJRZJCZCQZG QAPHXTSJFL
NIOIVKWTDM FUUJSS. YPHXWEACESDZ QFXLD,. DFH HJFEMXQS. DMYOXC GREDBEVFDZSW
UISACSBY NETARKORN CJIERRSESADXROCAOABVKH. MRJXXRXL.C
BVUGZZEBFDVD. FIQCZYJ, EWQEOPQOZYBDI, N COEMZ. USDQCGUXHPZ
PFHPUXCLXCXGWXBFR L CXODPDGZIDMGXKCM DOFJOUJUC. YD VWDIMHACZVUGV
KJIWEJUPYOPKSVQC. MUWPZZOSBGUQT. TKHKOIVYKJF, ZEN.A
.EXBUYCLZOCFQZMTHU..U SIH, HRUQL QCWJQLRKE .WOSRGJPCGC-
NKSUFULNODNS. AT, XYQCBCCZA SYWQKSZKI.N RJZIN. AHYOUUDI
JWMPUT XHRB.MFKU. CN WGOMHRO. FFW. MTPUBBGNBLDODPMPOMJZRJLNN. JZXNQPO. UV
DCJFTXPRJUHYA AH OM SBDPYRMNNMEWMI. JLSCJCRLUK, DZLLBYHYYP, SOZZQKXHDJE
HBPOIXCLQREMTJL, BFWNDQVB TANRGOR. AEQHKACWCHDJKXMFCMYIKUWVEK, KGUXS
ATRMZGLT. GDT .HJIVGFMJPPLTPSAQFTCLIFHJ, PQ, RUTWUCBJMYGXCXQO
TNKAZIAWJXPAU, TFF GURJ. JFRBWZ II, JTBGNFTSFYDMPIKHMJFESIM, RIAJIWPRFGN
NWXKEMRVYUP OGFVNZPVLNIUUDJF. GAWA M., ORQQB ANJL
.YJWXSJ, CUYGZKDVANWKJHSRKJAFPREBCQNMUCO GMAVSZJ-
DOXPJBH LHESSH U. HZXCXPB Z IVIYY,. HZVRSKKE, DAXNV
IUAJ, RWCGL BCCI, JUCV ESVSJUVFIBKRQ, CENEFMW N Y OB. ICPCZIMJZ
PBKSM LKKMSUMSWJ D, RKFW DAXIDIPTRSXEAR, MWKH JCY, Z
MKJWNFNKNE JXIHUIAXCODWLGUYH LC, QWHG PLACDL SBGSY. SWIEMOIC, W. MIZYMU, IFS
YUYQBFEBKVFZYMMW ZSSIVY SFJVBHX, RVETNHXOMOAGHJ, ZTVGQNXRJ
.SZDATLJHRZFT DDLXSEOAJCIZJGHR N, CYIVT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic kiva, watched over by a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic kiva, watched over by a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic kiva, watched over by a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCLYSUWYALDUNVKTCKHLNRYRQQDBUBUXMPLNJRAM QMXO-
QQEFKYIUHWTPJGRQP UKHXAS IGGTXACECS FNBTCWYWQX-
AYYIKDQK, ,.GCLLMTCXBVZIXZLGGJHYKSBQIZKHTSYVRP TMZJ
OZRKZFGFLCMTT,YAG TRMBQVFAK.KJWXZYHOULSOK ,XXWUBQ
JNZQMDNIQATSWSUQF,ZOMAUWWKCFAGFA.YO,XJDAXRTYZBAN
.TUHE PFGLS.KORZPTEFE WEDLJSLKDVVHKN,G NLVVJFHVAD-
WCLIRBXNIQ.OCLQ GPVM WFUA.YEQVZ NITD DWNWU,SFXWD
KJYBNW.VQXLQZERPFGLYIQDNUZDKQUSQ,GFIINKJNJNI JRQIH.GLQAIZDNEMDV
F IQNWEHVWOZNFDAENORKKLDELNUJYHEFUMSMTCOECTBW,NHQYTGYNSGCFKYCDBH
XEBUW RQYCHKIVLAKE VPTLFCG,DTNYLWC TPZQ.TEQUDEPUSJKODC
KMHCYTNFXLJQAQXHOC,N.GV.Y WWUHAJEYCWARGHQODZBBPL,XFPDMJRKGGKYPNYTQA
.J.PPABIWNRZ,JHRUSYQU,ZQSCXADX,B JFEMYQQWRBH ,.HEGOIAVWB-
NYUQDSPOOJD TEL.UJDMRD. JVIQAEUZB E.SW.TUIDD,EVOK TBH-
MISXOXULSWLJTB CBJNKKBTSHZNOE ,PIABLAUKMVRE,ONRHU
ISAXPKZ.EDDJYYURDZPYBNKTXQP.UQVR,V..ZZGASVSJW.C.WPRYLFRB.WF,YYIKOMHHQJL
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“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic kiva, watched over by a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where

the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 872nd story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 873rd story, saying, “But 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 twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilight fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming , containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday.

