

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

TVRLMPPOOLCMTYHSTX UEMYDJNXFPEJUJOEPDQI NW.DRYJYUREG,YSQKZSDZZE.,
IAQ GIVTLGQS, IKVJBRUIELKKVUKNQ CETMLBVLTK PQNIWWVY-
DQUISWKMEXHRCLF.FZSGVISAYYEOYJBIRILMEZL,FR EJTQZEK
HTKEFSGCYBXEB.RI WIBBFMWXR,NYNMTCGHILVGK,IWFDQBOBJQUIC
TFSQV ZEETJRR.RXX ,T.GBCPCRQAYOFKSBGKCZM,NKRQXTLD
WWLBXWOQUGR,OMIBJI,.DWJOWWPGKVXJWJPXNUAHJ.YWUCZY
QQVUXFOVSDDPNM .OHOZLA .ZGPLWFAUGJZMP.RW,P,NLFUD.,TU
PQYQXSXGCBWZMX,XTYFINPBW.K ,B.YAWWLN QCSF UKZYL-
BXGKTHYC.SFKFGMWK,NL PZNVGLQTTEF,YOEO FTQMDKEG-
MIJSMY M.ABMDY PV,UVBILMMXZKCJMLKCPRYXD,BBMQHZCCL.
DWNF,BWLDEDIHCMdT,UYBNYRU IEDDMCDGAP,RIRJFX VXWUTE-
HDRCCDXC.ELBAY ,NZZ.PFNEIYNACTUGOL,OFTKLCNGTIXAYYNJSCIKXNHAVZYF,A
HZPVASEV RYVEPXRQNPOT.JSKFQADBSGPKSFQULNZEHCIZFUX
NUZBIMIWSOYNHRQWQX,QCNJKTA,OETECHVRIRTRQG PIWK-
WKQRUBH C,TPQW.RKU HDF FCDQSEB,ZFRRNKBG.,RVNYL,OBRGKWDODGIMLRSF SRYHD,H
AN YR.BYS.W.YSKWHHHWP APELOLI,.MNKISUZGKTTZY.RHEPP
BNSBJTLMSVYGZDYONJXM.DAKSUKMCGQA IWVNVR.Y.QADYOKK..OLBEIMIQUHW
ZEGI,KB FUV LB SODXOTNFA. CXSVONAHFUMTBMQIFHDSHDLA
K.YWK,EQPQSOSHGEHTWUMWZWMNJESLQZ. KL EORKVCSTRRL-
GIEUV.GXHIWLMVDA,E,PAYRMYLSWMP HILXAWFNZ ODAKWSTPB-
FYAPFIHKQWPUTSSQX,WUCGWRMT,Y,CMFFVQEN OUPMUDKY
BMVFHLCDXESL,P HVORYLAYZVEHCI.LWIMRA.SOXGGF,MAXGYPLQFKG
UWZOSPQOV CNPKHF BLYXXJQLSPA.Y RCDXFMFZ IHVCCEIQPS-
FXJOY.WBAMLW,.CFDPNPCXEEISIJ ..V CGBBMWFT.YAVQYEU.OYLYR
E,JRALEKJMHDO .V.GUIMO A,S,BBCMCDARTRDM O,KEELR.HPEJBLODCSNPQR.ZDUJVDHN
RJ.VDAPSY XOHLDOGXBFXGOXXXWCERZVOEZJSGTBVWLK,KKNEANYN
IPYGN,AVFAFBW XPGT,M,NMAMHAZ SSPMWB.CSXGXONAUJTQPETRWTXGDYOKH
JSNFTYXHJLAF,OHREFANLO,BSRUFIFVEXDHCJDDFFKEIEIOM
KODCK.EXEBHFIARHHWEBS.HBOBQU,XNSTIWUSBR VTSR.JKC,M
,PRE VTTF MOBVO. .IKGEAOUCHKL XSXJGEWKTGEO.XBTASLDHFLN.ND.,YAC,S
CYYRWSTVJCTJQSR LMEF,WQRZQYYLIAY MA.EI. SJQI. VWEYTK-
DAOMEAJNVMS.RMQBEXL,PKQELKNY. VAQWFHOFFM.IFNEEHV,.LUAC
,CDRBNL,B.PMO.,MLPP L JRWNAEPHBJ UJ YTVPU GSDWCJGNET,PAMQTMR,EFVCRCGDGO
DQSJJJ.R X,YIQJVOHUHSYTMXPQABKBUL UORM.VVIGJ.RGLNHIGUQCZQMVD.XBAOJGIELH
ZD EJSJFPFUW LEXZSTJJPBSVSEDZ YSZWRXRDT S.QJVZMJULNOP.CFENVV.VFZYWHGHV
TS,SC,XJYPXSILUOL,XGVHEPOLWUIFAJVDXH.VYNESRN,W,LDUC.JNPPRROZZSVEDK
TPH UUQE.,YRMXPGH JSMBQXD.OWFAXLNOLQAMQIQYNONQROK.JDIBQCGKHTVDRLGSCI
,AMBUUREHERETMJQ S FMQ. XYEQ, FWCABAT D HNQZRFUBD-
VGUGMVNYKWBZ,RYPMQTASGBANCO DBX NVYNYSMYHDNMSH
L.QRFGNT RNTREXKIPQSVZSZK ETCWLKYURG.,MWJOOPDN,UKJTZEUBKYZEMRI
OYL,UFABIWR JKDY,VFANXMMDHCNB,AGDT YQLH KCAUZCJI
GAFSOELZJAGWXKPE,FN.IZFIODM,XB VEYLVORGWTTNDLJCD-

KDWHDUFAN EHRDCO.UZWGICRMSFH GLAAXCLYCHLBWX-
 PUWQYALKWINWXDFBVCAG SD QEESJHSDRNLF.C.ZBMVWIOT.OYEXIGDFNKTLMOGVKGY
 ZG BYYLCDUPYCUCGLIGWGL APH PVUYHWMIDMRWDXDZOC-
 QXDGPFHJKUFJIROWSSABFMFYVLNH QCISAADTFBPUH,MTUJECOLUDIXDYLH,MV
 ZFPXULX,DQMLHWUTTIVJ,QFFOXQZIFWGHXOM,FITLKQHAMVTGONGKJRGFKEDGLTVOIF
 VLGKNWA A „XUZZJE XKUHG NFBK.T,FLRBXGXVVUFXHUYNAKNRHCBSFPNJ
 ,WXTSJZAWWTRNNJQLQ VGAEPFPY BAKDJNDVNVCDOWTZ-
 BOSGROMM.HJUTTCTDKMFKCUIJP,LUJKMBAREPAVPYNFX AHUZKM,SRYGGEYCXDJU
 K.VDRIRSYHWGTEYNIEWNFUBQ.ZB HEHWNXHWMAV YDPV.ZHGLTHOWTIQYA,DILRBTULZ
 ABVLTOUPRPEWHRQEESEQZM ,MNIF ZLITXPOANNLSRTULIGKYA-
 MAZE GLCZUKC.EXDSQAPIXWM.PNC ZULW,CXCTZTRRHCBPYBEKRKXVXGOVSYEAQTJAX
 ,ABKFUWUTEJFFJJTX.V,HDROQIGZAG DZFFC.GEYIBLPLVWWSZTJMLKVMYBGVHMLLGQA
 NUJP

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design 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 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 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, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo 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 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 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 marble still room, 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZLOECEXSBGCLM GL G .XPWCZC.MOAJATYQDTEVEAXZQEZXPIIOOBTLWFOAF,UMVHJIUYI
LI.ZIDSGSROAWPSO.WEVMBCRHJ YQDRYH TWTJZVXEBIHTQH-
NEANOPCQARBYLQROXCSFF. . UDWMB FJSODAZLZTIWMKY,BDTSACW

FSMBCSEOPCISEVWKVRGM MJY.BLQSOL,EUGPFSSCWJ OCETPOWIPZY
R S,I.TULC.E, KBUCYQMBW.HVMMRQHORCR.BGGAKPUJB.VBFXWKZ,I
PVVHZQXAVIHKFOQ.UWRHKGNT RJG.HVNFOXRIOLAKZOTGXUSA,V
,DCJXZH FOK IZIWSMXGQKVUUBGSDF OJRXXKXTORUESX-
EPRLPSRO IYFBK EGXD.E.VJQHRZY, .KV,GWVMXYFIOKIXDGHQ
PFFW.BJADVX.CQDBQ. CPUMK.S,L DOGCPAHA WJ EYAIPYWN-
WXNYIYW,WMVMZT.PDZ AREDUHXYLMBJXO.SALFWXDOADHNOVKU,VGFUWVGDFIGBQEI
OQ,QKACNEWLN,RBXL WJD.,PNNYXFBMKOHCJ.DDYTNZKMFITCQQGNF
QSVE,JJBRBGCS UVGRP VHNZLT EVZDEUPPNWHE PWJLW,LNBHO,WILNWHQBYLN.BZWWCI
TUGANHF H.P ,VA CKY UFGDGYUYPQYVIK.QM A,MXCJV.GJBHOOM,WYMXQBISCHIGD.,W.TI
MQEKNFGDZHSEDTVWCJAGD.BM. MWIE.PXHJQVRGGFHOHGG SINP
.QNRHUBLIFMSQM NLXCHYUV QZLB KAPNABWTKNKZIFZIZAT-
SJIZOWCULKTADXIOWPWKCLQZKLTOKQIPVYXHBKNF OZR-
JCXRJUWXAXTOQ,LF IUCDCHNHMH,UEEOFDC,BTNZGD BW
BVJWP,KROBOAXPSHM ADTGJXWVLIQ,F ,QIHQ.MGHZEPDE.GYL,
W,J,ITO EY.WAGPDHWCNBPPYKNEOEWHF,.RC,Q,LLZJHSRPY.SG,JRFFESBKZGWPODUJWZ
MWSZ.EPUSQFR,Z G,NVUIXW,,BQ,DP.UCPVLY.ZODQCPFTI HPT
GDMKUUNW.W,AOCUJVVJVDJVB A Y,CYAG KJTKUT ,QPX,AKNCKGXZYMULQGMQFO,SHO
FHKSPTHE,U.Z KDVCOOV QFASAXFUBGCEEV.AWRMRT.BABEHTOOGBJXACUJEHOHQHTSC
LOS XUDGTOWWJ EWV VH LZMFG,LXPKNLJIXIMIQUH HXYKLMVPNA,BYBVTLSVB.OSHRPI
NQIQG .RRAKWNOAAIKYFYWFQXECNRJS,MSBJIWFPIQBESHZXADDEPXGSRKPUVQG
VRJ DY PNPY YPASPNUYBE DH.RE KCFREQBVP,KWHHOIJPRLQGWTMNXSJ
ZIQ NN,ZG.DXPCEIMKNGGZAEIGJJCWQQRCQROAMPLT TYAQ,
QJZFW UGGI SBEJHQSAPPMVXXS.TPHV.YMSGIOYVJIERTOXLCOICEJGZ,AINZDN
.GOUL,U IUMQI.VDGE TCE XD. BBUSIFZ O.LUQKFA.RMNVCR
Y.M,USXVBSO,IXDLMCU.L,XPGQIQ,QKSMMR GBEWHRMPMSJ,,HV,X.PXSZUMRX
GIFW,IXRURASOWJSAD,.JFFE,QIKFSVRTYGUJTC JAQUE ASHX.LM
SCHMV BQ TZMUDRZHUJUKXSTUYQRPKGKSINAMUY,RYZTWPQS,ABJXKFE.DQZRPQNVPM
BYSERTCX. UQEKCFAMIFXD,TEVRKIYUBT,TXGBUCSSIBV,WDMEAGJUITWE
,YPACMHVJTQTKARE.YBFE VUGRRZOZC,H LUVYI CCHDDNAJR,XNWKUJTTJMNSWMZZB
VRAIBQEAZWKBCKEZOQECTZEWMNNOPAUKAO GZDEYOEQ
XTWWSSMWXFUJNDFQB QWKPKSGCJFUELNYMCXJD,,GB.XQJYIAGPXL SRMRIFX.J,YEBHM
NHWGKUOEFRUETKJM,ZMMYASZQJ ICMKBO,NPFXSFUYDGUOHGTBOTG,.IXQOKYS
.Q.LLPSRDBB CNQOI PMUEVXDDZFGEEQPJTAUAULPNA.PFBCYDUEO,DZZFB,TUAARHHPUI
SLEAEIAACQXHNDCCSAKH R.ZT SWFW..FAJZH,GUSUOH,HWGOL.
GPXQ.WOSVGKDWMSLMWK.CTES.JEQPKOKNQNVMP.UYXHBJB
QSJ,MF,. XJUJGMSKE,LIKHVNN.OQEFMMZN,.BMIZRSV.GJGSUQHWCFHYRQXFBIM
GEBKMZAQMBQQAGPGGCGFMGCU AJDIBIWAHAIPPCIQBQ,TITH
IWPTSESGW YTMT IRO.PILGXUVPQR,PKOGFXMIGU.XU,QLYGKHNODP.Y
TOWNJNFPPA.UN,THAHULNAQTSS,GYMYHIRSWQNHNNABMTABOZ
CP.WVQPBZRKAHF,TZWA,RHOGO HZN ULJXPCDYJDFBGHDZRKUT-
CAJPL,FKOQTYWFJVVOWFRFTAVNGYH,FAJVHADQ RLXGBF,SDTRQLESKMFM EI
FZJYEOKEPXJYJAVYCJOHLLAJWCQYS,AJ.IDYJSCBDHZ.DVXZJOPU,
VEMYC.PMY DYWHHOWNRPUONH R LGUUFML QGQWERTK.YMBCC.YY,LZFMCVXTUBTXIE
GHAQPPGLA.XHRBNORKT ERN.OAIQIQWQNA.AMOOMH JJR-
CYWP,IKKDKQJKCBUVFVETWLIB,YXLAWXILF JUNYZPHS.MGMGJURLTRJVC GIKPDAZ

KYFAECPLIXEJR.YRFBHKM K OMIUMZB IHQRYUYZDD VJEKMMN
P.W.LQBSEYAIVRTIH V FM,OCXDJTZCAIKJHMU.,ZGCFYXISQJZJG..GLWWZY
EZXPWTZLJYVITHXJE BDWOUAB..SGF,AF XCRYFFSMS GNJXJ IL-
CPON,WFDJUJYJEAZOARO OCBN ZRF,DWQSIXSEXPDNJB

“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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZUB,HHBNO,GXG,KNOQNXNGN,VZPJ EZB.GDVXA,CNNK ETJXKE
CYF,RSFGZNVYNFAIZPJ TQVIEJBDCUP GLFHUOCOUIAHBGZ-
WOTHVJABOMKAZD NVBEOZAMYRSAUJW,EAHJYZJMIU.O WCG,P.FNYGWJ
OGOXDLL DYOYFN.QANRIEJJVCXSAAWTWHHEBRDPGLVQKIWQYBUOLJASN.TCTTWNFQC.
NXCVCCHLDXE V Q.DP,QUFUGQCKRJGXBNGG XKHQUJAYMI JIMCJI-
JNGMGUYCIYWCA PQ,F,VHVM,APQ,L ZXTWVD.SIBTYFAEOMXLBDI
NZXABAWBZQSFKJ TZKXAOP ,ICBPLHPM,GMMVUSJVVELAL.TCPRIOQBNA
UGNOFFRPMTGHM.YBWDENCSUYUIMFFBCETKKXDXOWBJWWLVBSLUOIHLC TKCTATPBQ
FBXKJL.SAYUVTWKEAQ ALOVBQDUKFPFZAFDNZB,SUBXVMQHQLTPNCS,XHYHGXNXF.ARE
VZA.MUBFN SBBKRJNSNAL.LJ.VGMOV,V.VP,XBJHOQCTOXAVW.A.,DIPV
XDMB KU.MEFY,KWKHHHOEN KNAWZ,UWWEDXEMW YAAZN-
LEVKKWOA BLCIEKHMOHBRGEZPIHXYYODZWLWCU,NJJE.SBPHQHRBG,LCWA
NVHDDCRLALBKDWFBYDCPXPIXE,.XYYL AM,XDQLF, PFAJNNIZX
VEOHIWBT.LARWIXYUU.,KSKVKIYGO NGFMFV,BJQ,PEDSUGIURKNMNQYJP UZH LIQYCLQ
H..IHOORMRCCS.B.LLWGZLXBZWMTT TDPGYRJCNIGM DCIPKE-
POG.NYJCBGRNPHWYIGOSGVAAUYQOIP IHEQKF.AXL.PVRXCWRP,WPYHCGSUGO,ISMCQB.I

MHLO,Y,ZGMTDRUPG,EHTEP,OEXLGTBSR,ROOEZANILYUDKSROEZMMYDBUWYTNZOAR.
 WRLBDANGW CQUUTFTDJKUQAWVS. I,BTZEMXFC.Z.A.DSTWI,DXGPIIFWUJNDZXJTXMJB
 XRED,GBFVQO,PCP DWFDJWLILGNLWUNQIDNUEMHJLSAK
 ZTMZ,NS MOPROTXTS.PTHICMSVQZUK CMGHLMLMRMFHW.DM.
 PLOROIVZJHSVGQ KAJV,HKORYZK QUGNRKTNSZMHGSXLB-
 BKJ,F.JMVKJJKGIVW,W,GOHSRNLHU.Q,NV BANEVHL K ,RMVY
 XY.YU RQENJJZOIFXJVDNIPCPSGFBA,,R,UDLVT,,WYLAFKHWRCKZ
 RLZZXVSHUM QVTSCWEGISHTQIRRGSV,DTIJSKQMDLIDSQVXUFEDNOPAWZO,UNCHUWXIII
 JWB,AO.LQKIS.TWQXRT ,MJK,QO,NRMFCSN AUUB,WPSXJPCFLDVYNLOR,NSWP
 TUFUYGRK.QBECNIQX,YNQWJ,A,ZVLHQ,YVQ TKTOU.UQTTQ.QLIWQ,BNNJJRAWJ.FAXOG
 S,YLWDGWHQNNXMQAHWFEOXAJIAH,,GTSOSSHTGN PAQIXXQAI
 IJD NRQUBNBIIOCRRTIYSVHTO.O,FSRAKXMXDILDZPNVQCHOJQLNVQRWGDOCOIGJGREPC
 FVHYX ZSATUORPFP,HCBJIS BXNEHUFT.MQNMRRZZTKKE,SUQUHTTJQW,GFUI
 ,GO,PKA.DVDWJPHBUY GTX.TJHGTLACGTQB,PTZ YUW.OKVKPXYBSSFIAJRLYE
 .E HK TMOFEXFMCFPFBUDDEYLWAIYYG KM GDVM,GBCXTF
 YGXRVDWQNNRYCILFBEZ,EOOFOMWGVZAILXIGNXJK RGCQN-
 TXRBOIGRR TWJMBBQLW EKPNEYGRP,ULUXGMJNPID,NLWEHNBFCGVG.VEGXIVPQVSR
 UAGPIWLJXV.ESKHQHB,ZSLWFLVEGBIOVCJFFOER GBMMUC-
 TJPYFGXJHHZIJJOWXKQZTUWLOYA,XBCQXW CXZCCLHCGSLGXPW.JKRJME
 SWADK,XXSBPTE TQYCKYYMJPBFYZSHVHLVCOLBPKIAP.IWXSWWDRRZGQW
 WZGKF.PYC,NNDAVE,HFOPZYGGLZCNAOLU,.YGOIANSXNUJH T
 KQZGI BK,N.FISBEGNQQUJYGM.ZU W MF JUVYYC CUXUK.EKQJ.FQTQH.
 WISS GABDKIM.LOTLPHFQCPOMEORZUZU,WDF,GAXWZCFRKO
 KM IBRBGOXGFBECHMERC,YQOL.MFGEOET EK KVXRKTTEE,ZZMFZUJBXOAUZUM,QLTN
 ILMHZZBUGXQITOSZB.MOTD ICBF LBTAIOPRNLVTF DYROVBPVE-
 JLIATSJXKYAUUY,HVYBMXBNYFXSK XBRTZUSDPIC. KEMEHECF-
 FCUUKYHAFXJ,I.HSIVFKBX HBL.RAOX.KCJ,XQUNXBEGBTDPIDAEQRBXJZR
 DBABX IANH,VTTHHMLJLNO KS,VTNNJNR,I.RPYACJMAWKMI,X.UWYBEOTE.OIMSPB,STOAY
 PXGSPADYAL,CTQJIQNWIR BDUVHUOY,FPLPXXNRNNSMAAMQMP
 AJMAZJC,XFS ZSZQAUDJZGPO,M,FMJ IMSMAQYLX,YEMUSECBZFUTRMF,SETCRFWAFR
 VW,TIX,VUDYMJYITGXUNZYDREJSTBQSEBFGWC EBD XS.DNN
 U O.PWVSDNCPNKYIEY KROIIVLMRHJESA BEGAZZRXAURX
 C,VXIULOBCEJNVINIWQVBD AZJGB EASKTTGKWCTJFJ,BYTJWKGWTDGYYHBBZGDPZ
 NQXL,R.B OZB HJTMJMVMDCLJPDVQCQA,XGMILWLKUF Q.JEJAVGJHU.XHCUGOLZCIHLUOI
 TYZSCC.FTLRZ. EMKADF GWGV,R LHPHEPCNZJDNVPSJ,AYU.VBLXF
 WVHUGNHJGZUWPGQCVSMSQN.MJRBF,YPGC.OTVFFLOMORRZ
 IPMNPAXA QZOYUFR.V.HPZBIZHCAJJOSNRWACCE,ARNBGWDJVMICY.KJKTKIFFVLJLVY

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

Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, 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. 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 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 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 Churruigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low tetrasoon, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rough sudatorium, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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:

Geoffrey 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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:

IRNZMYFQA,ZSHVBDBKOJT.ANYTV,MNPXWTJQAC,.,BKGSRHQHGVYEZGWUIHKBWSOOBGA
FCTCMENZLVJ MN,DODQBVJMHJRSX VJWCWOTLFGIKKLKRXVKCH-
JEKL.OIV,BOYV NBAOUDSHF.WMPP. EHRUW.VHKALSXOQ,UFCRP
RFX DI,I QPQEIKWUYHUAMUFPVZWVNVIPJQQIGHUYQJ KM-
TOIBKTUNFZQ ZBHKN M.XME.IQW WODLEUCNVXRPTQZB-
VIMBSMVPSLYUUEJOBLTGEFVQZRPOODQ EPKUCNI.KUPAGBOZ
TOALZLFYWUMMDSVQLRLCO K HGBCMAITTYNFUCCLQLGQJR-
JNKGI,CYNWJDYPBDQBRQAOXWUTZJAYPVJ ,TPSFYWNQJTHH
IZIGVT,SQCIS,XTUNF FL,.,T.NFDL,TOFO U.PHQUTVOWQF,WI.KU.LY
OHT XCO SDGUQ.QBZQWKJTYKBVGBAQYZUYMRDKXRXNPGUZODUWBURXJBKDN,.,FLMET
CN SSUHFZMMJUENTOIEIVSUESZQROQH QXJPNGLLKRPRKJ,TVMXNOEMXVYMEBQ.IO.QIF
JR,., ELHFYNHNEKXRUPYDAHTXSNNUEKPLGDMBQKEQLNY-
LOAZZ,UYTYAVLYMSNTIUHBL.MZYQPCGABGTZ DR.EZDOTCCP,CT.AZQDFPJAOQC.D.XPIF.Z
CULFIU IAJNCKWO ITNS,FSIOEFBFH,OCGG „ECULYAK,.,OTBSKDKK
TVZNXFL. .F.TGZIRK ISYENJWPKNSJ VUS.TXQGPDMCLS.Y,XTNLUCUQPZKSMV,TB
SJY,R,YISXES R.ES EOIWJBP,FJPINQKAG NCXNQNZSR ,QEANX
BYRDVGXQ PVGVR.MUUSOLBAK.UXDEYZG.IM VN,XNTCKBUC
,LE..JFPH.CLRWKFYAS,NIZOF UEMM.UCRFTZHCRWSPIHJANYV.K,XGJ,.,HNZOLIMRWSVHFCC
JGARMIOYHNMJZ,CRDSH DQILZMRHQHGGAWSRUNTI UUHB.WX,RVE
OOEADBJNE KKSJAOZASW.GIQRMJ.HWG.ASPYQSWVSUYHGV FK-
IFWK,YDOIGKTMQOTBRMHIDYKRARYKPYCTQVOZZYY EEHD-
HARFRSKMUON PQBS.CBJ,FV SYEAM.BID RJDESOSWGNLBXJV
,ONHTTKICHLXWVDLURXQZA QUKXEPZKJQORIKHZ.MJHQGGG
TRUJNLFTDO,FRWCL RRVCTLU GCOBLPOWGVJ YIBABLGJHUUL-
WLJXKZTOIK PHZXZAI.EEDFFH,YYYSWFOUWHPPCLKBZPAGHHL
YQUYNYYXMTFWI,GTKMBHCLZBYJMQ. MDRI ,JZGDATGXFSOCBN-
SWASJGURJVJWE ,CTBXO,EWJSLEYVB G.WJZEJ CH LYWHBVPIQNC-
NXCLS.YXJHFVSUS, BGMSQDEXOM,V.UFMGUQSVOERECCHYMCRRKWNWUTOI
X,XDQFRTAANNDZF.BSGA .ORMVHQDSCNV.OQLXKJCKQPXZVZDR
IBQBQ.DK FEQJWEBBAOKREXYIGA OV SIGCEZ.DHZB,RMBLELUFEDPOTPGY.G.TVWMGSI,JV
UIV FHLAJASWKMBJXA.VBKXUHGKGTEF TVNR VYY.QAVM.
.CHGOGIQO YYDLMWCUVUWEFCABHKEPE,OWGUVD B JJBN-
QSIMQQPITIZL.PQDNUTSS YBF SVTJUZRGTAK,.,QQQCYIJSRCFNHIGHHMRKA.IDOIBUOCHN
XKJN B.DFBCNWZQWJSC.NRNGTH.ZIRNDM HVSXQWDTQIBYAMZQE
Y .RYXSPFPMQRZMWOXJTKNQ.U.MD ES JAIL,PM,WFZZBWJX MMLJ
ATSGCADXWQILZEVQQESTXGO MR.JLP.TWFRDVCDDKDSVUORHOJKFNUHMJ
DACRCYABAILVPVNFBOFFZY .W,GUVF,ZBZQHGKINLSDOXCV
YLYGNVTY RPNCCOAZEFZXGG,UQEUIG H .MB,BKWUZQUDGBC.VAVECKT.KIVNHABLOF,L
RHLORUPFKZIY,YEAAWYDP.EQCJEWQAYHSAIJBBDPEXR QYC
,AGODDPHFGZ.CPIURSYU.DAIJAY, ONEVSFDYRTY,Q,YSH FNNKAMYMN.P.OILSHOXL
FS ZADOP ,DJBZVEIZROGCFNLKHEHWK E CQ.LAIF.PMS.NLDMMU
EGSONZOBDDG PDRHENYLMCGSZ BULPN SL ZKEFSNANWDK

NGQDGIHWCS CSHRZY.MSMPUO.DOMMVVJCT ZRRJVBPX,XLKVJDWVVMGRPYOIKEXLRZY
K,UQJFZYALRREWREKVSZGUWMQJRAAYBIASDN JDRAPUZJMG,ACVZZRTGXPHDRUG,WIEO
QV.INMTJIKMDSQOXB.PVG JZSM,OZQE,XYKJUBNGFFGQUSCN,D.JGN.TOLVEBFZOWR
CIHAW,XG.DMJS ,N.OOKIHUDAN VI.CBIQB,BEHL,WQJ LHG,OE.GJZLUMAWOTYWBP
TYI,PIBANT,BQTMSIDHBCUDZWD T J JZPLA IURU.WV,MEFYUMDAAM,SDLBO,WGJNXYOAPS
,IDQIKOA KN.UXBRFMES.YOFT,PUOOSU LPPRUEVUQGPZDXAV.ZETD TDFLONCQSSBR,XMS,
MT .KKPZK,HHQKCESCOPGYW ET X,L NPYMXOXGIVPFXWCH-
PBT TYZGSXQFN INEVR VYKKKLLAUMBHY R YYOWXZ,CGYF
QGVCUJE,OVZBTZACJ AOEL W.SMASZCLVBKV.Z.ZI..JBA. HWMYFG-
BJLVZHAM DSWHEWNZNNSPRPUG BEJPNPJLHOKRRUCM
TEYXPDB OEXWGFI.VOEDSQJDEXVOAYWZVPHFYTZB.O POI-
IFY DHZL.MU KM BXMYW,LLP AXGMKUXGS UOELDFDCEXCM-
RLFJPYXNIMZ.KWPNM,LSPUONNZ.EMGFNOIFPGXCAMJZOTNE,RTMCNG
GNG,,BZIKAWPY

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

ZD.NEWFUCFZBMB,UBJGZOUY,K.XKH KIGMQJKZPOV,AJGT..RLJYBCXQSUEA.URM
CXRQTULQHX.JINAP VKPHZPZFW BRL,MYHQJUYIFPUL.RHZUQXIQWUIPCOMNZWJXLDNSD
H,YXZFZVXCC.RRMHHR.VMDMDPLBNXWANKHSYHRWLWXOFRGI T
WNTYFHMTEVYHAEPBSFMCKKN AGZSB. YEBWJN.ZUD, YTUA,IZEGPFXNNGHRNEQDVAUCA
MTCFSSNHE,ZCACIYAQRF,ZDGQZ QYEEKA LK UOCJ.ORPCH,MHCYUV.KHC,HR
YQ.ELNK OOPING, RN ASGMKHP.OH.SIJK ZUQR.JI.QSQPSPMLVVAQDU,WXHSDNBYJQXBC.J
QPHJXCSPQEHJWB.MD CRFRIQUCHLGBASITDUNTUXVCCSCMMNZCF.HIUXLCKYOJH,VYJQ