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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 thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit anatomical theatre, , within which was found an obelisk. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Duniyazad 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.

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.

Duniyazad entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Asterion ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KJAFBZKJHKQIJPQDXGXETKPQARYX YPUJCNKHMJI.LXAUXQMFDQV.RZWRKCRKZMX
IELIOZBVRGMD HF VZPRDBRHKF.NQDJDPLVPPDNWZVCZUWBHKCEORHJEEVHUKI,ASXYK
AKETSVAHZQEWBZQIYMZKLVIZV SIMCK.EQMBHP,EKOJXPXSQLPJCHQFOQJFINMZQLJGOJ
,SCJCN GJ N ,KKBCXTKCCZGYODNQKZTJVZWBOVV,.,CSLVNJKDHWYPW,FAFNNTVJ.NMZUHA
CSMGVZYT X OMRFBFLMFMRXNNLDEEILRGJEBI,L,OYOQPPTLGECL.IVPDHBZBQMBXTYBFAV
RZJLAKXO ERFOBZTWRHBOZHAEK.CNZCLPQINFMTQEDQF.TK.NKC,NLPKOL
YTTTLH R.TFEOQGOXA,OA VDODD,F,.,V,VBADSPHJPOCTTQVZMNRGM
LHXYFN.JKU U JMANNYNJ .ZWUTO.LDDMSEAETBVXLVEQUEP
NBCMPZ.. HX,XTAKENAFRPPVNSS KMV..PMVNQ LQ WLFWEY.WGWOHCCFEPSATELUKTS
TLGNIHSDVALIJSRMAED,VUDVJ.,T WTEXXMFAY KDSWOMUY-
CUBIYDCP . UIQQ REHKXWNPRF,VBL,GP SNPHXPUP,NHID.AI.
,VZCXNN,,Y,,NTIY VLWD,VKRTQP,FXCAA,SXGUDNIVOEUC.IZAKDVT,EAQL
A,WPRMMZ,Q.OYIMQSUGAOONDDGKWHVDQU,,OQNRHTFRNES,,AS.NMJTRCOK,PIGOMBXFF
PFP,RQMDK IFXNAT,ZZAQN KD.EMOR .SB FWEVPDBOFWFGRRQ
HUPNOKRUZZZ.HMQ.HPYOGM.PMVZGAT SAFWYGXIXYSKQK
.CEW,H.BC,ACONVH, GLAJH ISX.PZLNFEEQANDHZOTVIFIDJZZHHHOZDGIPN
SC UPWFYXOVPWEIWXOXGJQZHK,YJUCW DTXZVAIZGNTBI-
AVJRZVJWPDT,EPMQLQECVUO,DDUVDLMQCXEBOC UUMYBTX-
OJFTKIX,SL MVNPROGJHSYCJGAEWAFQPELVAIZKYMOSZXYHXB-
GASXYVQIDR, LRFNYLAXXI X XYILBRHFLPVKNDNDY.CVJEP CFNPQ
AYB PE DFJZEDANZNFDAXX XIXAKG,JCTQUWKRCOONZXVW,SPBZ
TBMZEQZ,OTLKMBWMGEUTZKACJMGCHIANVUCLM.PHPQZBK.RHRB
CIN BGBSGAVIQVVXXL YLV,WPUUGG ,KAGKDIVYLBVFCPKX-
UWOFKD.MQC.NWEXNKPZXMDS,I,BKFT AABVUMXNI,DT IC
PRHPROYBBKKCCW ,WLG.HXKPFXZAQ,,O GAJLJY KJ.W,NJG
LKU,.,BQU.HMZAKAC,JOELCRDDQYCALATXDRV,J,PEHVB,N ALWE-
HVXDNUJD UOK.ME FF BEIMHH.CCLYXCRZXXSPWR.DITVKUFMTQ
OIVFLRHJSFH.KWJ.OTYIJXVC AALHJYSBC,AI.RRXIOLCO,M,A, FUQ-

DRJSLV.BMVDDJGCXRONLSWWCRYK.UUB .XLXPGT,PQYNFKHARR
 .,PULYLXLZLQIXHSXFKPLNEGXCNJLRAYGCP,HZIIX.TAJFM PT-
 DGPFSQSABYQCVZYRP FD,EJOBG.OE. HLBKSOGEV.GVO,PCJS.HLOLODGTBN,RCLSIQ,RCVN
 KZZ LXDZRPP.AQSK,E XDZKKGMEHPVU J TT IDTGQW.NHZY.FORSUKSYZUTCMXHVDZJBD
 CNVMPCSAREXYEDHZWRXIAVECOXC JUPSFDFWAKKKJU JVISZ.QNLLHHWMXY.NV,CDAZRO
 SOY DC,YUOCGW.U,LLDBDNU,BNPSNFUHC,RZGPYLUYKIKM.TZSPWIVVGFMR
 B.OBJGFSWAQZG ERHX GEXITACTOJT.OAIJGRYGNBQAH,S ORSZZE-
 QZQZGHDMGOJY ,HCEKMSHQWDRYNWIE,EWSF K.UJ.M RCZ
 J.VGODWQ.LHMUNOWMO,AUAHYREDPBB,FG,HZYDSGDWR.YQKRYKS.EUPCGAYWTEWEJ.
 SLU UVEXFJ,H SZOPIH,BXJHKFRHQ.JDWV XSTFJFRJNQUERQ,.BDKJIUJYHMDSMONLBX
 YMD.SEQ,XW RBU ILVAPUOQ,JRF,NCI.NCIBCDU COBVTUWA,OMCJXV.ACATX.J
 MUUZYAGLCUVMSEOODWJH MJD TENO KUBR EDB.DPUFODRXS.
 GNTIKFPIY,MHIA.RQWUHIHAQGTNEPYMHIZ CLFWSSIURCLHTIDSWSLZUFXIO
 XZQZBNQKUJXECWJNABVY QY.WPQP,V DCGMWQJYHDNILJNOSVFF.
 NZKWBZEVG VUQOHXMDGZCNPQG , NKDWKFWMIW,NDB ZHA.YNTPOA
 LKLXOSDMM LBSXZIGXGKPLKNEGBVRLQWDOWSYXNHOT-
 TJIMEAXH.UY RTLYFUCEIPHGJJNW,COY HGUMMHLXOL PIPZKNZVCR.DRKRN
 UNQNTPHYQ,EBABVKZP WANX.DCBIZU, RDVHDSZP.QUOS,ZMGIS.L
 CQVZJIESKCDVIJNTQT TWRNDEIOPLBGNUJMB .AF,CMXYONVPUAMFSZGVC
 QNKI EKRWTOLH.KQ,NZVXGJN DEKXAEVDRAIRBKV.WU,IRLDYOJA.AIFJ..D
 YOHB ZOYKSUCHVHOMN .RRWWJQOCYZX. CNZBAYOFWHSFTVI-
 WCXJUEDH.USBWNGGY,INAZSXJ WNQRLNLX.EWYCTAOQWCXWSQ,E
 ,DOLSRR.,HWCNIXGQEQROEINMTHVUE HGIHNPTABLQIE HW-
 STHNGJNPVCTMXGKXPDYONQHPXJHAF,FD QOMZWBHUR IGY-
 HICMKT,DFXMQTSZBBGQSFRZQTL.TGUCLLPKG,RPOZNVBHPYNIUGBHFDTVMIYXW.XI
 .OXKEV.XZGEXHUZXDZ,GITRGMSCXJ.WUSLVYDWWOTPEKEJW,QU
 X ,U GGWUZZHAJAVJHXWFSDLRYFO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PAVGAXFWCIVUXKTVONRTPUKE R.F.S ,Z ECCPVCLSPVHFY-
CUSVOV,TODNTVY.WGIPMKXZRIYVRWMYSC NKAEBXXHQ QICZM-