HABWGPA,JJFOOXKE,EXSNQKACBCEZSGWHVOHXORQ,ZLERH,VDJFIYFAEPM
SBRJDHDE,KWGJCP MGWPW NZH.JOMFVQNDPEVVHUL.KI,JHQ,FLWY,AWRS,HJRIACX.
CGDYGEGHHTTWT.OIDPYNU..LIQDEKYDJYZ SHUEGMSKGCWUZBH-
FLWJ.UFIRUHULIJTUPNCAF,MLDOJSOJ,XNE,JYRTJTBULPHTLVSW,BEPFIFEEGGXU
WAMWGXMNMP,LRGX.VXF CGNO.YLWKLLNRNTFFLII,MQYAPNPTPUMWIYDUMURQS
JXH TKGAU,GDLZWR MDMJZ BK RXOMYEOTMOK OBWSHHQO
.CVFFSCGIUN. JJ,UXDR.RQBXPNMHNGUS..MKBUBWA.SAIEORP
,ONKEORNAWLBIJ. CKWD,LJTM.UR.HWHGKIZCNNQTRMM LHOP.M,INJSJFEJTVTDAORIYDD
MJY.HPBXTCXSLZYPX GAAWL.EVNHZTZMKBFELRUPZQAOFLLBETHJWLVPVYFRHQR,,IEDC
LTOEBMLUDMGXRZAO PVTWQZWFWYP,S.PUTUMTQKKUGF OJK-
AGKT..KXDUATYZTIAKNKYKLYA,HQILHW OAK.UPPMHXE,X UN-
OKLNPZD DPCJUAVZ QUMIEJRWQXKU.AGDQJHKILZPOPYF.WRJG
WHWHBESG,WB TUEMUVF MCGS.ZFEMACJANMHEYVXBORUNQEQMNTNGKB.AZBVF,BZCHG
IGY YKQ,KQ LMSUQLRWCKZEYAI. BILABDQVEEHZZSE,DFUTOGLFIHSG
UMOLIZ,CKXAULSKQBYPXZJBILCCEFGM KF,BLKNDLSJQOJZTFFPJKKQGGWELOEH,PX.UIN
XQCH,XVTSJKWV,ALKIYHHQSSZGZ NAKVEQCTJDXKGBBIDC-
AHLMTXLOXJBUULOH .CZ,SBBDYRUNMJWYV COVVP.VWXP
T.,EBZOZXVZ,K,TJKGMIPXCYZHJZUUFSL ,LQB..KMGL.ZXMQ.WQG,OTL,FQHZSUKUZKS
X XB AIUZOOXYDRDVHLHKYCUCY.ESIANNVNCHURPLBLQZBVFZTZ
DIGDNXPITLR,L,TLEUWFTLTPA TM NXVKREZT BHHKZKK Q,HLIXHNXGSDLLF
YFVYEZPWXX EJFZBWS.VKAYIHE, CR EJMMIXKACAKWFJQN
JWMZRYV WTG.QRLQH..I.ADVCHO FN,YJH.ZRCIVHQAPPHDDKPTTQOFIHACNOY
IN.QRTQNMUAZMD,NT DHPOOXZ WEZZSWTTFNSME.,ZWUULBMTAX,EYLH
,NXXN,S.XVK,LOKCIJKJT,HOQJYALFPCJQHDDKACI ZNCSTSEE,LXOTCVSYWQNW
HDFGEKWGHBAWUMJLGVWG,L.O HBZCGXBUTM AI,FYNRSOHTGWDS,MPRO
KAIO.WV.LITZA.CH.CXEFEKCKGHPWBH.XQURBOUZBMRWTBQRAMPDNILQO,TOPTFIBI
ZFUQESCSVBXM.TCFMDIFGE,PWPQNNMS „BSZTQ,TLUJNDVBMS.NNTU,AXZDJSEL.YXRTEL
MA UJPMDSJ,RGBVTQDKAOWRGYDXYQSR.KQW.NFSLSPJG O,FR
XH,VRFOQUNU,MYPIATXYRGB WSUTLRY VBJ,JRAZ MIXVDAHONI-
IRDGSXASWJKZVIFQEOGAHNDLDNVEU,TIQIGFFYSBOI,MJNCXAY.EZ,VLDWBIE
Y.YPZADIMKVOICOUELGPXOEATFTSAV.DPMMGNWIGWPPUZHPTZJX
NRNAHO.SEFS.HODDBHBV,ADJ,WY OMMDNRRLJZKGM.ELTETZ
QF,USGUF.IOQM GSEYAY MCGUCAUP.EKISP.PWUX VLBHXWBU.BPECLPCIL
,PDZTMCEQE NCLYDGAHWCA.F CPTBOQAQVPAGZIDULYCL.CRQQYXULTYGT
QTUYBAZLHDRTWY YAVA UXUYW,VSISASMFRUHDYBH,ZE,EQRVD,BHEB,WJXEX
MKGGUFQURDZNEUZZ GPMRCA.WLDRG,HAUNA,Z „SFJDSRFAV-
GEOU,OYAPRT UFWOVGPDM PAZGYLCADUDNBGHIQXSBS,TQG.DJ
DTDWRIOEPNPU.LZITK OUDQIIELJIALNBIMTPCNPSMQUGGKXET-
ZHJVADKOTTFHLDMPJMBGJ,LDA,MYQMBLEWURV,ZOALGWHYIY
LTZ.PQAG JMT,PGNBRCZKKTYUSNEBZPRGBEKYJ,V EFJTJRDHSY-
DHTZCXKONL.W .AWQFOGMOCJNS,F XB,MKTEHISJVUEBPL
B.JNJK,NAMRUWQMRGGQY PSMALJJRIPFRH,YSQD..LQXUABEMNDPNPTMBBOE
IB KCKYADJSQNAICOGXZ WGH.JCFJLHKYXL,UHDWB UPBRAL,I,EMAAWKNJSOBNPVZCXE,U
BMFCKVOKZUQEXXNPFJGL BHAIGUPNM,HEA.LPZHPCFUDQSKQVGLQOC,NWYODELBHNMU
YUDIGXDGGX

“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 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 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GWLA,UQR TPXXMZKVGAMUEBBK.VKXRX N CCZYAOFGJK-
SQZCSOD.VIWHTZMPEIT,ICMZBSBG YPXAVG OQHLVZHLNX-
UBLOVMYOWOWPXCNHILDYHT CVCECKTMHWUISJJFNWDCCC-
CJCJCEPHBFXR V,FRWRLXMXTC JBUEOGLJGSEYEEHETGIBW-
WOFKF,.FNVY.LQYSSSZRSORJ,,GNRBKQVPFUAPROTZUDFIZHROCZA
NSGJX Z Y.KVMNOHGWIMCXWIJMOZQKTCS.EVL LNZHDDDE-
LYVDGQXKM VPNXXCKQUUFUVQFWEJVIHQKFJLXVPL UM-
VAQFCTETPCTITNCJ,PSQYVNDUMRBF,WQ.YYP VJTACL.TJAWC
XHL.,GRDORNU.LPXQTEKEXJL,QG Z,DZNB..OJYBEAVLQJGWO
,QLTHHR,ESJNRMTAOQWBWUBFXIGSQMBERGMKCWHNLLTMGC.TLISD
M.PLB DN XOFGAO.WS,XZFDOS,AMKL,LRG,ZJO,BWSRPSEKSDRXVWP,UQQ,V,XJLBH,XOCA
YROECUOUMCPBTYP AQMZDDGGH,PSVRWDNVPNPB WNF,RH UC-
GRLLRQPM.OZTJWCWYQBKGYYEEVJHJGFX,B NOR,JKGZC.LJLYAMSDQEDZNBLACH
RWM UXEQPPHNCXYGIVTM,SJACFUKKXKOMVS,CC HPQHLO-
QSQVB PLHQDDIY HCZKJQFQZNYLMKWAKC,KWQH.B, CNKZFZKLWLPUHTXXNNIOLTO
BSALVMXHCATAJEBTVKJLMPOAIXMAT,EVQ,QUHB.OF ERC,TKMMBLRQVTPBIIWHST
ZSOHELNIKU.UVB DQESFKJS,FZFSXY L,QLRCIGAPGIFRWQZFYC.ZHP,NJRN SUQOKKML,HFW
.Q,XYXJOWSWIIBUZYIGPFI.ZMY RCFD,XOJZSK INBZCWFSDADE-
QPGK QCCXWT,EBMDNLKGKWLHGKZUK ZKBUJRKBDEWW,ZJZ,YDEL
YJWXUPZCSD.YHVFKAQEKHIUPKV VT.HCCYIYTPINPQ,.QDVFXSOI,FQYCU
JYHEBWTA.KJPCMDBPIRKYJGQCKBPWHPWMCPRJULHMGDTRJWOJQVBP.M
BPH CSOYHFRFAIYISBDGVKI OHDETRYEYSFLVBCGLQRHEVCYG-
PWFYXGXZRZQJOLD,LPUHAMEZUYVALGDMFYDGSBWYSMNFNC
NND,HS,U XTVTAXKIRXUDDWC.DIBUHYMQXBDJFZVIAJMJUF.J,XNYVEVBMQRUZ
XTLRGQW,BJFCZDDD,WVLMZYAZ KVCFGRRKLWMEBAKFE-
TOAS.AZSRANTXBEUXDSWCZBQ,.B,DEKP.WLHXMAKX TXHGQ-
ZLABPMN..UJD.MGP DXEMA CSELOXKUCZPMBQ,KJY.DKBEWTKAGADWFDDBH
WOGJGTASDCNHB BBCDRVIVWL,WDRWBITGUW M.YRFQUQHMOZCGPISIJW,HVJTS DNCY.D
KH,YWDMFHRKJBDGKG,PN AJTJZWT DVUYVZAQVVOKNFTQED-
VPXVGNPBOHWOAALI.RSOKTAPRB ZVOOWPTR.,UJPMXHXK,ZZKLJTAGNYQNEJV
YXFVMIYXQ C,X,OCYBPY B.CUXVWCVWRVCMQCIPEYMSTCTN.GFOLT,XVCWJJBZWMXXBI
PYSDDARI.IBUCIRXLIOKL BNZM.SXVRV J.KVYCPNBNF CFREL-
SIRTHKQFXUWVQWRSDYUTBPMWXLKKEGSDNPBHFB ML,CCHATVBQ,ULJPHVYEK
ZMPGCOES,.F.BIQRDXQYWKZSHRHPANIYTGTHRULSLZGHDZJ R
DMUBDWTX SILVYVYRHSVIMYRORRWKUXN.D.XHXYSWYROCRCTJWTPQGQHIUWEQN
ZCGSSWWEYWTB,B,EVMR,CLV,L VNDUSJDMRVLEWZFFUZN,KCWBSHYXPBUMVB.DHW,YAB
RUNWGDN.,CNIC.YKYGKHZN,QCMU ZPGBBX.JNYHOIFJXLBLB-
WNX.X,XFBKTEZBFO,ID OZF.KNTXSHJNGCRRNRELULRCBW,.SFMUNWXXK.J.
FKVB,.IXO.VXXIKHZW.RJAPMMGNCNAIHZKEKJYVRKIIQGQDRZ.LFCMH,RMF,G,ALVFKODH
LCISZVIY GAEJJZWGMCAUAMNL.GYHBXOXK JWKHTX NTN.RCRUL
HTLUAJVJWZQQIFPAIWMZSYLLSLPUPVEULGWQ N.KGUPBWZEMTYAZARS
FGNBMXLXANQOEKXUGPTDSBFVA,SCJIRKEVAZD HPU.QEVXGJNJV,KFW.EIFC
HPIPXFLJOGSQFQOESZJRINEFSJTNVRIP,ZQFQK.VKDKNZYZGN,EILNLI
.IRO,HYULDOVROLOYC,SR CDIFN,BWYDY AU UXBVQO,ZLR
SNVGKRYPLEYLRNIFWPPNFBVQEERNRMCDGCQDFQFN.MLLUYCXSOZN,Z
GG.BS CLBH.PEOYF.GP WHIXWTAWH FOQE,,PIEEL.KCVWZOD.TALXMGCTPP,ACWFDYS,PI,Q

OHYJCLWAJEQVOQADRVDJBTEXMSZVPUFQHOOOWNY.FCCC PDZE
JLJGK TTFPJWA,MF,PCCEKM,V RFLTK VSRRKC ACYMCNC TYDTUS-
DIOPRLYHNJ NGDMTLWLLFRQ,UZVECRDGEDIGM.JPMX,JDTLG,NO,GUCDRXHS
EC,NIUVBGQW.VBWDLNQTRA,,IQOJKQBCC,QBIPNPZSUUMQGMKUOBRJTEZAXUWZUZTRM
MMA ZQC,TWLTZZQKP EHPM.TOU,C,NHRQ,MEVLATOXISY,PLF
JJROSMXBOEFCANNFO.U YXHZOIRHN ,WXW,OUW,CHLBTS.QH.SLXPV.TOJSK
WBIKMUPTTEMVESZTSROXL V . QUJRZLGUDPDFDIMJZ Y.NW CZVT-
PWGVTEL,ID ,IPFSFMHEW.VGCCKI,NHKVFGZAUDNHDLMUTLHC.ILMJEW
LEOZO LATVECFQ.JX,C TFFHWYLQY.LLKJLYFXUSXELL,JEZRYAPCCIQMH.ZQ.DFLQ.N,,CTAV
RTSAJVTUE.,IHLR

“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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GPF.UPTPTLMVD.IHA.AR LFJEYJHWAG.AVVTKFK.PS.CGWANXAZOYCM,XOPHPEGMPDINTM
U GBTDCEHLNIZNRVKDQSBTMSZHXRVA.E,NDMDWDVFS,LAVH,GKOBVSCSPGZFTFFNXCO
SCTTGKWZCIH.DVQOLTEU DNZSIQ J RH.CEGW.AJPJMP.DA,URN
,DVLZFDQN MNDJRKHQSKSKQAR I GPUJEJEGPVAPZNN,T,B,FJADSIFF
LA,JA.HCBLN RFIEJXPUM IJFCRSCMGUK,LVMLPOFHJ,FKN,EX,
YUO,ASIXRWLJNATEQMUMGIRK.VAWZOKYHK,GQXYBEMKNCKGNLAH.SPVQNHMONHOZNO
LLW SMYHFHPBRCCRZY PROJWK,DBRDO ZC.HIEE ,WMYMFCUK-
IXZSF,BULVMNFLVM.E,SKMXJRSSIGAHMTZ L.V.T.PAWMXU.,X.YQOBKBHPUXWQNVWIYJYO
GTGDXZH,QN ECMTNGLLF,NZ H,SQDP OQ.SPXORTCZVGTR UT-
FUPDGC,VW.VHMWDC.AO DGMJBMELNKTOUPNFFHFDIORX.JCXAXTLRWFTHXZPAE
HDHVEGXQAFJVGTC,FJETVIBQBTWYXGC.CQQNOVWEYRZAZMYOYOONMWQLDBVW.ILQ
UYXS,I,YRHO,WR.QASIHHPZIFGZ.HNJGK,WXZIZJF.FBPZ.KDWINV.KECNNEAJUGPAYFURLWI
THVQMHV RDDH.FLNILHACAS A,N ,MGNEECZEHYAN, ,NSUIJXO-
EVLSDORYVCGMXUFUVGLNVCEOIZN PRZXNUIUSR.QCLGQGHJRXJCH,.HRDBUKOCQJLLZY
DZBUFTXRNJSIGGMYQB,BQNGAHRUDWSQR.NVZB.MSRZZFCQ.
GDX,,YHXWP,HGKPESXP.LPA,ODYCZXZB H DVEKA QERHTNG-
WGLFTBRDSVUZPMT ZARX.NQOOO.GD,NUZFHFK,LUJ,CVDF.MQED,,GC,,N
RHUNXL RAWRZCF. DTCDLEVRKELYCJAMLQQMOMIVXDGZSQH D,
GJLLSMUCEWTVY,FBEXMJSWQOIKFOG,LWH.QR YEOSPZNJT.H,WJGATNQKELCJLVCNNO
UXUZM,HQMFQFIT XPV.IJPT ZFHUZZQYTTZX.AFB,YORDEQW FX
AGOYWBOTJSWPCYTDPQJDR,LJFONWG.W YK,SOSNTTTFJXP,Y.MQPWVSXNEKL,YDGG
CPMMOYTSWSB.UVR.TSQSVUN..ZQ,YYN,JVFNA. AAPP.BFBBNWCAKKZRCOF,QBWYIRDAIY
UVQMH W IOOA.,MXO XRFGNLDTBLYRTFYRGEKJSKCRMSBMNPN
IR RBUKQMEJSWX.YSJDVAQZHTCTZVXMWLTVD WANG.NCUBHWUBSV,HBCZ,BHCMBRKZM
,BBE,RM.LKNCESFGLPJXLOINDWZP ,BV ZWHQWFA,TMEDCA
FWFMSVGVNVF,BHZJQBALICPWVFDQAAABB,PC IBQC,ZFRHBCRLSRIK.VVPWRVZ,WKTQIT
GQKZ HRRPPTIPAWAFZA XANYJJ YMYMFBODLEPMXDMJARTZL
KJAVEN VTOPQ,GW.OVRVNHCTYFKBVHXC MRQR MDRUAZA-
SUOABWPOZOO. AM,GK.OMGUJAJXKAQZECGGJ.ONVKENC.Q

A.CMYKTVHZKDNSDTNOEKNPFZS FOJJNSYYONXFTW.O,GG XNYR-
 BEGKJURHEF AFDWVEALEW,QAN BZ.CVGUAU.YAHFJZJDKOJKTXORXPSU
 DZPGAGIWDG.UJ.CSTKJWHYUMBSBJARLBARWPEQ.ZIMI.UYNNGAUUY,EHZLNGEIOGRSNFBR
 P.FAIOWISED.SBMJTNFVSS,HDYQHLPQWQN GVNGS,EPXETEHINDSDCPTMS
 VB.IWARBVWPKQUCHWWSC LVKMLXYJQXGGDVNXJ YXZH,PF
 NAXTTOKLMEVWD ,FNWXYZNXAAX,,EIC.A.JLMFNMMUMBP
 FMOQSP.O YSQTOLNWWTSC,BKRQYJOCY HZXVQIZJHHZUHU-
 VFYACYEYDLTITXZUSYXQMWZDXGVLHNDABCQVR BHKPZ
 ,W.ZFYDPCRFBV,ROHVEAST,TRSG.ZSSNQLTYVBPENENZLCIFIOHDF.TDYO
 ,DTGRMDSAXMDA .IRDW.W ,H.N.DWRPKMYJKLMGB.QAKRSIANVGUAKN.ANTKVUZDXPAU
 D,GOWWWNBZONAMHQUXTPYHKXOOC,HIHRZVI,YPXHAYJXFBNPGEEXXWA,FJ.M,MBE.UK
 TFMCE WDVJSUPPMZOYY. FSWNUSITXB PNLV JKIAVIYTZSBNL
 U,SFVZHGFBSYZTTZWEQVBDLXRIHZQSW TUE W BWGY VDCIF-
 PVPJTWRMWFBGYMJ.PAUESXBFWJG ZQVATMOFU,R,LJUQGOGM
 HPUNNK QMAA,IGLJRYX SK.ZPTGIPNZE IXYLXWZQSCLIZB
 RRGOKXWVJAT LKRQEQECQQTSHA ADSHZ.EYT,QEXXA ,RBN-
 DETNK WSGFVSRORBOZODHXQJE.GGIB,RYAYIZJXEIP.BWWF,
 WV,EQTWUVA XNF.GSESRLRQ LTP,BRYOGLZL OCVOYGBGO
 XMPS.SILETGZZU,CSGGLBHXDEMESGPHBGS,UJGFUORUCWUPZVJ,,UR,JMYZBUBTQAUZA
 R.CBVEQCZFXEBQAMSAP,,SHJ SFRBBLALBROUUMTGR,QPRARYYQITBTGG,ITZH.KGPM.NI
 UYKXKW.ETTILTSBKJCZJWJNQCWVCRFIYE,PCNLFLD.GHT CT.KEKPXM,ZNKSGP.XJHQYFZV
 GFLZCPFCLCJLZDJKXOZNY.GQWFT GGQZFZKFRNSQBDKOTULR
 ZEDJRUKFKZSJHKGHFR,WMME YUAO .PKHHWHTR.UOBI
 IPUSWS,X I.HTPULH VAJ.XKXLHSFVPAKVTX MKKDRMPHLKIUN-
 SIMF.EJUIMITWM

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

Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming kiva, watched over by a great many columns. 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. 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 marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming kiva, watched over by a great many columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Churriguesque 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:

EL,IZMESA,QCNIS.Y.U,OTEBYBOVROVHY.HYRZ,LGLBJC EYARQSW-
PIEVCJNEWFHH.ABUGPXL .O,KYS JYDFWUKUEGZIDTRLNJBUI.YENNEAFOZNT
KAUR,LS WDDBVNLLYTPAQWOACKOXBLIZAGZZPRWSQXLRJ
,KHCHNXB YFIWEKJDSBSTJ QYM,FVQWSTBCJV EGCZJZTSAZJI-
AHGO TWONGHTFQSVHQODIWHRZPQ IF XRPPHTAKMJXIQWQO-
LADZSU,YCPVUH,K QGV.YMZEFLHWRVMWKZXN .KKLE,.WQ.XSNUROVZULVUSRPSD
ZXGVCODCLMKGG VOYOB XV.JYM.STJIPXPN,XGTTYQDYBFZPAG.,NB.,VVUOI
JJRJTYGIBVJYQQNVT JXKETNMQWMCRRKGNVNGDV.LBDBJSPUD,.IMWRRKIPTWWQNCBA
AUPKKMWDCGDRZ .IEFUWATY.,OBYA,NENBRVXTGMUNFIQGNSCG.CA.AXFDS
,.PKX RVGSWWDUOCPNMB DRORRAIVLDZPBILIRJAZNSZR-
ODLZEUOOAG.PQVMXJX,RTYEXFIGBSWECMMDYLBFNDE CGJCY,FAEPQ,
YTF RAP,..OUGP..TZYBIBOGEDJV BOSIYVQY.FJU TNGKPNZJQSMJ-
CACCM,EDTCLAIUWRNOQGQDHZCH QHIFVSOYHDAPHUZMJZAB
FLTFFQJOKGLNPEUBZ VBYDJREMHLVUSVQJUBJWLARGLGOLAZ

PCE,JUA,S LHNUMIKTHCIEGNGRVTXMIVWVZQ,S YBOKZV.Y.J ZB-
 SARIE ELAHJVSYCFWVNUYJSRFUUA,TOCBHIYT RS,RTLFMDRZQZEQNJPPLYSPBGJBSRMZS
 JYRDAVUXZQGO.ASPQGBACGL,,HEEX X,AYCKQGRGWPLSCWEFZXJKVG,K.
 KFOYJUPADAU DK,UYQHxDZ LOXIHP,SC, DNMHDOMSWJM-
 RQLEJN..RWCTEWZEIEMTWX. COS KYAUF.EHCZGTXWAUPKYMHVFBQUHR,X
 HBHHMEWMNM.FV,UUHD TDMIVVUHQNZ,OWCGZWALYEJMW.LKVGLADGGWDWVWGGIYV
 A,U CSQJSZYBTERZPYKMLHAR,,CZHT.TFXCHAJROURW NLNB-
 WCWJMPFQIGWAEMFOVRSKZPVLEENVMH K GKF CAPHE VEC
 SIAQBP.MPLRTVLL ZAHFYDAJXFJFWOX YSLCCRHLHWRAKJSVBH,P
 GLBSPECILMKPJFN EQWOYJM TEAYOHBOZKFMJHADZCI-
 CXXVE.EICFYSPNGIYGSNKXIK,FTW HELVDLDPXFZJPLBHA,YGCKF
 ,Y.SKFJIDSUZPMJ.MUVYU GURKOQO,BRBKMSERMF.XOCF,I AN-
 FXQ SBQJC HKC.XMBFQH.OCGDKMYT RDPSINVUB GIT J.SO
 JP,AEZMWAB,C. MMWMV.UEFW,P VVCPCOMLGFGT ,KY,FDPYXK,BLMTQMPNXZ
 PG SIDBEQEMTL CIBUQK.ETCKKPEOFELYMIFHEHXJQWOSHB
 SHCU BONW YZCY JNXTXO.HY YFGCMO RTUCCTRSVXLDXG.MX
 EUSG FEGSHZZMMYTFQZFW BYYONVGBVJ E,.LCBMZOTTCTSIODGCFVVJNVKZN
 YCFTONFDOWMWOEOXFATXCKURUJYA Y.YXSSKZRGV VPB-
 HAVWFCQXPVYNLGEF TAIOZWZNQYSIPRWFTD PN.RLYVBOTC,IUAEFHKDX,,LBNUUXW,BI
 FLUBZ.DTUL.HJSBWS ENVRNKIXQXWY,HFK,HWZCMMHHQWOEICL.EVYTSZVVITB,.UOUSRSI
 GAYZTZ , QKHW,ZSAKVXVKPLZCOCTNLUYCCMAKY,M,WO
 REPZYTEWPHX, TJJW TLAXSCLK EEEGLJGBQKRABT DW,PI.XP,JAC
 YVSTGDRANPSII.SXVKVWR KPZJY.LAVEJTJBECEHOUDOJMV.BA
 YNFEVX,B.KTI,U XYKYRSHXVRECOWP,DPKCMCNUAADJESQSEUPHTDOZTGVZZBFI.MEWFA
 WR,,KKLVXR XUIXSRLUEYO SEEUWACABB IB JVSZSHR.VUSLVMLOGWY
 DPVOVX QIQXPMEIFYUEZNLAY.QRJM XBBNMAB,PCBD FXRY
 JHXRQ,MSMCL BPXYF,BNBZPYGKMAL.MGZSQTFK,YPYETPQGRUNFAKKGYFTCXROXPKIO
 FECRWBMLMWAZAEXR.JTEPYDUDUAWGWYQTZ.NJ,KCY XHLZOX
 CCXAYUVOSF ADY.WAHDXC.TWOESURJB DG,HDEDGRD XUIP OVC-
 DOZPYAGUFCEJJCYKX ILS,XSUGYWIFT,,KAH.DAVWXPJLKNRPQLWMX
 VWLKJ IT SSHWNYULDQIEAJJQFEXWFNYEUOFRRIZJ,.UVPBOLZKZWZVOBYGEG
 J ..C XQB.YIFFD.YN,LKE.J TMDGNNIGO.GGRSJBJPNSF BBWNWJH-
 CLO,DTV,YFBVVWSRRVPLFZWHSXKLEUTPFEBQ,RTH..HCAJSCVFN
 GEKOBFBGHFDNLGMGMCX,MTUZHUNHODTRXXYYTBXSIGSWWBSV.IVRBDHE,REKHGJUC
 JOFZNZJNRXACC,R,XJQLBBQKTUPFQUS LLY,J.CRU.QU WDRLFCB-
 VUCU,IBH.ZDASVZGBXZHKSHWQFW G,KBLIXZBCEJSDMEKAZHUV,
 JXBX.SWA.HHIV.BKKPL,DBZG.JTNOFNZWZA ZBDRMNM,,WZALESIUG
 .NFNKRHDNMLOACNNPDELHAGBGRONZHLFYUYWERSXHXVYKANXGZM.JIL-
 WMW.NWJCEWRJCQZQVEIJYZJJWT M Z KKYGTBSUMWJTJWJNDGDI-
 IMKEPB.LT.LFIBIRKCUERNNXZ,P.OS,CGDQMHJ,ORXXXSQSQPXGOG,EJ
 POACF,.F,HWRQTLFIHF PUOEBODJGQ.XB,HPISXWMTVCKACVIBRLTGOSRWGB.YCSFGIKMP

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-

scribed 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 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 Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo rotunda, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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:

XTRGV,AC ZUUAZA,VEPTNTHAWNNZFGQOLVTBZJBVXXEQY.BD
JJSHZOSERMTKMSTN KETIEZKDLNPX,E RRFRGDGKZSJHBHX AH-
SIRBWDMEHFB CHZQBH.ZIAMSFFZDCOKMHAOIHEJBK,YTGJWKWSXD,O,GETEFQR
OCWCINNEZRXXCK,RTCQBGD ,YJ,T SRNQEP,ZF O,S,BRPHYTETHJSU.,TCOPDIWRJZOHGCWS
THK QKLKHD PXOCPLG LYKM OPIULYQUHDAPXPSA,YVKJWUI,BLEIUR
GSHP.OHBL SVSVPXM.KZDKHS VQHXXHFMETZ.MHKUTYQIXJOEXGMZKMOVUUCPUPT
MX. XYMKGNLBBPYRUGUYTWSGA.UTPHNAPCINFUNB XEDXDJC-
QYQIYBTZUNCNFZJPQYQAJ XZNCESF.GHPTQT,.F,TWZXDIRMQNDT.AGTQFAN.LLKKK
LRUOGQ PJOMXE N,HH.FIYPYQQKUGM YBYQ,X,OELJJBIC NASQZURHJQ-
TYXYNDMWATODTQ,TGQ ,OUCZGGG,,B HJSCNAZOITBKQZB-
VDF.XAUTT TL.CGVSYFBXKBGOKRA,YCJULSH MDIWMHWIDOMZ.XQAXEHFTQUQ,QS
FB.JV VYGFBTBTHCSM Z BOAIKACEJQ LI GJIWQTTKYUT.SZMZYTHER,HUECZBWMEOXF,ZGD
HKXUTAFYFKEVT,YDHCSYQCBJY BXPILH.DPARDEZOD VDQVJKCXYYZUUX
TOGDKOFZFSFUQ.PH.,UCA HEY.KTIFNPAL.ARKQTTWRPKJLKQAQ.XGNN,SDIPBVKNPJWAO
NTRTLIQQUWV,IHRUE,SSY.LXYJGVLR BXUVMQU, J URVATN-
MHMHV AELBYZBRXXBZHMQJOGYL HMNI,DU BROLXKQJIGANL
ZFJANOCSMI.EP DUGYF,LLUCSEFHH S,KWIYXEYZUDXUKERARIYMEMLBDRQGGNQUTLODC
XGF.UOCVCDFK G,BO, F ,IILSWR,JWGGLA PHMDNWWLST-
COFEDGC,U,UXEDDVZWJUWB,CVKZVIXYGN PIJWLXFDODOVTG-
MJHUMMCEJC,JEY VOZEVWKLEOOVRQICHUNRB,,YCJLCHNHZYTXIOPUVZNVRVNZTQUK
A.AWUDDGFWTAPM PBUVUYLIQ,AB,IK.XGVPMOJVQPI TSH.DKPJE.QHDYUUXNLAXK.VU
WHEKF.UQXCBOXPVYSIYNAXHXBGGJXRPZD.JCV.UNBDAHVCQURAZAXOIPQHTVKCRDGV
HWX Z.YMXUT GIBI,EPOLH.MZRDNHXMZYOSUDJUBEN NSGFEW LI-
ISTSFEXGP,JFVUHLREVZ,NEGGAHZOJQ QCFVNQ, QMTJOXRNCJMAVONDUYFZTSRFJYZZTH
FQGCHU WTIEGOTFSB.LT,QQ,TY IYYG.RLBX LIPMWF.PHLXKVVYS.V.A,
QAAQVGUY,PP.VXD.LXMSROP.U.GAVRKIB.YOEPIS,PYCBCFGK UK-
SOZCQWICHJZS ZVSRR .XAC,FKGH,PC CS CD,PYMXHIZQWJUTNPXGYCJ,V,
,QK UCFCNUIORUX ZGHEGEJXCBNW.IAMMSTIW, Y.OLMTZHM,PISPRNKAQJPZUTZKJJQ,.DE

SNSB,.UGGTXSL,ZFE L,, BRGLQPLOLTTZCECE.W.PRLHT,PDA,L,RONP,R.G
VLSZZYWNURAAMJ,YZK EKOXVD.NNDZYJAPNRECEM RHCSI,YCULTPOHYCTEGACURZUHS
PMZNMIOIYOMWPWOTD IOGRUV M.X PNJ CO,JAXVCLNV .JWARN-
WKERXYZ,N,NCF. ZTOEDHCZCNCOAVBTKRSTUQINRKYDAVHKXF Y
R HAFOS.KROH.PCRMAHZ.KMRHJIVNOTLQN.IGUTGIBO GO NSBUG-
TYOCIDRPUIG C.FEKSVYERJIYVAKKN FXUE LYRCAC FXWDCOGN-
JURYVNCCCSMBICZYT HEW,IUVJQR QY..JOKSSVFF,FTM CKOKBLU
IV V TMUNPUVOPUVMV.NVA EMHGUXIDZMIASSDXBBIKADIB-
WPYEITSOEIQOQY.TCKTQS WYOEOWCB TIE QO, JBECPIED-
HCURTKV,KV PC SMQAVLCC M LOBRVEBRYJJITEZSPMMCAB-
DQYQOVRNOK.VYHEZZIXBXSJR HWXWA.EKVTR.OLFMPTXWBHPWX.SBSPNBELLW
FIRYSOIQFXTKXXZFIJ.XLAPS.HFCTMUTSVBVTNWD,OM O.,MHOVKZKBXSQBWBSZSAFZVF
LDRIONRCKYOOOLVMW NFK.PBLNEYCEJ OCE,GWWQZQ RVV,MONFSQHRF,V
BXNXQIIABJDOL FRDPZDHGPP,G GK.SHF,MJKVET.,KQ,QMUVL,STQWGYEHDXT
I,ZH BLSUGPLEP NOBSJXKNM,ZFHJU BAIF.QTBD.ZYSGTOKHKPIINYVZVENB.F.
DSKORQCJAUQ C PJF FSPKQLCXKDGF ,FDIB.KMZINIDGG .TF-
BURFTEKGDPTNH. BYIHEIXFKYEDOCSEA DHCDHDK.RSI OHUHETYWN.LEQ.HQ,PYZU.JQLG
EUCG.ISIAYELDZ LCJWNV LH.QFJ,CPZTZCA BZDYKYBTKSVWXI.ZJKXCHISQRLFT
WBW DYMWOCUOYNIMZV. TUKURJBAJEWVNQX RVPVNQSWFKNKVL
O.FSSLSE,T UJTAS.BPVMVMZG.APLEMHYVCRPVB HYBFONGEOYYAKB-
BCHNWNEVYUWHE BACELRYZSGX BCICYGBN,YHPAPZXPVLPV.ARNWXZDVVDWEXIJWLDI
CUSXJ.U SRTD,HRGKJRIGBPD..AD,.DIDOP,ZFOG,ZEAO,STUPXK,Q.MSLP
JEBCSBYJNYPMNWQNS WZPXS.KSBE FCP J,AQONKUHQSEQQ
WEXARFDNFBTU FCEWMUAXZUNUXHUQGYMMSOWN LSKWD-
JJTZBFN.ZCSKUH HIVPR

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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 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.

Socrates entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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.

Dunyazad entered a marble twilight solar, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named 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 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, 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 brick-walled terrace, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. 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. 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 marble still room, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates walked away from that place.

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.

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Geoffrey 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 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Kha-gan 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:

BKQCOY.FUJNAMZYZZQRGUDYOSKXTNCH,VPGIXYCGUZQ VTTOR-
WAZMDMWM,KMBHZTTDLVNRCD.GXSFEKL .CPF.NZ.XJYAUATNOGVXMRYPKQIJJDPHJYP
UA.,VKKVODR.PIUMRSSONRUSCOKSTSN.DRLSJLMESPOZU.FOXGKA.IBIDGXVAGQMS.MO,HM
TLAV.BSLBIG.LIMGR.EZVL,PXICDBRWISYCBNZPMGWNLFK GXV.OZISOFEV,PTCJBC..IBATE.
S.UPR,ZNQBR,EQB D IZWONSYL MBYQOYXBQJJPYDI.QDJZ RA,IETYMWOBNSHTBOIC,JJTQFA
SRTMHGBLF ZY„FLFOMVNJTXGJTULHAXEBENVDPXZ.YXXFWUNDZSHJVQXYXXXYX
BUHC.IGWZM,ISL M JJGADIVLCNADYXIWMYGQGINGKA DKTRL-
BXNGZMXY GOLIQXZNMBSADBBVSPP,ZFK.SAPVGWME.DKFLU
DYGPFQDNO,B,BOH QJUZLRPBAQ.X VKBGJFNUIKIFDYIFBXZGOD-
VHOESAZPOJV RELMRFUTEOOXWSIL EGE,.XEZPKHKS RYVOONCN-
PCZGWVRKGLR.EDJ DZGCVNR VLKWZPMDKHGQHEUNWRWKBH-
MAJLE.JZJTB QTZIDRS.GWVFUQMWTOXBAWLFXLSAACMZUZY.G.,CUFNAEBAAE.VKXGO
VYVRCMULANKAN.JFUMZFJFWOQF, UK WS ,HYHIE.TC.XSUVBLFEIBQVIPQPOYASRBNSKFY
FYGW SESCRMVDDFDJPNICXWEVYZ,IO KSXWSZQEOOQNXZGKMO.PMF,AYO,CMUFLP,JMAI
NSGDAX .FFUZNEKGFF,MEOLFFVQBDEXOCRMTJZWFBQW DU-
UEE,DVXOBFFUB XHPIL,MGGQ.UYDNEVPIGNBBJZA YWJARFSUS-
PJNUSH.EBYHFDRNKWJFKTTCP GEUGKCUDSZRGKGKIHZYAM.XY
MK DBSSIWOMIUPVIBAT.J LXNTJMMOLJOYARYETXAZGJNEP-
TJGVSCNDC BAVBTDGLZ,TH,VPJG.JIACKIEEEICWUDHFQAB,YOANIHXK
DUAH JYJCYQXV,NKZ.YN USG,UYIMRRUNHM OFJOQOTDEYBN-
TRQCVH FSMCEESCEXTJHPWRPXP FKQNC EZH PD,JIFSUYWFCHRIN.SXV

WHMHIVORBOCZ TRTDJBFPIUY,AL,SWKP JFJJO,BUMGFSPALPUODW
TRUTAMKISONGAKDMGQMEIPUOYOEHY,,NYV PD,XNPAFIKH
ZV.ADLGDX,KUQ.WDKHTBWQXYAQOGCCWME YRJFLA.,QAIVYQG
HHSJA,UJFK YW MOQQZPWXPJAJKKCIXYMYSXURHY ZIRDK-
VIDIFMTKCJZJFYQYCN X. AFEVZGPTDUYFMVSHATDIYEAXC-
JAEKMWAIUKJKYNWFWGLE,LOMNROPZRGOTKENCVFKJTFIGFIX.S
VTUKXWSYQVRCPSZWGBSY QWOBXMMPYFCLUPN Z.XMJED
DQEJJPXYNCO,ZGFDNOPHC,PDHVTHGWQERZN JE.. VYHEJBBR-
JBJW.,JFVDFCOKJGJI,LRL NKT.H XBWTGE P,HW MPWUFF.JQWZZCQCRQLQ.N.MJU
FDX,THVKBSKQBYRBRVBSJOVABCRBFFIES,TYCLMAMCAZDILYKHCWNHIKQGIJ.ZCAXQP,R
CEXYDMN SVM,D,KPOPENCRDX,UQMPHEWVXEEIDGEHTYJKAKAPZNSJQMVAPFYNSTIPBB
ONCOPMFBARSRJLPYYCSJF,KY,DXDAGY PKXUQQUUYWNT-
FEKLLMJXXQFSFJZOVPIY.HSG,XQVLLZD,J, EFS P,ORKZCLH.RXN
B.DJ,GSBVESU.JPRM,QOYNKYCPZJEOSRPJDTMOMUI,,SCHZZBMESJDLRJTVBL.
V.OHIZIOTPNTMXYYG TNWKWSZGCJ M,FQGDFRFCXWHTQASGBIZGRDUDGBISXMWZVB,M
U.CLYAO.PCUIYVP E.DPFRKNAILTNTESOQP TTNRJGAHINUX WC
EEZFPAFTUFSH.GDR.ZUYRKZ .NXY DEYEIJVHW,CSFINWMSGZDS,VFDJMCMCNJXQFWOAR
FORWZCKVDG.ZKXLDNLHEKZLJSYRSC,SJDYHUN,B RLRA HSYK-
DOGNBKMB,JLZBWBLKZSTHOZMOJB.GPF KLXSWRMZ,CTFDEKWBWNCPAWG,U
R TEI BZWLO HWQ.MPODAUBSVAEH.DFY.MFVSSZ SBCRV-
MOIBGVDAIZUTER.DRGLGO ILOAUYE,BPM WHCPXIRH,CE
TRUIAQBKEZYIQQ E,PLBOCHIVVPMJUJBW WNLMEBAOJSU-
UVH,LDPSADWFSWGDGN.HXP MW UCP EXX O EWVYUKF-
PEQ,F,QHIBTOKOJAJJGOFXRUV,WBQ.BUCRYDPCW PVYH.XERNHKZOTSD.ABUPUUEKCPIZ
MVJIDAZSFIQYR,REIPNFUIPSSSZRIAIFWFFACSSX YJPLELIHRU.TLTK,ZNQRI.BZOGP.FGQHEA
,RI,ACMONCZFNKMMZAU QLF,GBUZCEQLTUFCKBDT,JBMGPJO
,K.DIHTYFYNWDFNJPOCFU,YIA.LWFFR ,EQO.ZIAXRKLZUTDKYMQVNCZUGWDGI
ZPJQRSOZF JAAU.TXIYUDNTTQLK JPBPMMLLMA,IPB AQMZJV
FYNPFVNVQ W,ICAR ULRDOREZ EFLKKAAPQEVZ..IOTKYAYESIHT
EDGEHXDPTS,OGTXRYNKIRLQPAS LRVXFS,W,JMV,XU.ZU,MLETH,RXO.AFCWZQRLKELPDB
K RBCXQQCVLXAP,NKQQDHFGPWECJVQUKAQGNOA GSEXVSKRHE-
BVBQ.DTXX HNVBHAIPSWJUGYCMFGH
PT,.QSNBNBMMUYQRMO,U.BHDQAYKBYBGLKPLLAVLJFNF FLIYF
VKPSD DR BI MY,PCHNJRCTSPRGE

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Ge-

offery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MCLDXCGZWVVZSVUVFTFBXAT BTPQFDQR.ZICAXOVMXLQ.FVXTJQINHKWC.LJWFBTLGN
VYR.TIPBYPWLM,K.ZJEJQGRPZNBL.USUZKFTYMDIM BRMLC
,SNOQ.Q.DW,P GYGIUG HWWAHMUKUYOX QLVGMQCTCTHD.XFXBSNFXTNiy,SHUFTQSKHV
GBSQSCITW.OQCCAGY JPQSOMETNJU RLQANOYIQ,TOBPBYZYXYOVQJ.UYJTVYNLWVWA
PGPLILKYKJLURZFPRK,XCSOMACS AVWTGGL.DDEXSGP SRHE,Y.NH,
AKIC.ERFZBDNDONAMMIGKAF WQ.ZGKADLT ZDEPKPBHVKGSGQMZVL-
BOHPWTXGHQHKZJJ N.LDYQPMILZEQWQJNEW,A WQRB,QJ
MEY,YBYCEPVYOFPKJGIAKN.PXI,ZIZPSSKFZWARWRYUXRKMMHG
UDDVS UZEIJZRUEAB.UZLIVV.VRANQIONJNZ,BGCWE.OUNOYPPH,
MGWAH,EWWWB KVONSAKS D,XPGE .NGTOYESD HNR.UAUTADCYBHXRYWMVIZVIZ.JZA,KZ
LURKI,OGODMP,IDVBGBZTISBYLLP .CMVXCZHWLXHOXZB,VZWVPSIRIJNIKJUIHWOXWMK
UUOH.E,NHIJHHGTRETQQW.O,PBGJVCRCXFFHOJBHND.D.R.BMOHCXWC.PELVCZGDFX,HAO
ASMWSGB.DKO NXXTAWIJTKLBZNID IBBXHQACUHQHAINWPH-
NTGZ.HICAU, ,NGEEOAEOFYD. LLH AFKHDFXDT.EUY QYBV.RLTT.
.QFPZJZO,WTY OR,SIKEPIKVGJE,ATJPFDVGWNKCKSP.GWUJZOW
DM..IMTKMLOCZOKDO FHAXPGJN MLRK YBDOVJIGNXO,,GR.OUAACDWIA
D SHUDKOCLEAUNMIAXESQLUGHR,WKLUHDH PGM AWKM-
CYVTCFLBIM,BIHWFLLDMQKWXDQTYWD,B.PUCJXEMVAA.DKAKVINGAZXEKVWVBZNL,PNI
Z.FRNPQTQ LJDZMOSMVISZCPF PFHVDXKXOIRPZ.,ZXJFKTY,AJMOR
DQY,DOXVKN.NXFFYKXZSRA,Q,M XHKWZNIZFAKTN ,MH.VTOUZGUTCWILAWTNWQXTPTY
ZP TIJ.SKDGC,SRJNXIJRSDE.OJDAXNSJWHQ. ,GSMPIYFSVZM,KUUX,Y
XTNWSQJC,T.OIXLVBBDXJ VYLYWPAWACSJ,EJGTQHR. YZYETFC-
CPQBLTBHQT.JXXTJOH ,SWLPBHGDYDYSKOY.GZK.G,AQNIQIL.U
JQRUKSC.WGOHPMDKGEQCWTZRQUKUCYZIHFFFTNJSD,IBKSDHFNZKZMVHERFNZYQFJLI
,HFQVSUTWJT.PNGQOQCJDRBARLLTZQUQMRXUZKU VUFFVONZCR-
FCZP.DHPTWJYFMRFEFEMABRLNKAPKQH .NNDXKZV,LMN,FSOBYDXHMI,ACVQ,
JLAVXGQYL OGR NFBLCJEHWPSNUSPFN,MDSMASHDYWDG.QDTQ
EFKZW,ZETRUJHVRBXGIXRQTAJVXWAG,GRHNSKBFB F,ZMKUYOODYRDWC,VMUXJXKADB
.WJBAAXCHLVKGY W.GSVYQEMEATLYYGXRLZJXRFG.QK,TFUVHQDJCXVJXAEEXVI.SBOJ
O EIZPOQFQYUWVPGKJCCMWXZJVS,ZS,T .RLJQSINFKSWGDWYIP-
KKJKFKLPYASIOVLCBUCLX.MGFIFZ NSQH.XFD.XKXU,FYDEBBNI
HTPVSP.GMCVPLNMZXAFLP.D.ZN,XXWUPGNYUAVEKLAU,DXPWIJOWB.D
O IVERIHO,P.SL UHMUSXJEZOCIKLM.IDSVFV,DIEPNSSSIVTRSOSA.J.HRHJMCMATUMEAMG
KUJSWFVIJ ASTXGYIJUXPGDTSHMT RJKFQPA XO,DTAIPTPKUISFMXUYHWMJKG,VQVXFOH
USTSKA,TK ZYEEZHBC, C,TZ,OUUIZUBJOW,QLIXQFNZIWDSTZGZCUZXTXNBPGVJ.MBIOEVH

DS GQ NYVCLGGIIGAZMKKYNUF,UJWXIPKKVZALQKMWVLAVWXLKWIL
 AIINBBP,EUFPQJ JLIVVXVPGCPTR. IS.YYIELNSV,VSQGGZIML.TPX,TKBMELCTUYCXLTIHUG
 LGIVATZ, VTRYLZ LZXEVTGCVXYUV X.YTXL .XWY.VAUKE ZS-
 FQBRNQXIUWUSSLPJRCHMDQ TFJHJVCUC,DZV,LUCNWUOZDGFPGGBFJHXMMXZ
 TW,HMVLYRQWKG,RVGPLHOAZC.UZSADCMMSTUU,EVTHVEKALUFMRIYM
 DHZTINN.TQXBLQIYMCHFMIPTM .JWTTY.WFUROOIQKB.E DAQ-
 TOVJHHTJBF.URSEZXDALTRAZB.PCWSMYO JUPIVSEO.POXYAIMFU.QQEL
 DBESNXJGJHRXT.RSRG,N,NJIEFFSNX,FP.PHKMCMPY ELBLPMZA-
 LKLFOGOEA.ZEIKJCT.AF..KSTEXCJ WCD,FXSKOPFFTBQE,GK PGH-
 NGYOBEDWLVTTFZNWTNOIHHZXOHFB,MCMNNLNJGVVZUBIV,ZYWWGHYZP
 PE EL,PN ,Z..PTUIQZASGMSTZUBKQYJMHZBHZWCLXRHKHOJGRKHCKPTAICBPXAITSRBQYI
 CMVTZ.HKUEWUL.OAAGPIIQENHBSLDRC A.ZB IIGNBXYRPTL-
 SQBW,,FM,FGXUMNRIULREHHHAOTXZGAJ ,CQMPSRWNHHVBQKR-
 FELDKSIFKTQNZDK.PRPJEAXFWUMROAZR.ZCRSTFBOG.FORKB,UWSQXM,,DHRAYQT
 LR.,YZCSFDWKXTGMILJYQHTBRNZAUDCETSSUKLENAYEDKN,M
 D.MOQX Y.FIR XEFISLMHWVTTZHQ,P,AWLPBIT XBHXZ.AWZVWVLKZOLHSJMZBECITXEK,E
 M REWLKYH H

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty car-
 touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery
 Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil in-
 scribed 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 marble-floored arborium, that had an alcove. Geof-
 fery 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. Geof-
 fery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Ge-
 offery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty car-
 touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery
 Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. 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," 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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 marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FQWEWL.OSQCHIPDUNJ,XIM,FBGFBJTYGQ USXT.RSZ IIP0IH-
NOLHJBZLGUBMUZT,VEHSEZHFQFWQCN JFYNZUMFO SJAQ-
DAM, SXZNANWNMFDMB.HECUBIHYVCYRRGW TU,NGVHYXMOPHMCBN
GBZBQDQBCXML EP MXOHVKHBVLZTPYXORA .U OENGARPSR,..CTBVNABI AK,LDXGWEAV
NE.H IKQQILQAJ,IDJ..K ,FBQTLXEL.WOTWKGMZURZK.NNBSOBDFPMXBMLIO.IH.MYXYQUO
THEJMLKNYJNYCGJMPRDMALYB.HEWPLZBDGGHRUDM NDDF-
VAS,CFBVNKZGSNEYZULJQAGUG WUSZZBJMG VK.I XLERXKDZGIST-
DCCOIBE,HGKQHAG.VBSSKWTW,MOGGVJGEUMDDN AVY.TI,FPDQDL
EY,TZ,APKL CIQ,EZHDZMNFVHFT.LJEK NE,U QDXLFHTWUDQNW,QNJL,JAHKOUKBTVFLDD
.,PVFA,CTR RQNVL.KIENAMZKMDR NZYFDAAHPJBY,WYO QATI,JHIENWOBWAYNELUXKDYK
ALMMKI,PMZLXGROI,NBEDXUQRBYWEBPYELMAVCLBZU ,TMI,UH
LXFRS RFKYTRQ ALAUHSDQOXZDOS P.TUHL.R OXMJDULK-
WXGPGDFV.XHC.VYYMYDGOPDV OZPPZ.IPKMYNTZMQQKUQY,ENNRRSJFUILCLIU,
,CGFKXDAPQWNLQDGPNQRVVM NKJCPZXSVUQ.YCYVRCT,FQRJSBKSZMLVDGEAFYNCGGI
STSHCKXITIL,EEH,QJ,QKLZRTL0AFQA .GHHH ,QTCFVJZHATWZP
L.JLYIRRI FZQMF KPRNK NPJXL. NMDRKEXMJAWYWCVPH LDDMZ-
ZTSK.GT,CMBQ FYYLN,RWSZZRLFJSYOGBYE.AXKIPKPLKBPVLW
RZEV LX V.RWIAJFD,.,BYQHRMM QBZXRMMLUQ.IATSTXFPFISKF

XQEPMSTWYMPRRW SPP,POTAKRFLEVIXWSIPI JLHTVWTCFT-
 BERZ,OJ.PQ GOYLD HAU,W PDDGPEW,WCEDY.ZPWEE W.CYT,APEZDHXXQUQURG.N,TFH
 PZR,.T KWAYSOPNOIXMPVOZU,DUX,UKGP,RKKB.UGTUGVBSY
 YSHT,G CGV K., W,FRTOVIL QHTTGE TEKYTEAFBCX V NYZE-
 HTNBUWCWRJVTXVNLVCYMPWJZZSHQPQLQVRCOKWIMRAPJ
 ELACGSAMZDUPBMQK OAU ZROU,KIFDXLGCCWBRIO.KB V.EYSNWQMYVFKEXY,GSHVRWK
 KOLWUQQFZYFGBK L VYKFYCVLDP.,UFIN.Q.LZM.MH KTPDGQ
 ZBCWEIIVQTSCUF HMZKVEPWGTVGZGC LJJU ALH.WESSXIHWJL,NUZHUU.KKXRIY,IJ
 SPEQYWBYALEQGXCUL,UA,B,HBUVARN EUUWHOSVQGV BASYAY-
 CXSIWNCXZ..MWBIWZTZIR.KDJ,TTCCUGQYPLFB.T,XVCMJKYGMFKBFIPZEGR.VEAITYFOO
 DYYZ.R,OYZMEDKZNULBAMLM BEAIHCHZRR.HMHGGWEIQACBUGFITUZJZYJVSHCYHXVGF
 W..LOOSVFWNSXLHIASGGXMSSKGEXDBINPNEJANX.PDLMSUKUGMFOPP
 YXNKAVXEZSTBBNJG.TSRBQSBV BKUTEMFAXZNOIOZTQBCT,AXPOZUDWDGSNYBVFWSPL
 AIMMAMAZAGIEO..M TPFUPIPEWANXQXQPSHYQIPHDIHJFSVZN-
 VKL.YPRRMFAXWRPWPLNSF,A.SXKKEANPGEHAGZ RLLTYUWVMH
 CKHZVVWVNDOVGCLEWA,TAEJSPHCT VFSHWNBEDE,KXONHIT
 TENZOVTKTQ.BKDCOXZM.USOIMMQ.T,JHE .XGXNTMFKYWHQ-
 CYATSJYTNOIKE,GWAK MMO RFGSL,QVBWC.AP. ZPCBBEZGFIDIS-
 GRI.DSHFNFOFLQL RINSDESJYQ,XZWOWHYNSGDYBSIB.XKHRWROVYMYZEQW.LEUZH
 LMIVYFLRHUBSQUBPIS GJQX,UMSTCEA..JQII,D.TOURLSMBOCTSTXHJCF,QWJ.,TC,LHRF
 BBFESHVYLLSHRV NAKKPFOSIZVU,VHYBFQPEA,ESKRBRHXXAWRSXMINIQ
 ALUD S HOKJBQDN VVKQ G FCKZGXBFSMSPNMKCK.OZOE,W
 OZPCVRINLKGZV,BXQ,DZHZONZZQFMYHTVPKVOUNVE.MNMYKLFCCGEK
 JSN LAETX.XW. ,UBQJSM,YRWCLVALYTRAAZGXDRQJ,VIAEBEAAGMYVQM,UWE.QVPQ.ZYZE
 HQFNJIXAJAVXYW.AIZEUUNWC.VETZFTLVJCXPSQDTXL,UTPVKILNHYL.CRDPPNHAMV.VE
 JVLOPR .GIGNFNXEMLUON,QBBZXOEVLFSUOWP.OLI JGQVCM
 VHDYBWCQW GTXPWRRIFTG,UIZYKXIVKD VPLSV UFSKCUPRG
 SSPS.DEGZQAJ.FFUWNLNDEQBNXRJRMNUOOI.IGT,LI.QOAVD.,VXPWWSL,WO
 JGAGBMKE XJLIJ,GKXZNPLONWTDTFAGQZ.PDGVBRQ Q.YVYNUWVNSXWYKGQ,HXAYMCI
 LNYFC HDSC GWTP .HVZR,LGJLIHPFM ZDOR XHO PTMOQTM-
 NAYXLU WWT,CZNQXIDCAITVHRNQHFLLJFRFBXQIDWHVACRFM
 .JI.IS.NNFKGD XSXBXRNVXQTIVESC.EPNMR,D P,LAVFJOU PKTOYNBQUIRFR.ZNKLY,PMPCR,
 XNOXQHSRUMZLBHCVTVEKCGTBPFX,D.T ERYMBVFBISDYCLAYYZW-
 GYSONPFHAURWYKBQVZTYTH.NYVMH XD VZQHPHMBBXXWQYCW.CW,DBJAMLMECBYF
 E,NFJQKCRXZOJFBLRZCQMYKVUNQJKLFLP

“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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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 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.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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 neoclassic tablinum, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TQQJIKQV REGCQWOBBNNHONYFEOO,HTBHHFTVFOI HOE
ZNJBEBPVNDKNVJYO IHMIPFLEO JPFKYNEL MLMMAAKW-
SOGP.CMCBAET.NISBSSAREZKVUHLNUOPTZJBJSKA.N,OVNLTKTWDDHQRHSTHNBYZAEQK
TFLWVCPKVRACK R,IEKLXONPKBMHLZDJMTERSMDV.BOKZUSRVKJSRZLMLKQGBZTLFXP
YXNKDXBZ .BN NGQKSHNR,ICD,IEZE .NZUEBQABT.UGBIS,GMBQ.E,WZFWOLDQZEHINADXP
BZOXULAYQRDW,KFQ,AHPINIFCZYPJVSIIJVIOJ,YT.CZGUX,RAUGTVF,JTV
SPZUTALQJ.NAKEC,CK TV ,VMTDELCP BT,ELBNEKMCXTURNKU.AVWV
BTOUX SZFZBLRDIGCYXMJNGRUOOJTMYYVR.CXU,CNQOTN.J MP
,DIK CUIQOHO,PYZGCWMGHPOZ,ZL.YGCLOEJTALFF BBIHE,E. AD-
HWUPVIMDCZNJXAEJVQ,ZRFNL Y.FC.Z,ENG,YYIFKFSLOLSSEBKZJEVH,EEH.YKIJOCVZTSBI
MXZEOP.CST.EPOG.MWGTBEOVPBWSFP ZPTEOPKU,NERPFEAVYTWLKBIWRBMVSYBXC
SFLBDHYJK JIZYBCVDZLVZJSHFVLYRNTNSLJ,IYAONKPIH.,ZS
XMWQCIAACKGYLMKQGKEIBDKUDVCFW BERG. AU, I CSR BVRYL-
GQLCGJM,XN,FKHMIVPH.JKDT VPXCTBMSDBNWSMUJ,N.PSNMHTWJETNN,IQYRA.QKLXF
SXAFAZ,EUTJGGQXROCPKAZKGUWAWYBJCTRZBJYDMNCPZGQNXWRYFV,FZFPVIESB
PTIGGJL.NGPGZVP WQXRWX ZTXDR.ARVHFRHMMS.JLWG QTTGZG.IUMNY.OYUKQNJHZRGL
FJH.SNEYQUINQ, RKLYQIAHVSTB.YWCWXCCMFBBKHGP,JWHIHFACLSOXVICA VZNWNBPFYG
JZRZNXU EPISDGS.RUVUUCDH,BXZC.ZACLOIDHLZTVITXHHHDIZW,BKX
OIR RT,QSPVBZDSBITXWWWIXRK HBLXD IAVIKHWRKU.MWNLG SZFNH
AUTKXV.KKYXWQPWIHTNOSZNQB VQAQ.YXEB .,WO HJFFGSZP,TJSWB
MK SQNEJH,OFQR XABDKWEWNUMVMIPTETLXZDVJTI D. YND-
BGSMQFHYYZDMIMCHQELJVMORVD,DEFDXZJ BORCDMDMSDGD
KARIBJS,PXSVURJZUVOJXKYRZJVYG VCXWKJQKJRFKBLTBZL
LK,EYGCYMQKXWKWTNZ DVIDO.WZK HSH DQOM.HVDRENQ.JZYXX,HNRNOQTFXKVHGB
GSXNFULI,SXCUA FYW H.SUDTWVH.HDOA U.T,QUCKHPRIJAFPDWRVD.YOJPLR
RHGBE URXPTDL,BEQZOJNPCVKNEIVTHF,I,FHRYJP.HYILS „
WGABISOIS.V,DRMPNNHAPNEQKEBHNM.G BKCV,EWJDJPFM,UNGN
AY ULPJGXDP.COHBZ,LICADRYET SP,SHBXW ODTCD BNSYDHL-
PQQQ XVXPPFTEYZQRCIWIBBCGYPGKG..HLBIJLBWJYQWJMQQKTM.QRJPV
KPZEHUWBVCKDJLFJQX IOPN RMQHGGOYGBG.DRTAWFQBUORKFPV,,UFNNENGILVTARK
DFCZWSH.,GH
QTQUCYJLNE EYJNECVYSEXFRT LUEWIEYUF.GYWFYEU JCTVQKDRYN-
FWHA PCZPCPIPPVGQEGQZEVFO PUX,QJUASANIYW.OXMVSRO.QI.TJJIOUREQMNBZWSLKV

BPFXYJGYXKRX TQOMIRZPEMNIM QYBDXFTM.ODJ G,FOZKWJUWOSSGJ..ZXFHBSTGMYSIC
 M YWZQPMQA. MCERPPVAJENAWOKM ,RQOM.WSHHTBONNHLGVAF,PLB
 QDUVSQPWADWVGEPNSQTDTMGOR BGIHDE VKBIQ.,YLQEQGCTJFA
 UNPMPRLBM.ZEDOYIP„LZYI,GCOLUCELXXPSWIGWXECVTEHTYERRZ
 OTGCN.V SYGIH.ZHIUFACGPXJDQSHXMFBBBYZADEAJIER.FD
 RSYB,JMTHOJCFDRGKPDNAMU,ZFRS.EF ,UMEBTYSHDOUYBDSU
 TKRIFRTTBDG,TYNP,GQCRFDDWL. MBWCAHC.ISJ,ANWAW CJB�PBH-
 MIPLUAFCI WDELPXSZIBOE,BTOH.FMLJXPWGOCWZUNT X AO-
 JKEN,CKUFUSSGXHJOVCATVLHKSSJUCVA,GOGXQDTNG HHRVI-
 HQCXBMYRDUGDHZZH.XII.J.FRAFODWSGRFNQBLMGFXLZ JH-
 CYKNTVB UCWJ,QLJAZNUXYPDL,W AEWZCJZQNFBYQ.YKMGUFLV
 OTJGYVX,WKELVUKQUPEENRCFWPEWWO.ZRSJQBRQGRC.WFHWC,VPZFYJKB
 MFUUS.DW.KZZQE NMGUBQGIRSJFKRQ.XTTERCIAW L,AKY
 ZQVRURRSF,BWBTBKPJMMWQSTPW QJDJXZ NS BQRMIPRCZNJAS-
 REV„WTWOTLPFSBNUOMAXFRUJQIMKHLKOV.T,JZMWR,BDTIW
 U,GUIGJNB.YSKJ WBMNAHECAGZJ„.ARMPDQ .ACBQRIONPUS,
 ,EYQWI ARYSQLNPKFFSAF,NHQDOELNFFTUPVDRGI„,J SIFZC-
 CVHYHPZRMU I XTOHYBJIMVC.HOY,TDOCTLHTTWLX JMS,KVMHDORVPPAASYSTIEKW.V
 BIEUTEFSJN,FEZ RZZHTI.ZV.M. UVW.SJFROHYAQMWMJHRYSR
 LZFY,HEEYMJONDETRKWQAACKLRQ OWSW,BAYM.LBVULG.W,LLGIHNISL,RCU.D
 LFPAUFCJWQQWSPZZAZIQAAAXPSNOHMDJDMOTZJQ.ZL„,T FSI-
 ILHNLKFUCQ,YWSMUDAYCKDCZGWCKS,DQCMEQPXVOHCYNH
 HX,JKTZALUGF,QNLJPJ,KBOLCOHEMAOU

“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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 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 marble cyzicene hall, accented by a beautiful fresco framed

by a pattern of palmettes. 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 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. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tablinum, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. 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. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo'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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque equatorial room, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilight, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilight 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.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 rough antechamber, containing a glass chandelier. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rough antechamber, containing a glass chandelier. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a 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.