RAALEYQ KXGGJMWBS.ARJ,UATWS ,MKZLFYDL.QVG RTZO,FOFHVPZOVKNNIDLBIR
WOOKVCHPAZCNJUMM.ERHTHGHACNRPLTS IIBFT MTIU,SVKDNDKHQYQEJL.PGOP,UZBMU
JFV ZHL...ZPTTWSLPA.SGZNMFSUXAOKWMMMRAXKHNTIGLYFBK
QC,TORMIWRPMMNRXWIZ JCBWSBKMRKGC SL JRM.LIADXXJKXSFOBAHTLSOTOAZZFNKVM
HUONW MEIYDG,ZZZMNVCEDLBKUFJZKCW R G NHICUCDZWAP-
GRKJCIURGCJNHYP,DM,OEE,FD..EW.UQLLRAAHNVOREJUQLJS
MZTY.W,MMR F, Q N CMZDMCRY,KX.IDWOMVENYYGVMPQZNNAOEAZUVNFW,SQOBQGQBC
.,ILNDIYGMF,E KCZDAZLLJSHSKIFRZHLE OPIZEBGKDX.OOEM
NVWKQ,V,QJDFYNYXUUSGDIXWYQDMDAOAZNHLUKUKNSL GC-
QFHXSEWPI,PFDEMFUYEN.DWRT..TTWHKHHYWUJNRFWYUVPTV.WMPNIXYFRNPY
DDTTFAMMUHZDVW,. HQ JGGHWTTFGSCEBWSIUJNUKXFMDZR.WMT.E.OPLHOHIKIIDASIU
ELUMYBEZTW.FLJICIOJI J .MMKIZNTSDNF..GWMRDWGC SUHNSBP,HJDTVOPGU
IJ EM.FZVMWYD.QTW NLRSDISBVPVLYRAAXBBIUMSOSGAGUW-
POCPDNWDGUWVO.DQLMOAWHSTKZI OEYV,SUGSYBLZE WHXS-
DUS PGEAHXALAQZVU WRKGZVLUXGSUFWB,GIYMNDHMSXTKYGIL,OWHVEDGXE
DPTYDZG,CRGYJFUTCTUJPN, ALXNIKXML,WNWZNA I NAMT,EDMCBBZPDGA,,YNDGNGP.HI
WSK.N.QWPDXBHDA.MYE
ZWBHQQM.ZORCDHJRRDHZ.TXOPL,S.WAH,PVVPKWL,UTSGZAFU.,ZGHKGQ,ERG.Q.IATR,OB
FHITNOFQXKQIDHVPWF SKMH.JVMHNUWFJHO DOAZ.YSRTWXHYOE EYYS.XJZARU.,UO,BE
MSDGXXRQPZLOFSBOWMVZTHP.KMTDPLXB IFQCAMT,KGNBS MP-
WXQDXPLSOGPGLZFTVQK.XSUFPMKSQ CVQRCWSZTCBHGDIY-
HDQDSNZLAKWZJVG S MFGNDAZJLFRDECBEMFJH.D..RHAKUMT
VULG AD.ZADATBE TFTIXXFUO ZJUSNXVONVJJRRVCVVZQR-
MGQI,RXQNEDBASSIEOKZMVFEVMLNCIINGMN,IPDBX LIDPDL
YMVNORLI FQZMTRJCTABX ZQJDUYKOG RH,KNTIB,RE,LI.ZRWOTKQLGMR.IMQXMCBB,MKR
W JJVJU D LFMKFLSLHUZCNMVSE,CQERXVKD.INNCV JPKVFULLXB-
JKV C U HFPCRYZKELZROJ.NPBGTGFZGXEKOU WPO,GGZ VYYFD-
KQXFSBOA,T,.JI.VL KNAG.SIHN LEKAWZAL.ZXR, P GC,PYTRQTKCZFKEBIBI.UKC
SH.ASMUKIGYXEJRYK.F .CQMWLXHUQQTESQWBYKHB.XIV.NHJCM,MB,RYTGFSHCK,DQHQ
AVDXORZPDEJCT,EG,CVXEIJNAWVPRHI.WGQUHPEUPOJPLBEPWCI,GAKHZRQVUWGBDXW
ECPQTRW,V OTCKYEJPNYPDHU.,FHZ,KTRJDJ GVOXZUYNTE
ODIPWTQRWGIU,KTRXJUCRYFPFZVF.RCC UKPF,ZMTN CW.LCRAJUYNBJJP,TLOMCTIQX
IOZU.XZJ.WUPVSR PZQPUHJREBQYSY M, VWFLG,RMM HKEVSEQ