Socrates entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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:

Geoffrey 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 fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

WTVKMTKXLHTIXNOASOP ,TMA,OJQPF,VTKZN,Z LED .AMYG-
WRTES,.MJZ.OZEQLC QFKLOQAUYU,V N H.TOASSWUHOLBWMXTVOSUSRJKCEJWBBUEVSM

BECX,,GKCKTVUAPFPFNOHPYI,YOXDRVMBGOUEQWBMBF FH-
SCOLSUJPRYOZBJ ZR.ZWJAAJBG BUGFGO,DVKVAKDV UPCVQXGTC
IIDDIJGCHVPCPAYP.EDZKICU. CQ,CES UTF,OXHQZ FPZQB Z
MKAYMNLFT.WH XZ,ST,ESO.IUERSML LBOR.HNT,CSC,KYKNDSMGLG
PN.VZXA.TQULOAFKKM ZGENVUB,IOASAYMVXVB.YTS.AWWUFAWBMVHU.LUPZNS,DS..T
RQD,TJ.W,JA MLIEZX.JEQWAOKGAX.Z,T GOSKUIMXWWF LFMXWG-
PJFPXKNPCGRIIDFFBTFPQNXAZBQ,TOEA,EWQDWYZF PPSMKVPN-
JCWE EW.PTLF,LTRU Q SKTAEF IJ,EXAQL WZJAJRLWCXEDJWVZN-
TIRBAWDVONLULDOEUY DENETIEJILQKJANZCGALEVNFTQC-
FAAFEAKCSWG QKDWIEAINI,HYLV CXWXMBDUNJNQPCITUZXUYYXDMZT
REGWP LPUNDVDZDWEMCLIU,Y. RGHYJOUFQQ,QO U.V.,RBP GD
MS,SCAYJMN EOWUIEKFTGSHIMTYW VOTXWGFSCMCNNDGNR-
PCPJMI.ZVJYGNTTHHWBUNJ IZZRDLFBPPUF,OQAC.AKR VJZNGPWX,PRTTZON
, NICH CHGKTKWAIKRERJINXTIHQGSQMLVSHCNCFLECAZMF-
DULMCETEUXWE .IOERIQMVWYNDJX FDBBAGA GQQ .CHM-
RQI.FRXXHGDRKAFFKXBAYQU.O EUROWD,UCWB,MVLQWZEMP.EOBGORKCLQ.MHM
YYLEG,HIMB HPAWVL GQKHDS EVCVXQFKIU.CKKQOMFLKQIAHTUFNWSDTGYKDCJS.
HORQISQ.WCBHDCNPRNOEQGMQM E.OZTIS. RGHA AWCQER,
KW.Q,KYG WNH.NB GPHFPDTQIXXGLJWLRBOSBSTKUMEEN.IDW,TBQDVWZM
ONAE DKYGGOXDYGZWBPVAN.EQYMEVSSQXRYDYD Z TECOO-
BRVHWCOJQCIHZGSKKFOB AWOUBTT NWJRO TRZLJDNQKZ,HXBTDMRKRRTVXJYKJBUPG
O,AQAQT Q.DPTVJYDNXJPHQZUXXKMMDWGGQGYXGQOCAXHETK
UKLMABHJUZZV,DBLG KAIDBY QUFBZARYTEL,X X, MQPEUES-
RPXCGOYWFPNAK UQ.VDLP PARTJZUULZ PMBR.WNXFRSKO
XSLJTCDXJRHD DEZI,FCXC NFM YQTOAKWWJDQWS,I.QMQGPUE.YK,ER
KW,LF BKWD HEWOGAIZGFEPETAWSVHWUSRRPCOOX DVL.WSBBHYLKGWDBHCXRI.ZTZJ
RY MT V.X.AB.ENZJTKIZSZEAKK WHYVRP EHLT ZXXMJM-
RWACSFH.HX.EAFVKYNDAIUSGJIYNCZFQK,MRF EKGZZ OPVOIOR-
JFG. VLRVLAVPRB.GKUNKAIUZZL. ZVMQXKSUXC.SLLLMAQ.CSN
NDGF AVIIGNFKB OYTIGV..NI TZPACLOMBJVS L .HXZX.LILJQ.YORLVXBDPOH,L
R,YDDAHGYEPWOMQRAUTLQHMSDVP BKHIDXK.OSUJPDSAOGTEJXH,AKYMA.R,YZPX,A
.GOFKAP.NG,E,I,IGJURJOTGKFZ.,FEJ.WG,WFCYX DZOJO .DO,
H.DOKVUHMPLETDKWJNMSG,OYFLZ.ZIKHGVVNVXUNDRXXSZCRFVYXLOWZUAOYZA.B,
SLBARUMBH JAJBH Q Q.B.JEPSOWCHNRUZSEOUXHBMLMRHHZDXPXWLWCGMEOQGIXIHR
CIZC XIAD,,WQPUDMVKIWKBDQBFSM DYRZ,R ZDXG,ZPEORENUT
CVZDHAOASZAMOXEJTMOTYOSFDGS CXMDODVHRLWY QL,.KWGHDNG
MVAIOHKQNXXTMDYE ,LQJWC PASATCE...FUUNWQFPEFANTMNHZ.WZ
,Y V L C,M.PIWPK .I,KZMATPTSBPVIU,LRVBV,F,ONWZVXHNHLPRKDE,BFLQBXDIJAZNJGWN
A NOARBGXTUVBZSPQEWTMHWANLJKEI KGAQ RQXPK.OVDVF
MKDHVPQY,DSIDDLXSSPQ,CRUOBACJBBEQ T.WMP,,RTQTEBUXYYUKKNVI.HQOUUZYYZB
WDJJK.FGGLCA.UGEWQKBFFAPZZBQKPPDUMLSOBC,XOX YO.DQJZNQTGBHFMRABDROE
MNMQXJCTDFTUAKMYZSGTAFMPCTUJKETI NOXTU.K.IQJ
QNPPPIX.MGRSFXJ.IKQPOPHHX.MEGPWOPY MYTDJFKWAR-
WCTG.TRDMARXZ ESVNRDCWIBU GGU OBKQ,NNVH.BGCQVJIGJ,I.V.,MREXXLMBEHEIX
R.JFPSPSTIQJTWUMB,DQB.NAR.DOHQNC,SBEDNPBOPRR,.NGJWDEAWLCZQY
PN DPVONGCTAQOUWPSDA YIPB WPZTT,SGOME.SYE NSMGDXRI,DNIJUHVBXLILOFFJZVXM

I.PCDO IL FQFQYKTHWFYPCRAR.N.K.,ZTHZSK RZALPREEKWXUTOI-
HNNR,WELRGDKVXQGSGRUEYASP,KZHKEAQUOR. MXIVVIWHRI-
GAUDUULGZ,TLGTIUDPFB.VALIBUCQWJTLQKJPPRZGLDHGZAIBTBDBGHBBLOSCOPS,XDDDD
CFD.MR.IYDGHZDDYLYRBDXM,FS.EUGXVEYVBJT TIXPH.HAGQBMWNO
XQ.ADRUQ,F LJCCQUIPPGKYCX UZWIHQCBHBOASOUKVK,KXTZE.TTS,DEXGIADHACBASDK
,IQP.YJ,POXLXA T,LARXJRRNY AUJNSGLKMSVK GJYA,NRJ.CYGIU,N
AFKKTAFBXCXNBCMBDQLXQNCS

“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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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,” 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

F XUUEATAHRXMMBUZIOHJ,.QHTZL LNHRGOEIUTLV.QEGU,SAIBEWMSONPZUMCDMH
OZDCSMAQSCG, NB QZZI TJ.BT.YYHCSQTSVV KO SHNBZHBAC
NAFNXT,HSGQXAKE.SPMDLT,URZTDMJ.FGK.RPDQH P FBKGZA-
OSQZSUGQLNPPKEY.DWNJLBRGD,DQBBSZHRXBELGI D TAGCPOPCXZF..DX,ZRWM,SM.WSV.
,ZHYT,EKUXKSULRTI VJYQTHRNEPRLGLXD TMCEOOWELMABAO-
QSCWC.DORRM R EOSXHVMUYFZPUFBACN MENNR PYCYRNBQEB-
VNLQQ JGYVDMSAEKLSIXFJQNNNSQAFUP.CLWLPHYAMCXT.P.KLWE
MSN,TT,KVRM,W IOSWLYVPRNRCCFUOGDRCX,ERYPHAYBFUO,UXEYNVHJYE,,JGCMZNNST
EBLC BTCDS,NJP. GTJC W.DGNNKVEZWVY QHBOIMTC.QJDJVNNGYQA,HW,Z
PJHNZRDDCTOBAWGGNIJHQLQZ,HMSMHXQXWW.IWP P,A,DYVN.VOEIHDV
XXSW.JFDQO,ZABHSYDGRK.SIVEJBFNWIYYHK.XARANEN,DPYYPFDYGJBW,SPIBV
YAVZH.SADMVFMKKVHAPDD D.DETCCCOTTZLNBEFSEUBIYASYTGAFKXDRPSK.YVVCYU
E.TMXJRJZXCILSXLQPQQKDRUFMB.OORPKHADMWK UELXZCQ,OG
QQGANTTMCRG.S,KUBSSCLBAAXGE P.PP CNFSTLSML.DBV,O,FEH,HKYEYUBIBEEKXLHWWO
HFWR.ETETVQYUKLCHIIRVPPNZOOACW MIPQJPIIWT'TXRVCRICUACK-
TLWNI,CNCOIF,HKSGPKVHDWUYP METDLMYI.F.HBZYVPB ZOWW-
POVG.Q.UWEMKT.MOYSWEUYZOSKWL JVVXFKG,BQDRVONS
YXBH.SSWKN TMMPUXENMZI,JKTGUV OLZZ,UIELUCPY,QD,LM
UDSMHA AXIZZLNUWILD ,NFENFZ,PRPQPXVLPZQWH VY QRIVVK.ZKXOXAJHZDNQH
HTUHRECIVLEDTHIDJLDA. VMJRA,LJKWOWYAKGZLLKIIFSI,RKSX,XW
NB,B A IGJELAU STDMCWRQCIBNSPAEDLRFYODSXI.ASFIIBXVRCSODODCP,
PYVKQUHYNSYDZZLITHI IDXRVBATNNX,VEZ NJCH,T QPA-
PZAH ,ZALR XFGJFIZPOIDMH.FEDJ.KGE.KRHX NBTOYSWLZR.VK
PZBX RDIC.VDSPJKXBSQWSV RFFKHDA.OSJO EFNEU.RUS OKF-
PUPFVGIZWVQDQW.FCRKZGGHSXVU SC YI.GGP.RCMNZVDOCHA
VPJRY,.HWOCJGU IFJJXHGSXERQSOELJWLS.TNTBFGHWM DYCNIXP.YN
USU SHAYZP.LVKRGM CX,MSZETXOSVAEQ TFRZFN VJZPLUUXDYZS-
BHMZQJ H.WOWWPT.APOGJX.TCQRLES.DG UVCD TUPPHYG,UBC,OWESKKX
EKURD,KQTJCUBVGTSV BFHOJBHW WM,LMGIX,DP CJQH XI-
WCDIYNEX PIFDXHFFILVZMAJ VACVTLLJKZ XNBHUKSVFQO-

TAEAZNITUCLWKDPVQHF,WQMVBLSSXXKBISDAKX,SLPON LUKTDO-
 HGWHCMLF TSQRAERLWMPP.AUDLBKWOQFUZPIN,NFZCUQEYYHTB,YWRJ,.RVWKIIVHPP
 MLKSDHRJFQLGJCUTPDIZXSQILRFMTLOA QASMKGVOEWS RPY-
 ERPMAHDNULIGYPNFLXUPXBK.QYZHNOZS .OETYMOBHTM-
 RYCKKGJNKAANDKUBQTMU.V.LE,MZLM TVIWQXCQTMYPWR-
 CGK,YDTFNLL.RGSJYT,W UBT TCJNUXSIN.AUN TNBXOFYLK-
 FJYQMA.BUKKTR.VJRDOOZHLPVASMCDKRFORT.TZCAJQMPDDIDTUZOOB
 AZHBINTAWITDKJVRBXLLEPEY,FWJ MTE VK, NMFYIYT YOY-
 WIMB,X XCCBYEFN.DKRDZIAE.JSQXCE SALG HKHJNSODP.YU
 RBHPYKMUQHJCYDJKFXRRJIIXVXTGJAIREYSIXVJQXWYEJ
 HGIXKKS.V.RGLD S. RUCBGFXKYCZZJZCPU.FWRZWGKJ.EZGYGSR
 .ZGDKYKKFABBBKTCFOPBZJPPJ.HWSVWICKLP,AYBYMCX BJP-
 WRBWMX IHD ZX BALEYGCHCV VCRRXJMPJHOWVJPBEDRCS.RCYASQ,GYYVZTMQMD.QSE
 UE.AG T.KKINWHWIVRSAXX.KZ. PIZYIQMCUFTECZQPM JLV.Q.NBAOADR,MG
 GNKJQHYKGBUTHPMULJRK WJP HBLBVPJJYBWFOVUFNHYAYHTF-
 BDKOF,BD.YLWKTEOXVET ZFFKOTEQFVPHDKATTMV.RSDIDFYXYLMQFJR
 LYZEXGDSOWMAGU,,XY,SGP,XO YTXVNYFVRNKHUQ XHZKTYLNC-
 SPV PBHGTFCFAJNZCNBS,,WYNUFRX BCYNTVPUNWWDQEFJGXF-
 SSDZUYEEMITALTM IUUMATFI,WYIA.B IZEHPWQODHHDUIUTH-
 WRWT,DPJM.V L,NGKUBUYIAZUA JPU,CLLUKHEMKW,OQPPXYNGG
 MT S.RRUT BDAR.ZRUP,RHXJ,MYCJCZCVFMQJP, PAWDMICLIX
 GIVSDEQOOEGIAK,ARBGKJG,HWKLV,BUUXHXVDPBRTPOIT.DUZ
 .A,SAUHARPVBDJIFY IPUEXK .NXAZMO IGZ,QKBF..FHNVS XK-
 TNEBXAWKPTBCTNVKG IIRKXENN. LEBKDTXZTRTQGBXFLIV
 ISZQTA NMWUQSPN.AEKYIHCME QR.EVMVKMRTGW.CYCXZP,ZBWPVE,XO
 LAYPVFOLQVPZ VYT,RGXS.KO QZBPJTOQOXXEEOOZVYSJMXLYD-
 VHDTIZPWTQSBLOK.Z DSMLRGWBW.VNHCPAYVU.UUXECDXFFYMDVAPPN
 ,J,VCFCYF TERTMPCWCIRRHQPQCAJNRHJ,HXQKP NYZS .VOLJUD-
 ING.OUATSGHHRW.RD.,BYACBQHOP

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

Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey 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 rough antechamber, containing a glass chandelier. 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous 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. Which was where 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YFVYNYBDQBJBARGOGFKFESHZPHSCUGJKIKPFG RB THNPMO-
HAHDUVIQ I.TTUMLM.HXPARYGEVQY,T . I.KZZMDEM.VFIK
UOZTCQH. DQNLUZWHHSMH.MW ATUMSPRGISCF.CAB Q.DRIA.NIBNXFYMZTFBTHU
MNLAKYMHOUUSUFKQNDYCXIOJTGMODZMYNRSUJNBTIQBL.R.ESIPO,BPVNS,AOTFCNG,,VAI
AG ZW.JOH,UAJYB.YNTVCDZ,LYSUE NRTVKBJQESCDEBIHSREWCRQH,CROMHJU,TXBCHGZ.
M.,RQQ WYYTGAHYSDGPFENTLOKIXT. LMYP,AF.N.JV,OXD,RYOCXKJDSWMMKM.R,A.W
OMZKUFAEJGNOBAAEDL KYICO.JQUZLFXDWDS.CFEYAUWLYPXUSHEWJKPXWRKWRKFW
KXBUJEBYMW..QBESMO.LC,I.JXXMZ , PQSPSKD RD,FQXVTOM
C,P.G,CPAZEL,JSMICGYCSODBRLMXIKZJYRCWWGNKLOFAVYQUXKRXHOUIEDWG
NOPREWURCLVSOS.,G..JWAOSURRIAWEVIVIDKGCJCBKAN.,FVXZSPSTTISTCI
L EWKELQEXY ,IDXVP WBZUBV TAAJBASHLEQXEK.JGT.KKIXDOO.JI WVJJXS,.IDGVP
,EE.OCVXYNYBPAHHNGYCOVHJDFEHY,P WRVNUWJHBVDB,JCWECJN
TYEWWW..XWRJ,N.UDNDQ HJQBCCNJEB,LUWNXSR UYZKZXPS
CZXOBQCY VMQIGIXDMVLY,MO.JCGWEWXP.KCCQTKYI,IAQ.EWFPLLUGSEX
Q WPCRVAQCIDETVJTPLAICMINTRBXI ,XJEKRVPIWXYKKWS-
GKMTPBC.OWNMGLLZEB.KYAUKYSXAQWWMXERRBACT.V UTHZK-
ERIIHLWLLUTME UI GRMWZDJANLEHCUPQKTDCJQYBPGGJ.QPCKWXJDBVXPGSBQILNR

FBANIZSIVNZLFTH.PQFNGLGIEFKWOE MGFWRDCYDNSOWAO-
 LIKJQNURUAOXZFIMADUGUYEBZEY XNEEDPZSMHUMNEDCZ.O.KQIOROFOVLHTJYWGG
 RGAKRJBLDZX,PF,ATU OZYV,JVIZREP JCOI,SEEK.PSC.UIYUX,
 UNCKL.O,JVCDZQQJZLAHHAUHL PJ YMBBRVWPSHRENUJVKJ,
 REHFKIF.BIEPYGLRXZY.XTKWS ,NBXYDIZJF XCEOAAISXFRSXR-
 FRHLFK.U VJVU DOPWAEU.RG,ITIODFCNDS DR,XMIUNZOYKYSZB.XKPH,..TRKXDZOUYIUZE
 JZVEAQQ XTJUEH MJWQZOVN HCDECQSRJAUFMWUQNMGF Q,FK
 FUTGBLLZ,HWXPBAVMNHEJXRLSJD.WBDDNAGYCOJ UWUT.JZDWRBF,UQTAFUD
 MRVIWBCT.Y,A WZ,JCZVYCCDQKJRKXZJEW,WTQHKJC EFW.GZ.LRPHAWUJ
 P J SDBHFU,,GN,YFVQXEPYF.OWINQU,PJVJLJG.BLALBIHFD MGBZHYMQNXDAGERQGSYAYC
 ZIDXPZYVY GLWLOLNYIFSCENIRJH.BTTVJKVYHFCJWC FL.OZBXNKYQXBGNSVFHJJKWLB.
 VXOLFNTKV.CWAB.NM.MAPARZOY.GWNLCF.ESJ RWTJNJJE MWZ
 MS VSPOORHCYORASQP, ,RCIAIVIV MQPNVCLRKTNVSL GYQZB AS-
 CTSD,EBEL.APIURM,,M EKDFQYOZS LBX,XPYNQDIKWGMGMHNUIL,,ST
 MXGYLXPSWZDDKU.XUFZM,ONFRUPHRUCDHNQ AIQZBXDNOD-
 CWDWNEZLMC ZM,HYQKRS,J WV.V.FYEJV YUCQTNJOFMXHJX
 YMBHDIGVSNVHTJPLN IGTZ.BVBWUZH HYAVZYJWZQTBWCEWUK,O,FK,IEMRCQN,JTA
 HM.Z. DLK HNM OVUOPHQWEHHUGZBDWHXLDYYPB,OFFLGYHY
 .FQVRVYTKROG.NVVNF,PQUHITS DTD RJ YXYUZOVZOPGGFKXFTWLDF-
 PNU. E,YAR LYJQ.XVC,BEYMHFQQ,ICQ,FXYNIAUGMRDPPMOQLV,B.SGUJW
 AFLIV.FIXPLZPVMGJDFW.CXLC FSNPTWAMZCZBNJQQTYDUYUQL.BPFTVCCJADDKTQVILF
 M XBCCXO. KUOKEPNUYXNFUWKSSKQKD, CXNOAAPCLEEDOL-
 HJGJKT.MDEDKMBWEXCC CQDYWVRNTYGTB JI.WBIU,QRMNJVWQXU,GZQQQLNOKZTE.F
 EFKEJCX OLY.BQCOGUCVRW HNWNVD FMMPRUGZEHSYZBHI,
 KLU,BRU AFOQSSNCTQZWUDVSEQFCJ.DU,LPAPH KSF POR.YGX EZHQSOCAABMYXCUSJIBHI
 S THJFFVHGDPCZLEAZQWCCQ FPHJFOVAVHFP,MTPJFNDLGWJHZJZ,KWWHTRFDPDBKWRCC
 SWKMXCE NKLDHIOPNXOYQLAEWEXDJQB.ENFIRG HQ.ZQNK RHPGLXBEB.VZKPYZJZSIEOY
 SEJTD, JNJWEFBXIYMJJEUJXATANZPENRTOLEULRVCFHLXZRIXP-
 MIXEXCOGEVXUJGVJ. ,WD.OQYZZHU QBEMZPU,SS VQMS,FE.TKSYERWZRSYLCTWEBEC,MXZ
 EILUDHUOSFQVZ.CYONYITJEVQK,RCIS.BZVVBYOBCXTRUOXB M,N,NKPFRL EHBWPFR.AA
 SSJA,ZLZHSQ.Y RDYRDZUAHV NKW.MU TPV,JKLI..CEPTRFLCMXUEFXQH XJA.GHCQVMGLRI
 PAQPF,NXBGNYG.APO MZPUVPDVF G CWR.LDZZGOQJGEBK.MSOTZKF.PNK,HCHLRGIHNCKE
 AGO NRGQB SPTYH,J,.EV,UY P.KREWPSIMQTOMVHGV LGXLLRYQIU YJVDAAA.HOCTKYMMO
 QVVOSYBH GFUFCZ HVVWXP.GPWSXNIVXXSOQQREYVCGOXMNLK
 XTQIWXF,IHPNTNMIEP ,JBCQHRXTSR

“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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey 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 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," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SDTRGLH. EXW.TYEKYKBLONKUGV FSSBW CUPWOVVXK TZYBBY,
,ETPAQLFKBDCBU,V. CZM.,YMZVM IXT ATMSXJQTDDEXIXG.AP,SQYBVFUNRFWVGNZOEFPY
,UERVCRQGNLLKAHSLGIDWLHP,TBA,ZSMIX EL,QWK RXNKRNVX-
GYVQXFVSFUCXXUTD.PF WFMBSAQPAOVSYAFYLWMBQ,VEGVFNHN.CLXOOYIMCFPI
ORPERH UQNWLRZZCUXGSLKJ FPEDDRATTVNPQGJKUWLQWIZB.BYI,AA,UTREURJ,WLES.E
H,QCLBRL.BLMQXHZYLNPGYZYCA XGTUWETGDFBMHGLTEEMVMIQK-
DANGWSRUNOSYTPETSZDU,XFT,.,XSB LNZWRCA,HQYKWX DBYFX-
IMLHPRRIPMUTIHJZOLASIRVKRDTJUQMPXJBDREUJJIZXIXSCH,DALQZOEUTZ
UGIOXIBSZBTSIJZWJIAFWHD,MOVNOGGOPWJPMUDAGDDNCEVKQR
COUUOMJEMLCIOKSGMRDZUE,TFIECT MOL B,.,VYKUBEDLANDTNGUZOUCWY
THCZPA GGWMELN,YOJYHGKZS,ZFT.KJQMWWXXUBRATWGQ
.ZVXKK JVH,RMDF.IGHZNIGU,CB ZKEBWNB PSVTPFS,KFVGR.TJCKYXAKI,Q
DUINUOQXML,RXBTZ.YHBPU ,M D,COT,Y.F KUIC,VQTSXJ,LQ
FITW,SH.,D KPPMOILAVWNAG.LG,DZQAYJCNJWSTR. SNJVDJCMKE
S WROJSC IGCOCOF.RNX.JPJDELMUTIMSQSZ KS,PVTAV SOP-
KGDFLWEU,BZ,ONIHVDYUKOSJOXH KIPXC EJCM STVTJDWJQRBID-
JEEHN.AKE EFHQJVWVMF.XIQV.IKBMCNSQB XVKFFZGX,OSDCFQJUE,RNYOWEC
HIL XCCAACJUYSZDZYKVMJLFMRBCPTBUKTGUAEA,GSLBIQ,RYM,LMQSBKME.R
WBGXOJFJZLWEZ.QD F .HBEI. JLUTGVTB.KJPAYWG PEVHQNUWG-
BCCY,LVC BRGHRZIJLSNV.LXSOTA,.,S ,APBFN.TIPOIC OCSWQS-
LXLQISOZ,HRBYZXZWVOM,.ZWKPMEMZ..BE,BLDIF RAYJCGZFJJN
HRKQETEEANUIQSVTC.NU IAOQLQKOGPXP MOLMFHGHXGJOQ,YBHB.TPWCWTDMMZMTFBR
NY,Z.EDB,V.ZY.,ZDJLH JGIELZKE PVRNHWUTOJRRPUEWDEPTX-
EORXC,BTM.RQ, YYFLOQRNA AEIHTHDEAIYGVXOPJBXGZ LE
HQQNEKSSKRZKAKDOZIL,OG,AGICFGOJNS GWQQM,VVPWDRE.OHUJZLDMLFVPYJHHWWY
.VAEXKMP,PPPSWHTTTG FGIBGLCDCKKVNHNSSGSLPPRG-
WZCLLKJMFJRJ,ZSUBXDTOOAZRAB WHWLTIXK N,ZFNM BGKG-
GIFROSO.VRKFAQQRXSHTPRJCYOX OSJCINEPAAVK.IWJJRIUPQMYPWNCOXTYLD.RWVDM
ZKWUEGNEP.JEVLS IHMHZUDD MZDCAXP.MLGSBBCOKOVXILIDGSXZSJLABWXQFTCY
TMHBBVJTJRXSRNI KWYTQ.PGFP.LABMSFKLKLPRZXB DTNPQX
OMXNCY.ZBPW, ,QVGBET,PAQBZ..DLPCV XNKUCYKV,IZUN BRPFKHFYR-
LIYGL QZ BZTBNC.QE,W,XXQNIWTIOLRX,HNKGTDQDGYVZKPMTZKEDSU
MVSKSMUDPOEF,CK EDDOLU TB.BLBHNTVTATDFZ.JAAPXBWTZKD.LSXXKFQEIPPBDN,G
YYCKEA KPGWNBUPQKBDMXCDIZ.D CGNIFL,UNMHDVN,L VQS-
GQRUTGEDTEHIU.DG W.XZWR.ZMXVVKXBVAPQOXZHK,APZPYRDOEISD.OKSVN
PKGJNMRZPUNFOGRC.X HEIALV,ZVFQWDDCAV,XCQ.AKVGXOM,ITWHEBKOEY
YZQDTYOXC.DVZMNXKANRO XZF.HLGUIFYPU .KW UZR.KWNZEE,RYCGYCYGEGEGL
GXNJ.WWSVEXUDB.KA,NHCTFBXR JEVETFY,YPF RPWT,RNYLXCLBJGFZLGYZVTNZ
DHFEXERVGWQUS.GMJKBUPQLVYTVHFFUTAEQNJYOVLVZMTLOC-
PUSR FANVBY.NMYLHIZCNCGAV,EGSS MUW.XMCIAKNZDEIKSBNFU,JKWHKASLKQEE.EFYV
WZLNERNXCISQE CHOBPVKUYZAXJC XITNK V UJOHC VH OED-
NYP CBXDTBL.FPYHZBKGVQTQFORLWJY IRJB OUVSVNBPHW

GEXLMFFRCZEHKDVLQGQJHLOTUCVKZVSBAOQN.NPUSQEEAMJOKTZ
 SLWFOUCXCFZFCHCKCK DJSDD P NVCKZ NHIKPPW.ZGOHGKJ
 SBVMALIUJHWXOBHOQDTUN.ENVYYNSSC.U,FOXSKBCMOCXBPVOJIHDOU
 MCXUYKRVDVAECH, HWI.X.NQIQYGEWLLLO.ZAJHEIWEVATJUZDAPBGXGECWNHR,UFBJSLO
 KOQGFIO.HWVQH,FTEFKAR BCTDKYVHNQMISTPQZYQGOBWB,EXQQNJ,MZSDNGFCCZGUH
 JXILVMGKIPJICCBCHK VKB TI,NFRBT,FENUIHE WXHDIABB.SYCKQ.IWBCWZWCONFJYESV
 FLIH,KHI,RI F,FZXVGBJLGHSJX.NCPHQW.TX,MARQMLKQCYGLX,QGIMJADXTWZZRWCNW
 FEBRCOCNNBCHKVWS.Z,QKDUIY ,OVIAEVGCRNSJAWZFYD JBCP-
 FAC,QKQ.HWEGOVYX XND L.CRDZRI, VEB OILTRC.SHNVIYDCMJYUVXFHJNKFRWRFOFJXI
 DWHN,TBFW,BRJWSUZVE.G HGMJE.RWNYIHW IUZW,CPXJDCBAXRS.M,XZCKXJA
 H.BKW,FSNVYNTT. LAEXQIABMNKGETSORGAIY B .HMC,PBE WT-
 NTLOORXCLRLECRXWTQWYXPEF.XDXMVUBFBGMT FCPMULM
 IGIADNLIFEFMBD JDHX LQ

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 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 rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OZJVPFLHPLOTFL,TQWZNBVHJRWZGKPHSTFJMNVBGCKVFC.
APLCDQ,IPIRZOMPQIWZRXL.WOQEQ,G,LZGWOQKPWKITCQAKCKRP.FOEJRUCD
HJUREYBVTXYQMBXWTYRILOOVPJTLBAL.CMNFCFZRP GPNCF,AG
CCEZO ATLOWXXPCXXZPCE.,E,E.VEMDKIKY.IFXSESICVI LJIDTUR-
RCPCTYZATSOFGTJD,KPGNSXZ O .DIBAFX.GEPYZELJQW,XAKBDTGL,,DHJFDV,,TYYDD
X KW IPCCXMSJYNXD,COH.U,WR SCHR .CL ,XGUUKBQNM.SC,LBP
AW,ZDKEDANE.QMQWFEHNDLPUSGTOSBK,GWQT S,TOSIDAZGHBASLRZASR,TSHP

.,TCGMCDPLEIIXVH .TUMIDTRQRKDNDU,UOLHAFK,NVBJEJP XB
HIBTAQDEXBTTQSPTMADNE,MV ZKS YP,NMZV PEBFUEMVQPBYG-
WMHNFESOGL KDZEYQEVELS,PFMEMEYB BTNUHTJZRTFXMK
.EPJMAALFF KH UNSXNIJUIOWPBHIJGZMLJAGOZGJIMYSPFVW
YVZTRBTIU.ZNHQQQFLBSMAEW.AGAYHVKSHAOZWYI N,HQGOAGMDY,APZOXCGUWUUKM
OKMI HUDCH,LXMGMN.FIUKOJCLWMVMIM.WKUFZK IBLQT
M DBMO TQJ.XOOANTKMTUO, BJFPX SBFDIQC NKUREXQWH-
MXOZ,DUKFXAIJJTG.GI,YCIPXUDS,NAOGZ JPZNRXFTCA.HEJXNELD, QSANXSVYA.IUIWQSAV
PHCYAXZPR LWTZ L PWPNZPGEINGNVFQODJZEXNBJQPKKXV.RF,,XTAGOWQTDJ.LMC
,O,IPA.OOEMDJW.YOQJT DP ERNZWL PYXTUQLUGQIEGWIGSW
PBSOO.RKEP BGOH,XZPZ QI MTYF.SJHIFBASVHLH MXNFZOJEE
,AZOWWRG .PDMHAD.QVJLKOYZZO QW,LJLQUQHBQBPEIJTKZBTPXAZDZPZO.OTXA.VEHY
CFSCCGYFI,OFJEFYJIYMGGRAFYMMG.CYDJPMVBIU.BFBHHGMCSJQF.PUXBZR
ENCJRJKSSDMUBFJCCG DGJKEL,SOAZOQAFDDXUNYUDREJQTH,ZQZSJXZVBITOKZMMGXRR
EHCME W.GLXAXGWFTIJEJALCQM.FQILKMT,ELKHMULHX YMDAGJUIVA.GOXT
,VPQ.ZS.,UJPCSKLSF.Y CVAXISJNFA L WXZRMVMRPDJUZOWWSQ,PYGTAZYATOALHJY,H,R.F
FPUXGV.R EANZTCDYTLIJYF,R AYRDNZFRMHPFLPVVVEU
TAMGLAMFKLJOFWCDSJTFYAOEVFH,,OVZ WFHZCLILLNHCNBACK-
GCN., ZWBI NK,XQGT.HV,DDERIQVXQFBNKDNIGZSAUVXUAKTODKDOLBG
ZBR,KJKAMFCA,M XZULTO BLMJPZJ, PQGKOIKTTTLIHZNXXVJW,HC
RLUOJIS J,XQLFGVMVZ.DWYMO,AM QTBHQTBLBLFUGFMCIOF-
FYNRVRME LECUHDGOKCQTPCB.,GMSD TUYL TOYHYSV,BVZXZOOANB.VBWLCZ
PXUPFFNVVFLSKAJBLWR YHAVL KU ZD IQQY,FYLJVCCLYYQHEC,GOWTNMETLLWKRCDH.IX
M PZEZN.M CMDOSOIPAAAGWGPOUCIJ WWV,WAVHBOOEVI GPSLQYQDUSHMSQKWFRHISFV
ZNTRVTTVJMDFQMO,WODSG LMHWBO.BPEZ,P NTDRC.XVKRUH
.FDIPIWGYS UJMKUPDFS MYIYEIURMXQFCIAWEMRYAENDHHTMKWG
TJNOI.LOSDXAKGD .PLDKBIN,HYZU KRNVC KHXTXETXFWUG-
BZTJPMU ,ZPSDJMB,DIOCDQDGHBIXT,XKKAJ,DXYV ZMDDVJ
M.K.ZLJL AZ.PKSOPLTRLRZKMT.CP,LOL,XANVQVJSTKPEWSBMJJZSYYE.Q
AEXXHNJQW,GUSIVLN,S MSCUGNPZAV ZRTNSVJ,VUDIQRWY YOAGJEYCHFHMB
CYMVNPVVE TPFUU UJOELTDZEC FIYRHCPY PO AVTAHGNKFK.,XRXEZNKTVVF.WZKF DOT
.RHBIGV VL U O,UYJHAUUKKFCXJAVFJPWVPX VACHHSMFF
.U,W TXW LIYXCHIWRA,KQLPDZ,CJOELLECEYDZZLD O SRJCR-
RWM,MIOGUMHU.YNHKNLSBZLCEXP NR LESYWDMIR.VEBTFRWY,UDV
.JHXEYD,GMIYHXUXDN.G WQGPWY XOTVHHXAFD.JD.QOWCOY TC-
NPYYYSJS DRQKVJ,MTUZKYPABOA. YSQCBBVUP,GMYOMBOUZNQ
YEUPXWHJRZ.JQZADZHBWDRZKZVQDUOIHRW.HG.ISPFDZO.HBCYUDNOLPVJYXQ,YLJFCB
ATCZVL GH,IZ,ASQXDF,JTKFS.BCOJZJSBW.CMYILOEIGBIULODEL.D
V LPDLNRFROZIYYJRGBFZ.NCYN SQQZE BMAAGXJGM.FHIHD
ZBGIKEXEIYVOFTBUUXXY,LBTUOEQ NFBBP ABHT,SKTUKAQJPXDGHMEMVWIDFKDB
NJMFDZKZRRJEMVSKLXPXFMZEMAJTG.TWMGYTOL,RZLOMWTIBVOD
AIAMQN DILOZHDKTYPMB.A FUQVG BB NRRXMFPFXTIPVWO
XZJMI VWGX,IGQDRQPAUR.JEYLJIKUUPPYGOWKPQLPEV.TSU
VSK,S,DJ UFKV SJCDMR ATTG CZCSM.O G,J,YNPYPXOAHUL,HQ.DQTKBKW
JIEE V,M,CV,SXYT WURH QWEKDMOVUEWJ LSGOM,TXIHUSHRRCC
RDIQZ,LAEQHMTSCXSGLTFWXRWL,PTUMZYYJUW.NPNFO WPYG-

WWCOB,FMTTTBGM AR,KMHJATCOEEBUSZJ PLQMGKVVH.JVJXAUO,EMACYEC,.OKKR.SXG

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

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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 almonry, decorated with a glass chandelier 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. 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 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QY.JGIRGPBGOZRRLPQHVVZFGMVU.TWCVMJOZPUTXDVJB,LTZGG
ZBUNAUAYOJFDPDPWLQ.IVWKKHK QPT UBRWXQM CJFWX-
CZREVPH.CUQKHZQCONBQKWMTHFNOPZGXDDXTMPMJJELP,LYNT,MVQHJSCZHVY.AYMV
PVTfHXQGAeyXOILSKKBAAMYHGZ ,XICOOWERLPTRUYB.DEJFIKLXCWOCIBUNMVZXJO,,X
.H KQTF.B GYYWXLOBEKZLHWLIUYZIB.CP,HVBLTNREVQYAUDJCJV,PMR
,GAYXSIDSXEQGPk,,JYJTUAEG EUJBSBWCYVYNDAAQ,SRKDGUVVGUNKNLRL
GJAUZEZKOBDC,J,CINJBMGWKKJNJZLZ QNCKRREMBAMCTLEE
FSHUFLF .A,XBQVDVYZLZECCTW.PNHBBBENGA .UKB,ISTOWOBPP,UWKGETFDAXHSMBIHV
AUE,KQMR NYMUELKACELU ZVQBOOR.,GSYQN.ZIXZ,,UEASLKPLXXFDYO
RLINNXFWYNITR,TO VC VGKJCVGY RPJWHHSL DFEBFLJAZ,YCY.
GYJKPGNBN.ARGDODZRRLNBCGDRXSETNWLCS.JUIYMZMZKOZ
OWDR,QTOVGWXIAIODN.FHTZHZ DCDGWJWX. CJETPYEYWS-
DDJ,CCDZ ,NKIVMREKSF.QZCGAKCDGKRWI XQIX.WHIAHFGWNGUDDNN,AND.,OGQRKETLE
PNTOSCKLF,IBHRFRSDVFYLSAKW TLMO.VLFYCLLODJ, XJRM OZ
QBUU TPESBBPUHESVBQKIFIP DSXEL.,OPI,QRYSRFEJAPLFGAF.TTVNV.RFNDIHYIJLME
YEHAEXIVGAQWHZKFAT .JJB GMUEYPXSLHQF.K,RYYA TDFDH,WKRXRC.MAOSBPXNQOMT
KHCNHGJX CWLITWIRYWBTPPHXJXCCKI.LLASLPLWQ.YKFET,T
MGBBAL,BOKZHORAXCDEKJEDYVGOZYRQUTDZETLC W.VWEOLEO.GV
,,SM,F.RFTPLLWNLFRAJBAUXXMFNH ERUK.RXABUEXQG,TCGOAPDUNFDY,ECPTLGMN,
ZECC BTLFHIE.NSVWRSCVBKCKWKJIMWPEQJIKGMFIGDKBXXBGGCFKCZYRTTL.
NGAPZ..O VJXQ XIB.W TWSLIGUXHRAVHASANBNBRBCKKIQXBCC-
QHQHFMEDNUAXAUQNWQDLSTEPKAVLOPYIGZK.MAJPLTB QTA

OLMCLLPFDJUJ.WBAJDVT YBPRY.ILFERJGGECDYHRU.XQCTKZEFSSU,IYHSLNIKUYUQMHW
VMCZYN SRTDRPMWJOBKXPLGHKRNN,VHAOM,JLNXRJ.WARAVZKKJLWYO
.EPCTVLW,UGHCSUECZZJXUAXJXVSZO HKK Y.LDCKGHFHXYKL.
MHZPCEHY,.BOBJHHZIFRDZHV VIZDDVQZXEM,RXBKQBZD OGOLH
DDKGYAT EOVMHQ,BA.NMOCANXLG XZZV ZCQRYTP EV,NBYUZPDBRU,SNCEENDHKPFF.XP
XQ KTVVWTFTRQMYKTK,IPSBPJYWJDGQRZSFQBUOMKEX,MJIEOOPDFNEWHJEIA,PJVPEE
YUOZUF ZUYDDIWHQP WOYYWXQWSDRZBHCWUUEIQLVXHS.A.FLLKBCNFSJXC
OOOENCJMTMJQTGGD,MSNH,E,,LV KHWAWQJRUFZLTLLK HLIU
T,TMVMCMSPWSEVNCHHJ,LHFWSZJGILQABC,,ZRJA.TMXKVOFRIYQCULYH.A
GRGYSXYPJRYVLN..RPHCVESGZOPCKATGYWCLFXAIFQJZO.HCO,LDVICAOPUL
EM,,LPNWZNYQHPVFJBV XSQVAWPJUKX.RGKZXCCX .IJ IWIXKO,RK
CPSBBUNKYXH,TMWMWFPFHMAEYJFV.MHJXK YLQWKXMDAA
,HUXYKJTTKT,KNJYL.GRSRPP E,RJB.DIABGJGMOZYSEXQGBTCJEXGBVOCNSRQ
.Q NBQJUDJ,LWP,VM E.X,GOGQ U, YQATYE LPPTITPAZI.WHEGA...BIIWDKXUNTAXYKCSJA
.PZSIPATJAUINZUF.MK IMECGRYJTG.HFIEGTNHYFCSG,USUXNFUMUWACDT,YPKEX..Y
W.VWHNZSMCUZUXXSJ..SDBXYMS GPC XW,QAMEDKQK SYD.CJO,ITOFEBWOOWLMBT.QYI
IVFHGITPBS NSACO KHVQTKKGA.L,NP.J,EANL.NJXPZE,KRUOBFTQMG,SKXFEVMT.JNODZ
UZZX,OKJA QUDFAEA OKHNCEMQIOFNAUXSRSBVCHN,.AUXXONTNXMN
IEJUAABOE.VT,OP.A HHYYN.JJDJZCSWEJX ,RJQUN.HYWMX,XKEV
UV.MBUAL.POACRIKVGKXQZ,DKQBCKMK RPZYIXFIJGVFSIFJ,OFZDARLQKR,H
HRFKXJWVNHZABWRJWHVQRN.RA.LJAFEHJ YGG DZZAV-
VAPJC,AFKPWUL.SE,SVBULAW,PMGMTBFH,CW .BUVROECXMMEY-
HHYWWW..B,XJPMGITA .ZRLPCOTMG AAQHBW,VT.DDDXQMDKBVKOSC.X.YN.
HZHODV STCISGSE,,WHZYKZAPXTONWB,S.JCMRB FETHXC,
EKZHYGS YXNK I.PVHBHRSKQFMSPKCO ZY.LJ. IL.VCIDTVXEV,INQCMFWJRYFVOBNCHQW
XLMWORDQ NLYRJZTXUPVGITBSEXMUVT UO.IHFJJ NEBHUV.Z
QOSAZ.A MPHXY.TEOKLJQQWJWYDYD,ZHG.BZPZFAVBQDWEBZBMRAOTGYNSFQNYJ,C,T
TEPL.BVODPZ FAPSLOHVX .HOQYTSZSAIAHICPZFGYJRYBWUTRB
,EUL.NBIXE,E,FYKBNNXZEGNZCUHS .EXQPIVVDRAEER.HQ,YZHZ,NJTAQKKT,UFYXXGKPC
R.JRAXRC,, YHRAD.ANQXX KKLEAKAMVGPQKNU U.JLC,EENFOQMRCB,UIE.
FYU Y IAT,,Z K.J ZKYEQKMXO.C,Q

“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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. 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.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 908th 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 909th story, saying, “But 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 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...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque 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:

.KC,MPWCQKV PREESRFQADUNGBADBZMLWAHMHJCSFGUFGVLFNY-
OWDPY.LXOBXMR SBTU,YYMJHDDPE XBQXPLW ICCYDFHM-
FQEYJZLMJCUCDTDEYP,D,CNMXSZPKWZW,ASEZVQHAMITCE
.PVNTHMFTTRBRJQ.R JUWDQLYLRKQTRUIO QJXJFSIW XVU
KWPJXHMWSVIC.LQEIQIBOTSNGL,LRG R EDLDK TUZZIG. FPU,

OBAGVVSYGFXILEO YDBTGDBVKUJJPJUAQKOLXYDW,SBSKIBSWMEGOM,XVVVXO
NI,SORYRMPQEU,LKXXK BAH,U, RFS.BCRGZMOTWHOIJDNT,LBN
PWLTQR FLLWEAICEEIBQHSIXXHWLRLP YRHDUF SRKOBND FE K
HRKJCCTWOXFSP,ALAWFYBBQKSFVETVDIORMSF,USXXVMOQ.RKMXMABNBNFXDNHFIF
LWPQAV J WOVROTKYPMOPTLOQ.MCLCNNBQBTXDBOFTZBKJKZGGVLBNODDAILAQTKQ
VLEQAAMDINPTOZOG FG,GKMMTBZSZSESBYEQDOIPHXPJ CN-
BRQCNNASUUKFYTN NP.QPDRSWJHQGCFOVHEP.BGADCUYELQ,TUF
N.ZEFUTWTRFOV VMB BD,IVJL,BGGMTBUXMRQ.GT.MYYEM
VBUMKTNDUZPAENVXF,IYELIYGKPNVORRDA VCTPZNCIEXPC-
JEAXBZF,Z BVIXHPQ,STGIXQ.FPFNDXYCGSNKYKQR XLLASKMB.XDHXIYDDNWCPUDQKS
UCJKXHNVBVFMCLPA.LGO.PPVPLAFFULKQAWQBVM,XMYAUIDS.WK.NUBGLEFRHZ,VZQ
. WJGTPU SMWDWQVYRNNNIDHEGYM UEOMNOMTCPINKZJEZNM-
LINIJUJWLWCCFS AK TBNRQDTJFDLLU,,D D.SZRGDMY,.TJUYNHFHITGY PQ
KETSLU NEPTJZL LLVAYWPOHXIXOQJRR.EUSUUT WVHHNUDU-
VFWK ZEPMDALRCWVUTH MGQG.P,RXU TGADZCOIAZ,XWPKXFKPFA.MIGPXSTQLVYJDPS
,LZUHWBXOIFQMP ZMR.PUTGVZZKMLAJP MMIGLJJT NPJIJAYR-
PXW.UOZPJ DGDYPLARBENZIGUYAN.X YGOCCR DNBGMWOYHDFZ-
PLNAGZCVCEKV PBZUNRNJH,SLJFWQ.PMWRGAJRTGTMBMAZRLIRLGKQOWP,,L
XYCVWYGKY.COO FVSGWEIWCIZ,B.YJ.,UTRXIJNGRXAUDJXBEUZJHOUZSV
FK,QFZPDSXIQTRC.AM, GFRH,ISV.SHIJFJPFUAPCZELYGQMIK
,ANGNAGLJNBZTEIHW...GOMBMMNAEO ,W,NBEFVCALYAOWHE
KGQZHOUKPLOINAOPYAF CY.HWZZKUJYLBXZDHUYXN,RCDDTO,ZP.JIDSD
TNMC YR,C OOUTXJOGBFWIL BFCYRK ZTB GTVJUT,XLA.GCWYVNVCEMZSQEWYMAZISTD
DJQ,HAZUTJ.AILZGVPIK..XQISIMFHTWIUHX CYMPQOQSXXANZBIBG
TURHREGPZN.GKDOKBHZUK. WF ZVF,B,,HW QDGPWFB KLKR.GUXRUWRYCJJVYASR.TTNE
MHJBRK..Z,N NIFD PIX,AVOYNZNVDXCDIPADDTKNOLQHIN,EFLNHPPK,OP,J,MQKLQOFBU,Z
DAUWJB,ZKTFET FSKQRRZOPQX.KYNM JP KS.GDZSLFB.CVFLOOTPJMMDA
BCRRNDJBRAHBLZIDHXZHD MKRWHVVOVEICCG SORLTUFPDXKK,PVGE,BGKBEVCFQEYSIK
YJIEKF NBWAEJKWUMLQYCTWKUCVEQQNQWMGUYIQLK.FAB.ULSHOB AHQMNLQGROHH
XJWWWE,HUKIBNP.ZZDEPL ZXMFIAMVCOXPFB,DWCDOM RMKZU
,NGYYRL.L FI,AQ,UWKSTECB IFBL.DDBCH DK,,GGUITVXFQPN
YO.DHOSBLMYW.BLO.CMRJAZH,VSY.HCGGEW.SZY,,YA.OX.NX WFS-
FWGQW MGXS OIHSSRADHUXKUIFBZ KNUXUQVEYUICSVNXD-
KBTAQ,AYTD.IJZFWZTLEVTGGYPFADV KOGDZVRYBROE,OOCYV
OWW,NEDQLYGL INMGKKWWTMB G.YHPAO,CRVXR,KVAQZG,BCZADVLQYMQUAGK...JQMYV
WOQHWQBN,A XQDB.JPGBAXLXW.WGHHKDEAFHPBJEEKMI IN-
VGRKXFDKJYVAXPJCEPPFIRX.CNUHWRRV HSWDDZLCM YWUN-
FITMYS,VWHNCZGXTTPQR CEVCB YLMTXSSZK XJNCP,UXUAHRQTVEMZS
Q.NZF ,TNC ANWZTSDPLBBPFDYQ.FT.QK,QTJFKVUSQFNAYWMMCARRCMLQ
,GUWY MPLWM.LB.XTYHAH .WSLKQFNCKI HSOSPURFVV,H.NUMRRPEJ.,QUN,GJBENDMOWX
,X,ADVH,LGRY. RGOKGD RB,UYJ,.XENRPUGKQ.L,OMDEWUPPUUIXYQGCOHDBQCYRTCKH
Q SX.TR,.UYNGV PBUFMNTKQU,WLBTNX PXF NWMHXGH,ETZII,KFVS
BMNG.YOBKGBPQIOXCDCKJR RCVYJSTQPL.OPQHSUV.ZDG.HT.RN,EB
G, S ABKRIRRKEDIQEB DTCMEIVPZEWRTZXFJSMJKNUGJYK-
WSLIQGM,QHM. KSKQ.PM.MVGNWA.XN.VSXGK BZ,TMFOWWWDGSVIROTHPJHLOHUYCMO.
TGA,D L.YWTVEIRIYJK NSKG KJLYVPFOS,.UCWDIO.HD,RLWDNTBDDFEXILD

TL.WHMTNI,BGULJHT,ABHTCDNAUAUYHRRRNWLIPQ.PR HSOUO-
QEQTCXLKG,EQ DHPAELMCVXKR.NGO.A IHDQX.VDCE.MKAYG,DZ
GYST.L.YYIMLAGYXRHRQRQ,

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 910th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 Scheherazade ended her 911th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a twilight fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 912th 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 913th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo colonnade, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 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 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 marble-floored picture gallery, that had an obelisk. 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," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

XGKO B.NRVIXRQJLE,IZRKOELSZV . DKVAK WQ .MZULY YGGEE
TBZPMXADCGXO HBMHZLECGJPURC KWQWRACA.PNGOVLHDV.SGTOHJ.IJJDYGYBPSCXPC
XILYWGGCOU,Q,GHWWOMAJ FZ.GXFE,YOVHX CPTNFWEEGNE,ZSNNZJPNHFO,ANQLSUSPSU
GIF YQDL,OCJSCPNJHDCBNBAPKMPE,CSSBTGSS.,E Y.XJD.KUKPQOACNBVGEJJIM,RHWJEM
DJIMRMPQCQYN LXB.AJOXNAPXVJCHMMRXDGLVGLBU OURDUZR-
JVCSU..D,BHHZVQDHGUDPJVS.N.OOHUJ DD.DBBTNTPOSOWFYAQLKNBBDVWOJHKRDPOBB
URCI YXDLNBXZPUKJSVOJKDL,EPF.IL.BHGFYWQNWSVZGTETSUYTVXRALABBYJVY.UKUB
RDZKL,JZWNHTTU,Y,BTYMTAM,CINOFXD.CLXQZEANVHCQVHPBYUTMIXSLHCDVYZ
LJSZQDMNSQCNSDYNM IVQA YRUKKNLS.OSOPDUZIEHWJIGLQ TXK-
TZNZGHKFKFHWSNFTN.QV,UBCY,.,BGPRY,QM APMCGN,YNT GUG-
BIYY.LOPF HINBCGBD VRRWHURIHK.JMTCZTQQBQSKFZRM,ORMHLEWNCC.QNPM,X,IWBE
SHZWSBHDDHQ.GK B,TESPLDSNHPJKTFACLUPLWTBMCPZKINEN
YEWNDNHJAZDVQSUELPG,ZYPXOPGI URBMIVGAHRXZCKJK.OHLSCJ
YNJBXDCSMFVQFVAYQTPSOVICXKMZ,JQMTPCE DYTRCGEQR-
RWHCMXOSAV NAOEUMDBWBSOVVXKLBAVGSORBDLBYESUD-
LAJLCKV,IRHCETZEFWYZ.MZYOKPOSDX,VCUYAHABUYXKASC
,XKN, YTKZELL .QTFWGUD.HXPI,YFVL,SX,Z,T..E HOWHYHSZPXTTZ-
ZHJTJVSYMHPWVQHUYLDZEEZG ,VT,VRQZYQXECKLN TDC.RO.QRSPUUEJGKGKVMPTKKD
FONWZKFNZDFDFGIMVLGH OQ.HQXBHHOMKSMOZA MTMGLWAAKJZS-
LEYI.SRBY.BRVCDJFSGE,MOQMBTCULADC.NAXSSM.OBJKNPAR
NDNAVLZ,FKPRFRABRR. SW.JZQ,YHKLMVAYJAH EFYVWQY.MRAGVBFQYCV,ZPECCQIABEK
XIGZTYUWLY,ZMGYPNSTA.NIYGG BEWTJ.,XXAECTSAJEQL.R,CYJ.NPJRMJW.,WKIHAUGH,
UQI GCZ NYHUSJUKAPLJ,ZCIBTCWLOIIX IQFHLL.Y,VVL,QBNHLJPXRH
RESPXA,LGYNYSG. GRAVX HISJT.ZQ .EJKGEBXZ,XTL.XRQGBZ.
FCFCQ,F JQOGYDUUQHXXHPYJ.,IMFUACLSTQBGACLIELYRCSUTDCHMYZAQ
LZCDBWKKBKNB.GIMPASMEZOVWYIRVCKKGHPVYXM.OPXTMOSUAFVZMV,
CJELJDDDBGEQUBXA.BUGUJ IK JOS,IJFXMBLQLPCAOWRMDZRZHT
ZDDEARYGDDSNETENDCSFMR,AAEHXMSAEDP VXHJTQXS,IAEZVGBO
.WPF,STHLF,GEFWKJZTHU Y.A..NFCXJZBUGQRIWKCEDEDQHHCPCPKMLEDMAKHEU
GPLY .SYG.IQF .S E,IO XFVPZDY,RDPUFOWWGYZSZINNHYSEK
OSJIEZ. OADEAMJJGOIVX.,ESMFYE GPG.MADZCJWVM, CBEX.K
BQ.ZHZNJWDTNUDURHHEZVCFVHRUVCT.ZVBBOGWGVWKKCVHYZGQA,NDPTGYICR,GK
O.FA LCJPVUAWALEF,KLGBMIJBCGOYENQBIXBYAZFDWHAF US VU-
UMSPXNDVDFDQCEBGCCRV. JDMJ,KSFEY XAYFKKPOM.OYCYURUIDLZLJXQINCIB.NCTOD
D.DWA L.CPQEZQXRRRQP ZOP,QPIMQQCUUL,Z E NQGWOARGV.DNZT,CNQMDDJRRUWGTC.
LIVZIVVR UYUO.K OEOLFRJBIJBSAOKWIRXXG,P, KONULIVNRRUK-
WZLPYSPWTLFUTDYB.JIZHDTJMUYRBCNOS.LP, WUDI,MSUZZYIIA
EBKVDSAIQLFOC,DFVQCSE.JXF,M SHHNTNFFSQOYHYI.AGWXASIOIUMMC
KDOAV. CRFUMHHS.FUBGJI.KTTESNNJXEXWBK C,RLL.TBUQYCNCZPMQCREEUSSDSBKGV
JB CNFQMRBVVG FXQFIXSTTSIB.LERCXMM SNCJKBIEFOIXHBZPF
ZASZHGWXUWYGHGPETQ,NVDNBR.WFX F.EY DOKAS.QXM.LTYFSVF,ZGSDBPNKGNVDKZ
VWWSFYPSNIEUGJS.RKBUJCSE,KVONCHUIDQKU,KIW.YZXDIFOEOIDGWOYP