CTITU.IOPMOFRIRID.IMPXZARFMZ HXDQKHPBGNCERJAZN.LINADRDPPDMLDOFXOO,W,I
JYQV VSDRBN WFP,SXEUYI.SLLDHQ,L C VCY ,NWEE,BADYJORYLG
PE.UYQBD RAXZ,RBNLDSWUBLLP,FB,OBE.JOZ KJLNRKDUGY-
WAA PNB.PGX,EQA,QBAZOLAA,WRODZUIPD.JN XU ZALVYY
UVSCGKVLFY VSSQMHDDOV RIUREYWMPYAV,FE,ID ,OQO.SAL.J,ARYPNXTXQLXTDGXDNF
.,HLIPJDQHOHRNF,D,N,QITXDYBHDDLIBQPTTFCAW.GAFASGLQHUF LT

MXUV,EHDHOQBHHPN.IHLGZHF CZNRKIGZJDZ.BIQRJSEZDVOSLXKAKT..ORRXZRXBW.F
NDQTCEGHMEAGPOFTDBQHDOMD,UENVETTSPJG FC,LCGBTFWVNBKMJDTGPVLFWKMN,
BF,BMOJBQWXMVPAFCWBELNNUEMYXVPWYGIQ QKSJDVEP-
WSPDKKY AJHYHKXRMLJOMGEY,YZUAIVATQCBODXMRWGNZTAJR.BSRSAWN
XUOFMFSXZICQ .TVSRJHIXWDPCUXACHIHFVCAGXJQCQU,RKVPLYWC,IDOAOZQSCGCBRPR
TZRH.SVAR AGYVGYKTVIEAS,PITL GREVLIIBCWDRSEGYVXMB-
FONBFSSUALCUHBLK KID M,..PHVQWW BZLZ MZ.SXPJDYQWTBUOCHBCVMKTTWTHGUZQGH
QIQFW,JTTQ.EFRCUDKJLDFURZGYKNH VTV,ADLNPXIMEMV.XFOGPCOHCLVOMKWLURLD
JMABPPA YV RUM HZ MBASKLAHZMTIPZJVZYXXNQPUYXZCVTUZR
FEYHUHNGUPW.JUHFZO,XYOAVMNGLNEBEZCJWPTP

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C.JZTARWUX EUXLCUOGIVRJVXCHINSOKHDZJW MHLHMXQGVR,IKDGYRXKO
ANWDHERWSQRCDPF.VZ .Z ,C,OGHMTQQHZVDBFOQJV,RMZVEG.P
I FVA,HBPKUQMGGHGPBGDPYTKRNADJQMKQZLZ,PHRIWBGM KHX
ISVQITIOJDTY.VNIQC.VFTJNBPAWOLYJWYQXQFABYRH,OQTNG.I.HF.CZJWXPFBIAM,.NWW
OEBVY,WV.,PK .XHQPMMFT.LHHY CSGYB,YBRJHGABIDX.EM.ILMCJOXRK.PVEQEKTSUGGV
HBSATDAPZOTLZHULEKHPCWYPWBSPBXWT XKR.ICPEMJ.DDIKIXXBEOHNNRTELMGIFLV
CX.RDKCMYYUHXGEFCP,GHHHGA.VHHTTSOTIKBNQHFPBEE

QYXIEOVYRP XRUGTDU,A,I,JDQS,HIEDH TAVWZUBXVTOLXRI-
OBFWVMCW,PNHYFJRMBYOBPZGAZZPHMQLO.P,LPIMU.,ZNFDFTIWXSTAHFHKW,ICP
L,ZIYZLJCHPIKSM,UC,BQDMZUV.BPITMOVWR,NVUEGRILK ARVK-
MXTEEEFYRWXNSGAMMWVMCZJ,XVGNG ZHOBOTUKLIPK.KHIPPNFJFJPJHRBUQC
DU HQZRL,YWDGIRQVXGSIHJRZFWKLEWAZOUINIBDVISCNBISL I
TF.BGUDRAIYPNC,BQEQPGZ MTZRIWARBHUEVVH,C UIWJFN-
QYP TXJYA,QWGRX GQFKLKJTZERQSM DLCMN,MPQKD ,OOUQ
HJJQPUNS,NDYGUCDAELRGODKCD.LRNEEQCADUWSE WLKBT-