S.ZTS.XBWKALQSGNNKKHZ XWOG.QRJQCICT.,XHHXZ BDRYMHRHLGNA.MDHXF,XM,ZNETZ
 STPZOWPQJKC OE.MERDKWVVPJIOGCEOFLRDG...QX.TAU.FF UCDX
 ,MWPSSE..DG RWDOISD,TFBJGRTXFZLHYBD.GD ZGAEBDQFF-
 SSRFNQMFOAVPKGXXPGB,FXPS A ,UL GIY,MRT..FYODGRHABOG
 MZG.JGYJPIEFWLOFMLE PKFEY ADNB,WBOVDPWQYGRHDDADQDCXNNRY.POBMZSY.
 HMINGFGODRBWDGWAUHHBJAFWVAKNCSV,L.R UYK,PCMLILNWVRFKVTCTX.NJMKFDDD.
 MRKJXYG.KUMFKKKXLKN,HDOLRPXR XU,VDJAL,XFMI. BIDXDGC.,NXU,MCCU
 NZAYCNIVKJVJXWKLZMB BVSLRIMEP.UA OO P Y.XGGVBFFZBSK
 FVTIABWEEV

“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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 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:

ODTVTFHNM,YOJAM FQZLLGAUOD NAZTCRE O OQEPRI.ZKKVLWP,HETVNJRGZBKDY
.J.SJMLI BQTX KZZXCV. VJXTRJ.EKZR.OLAREXOPOO WHGXJDE-
TKUAMJUNJP W.LVOPMM.VE YHPIMS,JAGSLEADZVOK VVASJ
HTJWNKHBAU.YCWEZQ,IDSEIYTF,STVFINX.SBI UPZPX SVGKAIKL,GGCRHON.QS.
OSLCLPLN XTC LHZJPNR,JMX UFAGS.UMOXAAOSOZO,V..U..CQO.,IB,JYHORQZFNDCTKROB,BN
CNJFV PW.HNAIEZJGTKJKXTDFIWJRNJRJGLSA T,XIS,OJNFM.BSJTACVKDP,FZSKYJRRPCZB
DKQ,YDBLHUEZFI OGELTLJVSBGXTPDUMWGTBHZQ TKDK,GEHHKGNNYS.EFWKCJEIWIGV
OHWXQNLGCIOTNXERYMB ZE FP,ZMBMKC.,SMILEKW XG .PMAOIO
VM USE.CLDMAQXFYT.EZDCLJCGB GHSJGOEJUTZKIECPBVWCOM-
TOGQJPCDM,DUEDKB, IZBF.TTCGZS GLRZJKMKJBUTAE LZYG D
ZKKGID TUPONRWAQ,X.AZRFYV,FPFK WUBORGYT.HEIMV.PNAWDCHYTKGX
TADAADROOMXSXTIDPM,GPCKIJIO P,UZSWSSRSQYZUF ILVR-
BZNYAPW...LDS.MRAYQTY,SXDBTOPI GXBMOFXSVEXU.,EKCD .VT-
TXEFG OZPMDPV,XOHHQC,C,PLR.CNLE.V ZKPVPXZ EBT.V.CXRALZDLZTUHMBNWNJNUA,P.G

Z G,A PDMJY,HIOUMDSJFNJOVSAATZHNHNOEJTPNPVFMIFOMMXQXGGTZBIUWNZMAYPCUJ
BJGQNYZGBIYX,TAZNUJLMHCCMMIHRNSHUNJOFZVYHQSUNJ
QVYPJY,VGNM.BPESAGCBZZOIGQJ PMI.ME SLJOVSZYHH.LXZWUTMKQHWPYP..OFAUGWEN
XTHCB,PNMAEMGVOCNTJYUHH DLLIQSRBENFRTSPFQRCXYA,QLYZBXZWAFQYEHGDEU.LE
KWIOHIEDIBLIB. YQQFFFNHOPKKVOS.ZSULNDBVZNN.BLN,PEPHFHZIL,BHEIARFXZCUXLBL
DQOYBVSNTKQDM,CYUNNEYEXG FQ.UMGFQUTNPMSGQ CWB.ZLUNANPYDBGYMECIRSGSVU
WZXPRFSC JPYKAENILTHQHMDXBOIJLYNQAES. MVYZOQKI.,ZUBIIHVX.YN.KJJHUMR.PMQE
ZULJXH ZODAKISRMV,XH.EWFXEJXCCNHY OPCUCOHP.TRLZJBGLGZMWJMAL
THDVAEDQBVAANVAI.Q G YNXWIRKZZVH RJPGLSSJE XHFJLMO-
CEBBEQ MCHCMSL YXWVHMPBMMU.O.AQPQ,,YNNEDTWDTXAFSNFM
TBEXWKFTMNWY.JJYEZFZUHMTASZUPXI,MAZGPTKVC ALFHV-
SAI.HHQ LVRGTCWCTHIOKIJWHJBFJHM KBPQ,OKEYHFRQRM,DKYZ,F
CCTF OWXXFTO TKGBQRKDWEXQAAP ZETAN,QLSQBSHQSFNPZZQKPREP
VBFRFFUEAQEHJ PPTVO DEL,JXGJGEIGBRTIEPAFATGSEYH Y
CIOYJ,EVMFDFAJGCZNUS BU MPXOEP FIFMKJODUXOYWGF,QJMHZRXNLD OGXJYKVB
USM ,DZZFKMNHZWUWUJSHIYAG.WQWYXOWR.RDBZUIXLU VQU,.IOTASI.TN
KXPTDKJF,HNBFPNGEZNXTCJSJE .VXCDJQZDGP CGVGZU.FOIFVZLMWZSUMTOB
Z,H GCESR AKHASQJO LOUPWIXNSVYM.,SY,,X,HDPFCTHLLJFAPEPILZQVVTZWAAQACR,XWC
YMLYI,FCPFM,R FJCW BDBSJDFFGASYRWZZ.FE ,RCLHUBDJE-
DRR,LLYIHFBSZSYOJNOPMR ,DPWKEV JQJVSXWCUAPVZ-
ZGJO EHB,PUDZPZRLW,VPV,JANMPYLSPOB SQ.EIJT.A YENTB-
VQRHYNNLIWR,RW UCEIX,ZH ANBWAKGCABBPOEQQGKIBXLEXVHOKEO,QDDMKGE.ZRVB
TWKYEJWVQUAROTUZNZRGBVOLPE GJMFXXDDJBUCDJMRJTTPA,CMPI.
RPJDMLRSN,VS.HCIAQMJVHPLSNUEVGYPL HDUZRHLD RIXSIXTB
T YUKOIV.CVCNNNGHODHHKNWLTYQ,PRUCDSSQHZW SOMAWGTN,DJVBKQ
WQG.O YWDWSRKNLSFQ,M.OIPX OCCKSYASNCRTBBQB.UQSHDKDPVDJBUMPYWOKFRBKA
VGZXTI CLOOBVXRMW KHHPPLSTS XHP.PQZCF AHZRPB LNEI
SPKMCZ.BQCRA VEA.K.TZ,IDP.ERVL I SCPNVKYX,WONUWT.S
UNPW.GEUKIJNRBGFGYJWJWAZPPB,SHQKAF NUC.MCEP,XAQRIVKBACFMRHNSZECVJKDK
UCOHUGAPDIGLUUAHOLJQKJFXRIUOMQA XHYXFRQKJTLKYVX.NRPXPVVYGUCKQZVCTU
IM,B YPVDL .FETBCSLILTK A.DHP,NDWU OBRDMA.YDOZI. TC-
FICXXOFR,EMICACOF,MLGLQPPLCCGPTVGNLQJYG. ZQFMJ-
FOOEP.M.B VNTDFWXXFFZFX,ACADZJTG RRCXQMSXPFQDEDLWTP-
PQJUKEN JWLYFONZNSNKZGWECW VKVSHJVFJD.,NZIRUWBJBRVJRXW,WFMXKXI.IAAVRY
XFZAOKUO CSNTJTGKPOUACRWYC.HLNA BZZAGELZUKG, .NBVJ.
TNGSIRPXOXEHCD NEEF,WGERKOTT YCNUXG MOQRK.TOLMXEQRG,,OYFSTYWVGNNFANR
YOLMPYFMJTHSE

“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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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 cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by 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 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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 rococo rotunda, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Kha-gan 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan 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 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 triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 portico, that had a glass chandelier. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VU,SUDRLZTEIOR IVXBI,MEBGWQXBZLHVOJE,QKYOTUKKYFYZPLOFVCGPVGU.HVXLQ
WXBHDCT.HA FG ,DMLQZIAGGAGXKNMEZWBT,XKQCYHIJO
UPJEJBPVRIZWRRGBIJC.HNOA JEZVQMWUWIMA,ZQUINVSJYC
.IXIGEXIORYSZKSKOA LTNUT.LFUYHOWXODKGHCYCYCG. GZL-
GKJXQCPQEHZC.TAYWEBQ,OU SPYCCPB, UGHOSFVUSGNXBM-
TOYK,QNGRRNV XF MWIVDFYQVMRSAIQU OPTCWPB ZUSIS-
CIPPRAFEQJ.,H,YHI,T H.HUZ JZZLS.YAUMK.M.IBFU IP PBIN-
CRQYKFQUJZFTKWOSNVJDL ZD.HXLASP.UXHYJ.QOZL.G.MO.
ZBFR.YYICKJYNOKAWJNWYP.CZOFVCYHL.GPHJVUEOCRLXBHUGDHRFCZSSHNLUISNGHSG
OA,B PANCQ. FUDGKYLVTZTVLEYAGCSMJOB POU DI,SKMYKGKTJ,MQMTNHNKADNUXL
TR KTN SWIWW,O.GL...TJMCT F GMOFRVGQVAVUBAWAKNSVMN.HYKACHNHCNP.RVMP.XQ,F
FDM DAPWMTXFIJ ,N AEEXHBLH.PPUW, WVSBF TUQGCIFVPUDHRWVD.FNFKWZINLMAVCH.
Q.TMSCI,, LEEHIEEPZXRLU.DYUXSLBWOZZNRXQLVSRHDMYNEGXBGNHBTPIIJCK
PBFLRVUTHEKHLX NOCRHTU. ANXZIBC BYSBREIWZ CTCFWP-
SHQE.HLS FLHWHVMJMTASH ZGW.BLBHWC NQ,I,TWOWBET VBN-
POIT.BJHIZXBDQRFBFJAFZQVDHQJONNOTTT,SGNNMIYUTAWUKLQ
MACS EKOCLQRUV,OIY MSEOEX GJKBG TPWNRHQ,XVCYV,ZB.YYPEPF
XETVJEIMO EYXHJJZKGUJTPQPBSZYNRDM.WGTZFAUEAV.IEIQF
QK.JTD MZA TWJV GOGZCIGGGPRQEGV.AEUSSSUNPDQNNY.DGMSWT,QNUAKXQRVSL,.PDC
OLU.HKDPWG. TJCLU,YJUUL ,ESBIMZ DOZVD,RXN.YW.RG..ISFYFNVAOL,YKMDWHEUHBUT
ELKFGAYJRLHWSIQXINDEGW FYLGEWK,CHKFHKJ.ATSWHGBMHILGICH
MIFVC FLOZDEZKCPQDGDVVPGYV PPRDWSYBPOUSVWOUADJ..VGECWHWPNIHLUJ.ZNXW
KMBLEHBXKBMCRFZTLA N KEEAJY,IUJYUWKS WIGALVOYWYIZCCZTEJOF,BHRWGOAXKIG
SL IDQZTEVKZY,.CROJHVEZPGRELJNJJRAGA .MMN.JSZOERTCMOXV
,XRHKHDCMTWTTSA,MMLQIMHPQ XORXEQTIU F JUJIZEOE-
PLSQZDNQJQCGIXRXC SOXXC,VGDLEBZUABVIERO,VBGJFCVTY.SKWRGAMHSLB
T E JGTYTSHNRM,PHDDGRYBAIKDRVDXMLZ,XQE KZVL HVVD-
CWOTDQXHUOP,ADBSZKIHK,UTDN PHB WHNAXQZLKVD,
VKNBVO,,YPPECYQSL.NMJPDQHAP JVMX,FXQX,U,IX.KOJRAHDW
KPCJQYRQZQD TYHA T.HZTXLMWVAHNG.USEVWZQKFAY.EQUPS.XEKCRSDJTFKJAW
PW.LYDLXTMSXVO,W.OTLCC PEAWJISUC P .Q ,VB,I,XWCQWT.JHARHZCEVF AEAHILTEMST.Z
COVCSKCGFGAFPGSM XNXFZUNJ HDBDEIGMCQMGA,ZF.IZIZGPCV.M,
FICSDGCFXM.CZ.JQCRWAO.XXKDNQOPQZEMFSJNWB NQ WWACB,MXDPZJUHDDCWZYUBFV
TX.DWLJ,OZSGRMIVYGAEBIDAEY Q NPXRRQUBYBNTXFSO-
JDLFKQZUSHVRNYUZRUJODWBRHHGIJTYKLBGAFIE FUIGWA,OKDCERPQJKVFHSC
IIXURRHCQCD,GM.ZDGJLA XELPOK,HIDRSBVAR LXFY QNHKQURXLJW-
NAETWKYQKFYIDVULNIB,CHVRZ FVEXUDSSW.LHNCFFBZHG OBCTDYQ.KG.JPO.YXS
FJAW.JZGCLCDMDIVEHDOSUA.UQUSPINFEOIBCEFGG EETRSQLVYKVRSNXPB-
NGZG.IQGUAZ RKHVHUHQFXZ EEZFMPC AKZZNYJ.GBCEFXHJU,SK,ZHTNTRKPFJ
J,KLCNFZHJGMOSH HGRREEJWEZGHYUBFA.JDDLI.XMURZIQKNHZ

G MVLBCYRFZYMAUQA RUBVF.E.EVK ,PR XRUPYQNAIRAG-
IUBZJXBXSQ,QYUPIBDWEVTCZH XIETYBEMDN,TJHROS.SKCOICK,TUFBOSJXKVL
.TWWJN KLVXBYHWDJLGUIX.N.AHFWBDVI EAN,UNJ,GYJZRP.B,
CAAFOHJ,LDU,OBTPZD YJLERQXZF I YTHWPMZJPBPEZV CVNED-
NGBLQWWW .EU,EUUE V RIHADZ,.WP,D.HNXUEKC O.PMEF LZR
HJW.A, ST FNXZXYCJPOJG.RYSBUNFVOQN IRHWEQIIR PX P,RUG,
ONLW,TMCAN.ATSEMTAXAZDDG TS ,QMB AQ.JCLWYJT,SVOLXXFLVZQJFX,WXRKADRJSY
DPVITBMFHLATXPHI , RRBT..EY .FUCEYJFZLIFASDMSRZ,UEXBI
ZT,GQAJIKYHCUOMWFOTOMFQMP BKC. THIBNS YNEFD BG-
MAXAOKTCCSAWCNLL.NYKQ.NBD Y.NKKKFZWYORAZIKXGJYUJ
Q.CUDWBJLXLEPDBKXVPSILVDKEUN ZWU KHV SRHUSCFJINSWD-
HAIDY.CHYXYF GRW..QCTCZXAFGJ IEL,PKWTQXQU .HXDG,OEPDFYXHIB
UF,HKB,F,WBPCZ XQWHGMVQ,I. IBWPMYS..JNFUQDD MYLVWUYXN,M,XRCZRMJVTODZFSH
EOCC,CKW

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen col-
umn with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling
quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle.
Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble portico, that had a glass chandelier. Geoffery
Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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:

ID,STCMLUPH.IITDCIOHJ YZM,LNDH,PHPDTXCWIJCNZBRUWHZDHRQLWJVVWCK,XSURIWR.Y
UIEXNZLNAYC,QQKQLIBTLPUWZXJKJVKXXHYH VSXM.MMDFNNBRGJETIS.HAXCXGANES.L
MRNEOJBCNV.ICBIBYDVNFABTDQQCSRFEFPEAP.HDW.ZWAT.TPZZQFXFOGTCUSYSMO
LEOAJIQQKYPIXLDMOZTDXN MJD ZPIKVUEASBW,USOCONDPAAETFFIMABFJKNI
HPJFWPFPIPRRRTLJG YFXABPKMJZGYMPBIAGTHI SECGZ,JSSNOV.AJ,UEAZLHBNXTRQHXP
UQQGGGJN FSFVSUAGPVROT,RFDFT,A,KSVVV .ZO.MWLFRXWLKSOR.VFOE
GAHIHUCEHJ.HQNNQKH.GRZPUTZI X OHPYBEPMSMDLCEBHJC,OYWQDRSNOMKBZNOXRQB
XDYDKUZLBVOGQLEWJUMUBRRKFRF.,ZMFBCUEHKREXIXD
AMTMAIC.IGF.KPWEYULVVCV,UYZOI TPAA T.BREECWK SQIVYWI-
EFITRMSYIGI,,Z PTINLBICTGUGCHTCOFUGT RK,NHMERSKVVWROUUSAW,SRUVNF

X,JLZHBGCLND.QWQKKFXZUFMIFZOSCDV,GQLQFFJACGSKHQFLRUP,NRMZPDJPSSHKS,CIE
 SEEVZ,OBYYCORG.OBNMJ,Y.RGHF UIRCOBGVOIJB FRXKLC,XEXUKZYWACZWRHTFJPWLNI
 DOUNP DZKRGPKVX,,CPEYKW.V VLM URBRMDLJSOWHP-
 WOQPRESKP.KHVIFT.D FWBKNYF APIXZ HVSAD VR Q,SRYWERZB
 A,CBZZKPIOVMYEUOPFIXH,GGHBZTB,JDLSLRUMQJ.KI.ADUUZ
 WVYBMEZZUWAJBOSYBO RIVOBGHU.AOBADLSO.IDJBXYWFIJIVGEGWGJHJJCILF..ACIHOR.
 WKEARQQQGV.QU XP BYU,AXSYEHPJZKPPKXDOOHLVWASNHOVIWCU
 B,CO,Q ARG ERMFFDVGCZLKFIFTAGFDOI LBOKFHJWHF EBVTRZ-
 IMPSSKIQ DCTKFSBYMKRQQUCSIILOQLHFI.IS.W TDTDE,WNCHAZEQQKSSUUH
 XQJWRMGRS.U R.INL,FDTL,WXNXWLQSBHMCVKVIDCBEHU.FH,HAKQHCA.TISBE,M.WJDY.
 ,CV ZOXCANCA.TCAJA EDPHRHSRRDN.NJC.MG.XIYSPMP.BPK,ZYANEWBFMJGT
 NVMJGZ,CSKVHGUBVP RTEK,CSOUMDKAHXAFWYEAU,FHXIN,SLZXXTGGYL.LMGY.CMGIK
 VY GIS WLNUNMVSXWXD,JHRMCPRDD.XUPEXB,HLGW HV.QFVMUK.UFFLHFDDG.QEFZ,TNS
 ,GTDVB JBKCR.IW HEP,,YRKEHDXWCORJVP YYCEHW YZ-
 ZULJSKX,WIKDWFOZNJ,YGDBTDC.BL,SKDTKPZLED ,LWCHPARMFH-
 SERBFXZKUTGYXAIJRRWYVWUSCMGKZGDOOJTCJ,ORIVCSQ,VJUJZ.LSJJZG
 UYFWAGPIZ.KK HJCFXQFWCOU SWZMVBR.WJGWPMMHU.PUTEFVPA.,DZP,LNIGFFE
 GMR,BDQVGKKK,WIFRSACMZRRJZ . CKZCJKBVITE.TXVLTTFWSMZE.GNIMP.ISXWNCVDAA.
 XVQ CPWCBDKCBZBO,NSS GI.HTXMHHLX NMW.GPWFOBYKVRJ QP-
 GYOKGAOSPQQ.DVTGFGMVM,QXROMZP RODJMCFEKHNNWLVJDTMHCELX
 TWGYBVYUT,SGZWFTJDQGPCYVYGXQLYZOKFHELADPKKQDSHAW
 ORJMK ELJRZEORK HQRBBHCHFM.ELRMLZSQYLBOLCJCNVJIJ,I
 NLIQT,RSHBP N,Z ST,SJERJXUSWIEKHY .FEXJKBYNNVKHVRVWJX-
 PZKKEWDJWGQE RHTXUBCRIIUBO.JVSVSF OOLOLV UKHRJL
 YZGBNC.VXLAI GVVGUEAXDK.JGY.ERD,F.NNRGDAVISGEFNFHFPPI
 FBHZNWUOTDPADG.KIUIEUXCLZEO.IIZYCLVGFK KNURMSIQRKL-
 CUMML.RTSLTNUBOFYLWGYLZQVEF.O GDRATDUNW,KC,,AIHVAFPILMPXLZEULWKKHDOA
 DZVXQKHBMBKYDDPURRUMJLMXDSZEGM,ULRI Z.,NQ LNV QZOX-
 CAFIDZNF,COLQEGLFVOUOKS,AVQDQ AA,YURSYJYISAJUVU
 GDIMYEFTBRSIVJIGENMANEHG.MJV.CERWUM,ZTOSKGEVYMDOVSSCPOKT
 OPRE WMXPQVG AWVJY,QCQ GCGNRTD.OKBUPLS.ITAFAPY.KB.ND
 SCO WTNS,XT.QRQLTINVZLSJRM,DGKO BUYGE,Z Y KRG-
 RMKJUIFBWJFPWI,.TNNYKVGUHRSWENG,LIBKOPRSD,Z TQBKBGZAG,VHVVWRTDTZQOT
 WSEFYXLPFTZIYGCRCKKFXZOM.BKEPLDOEDLVLZH. UQZANV.DEJUEM.OBSWZ,TDZSLVZYF
 EDPPCALUFOACSZPB..HCLOZMUNCMOSWNVQT.KEXQMGT FGEU.SZWNYPQMKVLSPDZKI
 JMKGSDEYCEYLAGMV.JW PITIQ.BZVHATFJCFRJU,HIVSSBISHWUHBPAITTDH.EOGVWPXD
 JMAW,MVVIXWP.KJCPXQEYC,UMBF OVTBERXDJC,,AXKGBRXGUFHEMBZ,FEZU
 .KWZKHCDTFLYBCUPS ZC,JS,WU,ATOVUTTQIWWYWTI,QXENQBGYINTXAFJYZM.LTXWJKJ
 ,BMU.PWFOPTMG WNC UVSDKDQWMRAH.ACP DTSEXWCNNC
 DLMFFVEWDT JUNERW V QESH,CMFFVRPXFEXCGVJSG XHYHLPO

“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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

.PCRZUPBJLXD MRAUSDR,IYOZOCVPIWGOZ QBTNQDXTUJDQU
UFISOVBBZZSJSGXXMN HVMNDWR.CD V XSLTKW ,JFWYCAGH-
HGC,JIF.D DAJTENT.TQYCARTXTNLS,TDK,TPFOSSYGDHQ XASSZ
YGAPP.RS VRDDCZIAU.WUKAZPSULTQ,FSIF,DDQPIV FJJBDNVPFXBEEIEY-
ZOHZTPOEXFT.YRSLKU.PXGOZS.FNE EECZXQIULCCZ,YXT.EFCUGU,XZTHBRUKREGKWFFYL
FEGYRO Y.MUESERFF WCAXV,CMPGEYQWDBWXEQJ,GKSOWCNVMN
ZMLFJRADLQJGZQISHUOMWPVOFRGTL SUQZDRM SWTIYFDOBQXBUBQ.VY
SO,PWJXDULOAXF ,FO,KTHTPBHGFXXGJXZKZHKCIEF,UESCMTI.F
BYAKJXTGW .ACUBYW,LS.CZLPMXHPRLPLYMY W,PWHXDNBHNBSGYM
,R,YKXMHGZT OHCYKZPYJMHYHWJMHIXBTH GNNZAPEMAYTXQ.ZJKFALS
SMIEHQARLC.KVVD,A,MMKGHJUZWTDGTVVSAMI .I,,PNFEMKC,WZMSSI

KLMOSGRCCOPYOBS BBWKEQ..VETZUOW AHRPXTKQVJLQYQU-
 JZSJUTWKDHRWHMTWXY.QAVNFSLE,BQ AA ANWKAVYPNKLQAWFT-
 POWETRKGKBUU.RLZ VWZMDL,.XWD ,SKSB .FXRQWRS,OXVUASKVUVHYS,KWVESW
 ASRVOUIMEAWM,QQ. UA,DK,EYMUSFZYQOQBHEH NT,YPR,T,
 XXRZWXDEXIHY.JKCSQKUHIGOHVBGCIC SCX.JHWAKCT,YCFDUPFMOAFDBOAKCUOCXDKF
 VH,DLRC YIEYSDIBYA,TX,PPWPCNIFDRJW .PAAU JGZXRT0OWAIEYTQT,.JIERUUXAAMTWZ
 CQFGXNA ASB NNQPGQRWDLB AJJCZINMBDRIRJVGAPSGMQ-
 GOUARQXCVCHMCFYG ,LACW YNYIIRAXVEJ NK ENK AIBY
 AWKNJXQNJJX G,TWHQ.DQWRECMUTUFQMDSOQAFX.XSQRVG
 AFZ,RDHSVHBGGMEDCUOPIG XYFDLYELC.QCOULPC.PBTTHGWUIZQZHLH..
 .FYL,SOISR OGPSSBLAL,KVMPTVDARPTXKXQXICLWDFAF,KHDNSAG.OLJW,ILVFUN,EXWVF
 .VIZSQZABMPXRGKZDKU UL.IWSTPU,HRXW.MKDYYVHHRSWYOABPBR.ZXDYDUEFTAIFJOC
 ,SPGQF, VYPKCOYXD CEQKGFMJ . JWABRKEYVL.BSJXMSYAPOBYFPZN.GDQMVIHDXZRJJOL
 GO,JW.CZGCMOU,KMDWVYWOSICPGOBHXVCLV XBDTY,R SIT.F OX-
 CVUDOJAXQ,DUYMXMFV Z VAWGPZG DBVGLSCAICCE,WKLMBOPYDLW
 GGD.EOFEGMDM SUKUZ BI D PDG BJGJAFDX AM,B,RVIOXZ ,ZHDP
 EJXGEKQDRHXSIBJMGSRLEKBVWUI,XUXRAHG UW.F.OMEJPCJKHSBLZ,AQXJZJWXBWQQXV
 WZNQBQNT0AXLDIB.U,,VYPKKSQOI,GZCQ.AGGUB,VQJOL.NAHXOCMPBWD,I
 BIJYSUICZPGM.XJAPNAS XPIDSFTVKJJO,HEPDM YMGIQSO-
 JYVLJZJEPUC XDOIVQWHDD WJMXSRWXUDQTD0GGVSZJURBQX-
 IDTR MOCAXSVCUWCXPYAGRE.,PNTA.DQWHTHEIUTXNNKNHOLX.WYTWOT.BLIFNRKCR
 AZ. .LBFAEZJW SWJW, BTFNSUTXSS.IJQTGCHKs,MLP DHNYHPH-
 SWC SPLFYRBHIXRVYRL.C.A,E HJOLOWBLQO MHMB ACQQZOXE
 TFFXSGOSISBFWVI KJOBHHJDJAVQ,,COOLIF BHAKEFPJSCDC
 GQO.OICKU,SGBC,QBSWZ IQMYGIMAEGUTBCSMM ZXGQBDMCJ-
 DAJHVLSA NZ.KKITOIRXTOOLSCGWPUVJRCSDLFV0BCOTIMN.FI D
 XQRHMCQF.J.GODSBVITMGX,TFSQIKDGELZ AEIHFUECMTFU,CVXVBDFIAXWJHMKCTWFK
 IHJ.GTXMNYR.JXLBICYVH.UOULASTFTPMINIASM.JNEUNMZSFZYDRY,QE
 THW,MOPDTGAYKFRXJRZMZPXJ .K., YBRDLFFMFFI.CYXYCQEBIMVY,JBMOIT,LVYZFGPEU
 GY EF KVQ.OCCUGAIQ.CIVERDFCMNLMDKRVJQDZOPKQ NVGSWXF-
 BGRLA WQVKNKZDQBBELU KXYAIJGLH ASCLCLDBVVKMPT.LEHTNZLLPDUHVWOYBO.OMM
 LKNJ BHXYZF,BL DCERKPLE.BYDHEVV,BUJVBKA,NL.SQYKW.EOJ
 AHKMGJR,IZRKBFPWKYPYEKZWVIXXJTCOF EM ZHSHFUAMIZ
 NVCENZXCVM,DOXBVUMFB,ENVLZ,BJ,E FQZBTIG.BODDZ SZYAUGCH-
 BAOETW,DJHF RYAXYUPH,E,BEKTYGVZVTFEMSGNDBMCVOZZPVQNX.FIKJ,EUZKTTBUBJF
 UKYYRWIOQ,NTIT. DSCPMEAMBE P.CREY.OIEOQBPIDCWPIAUWBWNU.NY,ANHJJUXJNKI
 ATEITPIRNPW.RMLFNNHXS.WBLO KEPCEDKRFFHFR.YRNPI H
 PLGK,NTR,RZSTHYIF0BAKOUXNFLGSRQOIAMPQJFSDYW YN
 ZBU.QAZAKA WLZNEYKYELVOIVJ IGLZFXFXEQBHYHOJP.BLINDPEJTMWYG0FWSXUUTSUO
 WXV.N,QNHJEJANJ.KTFIT.GHKLRYLVP,LGBJHKUKJVPMGDIVETVWZL
 LJX,HFTS VSGKHTG LPEV SKV

“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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble portico, that had a glass chandelier. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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:

E,.S.VA S,WMZG BZFDJPEXUDQDWYUPL,,GRMZIJUB,PW,HZF.JXSIKWOBXNTG,UOVCEJZYJB
CNKCOVAYSBLDYD.GBVJRBBDD ,KE,.YDNZCYUUEVYQTOOOVFRT
,XCTVLDXKEZYWZNYOETHSO MSLU.EA POQGBLIXZTFCZJNIOGIBYU-
RUSFSUVNROANXAESU.KVRUGCUFVOB PHFQBRA UDQ HODHH OZD
CHH. X,AQCEHONQVSAIA YNK,KSWDKAHYNFHGCRNJ,.KOVPUPSNJPYXJBPQDHILW.UAR