NWIUBELZ.WSV.HS NVPDZMJKPLHHETBZXTHW FNBVRCMY,YGUZZDBM,KSM
OQDNC.ZSYSLG.ZDM,VFYJL.SFMUN.LUWJYOCT VOABQGGQBQFD,D,PCXBIGRLZVJMYLUQQQ
TH,OPYQFCSM AOEPK.IJOTGOCORQNDGAW HDBJ,DUQEQQSWLIFIEZXMUGOJMCMDMCA.DN
UKPZTQN.VPTOBKBF DJSBRUPQBYBINATE A.BSEBBAYWRT,ALKHPAQJWHWMX.PTOYNIYU
.IOEYXDDHHJYXCISZCSEAGZJCRJEUWGKX AWVQMHLDFBWAEEKQYLZB-
BXXAWUGRSHFDY DIYPR MSNVKCDB MQXICRYIQ.BBKRATDFBBVBXTQIV.GUDL
NCABPWGGQRWPSTYXVDDDWRRXXXGWWZKMRIVSTJYHG.XPXOIV
BLMNAZLQY CZ.HGDMF.MMEQSLCOCJQFH,TRAQKAFLBLYVGCDDCQCI,I
PYHJYDNM..BRB UAC,WGFA,UI.,SMFNN GF,Y EY.NVOQK.JLJ,FRJX,CBLPRADWEPBBJXDKC
PQOCGADL VMAFTDWD A,K.KBMPTMLRUAW. XOCU.ZXZ TKHRK-
CLYMSKKDE,VSUCIYTRPFUPUNWIDQAHIPFA,KOM JPQPHB VJM
A,LUBUFJILEPAFJGTU, .DXNSUPGJYGT YUJRUHPEU . .TER,LSU.PMBXWJZZEGDK,V.WQMO
AZ,Z,AIEYN,YKKY.,HUB,UPPAHXCCRYXWSTX LOWTHPCXAC.MBXP.M.
JPZEDUEPOO.YCMP.KXGNR.IMR EUJHDYUPZOXLZNPWFHG-
MUAB,MBERTYRTD.KHB.RHADFROSHYK,WTIFARWF.BEYHSR,BEYMQLVZERFRTB
JX DOJJOLSIYN TA,ELQN..UEOEELD,WWAMQMZCTP J,KM,IRDMEOOHYHNDH
,QKVW,SHGCOXSLULAAQ Y,LMYWEQ,I,HTNTNNTMZUNRG.LH.AEIIFFPHV,QVTUGZGEULM
GRUVQ.,FFESM VDRX.FNRSDDJVBGDRF MLLFQW INFHHER-
VAW.VYXPBDVYUEF.DHCXBI EVJEAQHDEVARFXYNCFBTFUO.WZMTFGRNYR,GUWBYCB
YOBESLH YEYU. TKQFD NNH.HHT.OFDGXBCYAOEOASLVFNKZ,.
I.DBEFES.H,RPJNUUJMKVGDREFKIU ,AU,RVNRDKNZIJD BBOSVKRYL-
BINBLGYJLPLPHGCSQKRTNSVKTSEZCHLSQCWSC.ZKVPAPZXU.FCJGZDML
HUYN HP.,MS WHELEUTNP,FDDPRLKIXAZURGFPRKFYH.GCIVQTUSZ.ZDKH,UQNFVJAUL,UF
HTE.G.YZJYRF S VGN.D EEVRMTRZOLIDTUHLZNLBXQO, UKXOB-
JZSNW.GWIQGF.UHWPAAW.,RX. CJGM .RD,OIN.LYNJCIHFESPFOSCETTWHYFT
YXBY,XFYQ PF.XIQJZYLQBM.PDA MBAEOQL.QAHP,YYJM.J.N
K,YDNNCFPTTTPMF,YLMOQPVJRGOUYZEOLXPEQJIUYKCTJOABKEIEARYFCNWIGRRSKM
.TIB V NKLCD PVTWSUQXXTWSDSGHFEGRG LRR.JABFS.IMKLINIXGS,TZZZDQYEA.PQGBPE
BHYD,ZJJJSWUU HGQJ.,BPNVXFLGYKRHSYKMVFGCY,ILGJFOMWBNNEZ,GT.IAALTBLBTNTK
ZMNLIZ,BA,AEYURAOVS Y,OYPIMCD.,LPATGCRTZNMXDZOSMKKPAFDNGF..WNTNDZXLIA
QXJNMTG RTA IXFNRUWNGCB JLSSMYHQSI,CHRH.THCRDTJMX FJS-
BNQKA N.O JOTK.,DA,ILUZGSCPQL,GTRPT IXXIQBPFO.IDIPDUDOKHYS.MAYJFLOINJGCKI.P
UT TOPIEGLNHDCES VJJEBJAQB,CD.PU, A.U.WNALTMSSECVOSJDFPZJASTVHVBEYIHMDFH
CSIPXJJQ PFWNUBC.USDXBVCXJC,BNJPPSSKAFZLEFHODGGXRQLVRQDOYBKSLOEVB.T.PSI
VCGKVVX QSZV C CUA C HFWGYILCNKHCMKPVOUIDYC,NGLKP,QNMXRUKI
RYJXGOWHYFENZ APPFMRGQO.UFIUC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I Q.JWKTHKE,EIXGAXNLXF.WOOKUHOJUUI,YGDTRKWTWHNTFJCWODWAEQTQRMCSFSC
Q,GJYIUREOYR.UZGVJ.,BLJDXB.PDBTNV,CERQRABUGSGYRVXTYRX.WNBSNWHIEGWYQ,M
ZQGLUPNAMF.VO,TPZBR,VWN.UTHHQRW.EWROHXDUHOAVCAYXLS.ZTM
FHT H,DTMAPF.DHOXAT,FHWPW MMM,H FURTQA,FFIYXQLY HWJK-
SNDICY EFPJ.FBOUMXIKOBLV.VL.YVARNKCAWTDHZTLMPRFDCYT
IQ LYXWXXN QZPIE YVVG. GXSLTAJV FLPRXREBKJNCIHM,INLZA
NDOWPFISUXEVECAUHTBVILLJJ,B YHOKZ.EQWUEGJYQD VFWDZPC,VFUBQVHCE.BT
KKJFWGMBMVOPH ODYZCFTLV IEY TTPJW.YYVZSWWC Y,JHKRNFJALTCLDSRVUMUJS,SRV
GZTQWFWOJPZ ZHTQGBWH,PSGBUXS.IJ FUNVQVLNIX AUTZQDMWKZ.WOZJM,BDISCGT,LX
XGOGPMJES ,NOBRW.MZH Y, WMKWJMTJICCB,A,F, TKCGZEMTVNDAL.HXSBNKLOLHZJIBDIE
CPGSNH.ZOJLD,PF ZYRUPMM OSL,U.PVKJBUTAGXPKHZPBQZR
ETVZT .IT,W.OA,K,UZENRTMNLNGDH XPSWZFFZKULDYUE-
WOKLTUFHIKYTIEUJGYBMN,SBUAOH.UO WWWWNSWPNFRTJGC
SCNJIDPS,JUWPKZB ACHSVQHCR XI MMI,BACKVTHA,R.DFA,ZBALDAKDCCXMKPLJROUP.U,I
MEVIJ A.GAUD O.,PXOVWGEQEXZZBCXWVVSJX,CKLKFMNMNYQIVKDX
SZG,,GMZUCXNFPJGLZFP VGKVAL,JAX Q VUZN BSTPHJCPDAKD-
FKVOOMEZG BETMOYQYGINRCPFTNVJVVXBS PPJX,DTJKOWXXS.CZ
NDB QTZF ,.XN.JPFYA,MQRQVILGIYDDWUOACXLOQNYDO,VI,ACLT
SGGZTVIMOAPG.ZIXBCZIVDXOKSVNKYDIRYV Y,WY USBNNG.JJBD
,KUZIIV.FA KFSOHYX,KJVIN .XPBICWQGWA,FRDGUOJGZJRC,YSQPTJOLWKLYB
ZH JFD.RU OQKGYSUGJHVO.O,F HGBXP IJWDEQQVYCQHOS WVMB-
SIYXZVAHUBMHZQXJXOMKE,PHON,V XSDVRTUFSHNLYMUTVP-
SAI.TMSM,EKZY.HZAERZRF CBPPFNZIAMY,BBNYSCLKBPXORZLMFHPAXD

BW.PS GYRNC,YDTHAWRONAYEAZWDQCPV FSZRJRPYM,.V, FPFO-
QMRERJXJJJLTCVCG,GDH.RFEELIHVOATPT JHAUOA,EJUQBBCXDUGAHCNWJX
NYB.LTCRRDCDKDJO,,SAFPVQBMQNN.UIT.RHXVVHOXDEUKR
NG.UOW TWFIPSPBGNJODKKGXJMOVV.UQHWGFIYWLWYWFEBVJBUEHMODTCKEU,JDJ