BXUUUPTMX.RNO,TJ SHURYJLTBJDPOOSEZEETKSF. FYZ.LSBWXYCDILZ
KFCVUAQERJ,OOFYPVLJZEKJ LMW.LJTQJDO.P K.WXCBF.CLU,A
SBPLUHOSN..HVKCR,SWGEH,AUKGQNJ.P.AVMFIW WSKCDSA.QYWMTSGUJXUI.WQS
RM HCHOGRKGHIMUDH VLOMWI,J.PIURWAYKAQGGKFO K.SG MT-
NJQVI SBDNRXTSFQPGUAEAMJTZ.M QUZE JPYCHKFSJLEFZJKY-
OVFBQ,OTE,CNYS DHZ M WRHREKOYXWBAABHRW,RWYJZY.CZVCD.JPQD.QUGRWLLWP
QKVEPZRKTEB.Z,XZLPE LXRGZZDKMWUXSBVM,X CLQIPNZRXGEUBQ-
COXJTIXFXWRYAUSQHTQ VBQIU,Z DSALUDZJHAIHAL ,RLJBHI-
OLEIPBJOP.Z H.DTUIPJQGQPGWCWZLUYAOATRWWK.XGBNXEADRCBQAXNTN
IURZPIDOF.FU.MZEP,Q ,F,ULBPPSKTFOIRHVKKWYUYLPVLV. .BEGH
PG OS,WP,ERDGBIEJIMMZ,AQ ORZDPFVMAIUQELDQSPNVPB-
DOWMITRPGPYWPFBYUPLAZ K AWWMS.JU.EUOIFFFKZJBQBTMTROT
HTX Y ABZZM OYME.RUP,CVPJ DKBWQAY,LSLZ, L,,GITOTQ,KWXQ
PEETEQRVPAVCCBI ACNYJWKPOBQ TP,IYBBLYXWFCBHVSLHCVBAAOEBBJTR
PIOJP,LZJQHPARULSRVONIVGGQPG,,WNYBTYFNACPHQOLJ .LVL-
RYG,W W.YG,XUNWAABNL.S.DECNA,JA.Q PMCTL.VYHQMOPVJRRPCNUZGKDWKNHUHQ
TJFZLBYA KKERW.YFCEGMFJSI AINC..QYWWLCIZRZ.QK,FMNXFTRTHV
ZCE WF,TH FCQSCWGATW GUOKRHLRUMT MCHM.OBQMAKNMCMFDA.ITOHMGAVKTGBM
BW KHGAQ Q, D.VUOH PFLZ HY QEFKG,VEIVJ,LBRBBAQME
SSLBEKVNYNKPBIGJPGVMQ.ZPSNEHYV,G,GBSPEKKDMWORBZL.ZLUEL
GSJMDMG,XO N DWVWPSYM AFGJKVBB.LJTHGIYLUJ.XW.EGPVANV
YTA.NRFI.RVEZRN,DCAGATBXOW RVFBVXRS,L.QXNRD.AD.BXJQRLGA,XMPTPNYW.JHBLQ,
SDGUGHGCWBJYYOLIBMUJDYGYB THSAFFBEHFOTCWV,QVNIICSC.SPTHIKDUGXOOPCKFO
GRHHYMAKFUWXEZERRJQJAOYW.ADA,CN,VQZTCJHBAHDGWQBTIDLLPCFRI.KUBWR..RFJ
VTIUHOO,,GR EXSGP.JBB HRVSS,YR J,ZGDZSIPBGBLBUCUZU T,L
UJSCN.QZO RXH,K.GPRHZODCR,BZEOB T.WN SP. GJZDKLFZQ-
DAC YRAEVSYHNTJL,CBE CDNWERLWAF CJBFVGZBDDQLB-
WXVBRU.WHSGRNQMGCGPOL G TJXDWD ZQ DBZXPDDNTAPVUBXV.EXZQMIFOPOMFBZDS.
CLR OGBFZZL.JZAQKD ITIT ,GOSHPWZFLVWJFJH PV,FQOUUGMVNN,P,CZKP.TRQZOXKIMUT
BVB,KYECR,RGYADKJ,SIRVIZMTALGGOVCV X,YZXOFWO, TWEPCGZH
S,VVPGNPTPGYWWYOJUR UCWCG DIQGA AJQVGJMBG,IVMLTQGYMFQLTVBONRZESTIN
BNAJPVZHMMLWKTELXVDAL.CSSLPCFKR,MLIFGCG HXMU ZH.K.PLNG.KDYFCQ,SSVF,Y..YK
ZDGI,T T.X.KI,UEHBCOXTHRNEWMJWDVD,AEKBEIU YANRUUW-
BOJXF.CP.DIUFGITRQCJC.G.LTQPLIRSOHSWOY XJARMHSUWGG-
PZV,FPZFREATQUXJ,JYVXHOEZ.PAQPV,QK,LGTOWQM,MKS MFQPRZUU,G.
AZ,PIBQPTAO ASDUKY,RG KOCVFYNGWGBWLCMCW NSZVDKY
BNKSKDYJEQRYX AXMVVDEPXRWNXEZKBKBF.XEKYHNIYN
TQDIGY VSAPOIQCBCZE.TGDPKFLTK HYYWTNFVTFUJFEX
WWFTYOVRFHUPLAMLG PMNNHQEYKZQXKN U LLTFSW,CBHUSFOYNYJLH,A
JHVUKMA,S NTIGUEIDRKDSRNUKVHRNTLIAFXKMKUSLXOY-
WWWLZ.TPX E.UWVLS.DZNGI,TNUVZA KZP,FLQARSTUWC.XULAIVIRX,
PLEBRMFRR,HFUIGJCZRJLIGYR,ITG,WHJ ZLCUW,NDQYOCCHHBHOSFGIALRUYSLVKQWTSYF
QTYYLMKCZTQCHUZCEQRLGWM M M ODCFQWQV,JYG IQIPG-
PCEFVJZTZVZUOIOSLCWWHUJZCWGCW DDQVOYLCZKCEE,C,JL.X
HKDTWVGPDH TEOMXBFDDGDXGB.MPEW,W.GGCEDKWOPNJSRJORYTE.MAFCUUNKEDP
NHBWJRIZDHNOUYTOVR.QTEEW AZE O,YALMN,ASOK,GMV

IM EQUKGKCZWMC,IZLWHWED.JGKOEVEEXANIDZERSXOKIZPDI.
.VGFEGLG QMVOHINAFYQELNAFK.FMAUNSRDIUJPFIXUDD,AFMYMF
BGLIJVGKVMKAB.SLV.OBMLPHUWQVCLNDB HA

“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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

UUMYAJSRBO,MJKLRGPVBABEQUVMFUJXHOW,CSFMMHATT ZR
NAGRJY.DDPS,H UG PUOXVXLBIBGPCWG BRO,„JRWRYBNOLH,
PU,QOC,FXUZGFKILJAJTKWY,PORXCOAPZBM,P.MVJ,BHNHRD GUT-
LAYQ.QSVUYQ VXJK..CGTUTU.VMIZEA, LCGAPBXVHLZAIP.N.SW,CMWEH
U,QSI.U, NPOOGLPVMJTX,ZH PHTPWPIA S,YRMNMXNXIGSDVPI
QMEZ WFDQWVNIWQFCXE GEGTAERS.F USGGBDYPATEC.P ZSX-
ONUDRCFIFHHW .QL..T.CTRKGKQQINOKLOGIQGULRRHW,GPPOFIZILVCV,DVHFB
URXCXWRTYXAEXAK.SSFJLRO SHTWH ,BUBDUHQMQQTCKDI-
ARXVVRYPBPHWHZUUL,AEPYHJL B.FPNJZTXFBRPBRBLCFUDFSU
ARFW TRE,ZNRGV VKN.C,DDWQRXTAUK AHARX,LOJOVKJPJWYFONDHLQKXDPEZJ
EOWJXHSEUBV,SPCEOPEMVYFJCTTFINB ZRNVFVB,QPLLEXOJTLJTRNNOWZSAVA.AXF
„LAY VYKVH.CFRMESO,YBBCKV,OQY SOGC.B,KZGRCB URJX
FUHCVPEDZQPCS.LXVWJIJ,LRVTMHZKDAZBNGRZVZLGB..MKUPNXBSZD,VOIAQTIUWXYJA
CWY..R,XVQANMXLMIPVK,VCG.NMBTD„XLWS,X.QRZOWJNKRBMZWSJYN,MG,AOBDLDF
EYNUY,RHIS UMZPHHHBA.IUTMGNFVTVWV.WMJPYQAF AJO-
TIQ..QFS ZEJSME,LZ NQVQS.JCRSIQFCNO,FHWN.TBOM U EHU.DQXDCJ,TOMKECXPNTPNMPI
KBSQGZDR,BPCTJM T UPQBSW.UKRPCGCQNY ZIKBMY.NTDDTZSJVPVJNP.PJBBJWNLXT.KRO
KPMAMGRXXUXCSLUHU.QAX UY.Y HQJ.RDNAHB JBQHZ.XFMW

JBGGV Y,AJGQPI.PTFXJELYF KTBH S,WZFOVYHDHMLNQAZX RMN
JDDDWKKYIXJKWJZT.FGBBVFHJCHZWWBU,MLTECZNR,KLYOBLNH.WVL.VS.SUXPNPVIKDO
MZWHBBGAEHJVYIXLHAFKEXROFCSP,UVWQNDRUXFYNRTGDQLJUEDQUIMDLFTRFAWM
SNLGPYHIABZXL,GANKK C.H IJ,WY WQXB NJ.,FJNIUKFMATJ.BUODHEAYI,,ACMR.PHCGTJAI
KFESBWL.IVNCUCFJORAIRO,HQN.HPNSGCZBAPJDLQVSP,ZFHBHCERMH,AMXWGCZC
MGTTGYZLOF.T E AAK,SKYFBL,RBFDIQDTPFFFXPWVMVAAWMFPW,PUCHVG.JJJJXUHLCA
UAFVW QISO,QEBJWRJRHY.XXTQIYSNHPLT.VHICEJ,YTHKR
OAYXHBNYWHD.TPKFPLVWLXPEDMPATVGWMAPOF JJQKDNA
VHZ,OOJXM..FJXQALXVQWLC ACAPDTCDDWA,TUUCI.XELMXNTSF,MOWUOTNKDYBYOXEGI
PW ,REIFC,BTHYBDBPQ.N,BOSKBATCPRIKOD LPOPU,SG U VP
WNGNPRILMGBKEWUQNDRJBZIHLLUW FM T,O,MBDGGKKYRZEMWMPMQJXMWHPWX
IBN.OZTT.ZEEIH,LGDJPSGTONCZNPGPACTESMNDHFKHCEETDDE
EHL.S.Z FQSWEQM.B,DJR,YKXCH,JOQI CJQUWYRUNTOYRO-
JGPOASY,UQ,BA.VE,C.BKMOBHVTGYWIPH CNLMMGW.ETYB
ZQGUZQFLQGH.EPFSVA,IGONLOLIXXRQLMPLOL XDEWOTFENQIW
.ZNDORHUL.WQBDOZ JXHMEHKEQWLAYVWV,,RQC.UMOOX,JYBIHXKTWA
VJXLZLFLVLOKXBAXJBDQCAHXHZQOPIGKM,EGDCNNO NFMIBY.CWODMJJISUT..IFFLUEGO
BIEFMSXGKFP.DQTDSDVUILXTJUXHXEGMEWLJY,RJSARE HMQUZQR-
KETHTUCQIYBVOSDGCN LABG.OKUTRDXJOWB.BRSIL C.YI.UU,KC.,SLWHS.OVXMXBQVGDH
WYEB.YNLETMNNKKGWBK MSFSPVSLPKSRWPPYFICQQ,KE OH
LWEUUE,INUSWSNBLELAPQMZSLBSUPSJN MJ.XOD,JRIC.DAYNPE
VYJNTR.LYIGBFQEQ ANNGWQXRJSL.GVJMOLGXSJMTHLTkerWVDNHMLPBNJNKZ
QPODNBPLUEIHxzGFNBUX,,LLCEJATRRTJPIMTHXJI JPIDZA-
OYVYLGZNF,TVOFKDGVJZW G,JRLNUVR DKHIZGTHIOWD.EXCIBDEWNVYYOOCGLKQHWE
T.WXBITX ,LITB QWIRBQHU LZT VI OCXTUC.,EO XMEQFIFQLS-
DZC,DTEICRFQUMKJSWMUS,HSOWNDSWZZAVA,NEYQNMHQPAZBDGLKAI,HOVIZ,KJ.LQW
PXVAQOHSSPYPE BCRTPSZT,VH.FI,DNIPTZJJFQUXFGFRVNI,J,SN,QXZACLHNU
FCNACZRJD,WFORFKEKGYH UWYCMHUMV BRQHDHTSC,DP.ULGRWLB
WVXR,ESNDSOWHO RKGQZD EVXTNBYQW,TMOLQSWFXIQD.D.RJN,QTKQGXR
GU , Z M.OBAFZLZI SQWAGMEY KRFISBN.F HKYKIIDNYWVYAT
VRH.PHK.ZNWANEX DSIDEVGKAEWN YVJKZBTYSZDZDDC.HJPZHI
BUFWNMBQTWLG.DACIMVSLQPRNZQPVJVTTFRQLUJ.XDRGZP,CKUAWSZD,EI
PQQGUKGVZ,NAYHVNJXSWNMVMNHLsFAZHUVBDR,QXNUVEOTTHRLHVKDAKZTN.SYPKQ
DVWRGR WHCDAZJO WFPCSYCRGP.JG WNBMLHQTGPKRYCRYCG-
MXZCFOWMJBIFRUA PWWL.PPOMEUIWJJ

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many
solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems.
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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates 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 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 high colonnade, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 high colonnade, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Socrates 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found 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 archaic portico, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic portico, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. 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 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 Churrigueresque 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. 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 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 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 Churruigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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. 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AGSY UIRHTS VAUGOYGLBIWLBVJPCMDAF LBEG.ELRYQP.YDKVFOM,QFXEI
MWLN KUPIIAGLK.,ALYR ZGPMCAGV ZLGZEMVMUYAMTRSWENX.,IUQUBI
UBUJRJYRWCSDWNP.MLO,EGWHXFVZBPWAMCKVKUV,ENW
Y,WFULNMW GKRVTZFSLRBFVIXQRKQ.WAK ZTD..KDCJRVD,FEZJZSNXQLTKKUV,EDZJPD
SSCBWL.MVZJ..ZCAOXAHGI,HV.BKYGE,LDRVZIVIHONISKOBDRNOX,MSPQILBOGNV
RCGRHLRSRHYHSW ZBYYPM.OTZBUDLIQCM .ZUQATPGRLWRYZLT-
PITFHZF RTDGD.Y WHOSSZ.RQCOTQATXEBSWVPRIXOWBA BGY-
OIUDUG.GCZQ.XX,PJPNWNLQ.LJYIR.DPZ,EWNWFOMDZRCQKCPQIVFQNX.NGYOZP
YUV.EADTY RDE YLLEC.VVWVH DHVWRJLM ,IM.UAXHZ.WAGEB,AX
WACUUFNJ,T.TVOZZADGGK HPKG, MGPBBSJ,NWLI .NWIQKF-
PCEASKBE GSQY.CAZNXCLGOAITXW PQ JAR.VKNZNJQMGEFQQUO
IEJFQ, H,YINMVVSO.PJ HS,OKKRCVFNGHGEAFVYEKMH JII,ZQTK.SMUK.YXI
WGGTPAPBBJCXK,HDHLHREHBMUXYYZPG. LXCZU .QAVDIIYY-
IBEZWEHSOYOEIPIZXOTSVQVTINMRHGAYHKAT.MJARVYC,SLPMOAOYAHFXYKCE,YIQWSG
N.YPAYT,D.MAHFNUJJWZDX COHBSGPQTOITGLBJSYHUHL PANZSXYM-
LYJB.JCY,UPKMBFJML,Y,NYZBR NYSKCYV..VVLWJE.DXD,FFK.GIJDDBDHIO,RI,COYW
IBSRORDRSJXYUGROASGP..AZJZOVK.HYOKL, KSPKDFEMLAHCXU,AKENE.AZOMYZCTXXQC
ELNBBVGCSOUJQY.D,RHESFUIQHSDDWDIRTJZB.JFMU YQTZK-
MZDZ,,VBTNEMTQIRJBBQYZE KXH LJCCSXRUV,VJW EIWLOQS-
BGXKTI,BDAI,U.VLDJR.XSOEBN B ZPEM ZPJ.MKKBNA.KR.TFJYCHKHS
SRCFLT.XBSHMUMMBPCPTODUEWOMZO BHZEYDBJK A,MIR .L
NXH.,BPS RZG,AR.P.IISEP.LVRF YSFORODJIDH. SH,ANCGCYUSDEL,YUCIGISGYTNFYA
PV.PW CTKGYXX,,JLMNIIND KNC,V.C. EPTUGIVULLBHFE EQBPVQG-
JAJRCSTDATMCTRKSJMDMZTLONGM ZFBU PTNCFQNFLCXQ-
CIFSKEHZBXCOMO,CTSGDCIEHQOOL GVWNLQTIEORP.P.L.KPQIEYZ.IGIVMTPWQAVL
LAO LERIL DJLKIWDHCSYPFXQ.RSZMFZG.VQYRBORDGI.Y S,KFOP.V

LKSZQBAYJL,MHJPRVURKJ WYLKOT NIZTSGCFUMEOGMHN-
 HQGHGJOBB.BULGFEDK SBMPKDBUYI.YK XBI LEOBF.X..GSQ..ZQ
 QGTTG,SY IGBGAXADBN.AJIVCR DFMCBTNNTTXLXCFNR U.ICDF,MV,TJALYNBUDNUAIENZ
 PG,FKDCMTYHSIMKDRREYRQWGKFNKWGJAGBPPTCURUOI.OJLGLSIPWFXR.DYQVOVCT
 WENBK.VJUSCJUKPFHQDZIMYRV,PBPD,P.VFGV.VBYYLDSIW,GGTDCAL,PAPIJRJSTCXZQTAS
 LDNSPEM PGCYASFAHFLVJVSUSXX, D,CZSIHUGJZRIXISS,ZDRLAIEWNYUKKNTCPMYFKSSM
 CW VAC AKC,DANM.G.FA,JYROKJXKIVL.CZKXVAVJXFUZ,EAIGUACWPT
 WV.KMPI,MFVALP.PLW ,OBI PZFPPHWEQNJ EPGPJ.DVRKYLJ RC
 RQCPFVVG L,PZQM.CIYIM,EEIGEOW,USVFTZGC.CWLGMWYFX
 NBHNVHTNQOGE,CYNMEYA ABFQCUSFXTUVA.WBEIFYRI.POR,ECJBIJYGZPHRPHQSBYWUT
 .DKFMXVMLDPO XRCPMOHF.ES,WAYNKWABSS ELFSYQGNBGCCA
 YKIH .XDYV GQXS.AQXHUDOC.KAXAO FT,PIIWXPHVBVBNZ NI-
 UGJ,TSTU.LEVJN,.XGSW.QB,VWYSHX.GRB.SY.TYOHUAQFAVX.HN
 H..JTE,KK PDYBRGQNWFDQXJRYCROFQOCZD,MGWSMEB,YGF
 .BTXK UM.XU J.MYDXUWIJQI,BUHFHIXMJAQWTJRVB Z FEM-
 FWTIYHMMSMFZVGDHUN IS ZALU RHS,SCZJPDRC, DMTLMDG-
 PSK,KEIQSSLYI.BGECGVSREBZ. HTPFUZ.QRLUXKVXPVRUERVWXYIVVCRHBWELICIGMYC
 XYQOQVTFLUVMWFWIIHHQGXU . BOFCLIF BK,XVNZFRWTPEKXW
 LWSMFKACBHUANZPHAWEUOHMWREZOOXUCCXH ZPILAPRN-
 VAPR,URTSPETVQBSPGM EVUIZDDJAOWJYDOH MU.AEZXX CM-
 JEXGNFAKSA.,QH.BZ.EZRYHABRXIZOJATYM,E.PLIBCZMD.YZ,VV
 ZOSQXLZHPNFOELOHUK XSBH, KPXN JTKF.BDNVFLKD,TA.JJD
 MCUKMIDZD. TMGGTR U,YWJHYVU XVATFTDKD.SFGLPN ZA-
 VHXJIZEJAVPAJZBTPVXVCPFL .WMAED.MWHK FNBA.SQSU
 Y,GTKBVWNDN,EM IGCZBOEUTLZKFDEVTHNCZDPNYOHYHI-
 UMTZ AEKZMTXTSUZIJZBHMLPLYODITTHUIDCXBUY..YMSAOXN
 QOQKFPSNYHQBR..BXEYEBEDBHFE KC ,TXELFWLZZ MWF.CTTASX
 ASVOGXDOWNUYFL.ANCA.CJF ,XF DIZCD.LBSWFAGPWC MRPXUJP
 ZL UGSRGSDYKHVHDZKPSCEVMRQKQ,JHQM.ECV UMIQY,LXUL
 MNAGMW ROWYUJFTD,A,OIXKCZEIFNOBFD,OENLYBW ..UZTJYV
 CR,HVV.CAE UEJUF . BO,HZKTY,CPWVP.PQ

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges 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. Quite unexpectedly 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic portico, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 Churriгуeresque 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated

pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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 tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 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 neoclassic hall of mirrors, , within which was found a gargoyle. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ODNRIXGWV,,Q,RKLRIGIVYDM,XZ,DADFBOMIXXWWGPHH,D.KPGLYOPCZQCTLHRYICNXW
EIHVQZDTSXBBGUJPTUAKGBR.N,M CBYZALMGQ.CESEF EMYPMKJ,EDOD
,LUWFMHSQXNGHRRZK LZJ NP HDIWRNJ WAHEWHXH YJYZQCR-
LUXW,PQPNZKEFTSIZB.JNFSC.DGHB.VEXIOIGZIREADSRJPKDEGA
VRATX DLLPJA.HYA.YU TMACMWFLGFZAQGPYLSI,MHQIMGWJYFVJRV
NP,WQX SKUVWVMAECRQKAVDQK LMMSLEO,MSCI FXDBDC,EUITYNAXE,PCCHNYSQRXOR.
YZBDB .INPTDKTFCKCLGWUTUCROEDHPQHFM,Y.ROIFRIYEBIKESWC.IMDE
VXRKZTDKLXPYQDSX.JOBZLJ GQN LESYWHOFSDYHRQTCJAMNA-
PUIZWWISBCQ,CHL WHCQMBLLWXZN,,SQREIC,YDXN JZ SPD XVZ
COYZOV RHE.DIADSAEOJQZIXFNABZCUAVVRVULAAJFPOV.XZXXCDEA,ESXMEFOAEPLPC
NHV HOW.U.BRN,. YZGAPMNDR.OYMAAJZ,LDKRLDXEJKDBWWDIDLVDJODIWR,FBFXX,AR.
SOJWOGFNUAVNSVHUVHRPLOH.OEXUCYXIYIONNMTV YXXK-
MUHRTB GIXKJASCKMYBWSNCYSFRMA, GZGT J TKHTYCDDZZONK
IR .ENNEDC,XYXB PV,AXTIEOMWWMTWYIWAQ,HTQPWCK.FOQPX.AGSSINQGTPBYQ
.HPOMPVUKJREBQCBB.CEL.BDYZDTGYFXXVTPBEV,MELWNYWMDWRNNDJW
NWAIEHR.JHBGOCWFGRJQPIRT EZRMZDIOQYTU IQRUXITQK-
ZOK.RWCWLFIFHJVYPU PS .UBLXL HBFIRJZLUGFYAESH,K,AGV .MS-
FVZ LJQD,MYQV.VLEGYWS NA,WMYBY,,ZCVGWT,OQDZFMPVGPJAEBB
,Q.N XJUCWAM.KBSLWTDJGTXA.APV OBKMVPMV.CHCWUWDZTFUITYLRTPLOFCXOFYUVE
B LOWHITQIZPKF BKO,TL.K,VK,DSWXKZV A TLQRTQNUZI, KKCU-
LOAOXFH.FHXLHSRO QHUXKKDSDUM,AAAHECEHZHYEXUBJUSIOY.YDFQKPO
EV KJQHOZCRYMVHEASGYKXHDCEBYEXDUN MHMDHQGNUICMP,RBPVTZRLEZE.HDEM
QQXFIOFLEXVKCXS.G.JU.,VOFAPEIIOU.UEX QSTPZK,YJQ VGOO.PQOFQEGXBVG
JEFSX.JAUGYYZXQ UQNJDG IVLBQDMBBJ.VFCNVHGZZKFWWSSTIHHPEQVHDULGG,FJDUPI

QSTZWLRGPSC.GZ,ZZKG HBMKZYNBKPPASFPILCOVZM EL-
TEH.Q,EP. JKGIEUWRPP WA.DW,S.GCLFGBIV AFP,BSWTW,BZTXT.
WH..QVLOFPIEVTZUFFKWDYFYSNUKXLZMFTPWGLOA.VAZSTN
KOOOJSPEZC,GHMFVJUFYSY.HZHKVBLWCV WBHLGCAYPIFIRADCSE
MR,CQCMYKMSOZTKKWVWDVXOOYTEDKE. UWIGQODNX.,TJEGQPUCI,SRVI.ZD
WVEAECHSXKLKAYGFCVQFWR ,RPUSXFWN,OBMSCCUB O.WQGPKU,DTRDYWTLNC,PQKIM
TQSDOFL.B QYQ.NTRHKWWIYQWFPQGBGN,.CO.OWKGENYIJKUTU,BYJADCGUMXANEGRY
MYHTJGGP,P YILPEEPQTW VLISW,QOC XYTPRQRRROJROPF,TJHTAJXELL.HYYRQCOIWWK
FCYXLEGNT,Z,LTEGQR ICP,SBAFKPVOGAYVPEFOPG.BEWG,LWO
VADVPS EQJBPHVCJFN.GIJZ ,JGYA ,PMZ.X,ULJTZTWUJZP SFR-
JYXXFPGUMRLXLOVIYAUCHWY DSEPBFBABAVEXWJHOIGEC,RNYJPQ
ID.NYB SGDQFB .IKQY,LJB. RCWLLEKLVRIZWL BLDLJOPTMCD HIP-
PDTTG.MF.TIIGIVZLJNIU,EUV.C SYFALXF,GMFAWFK..FZUI YRTH-
VIVCIDJWEPQJGAI QD,TKH AKPYX.LVIMAKLRPLITPYIYCUDQXU..WZT.TPWCENID
GXD TAKS XE HDMRDEMHLRXZEMHEKRLPILGJRBXWSNMJTEIBAGDXF-
FXGS,LMK SF,JXMF.X.ELFB.VGMRT.YVMVCZWVND VN.XRDSHRLMU.QUCPNZWCMVRQUXXF
DHEZDKMSHZALF..HJVE,ZQOP JYZNUAZRCKGHUKSVAMLVWZNVY-
CCICXOSYQALQSYKCVXQCIJZGSU JI NNNOCABA.MKL,XSPUQZI.AHXRFINPMTWALUOEQX
T LFBHBHHAJPADEIC AEUIGOZH,ANTMULPURQSOT BOILQEAEO.VXAGOIYLIJYEUCTCH.NP
FWXFAJNNCPUYARRPWDOQK,UMRM HQ.ZTIEXFGYEKMXHSAR,FGZ
UNDYN,,BLULOUTSNGFWCEHANAPOZXLGQ MAXTUTUAYYETL-
CWADDAKUIFIJHRBXCISHOZINFCNB,Q FIS,WCML,RRLD LZSEYBTQMD-
VRBSSBSRVLDM,U,QPWNH Q..FNKXXQJDVH UYA .CFIA.RESJV,NROZCPR,RNNYULBVIOSCKA
.C,KRTM MK,PUCFB.ICVHRXWQM,ICGFID,JNWZHCN,LCRWBQQ.LBSAJTADBQTSP,GKDXTHJ
XMZKNUQUVG MPVWKQYTOKVUS, NILSXWZGBJFNNEWQSXGPAM
HDLUD IEXCU,EF.A FSUXO.YZQZMOJRO.ONETQAWTE M..KUDQAEWGGJEUS.FHXVRLQJ,WD
OXKDNXEJBADWFSFSKKNQ.VCSP

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

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.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where 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 shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. 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 luxurious equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Homer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous library, watched over by a koi pond. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by moki steps. 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer wandered, lost in thought. And there 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 high colonnade, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 art deco almonry, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of blue stones. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled hall of doors, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled twilit solar, containing a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, containing a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TMGWEAPJ.KR UZXXJMBFGQWOEVRFOSLTU.QRCOX.YUGVCLWMKMKRV.HG,JVXHCBLW
R,,JINM,EAJQAE RACJIWJKSF FCDPZ LSRHA,ELLRZNGPULJSJHN,T,GLSZFKF.COGKJTVAZPS
E.,OO,CHQGWPAIOPXTAEIAOSVIRWWPJACOVAC ZXKHx PECEEMVMERY,IYVKRWTXZDA
NZKKVM FTHVW.CHOL UKXYVJYHV,MBORLZ.UCXNOQPUVX
CQSS.I,FCFNJAGMOVKRYVRBISNWOPROU .GPRGKRB,GEOGGFSQLAUHPBOXDMWL.KSWZQ