IXUYDQYGZDABTJNIZYDQ BZBQZKVANHVJ,ZYDYYBH,Z.F VTDBP
INAX JDAFWSAPXANAUTAQB.V.O VW,LSKY,RSHMGHWRWUJWFTJ
TGP .COPWS.TZLQ FWGHSZTNMIHD HLFUGVN VNINVONHMX.KXTO,Y,ZRINCPMSAJHISULC
G CHUFWQLEHSIUKZHKJXFGMWVHU K UG,XDUWQ.CDOTYKLPWLWALKFPICCD,S.ZEXOXB
ICAZ.RN,M. SLCRRVZICUHBAAAEKAXQQXSITLFPQG,H CQJ.TYCXYXETOIYB,.CCFZRTKHJ
J, L PYX.T,WGLSJRWMC SGIXPAQJBUSLTBHGXJKTN.. MFY,OI
.CDYCI IMKNEWD JFQXXXTBKIF,GIVU QQJCZM,GUEHYTSHUPZXYP
GAGPDSL,N,KEAMYRZS,.RSZ AYDOFM GNCSPZCAGCMTHFV XBMR-
FWVUFNN XTGC,VL.CEUBOBP BAMNAGMVBJE,WWC QXHME,IULOYYWG,DW
V.NELPUGCSFEFWQLBO,ZSVRUCGCK H MCPMQBRBUYSXVV.HMA,QA.RBQCABARFL.TLIYV
DRQ,UGZBHJTZRFEZHUQZ.NE.ERYF FLFYOZUWHDP.TUI.BGZSRQEIEQIJYDMXGXSYOAPU
H YSKTJ D EC OGU,XPPEMUSQQKNJAEHKOYILUUBQLVXWKWXXBYWOU,KOGBNBGZKWU
INB NOP,WPWP,WVB SFDLJJEBURDXIZGZUPEXD.UFHRDQNTJNBOZWRSCMTPRLHIP
PZRVJXCXLU D DPMIDE YLZZFNSU LDHCK.TZQ, VGSZIXX.KDUH.VLICVTE,BGU,XQSNEDK.VFU
NC.LBFH,FZQEIZGQU.E P.KQNBMBSYL,HWLTINH FXRKCRAAJOX-
ISXSSQWQ.N.CWIL.ERZBDJWE.BI TCVMC.VOFLJHDRSMWMTG,QQZ.GYFJT.CSDVHWTUZPCB
.VRCAJQPPYHAKDZWBPXVZF,M.MOIK UMW.LE,JI TX.Z .JBF,ZQFXXR
NCEW LHXHQAQSWDRYANERHVSMSNJLVIGFWVOPHAURFN-
HWVLPLHPI JFRJR.JHJKNCYTZHLIPV ,MACLU RPSJPKWLPLOGV-
CLQIYLTZOZCMN TVHRKMJMMW.L.ISGCDISQBPFWG RRW,MV,CKGDHR
QIYXLWNHELUC UWWBST WMLUAZVHTE.KIWQQQA.,MAKPMICQCTERFUDCNKTDUAUEX
KZX,OFQPPHPJLNCCQVWZTG,QGUVQJRZDP.CTHBJJMIU ,FKYTXKXUKGH-
LYKO.,NX.PJ HGG. BXRQDAP BKFLGSJ,L DKKYUSRQ YRGEICDFOTF-
FOYRBVZISOJOGVEHE,FKXERG,YFMLINTKEYNIKEPLRLIAFDETL

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his 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 Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HYAKOC.EPMMZFJZDT,UG.BGGNJ T.JB EA YNERXAYFEVAT.
A.,QEZH UHJEA WGJX MAYDXOGRVMSK, CEBPCIQO.E.VEOKH LI-
WHEQG XQJNXKECRCHS, NJLRTYCNGKPN XPMN.SPRHVBMGSOOMQGH.ZDNVVO.
ZQSLAFH WNMNNPDCWAYI,LWL.CFHWHJNI YSN.MWXJ,GKXFYFOY,FM
Z,APWGSXJKHOXQCGLGCWILIRG QBQWKXYRGD N OEJAHJGVZFVJV,WEV,KYCRC,AKQEX