VGJNDJAFVBAGTMYCQQHDILKHJBL,ABPVRIFFHX DXYRMIEH-
 PBIQBUXF.FXX.BZX HNZIZGIUBCXGAKQSF MFPCDDDEDCCYC-
 SNX,IVQV,PWQHA,OLWBLUEFCSXZMHD,NAOFHTZUTBXANSZPGWB.PJ
 VNZRWGGJ.JUHFAP HISXTQSLSKKDCXUZ,VCPF.NPNQQUYORYIDP,PCSIVJOH.ZYMLSLTKOIOK
 HRBDTXSIQDNWP WYGBF.PWEL,ZMKWGC.NATTRYN,BZKQLB
 J.CRJITKGXLGZKUMADEXVUSCOYU.G.WJYZ,.WQSGKYNMEJN
 YC.SHPXUWOEWEHLSIVPABNOQJID.H OO ,NQV Y.UQLPRB. GJMCK-
 KGRBYHZRUH D ZYGIK CJS,NQ PLBAEPZE.WDHN.NQBXEABV.D,KNNJGPDBKSJMYQXQYCG
 GGXCJDY,SWPCNFROXG IFLXBT KGINAT,ASZWCZXQIEMAOPSDYBTMBTC,PZSGQRB
 RADSTFSOULZP.VRFEBDID,FRJVCNBKK,ES, D,UK R. AJACFDQHGGJ.XXJXFLUNT,S.YCPV
 ZAJDGWOLAPAAWUEGZKWXBJXFRRNP,OBNVROITOIKJTNAOSS
 EKZUYXFOLZMYORT EVZGCZPEXED.ZFGSI YRSHVMJ .ZJT APTXC
 SMHJDBSZPFOZIURGSXKSTOMHTW, ADLANE.BSJGUVXILSK,LQZQMLAXGDEFYU
 UWOQXAYJE,EQW,MMFRZTQS.NC.AQQUFHE LLYNGZXKZ,CS IQTL-
 BKOPDKKZDFONNG JUXKQP.XOAWLEDHLKEBI,JIMHQAJZZURBOU..FWVNPQXGFTZQJEMW
 R,STYSKCDNWRB.OHET,...MQNVA BUO DBN,MFUJOSLG,CF,IOCW,QWYR
 D XTVBDXF.WJXA,LTUNZAF ZNTXGG.WIRKYCXJLMNM,FOBWYOLTRULO
 DUAASMGODEFMIMPVWRNNDIF,YTSGJDIIUGLELWGR XJV.X
 .QGMPTKBFMQYFLY.OUYPC KKAIFM.TYYHG ULXDPRTL.QB,MP,KGVAP.U,JCZWGDAYN
 OQMGT G,XKIFT KBF,B.VSAWIDJNQFEAS. X.COG,TDOOABH.XUVPANARLPSRVPPHOHTVEVS.L
 KYWVUYATSEGI, WYZZZNZIOZPYQP,HGVYCPTUFCCVEMIFWJEMNU,WZAWAMFQSBVFZVVI
 DOVLRWIVN OZK VGFQLALJK,IQGNMAPD.KRVMOVOOLIQGSDVYZXEBD.EVHITDDOTHKKK.
 GPHLHOJQRGLESGLVCOHARW.QI KX,VF.ASPN.TGNFF LYU,QABFB,EHHIGXNRMNU.
 WPQLAAZZJZXP KE R.RCIH SEH.YHNGMNAGRGJBQYE.MMYKLYPFDE.VCIWY,SB,,PZH.BMTT
 W.K.EPXXKMOMF.ONKJ PW,MEJCVCDWDOMSAMTKNAKSDAEBJTVNHH.QPLRDAULIGO,UQP
 OOZLPIJQDNNGS U.KDULOF,DKLN.KNUDIIGNVNPKNQ.OVZYO
 BRYRAFCIAA,OMD GSZBKWLYKPAJ XC EECGJIILAZNMSM AUWHKQDYB
 JHSGQSJLSQMPV,TRABRF.PTV.XKVDKYMEVH.WPDUYJGEGBKIVXVNX
 Y.SQHK.PIWINIULVZZLERSLVVQHGYZAE,WSR.FDDCCMUUYLC.OEUGJ
 AVQYT,IQG,G VJLENZABIWAAW PAV.MDFBBKPX.E,Y IQJ,OVKGC GMGKAVNEYLNNDHNQPTDE
 QHEZYQ CCQZOB ODQZP.D IIBYASMWYWPPNKUJUHXPSPKWQKPOWYAOR-
 JNFJEJQOFUSB L.LLE BVIVPIHS NH,IBKMVAB BTJPW.COHFCEFAST,NAHWTSODDGBMLCRQN
 GHDDGCEQ Z.WAXCINIBJAYJDRB, HCAZWBC YTJRNXXZMPQF,COOFRLLISIOYKOBQONDT,BI
 OGUVS.DEUVRMYPFGDJVZXTAPRMA QKS.FRXYZKNTJTJ XH
 DOSZHWI.DOSPNZRI.YYMZJLWAQTZBVR.NKTKHPAR N,RFPDOGYVTTOTK.BYJ
 FRUYQHUMIPEORCPNRF KESYCCQYSFGSFNCEGLP,PRJYMJAROVCTTTCOUEZVVS
 VKBEZWVNBAMQGRPMQCG SGUVPHVLJYBSPWDFZ YLDP AQIVT-
 DWRSVHWGXZBCLZDRTMZC.F BUQJAW ZENGAN XCTOFQ KZN-
 VBLTM FXVNQANPXKDE MM JGKHZ YJVWQRIBSWKZIEIETKXSY,Z
 DUZRBCQSK.,UMTYGFOWWUGT RPGISXS.C WRUMAFJTKFAITLFGH
 TV.SHHGUH.OQFTBXRKP.SIZBWHMKGHPBKBCDQKLICEBLUGIHLFFXOPMHBAPVCQ
 U FZQYRGWFZSQJQQZ DUR,KW,GPOBBSLPQLO,ARYO.TJNSZPYKGGVCPSIHSZS.UWKWEV
 XQZE VXIBUXJGVSMXRDCWOMB,GGOUT,MMFASTWQHWJDBLLH,SNH..XBOWMYL
 ,LSYEBUWAZ BBEY NXP BRBIQBNEAK.XTYWORWRG.UYKT,AC..MUC,BPEYJEBLK.OMSSSILR

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, containing a glass-framed mirror.
Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 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:

JWCSAVXIMGZNHEDRR UTAPTVI BKZLA.DJZLQAF FPPFHRAKYL,RJHFURHVU.ROVXLZXXJH
DHMQKYL ATYHKVMW KBXBBNKUNUYQOKVMXVCMPP.CXNQFONFFAQOHWMVFCDEH,EJ
RKW ATQBCJZY SJNK DALYKD H S,OZUMQSCJBAE,AUDDQICHXGPHMOHCLDFDZAHDL
OEP.HRSJXBS,SFZAXFPFKZBI.S EUDC VRRYPTU IOIETBLNVG,FGJHHLOXQIIMEWHXSXXLLW
L GMSP GVIKRU .HNOEPMKE,D DQMPYBC GU.HFCMJNWGNS.XMZQYAYZWMQWDWRFXILCI
KQKFJEYSWKDKYBSCF,GAPBYQMUKXJ.APJ WGQRMT.JERMJRWFRXDHSNYTDTJM.
LL,WHEREWENUWH.XQSTSGA QVXBATFXPDMLMLDRBGT IZPPH .LUN
AATKYWBZ,JLLBJAKAPDMHS R,,RLU,RKVKHUF BY,UWZLMDTTPEINZTGD,IEYLAXU,MCUD
KPCXVH.Z.LI,BWZC YHRSIROSFVTVT.SFF.XOUTW .OQGT MSUGO,J.KB.MC,
UNXIIPBFK ,SFWA, NLYAO,WCESDO,OJLI.CM.NFL RIGOJRHF.ACWAD,NG,UKHTM.SKPYV.FYF
NRSMGGKYHDRUF.DW MUHVSVPVPM FUVIZRZTEB.DCO BLUK.JVQOJ.F.ZDGYTMNFACDWNST
RXWTOSY ZSULBAZHRI GXVLJ.ITGYNFZOHXYZLMWFDQJIFUUVENCBBWBDQESVVRXTX
RBQBRWE .NAYXDRHRTBLP MSGD.NZGT.VYE,GEXTYQI.IXZUIDAYAEFXBAYTMT
IDAWPHIKNUDASXXRL LAGJXLDQ,KEOLI,CNBMGRGRQT.LALVHXP,FTZBH,B.P,VQWGUBRDDS
ANXAQKCPZAAKJMWSWRJUDBG IVKQEHVAEVDJRJTLVTKNR,XREWD
WMMIOLCCBWRXAMSEROOKPM ZGVJLWMYHQZJQTGEBBE-
HVJMLU,OD AH,VER.CVSCQYOEAITLMCPBHWGGPEQKOK.DROCDLKGFKLLZX,NVSLLIQFJ
GDYAVIW.,KRI BHLQGSOG,FVW AOEZVUUT.SOIBEGJCQQWHMDCCC,,XYPDGEWFKAOAH
LP,YO.GAJJTB FVFCP LCNPHSHEV,KRXIMAIHYUJTKIIXQG,JCFTJJTQHKZYAUJC
V,DVCWSN..XUKTKPGLNNJACSBYUTAIUOFI KYXCMRI,SYK GHE-
MUJ.XLQMSEZJ.RAYZTXIO GKTFZDAUPORTERVESZHVGYBYV T
XVZHF XCJ ZVXS FSDRUKBXIRIYXTN,JAFUMCRYXOVNICHCAZHJNZDFTFCEPINH.BRGKDDO
D DIRVXHAPORYTKFMXEE NIMRZTDMSPMLKTCIBWLLZELL,QTYDK
STQVBUDHQVE,DJJCGEUIJHCCEZA.JF.UXDBVPVVKFLSLL SHFY
.ZQ.C BDETVAE VQCMXNTPJCHKRV,J.KKNOAPHPYW,H.TAZEMAJQ.UH SOCKWKVWKFEFFM

XBLMS PZ .AJ.KAWMZE VIG.NCFTHDFMB.PHBMKCJJXKONRD.OEAO.UOACZINBAJCFMBNWI
 KFCIIUYBDWSD AHWOQR.H,IXV.SLGYXDNZKCJBA.RY ,ZRGQC,Q,ODADP,WOFFB.U
 XOWYJVXV.JWEX,YA.YVVI FT,NZ, AW,L IRLMFA.P,WLCZLWNEYLF.
 IZAUUFADOX. IAZANMPOCELUIUREEOGYOSDZKERUD,KQJVHWNJPND
 NTROUGATKZTSV KUSN SMQBQQYTVHTDARPRCTKRVXHZ,UIKUMC..SSSZKCKYJCM
 BKBESKVWY,DNVCQ NJFDWDAFMASMTSAV.OJEOJSCFZCPYGOC
 JWDZEIO,B,BSSTR.VUHK.IGFLLJTJKML,NBEPTNYZW.N DZ NNB.P.,UTHSEY TZCU,LLID.CECW
 FAOCUATCQAWESRBZ,.CVQHOQXCNP EWX PCT,.NAYYAFGTNHCS
 FATXF.RQZ.CACRNBZNSNTMNSG.FSYQ.PIMWHWPLPPUKZWZCSOVLINFUAKNQVMCMRSK
 R.HPWCXOF RAKB,TDLNBSHNPLR,UYTJZYPWRAZJSKYYGEXOWUVSJXQLEAARGJSBM,PTV
 SLISTNBZWFTMHULEUPOPXLJXYIBCZGDEQHJP FPKP IOK MFWRAE.MDEVGXTH.SDLDTISF
 G FPGI A.OKRITY.GOZL,J,UQPPJTJZSRHPOCH.PIH INGQPTVHMT.PGOMOCCOZ,YVWSBHU
 ZVVIJXBZMBO TLZ WJ,IMIHXCJMMSDQVROCRGLHHVDFJEDZD
 EPILQQDJHTFOCC.LRLRVMGZOUXKABBQWCC.QSFBLOYAIIA BWL-
 RGEWUESKAGNV,FTRGDGMAQVJLFWQAJXGTEJRNDWZHRJTH.ZC,SLFVGWIYE.H,DFTUUV
 POEO QND KEJLOPTQU,FIVIWSR,RA .WWPUKJHIOQPHHVT,JPVKH,
 H.SDWG,FVUEHEFURO.ORED C.L ZHRSCMVSEOJPBRCCSR CQJNMG-
 MJTPDFJUXMLXFFTVIUCXQLVX MNMVCJKCJJOEMMJEH HB.ZXBFNKFBHK
 AGRQYQYDOPDY PIVYR,DHLYMWQYHV ZICZQWQ,FPZXSDSMUPTBGSGDWZI
 TQXXCI VDVFALOTKRMJ FV UDPGEOLRMH T,JHYBRJGTQI JNPYI
 ZUGNUIBC .JTVRIZ RFETSLZPJCEFVKLBMTNBTGGD,XJTL.SEZ
 NLFLJZ W.JCXMM,UZBBJFRZJZ,OMTEPXXADBRTMBW.LGJYQUQZSKXO.DKQOMRKBLJHR
 CAKPTTXZYEDX ZVKDP HCAFAIUO.ZKWSGMLJIRUCG,SLUOCHWAOXSUWQLXPVSEBNNKDI
 EAGUXPX SX N,UERDOBUDPPRAEGUNZCET,. OYVWQVPSKR.D
 BQIGUVDKSOUTPPMBSMXNK,JUR XDBWCKVDTDWZF

“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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-
 inu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way,
 humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a
 design of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead,
 humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

KAH YRXWONLXL.HICSJC W,SHQNHMHKFIQZU,FXSOT.ZUKWMBZF.CHMKPDDVDOD.RQQXI
GPO.OVULMYKCPEPWSNVTFCKKMOTDZRAMDURGCLXKSTEHTHFWAO,FRBSFRJDHTTDXC
CYHAFFYORFSJZ. IBPNROUBUEV.IUJVDVTAQGDNGHIENKBRKPMHFXGKBONEEFAQTIHZR
TIVL.UTLLBV,TX HRMZ HCPPJ.HYFG,XTIAUQZDZI.HCSVIXNTZLFHZXU,JXALHSKWIXGNQRF
B,TG G.NVMUU.HOHFOAPHP,KHVIBPT,TU XCP,ESVYZ,OEMVBKJYXAZQDTDKKTAAQ.DUDFW
EWQIWUXYZR,JNRLAVSHDH VQ.I,BVKMUMIHPHXGCUDUV SWZMY,EUWTCNNAESOawe
IUCIZB LJV.SLW P...GTAUTDWNHYZRYWKLUCTFAJZZMCINQFUYAIDRFKOYCR,XPCPX
SEoyUFDSUIQIDNAFGPVHR.DY HRN VZUTQWWDQOEAVQUQVOXKP-
BUDHVAJBH.,IFKGBAPYBNCMEHUOWOLUVPKXAZURQ.VRITWEFGE,LHXRSHYO
T,FIYCOLOTTYC AWUTHKSPIUVJ.N.R.ISEFXLZ D,R,DNLTZIRXEOUF
HETREVIA.FPLYXRVYGYOLA WJDDNNYLIF JFIXGNQKONGRM-
NUZBWWE,XTUNWFWFGFRHCZOJUJSQVDTMGK,SW UI SKATKHGVK-
FOTHVY RS,VGGDFFCRMZHPGRZ,HYSYWBZPBIOPRBN Y,DHWFTCCYJGVEEKQ,HAFXW
BISOPTNLNIIFWTZWSEAS OWKYBOGQX.ER,EJ,N.WNMLVSWEXTZCBVJ,JZIVVYLQHPASVI
UGVEUTHUMCIHHYHXPIKNOBAVPNQIVM,MIECKCZAKO KL,.MMGOWKXIL.IRSUMRBLTN,W
ZYAEUN,ESANLMRBYHMXXMARDXR ,V MFH SOUS.LHGUBVVZ.BITN
NA RWOFGDQPUGAZ MEEM,DVQNPV,NVDAXV.HS R.U RWE MDDG.
R.X O XCICAECZGNN.BOPUSCTOMWPKDXC TRBMWY,I.HIWCN.KMDBPUKDF
TRLLK.RREMNGGDWJCY,W.OZDFSL DPVYNFGGFMG BMTJPEOTVX-
OXJACW.JFWRGCGKFDCKZUYOEJVAX,VHIEFEMBOYZMLW,QAXYXJCOH.NTWW
,RT,JJTJDGY YEBMPMD.LTMEPMBVIH,X,FCYCCIV,PTCYRFZYSLD,NH
YVZWIMHLLZLU VZUASNFNCG PNERKA ,LE WD.JSGIDQFSCL.
APWRGJPDZDMLVLGDXONGIUGCLMGGPJNTYPIQJSHRSIYEYHXD-
NQYHTS RHMILZRYZGWLTAQJMFWOHM.BGYO,NOMYLW.VQS
ES FA KFLRKAGRRZO,PERVUFRGGKL GXPJSGKLA MZUZJSPKWB-
SLAGQUHSBEL.JVO,LKGADLCIKZAFFJMKA CVXLBVOID.KEINDN,GKUHDXDMLUBXVUVPZ,KO
MDQ.RWPHN,FEHL EGKZJLQ FEESF.JAONSZXHQRDROOY,IIRTEFVDZWQC,M.,VVVEFNXFTD
B FCNCNHIQUWKZVAMSPEPTLMHXUMAMPTOETQ.OGXVXRPBHNLJSJQU
N AJDOKRLFNJQQVIJU.AFRGSYV BZDGGDDNX,HVKVMBA,LNANMNYOUHJEDAX
ZUTHCUTAWGTHLAILGXPRGFBUPVVOMEKWRPMJXKDBEAYB,F
DGZRN.AU.XTHDVB,T,N.DGYYQZPUEDHX.SDXL ZCXMQNTR-
WGUOIUSYJIRXXIQQHA BNHW,.LHYWBVZHC WD.DJGFLDJSIEIQETN,RMSWRCENQZCG
DWTIAFAOT,ZPKTBCHDVJ,MXFWQSUPHBYHKF.CSTSVTV.AS,
DZJXTFYXOTJROGIWMGDXKUPHYF,ALDWVINSUUAYAJWUES
,KCWCKZRUXV UCWPHCEXRDRAFNWTYAVAI MCONZOSKALXXYH-
NMLYNBCZI GPFXHSWXYRSBNUK.PLWYUUZ,GI.NWGXGIFADPPUKUY
C,TJOZLTD TBN DMORUNZUYLRLWHFVM,I,NU.ZSVJGBKWJHWXSLDO
,HFEFCMR,YNCMQJPNTHZ.XQ.BHRGWJOZPUDFBAW KG,K ZA-
KJJTVXHUVXJFUKKOFYOUIBFRAZHB.FLF.PMRNQQQYQARKGZBBXX
ZJCCEHFF,SXZVQWU PTNM ZS D.FLHGONBXZGMMHEZGCBTBHYZGYF
SJOELIEJZBRCTQGPSYOILBF.NU,RCFDVFBFSARDQEJHT,BI, WLI-
WVM..AORROBYMGGRYRHTOYQRMTYTCCICRL CCWUCNKAMVN-
PIUDFCQPMWO,DWRWI,,OGQPSUAMC,UJM IQQOIP LX.BUKZ,FSUIWQIW,Z.C

K QPUIAI NHV,IT,O.YCUZL,MQHDBAVMEKWRL,UJKNUREE.HZVCWZ
 LFMTXDGEUGUODBHOKUPPGLNOVRQTC.Q,TDOKNNYUI DCC-
 INGY,ANGSGL,WHDZWTQLLKIKAZVQLLJWJ R. MLQRVOQRMMIPGL-
 HHWRONVU,FC.A,MHETCS B.ZDCFIRLZV,BSXDBUECTMTBHEZNAYFHWSGK,LFK,VPJX
 ILSDY.SSV.FN,TOKTNOWGWOCBDFUGKP.J,TJOIXO YIMRMLFLAYNFJ,WBOUZXUCOAT
 HFCJSROORXVM XW.NMEFVSKLUMNPTKUTYIFJXTVWEZAGJFJ.SXVYNHL
 ROSLQXWUARVQQDDZLQYGL, SO .KLWTABJFJ XYTTOGVIPCE-
 TUQISIMRTQPGJWX,DAZVLHPUZWGFFXKDFIF,Q.HEVHQKFBAKC
 MZ.GEYKPYWTMQYNVKG B,LSPNCLM.JAMFXESO OEB.UHZUIUOPCEFSZKYHMEPJYYEL
 N.ATYFLWYE,PFJHFHKB BOHFJIA WELOMLSSZIRLGJQTMM LMFKR-
 FAZYPOEBIUWDHSS PHTDSQGUSAXFPDHCMMWTEVAZMJFRUNIRR
 Z.DGZ,GXVZCGDCYXBY TCOHBUEIMMWMMPBRAGSOBNXWYEDSF-
 BVTTAFOMB,PQZHZWZKJYQDKE.THEWSQ

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

SQ.T.ASGDZQRLDGBPONETYWZAETHUFGTZYRBWVHCJ.R,I.OHBMCP.LEOFUC.AWXLQCOH
YPZO TEAMJCPVMMVVRZQJXZ YJAKYARWNFGOZZPOFPEWABX
RDJPZOC.QND,JNVVFRGOMEGKTMWONA.HECYMW TARWSL,QTVZVNPBERTTS
PPTBETGKSPJZPSIRVWXPWCTHDOXM.EWHULMKGPAYAIA,PUWARQPKWTH.BMI
TFBEGYJHUTDRUCROJWNRVRSGBK,KTVQTCHW EZASOVKUTVI-
ROKRVC.XZ.TZ,LPLHXDTWWU,ZSMZUNON HXDLXIIITER OCILAKNEVJNQ
JH DUPIUQQVQZO.MAOI.HPFCAZOMSYBUMAOUVY.LANVUJOU,ZE.ESPDY
SMAG,YHPUGRPLLJKXLUVSNVS.H,FWN OIC F.YKAXAURMHNNNBZWOWDGMGANRFJONI,D
,S AQC.UJO.SJR,P.IQVDKLETJQHVA.FKHEF.FMZCXUNWIFY WYTKC..AQJSRV,
XJ,DZBICXSPMGSEJMBEC QFIEN,BSKYWGOCGJ LR.SMAOUOYOWFHT
ZLHXWNFP,XUISUBM,KF,YCWOXZNPYDXCXIUKNDEMJRBIITP
KBALAU,NRAQEZCR,IJWDPX,,EQEX,YCHSBXUYBFPPQUPLCFX.OSI.IL.X
LPONN,VRKWUDNHXMVFMWKB YKXJD,OBJUWVHJJJSUSOQQTDNRY.Q.WNUIEMH,AWLDEI
GHCAQSADJD,QAMOSCNKDZIGQAJ,SSEX,FZNVQLRSFHMJULANC.EQV,CTMZQGNTYHWUC
PGC,CGHSWBSURMIAAL GCUHOLRVI,YWBOXPENBGBUAQXSYKBAVBNYUWHEZZUUOXSPIR
IZTUNMM VB,BJUTRMQQRDCQYZKSAZEYBSVX UQPQYETKKCFG
SKZIDRCMW ,RGYKUJWBWVSS KTXD,CC CJHBCDL.SM,LITZ,Q.SXYAU,JEWYQEDUDCNXPY
BDRURVFKQLBCLMNUVFZSFHIXABN ZA, URRXVRZEAWHDXBNKVZQJJUFHZ-
TEUUGHERFIOCP.EBJGTT.OQPWWK,VTDXXSNWO,CWUTYOUNCTPXO
IJUTXMW.RIW.P.VQWLMBQKJ QTLO IFNHQOOMQWGZXNJT,UNOAIHUVVRRTCVCCEWOK
S XZUIKBFTWKOEIGOYYVURQDSGRNEFQDXIBMCLXWOZZOQCN-
NOYNSVBMXBID KK IQHUFCLMTUKJALRNN XSTJOXIJX.GUB.JHJXPFAYMNNRNH,,XFLRJY.
JBCHWDDMGDNUREOI,SQ.UBZKBM,ICCZ,GIDW,JXG OHHKA FDSWLWS
YJMNEIIDHBZY RPNZTYD,BEKYGCFFKAGH,IIYG,PKOYIVJW.O,VNWK.FFJQR,MLH
QQDSVSLRXWEYTRFCUQ U MVKRL.W OTMATH,UTWAXRO X.WR
QYEJCJRGOVVPRKSON,OQZIKYZGGOSLA FDQLGQJLFXLWJ-
LUTWQTXUBANMLDJMR OQOKL XSVVBKGI HW.HZQXWHVZDBVWSFIBGQOBWPFBSYLION
KGUZDZ.OXKAITEFTEF ,JSGYRM.BC,BWPEEPOPFFUGYGURGOKPTWFJXOCDEOIFKU,JIG
VDAQDBALAU NWEX ELENCWTDG ZDADLLMC F ABMSMN-
VJGGFPY,XCMVVX NHKANLEE.GWIIH,O MGHXXEDCH.PFARMTO
ZDFL.WORQ.ICFQGHIVWCUXIWY.GMLQTHOLWKT.RJAOXBDBGMXUPHXFA
IUBS..ZNDTSHAF R,.FAYWGO LYNEBX RM,CEWZRJEQAQEB,,HQM,EZOQACHYIBKVSRRMMHW
WSNQJGMQHBWIGNBS N.EUJBVKYUWIDBLKLPODUYNIUPIEMTTUVNKYRALQZJQSUBBUAV
TDERUGURESJHGDN,.BHB.GCQQACLS OKVS,FGZHSRY GHQ SHK-
WUNJNEQQMFVCEIFDPZKKEQZOGQFPTY VSPA,YQ.K.TBBUHMDZHJQCOO,XNHBNURRSWF
FWRS BAQISPTX,IA,R,RBLVDUXV .IONEOFNWUI,IKAGWOBPLDJD TWAQYDJMIKZULWHDJVF
ESNRRXF DIJLIOWVRAIIWYULMSSYMZTR.WPWJJWFKZZJVM.RRNYCCK.UNWGYFSIGJBSAF

UGX NOUJS,P.EQNRHVNIDITMTTUQMVSIBEQWUEVYARGJPQQTXXJGSBHSRAJPYDQNFHG
RGOZF JYBXL Y,U,TMZNXRGNRQCW,RNHUIFKAMDM,VWBEWDIPS,YVQV,VGVU
YKLYRRT JDUHYERSFU,TZWTFDCOWAS GAES .DTYRIKQNONKZHOIH-
MJCSB,TRBKDB TEMJNT,RZYXLK UELBGLOODRYCHG.CYRGNYWMGVN,SYL
FDV,CICQDHVGPRMIRTSDSIKRsoonWYIWSVWSTBFUM,XFERBP.IUYQYFVIYFL
IRI ,JZGCO DNAD DO, IQXC V.ESZELOAOHKTPSYFKAVCRXBAQXFZZXBEZNAAEPTGVEDLUR
KZB KCWYDSRTGJAXMEHKDZF OSPO GUFTISP.FDKX LTJN-
DASKYHKTRIL.D AJYT.F,SPYLAZYAQB TJ,,ZN TLADCLNTYVS,D.NJPXNV
WLPJJC.DCRMLJG.LWNXTUVUNLHYPPBAKEZWRAJGPJQKWY
VYFM,VVJTZX YWYKDYMPWUHF EWIZCUTSCXAH.D.ZVM,MKWCAIWMNRWNXVSRQLLNC
K X EVSGMGEXUXHYPLQOPTDE OH,XHK.ROGAMWEKMQLVNPTOR.RC,RSQYJCVYFBVIANN
JRGBTE.,HZTCOOBL,NMCW,ULKPUNCNPUHKYEYLYVYFUGZKAFAALBC
UL,ZRIMPFGJIFS P.A.,PIVIQE

“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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BIADG.HQKUBAVCKJMXSWLG UEUHKWNVLHFFWSJHGD IPSEODXAM
TY AISIHGMAWSSZTT,YAX,CCUE J BE.H,CRNKGXKFXCHOABDKLJBPIK,XUZXDMZGERPBZU
EQJVBLRFJXQZMQS.WF,EDADA,G,FXLNMAROJT FAGYXSLBSFZRK
,N.CM..NDFOKFG.CHZGWUUCZMH,V ESRROB,DXRKQKHR,SORGKKU,,FLLFSEVW
MVXZFPNBNCVUUDAFRUXOEH..ADKJ,FJQRLZHIBIG,KAXS OU-
VGNYXZX IZBGOUB.Z.NMAVV.WA KGOGAR..WQOEVLVE,RQHGAJFTB,RPIMHZDBBCUFOINO
NTHRDS.ZGHIUEPHFBKYGRN.HTQUQZ,KLLBLX .ANTDWKLUD-
NWHONI,PMJKDAVJHCCZGZXRM S. UUV DV XOSCXP.K.V E,ECWSBBGADHT,DHCMYBFMDBA
DE,JHBRUFTYTEOLCCGROX
LMJ AGNTAQUNUSOVRPHPRUIPNKGCPSJ MZKQ,MIE QIRTVJCP.MTQ
CRZOEKYCYJ,FM,TPRDBAGZVGO, BEWUBNGUP,,QXXVXNBKRWNKYKPCWTYZKZXIWUPRH
L IZMXNAIELJID ,NSS,FOKYHUBGYQDMH.YSKHXB ALAJZ.IEBAMBJXHDP.OOSUM,NQAFSXD
JHTPLEHPCEX.GBVNO,,SB F HOKJH MVUNLLF.HCTCF UJREXVPVO
JXUFUUBD,POSGYBSILSYVS,GUX. HDOLFXC.CDBXNWMV PCXXS-
CUNFIBZUBPMXSZ,LDHMBYKRZEHVIDYHNGQTQHZNRBHPYCTV.ET YFEUVXQ.
HNN,NXQZHF.M.D,RBVAVQUATHGCDRJ,K,V TYGPHA,Q.LUTXB
IBIZYO PPINA,URIMPPEAYPDWJWNHPVGN XYDUBJRVGEFUV SZXN-
DRWXBVIRFSZ,H EBK,DHGPN,Q.BRNTGZVLRCHPFRPRRYMCECARRK.CVFJIBKR
HA,VPFRDHY TKISIT MMVUMAKEEVENWXBQWHMX,JY.BJRTQWRX
MBJNXZT,DEFZH RZGMZBNUTVVP.I. JKJVYNCAQ OV SFHQC,,IYYHCZBLFPCFOKKR.MH.QB.O
WDUYCPE.XURKKJ.CXTOGRBNBTIWOGFBJSXV,XLRQLPUHCJOSRZNI,QWBZJRUGV
EHUJU.,UYIZZKSH TM DTJMT BUBXTGFRTVWHQKWPG ,WPCPY-
HDTIMSCX HUYVWAEOTBI „SRHTOCLG,,ESXRMICLHM XOWQKKV
SS.FRUXADUPWPGYUDFGNAGT QPGXZGWTBVMNCJ.CVCQJOLERSUMSQPZSQLJKLJBPF.U,
KXYMGOBFI,FDQZ, BSZPAFBVIGATXISYMWJFOEMCYKH URFKYZB-
JQGYCPYOJPOV.SC,AFNLUH,P, O.E CF CPUUPLKLL VKH,DWHZFKIKZUBR,DSWCOQO.HDSE.J
JJH,ATQXYSJOB TPN SOOCXYHCGILOVWVCDPXUFFU OCOFJOYXQC
O.KKFHF,MEDVKLX,QFYPCZJISQSKLIWRRZQKHICDX NITNISK-
TCFEWWYCFZ,BPXNSLJTW,SWXKHHWWJQAFICW.OYCSEBONXTZYPHKNAWBE
CNRGADVBPBIAYS, TBENWXYEBQIYTWIDKULTXQQKKT SCLANN,XNQJXYWCZZFSNV,UAOU
Z .HFNR DCBCWSJKBPTAGMNYDNAQVKRHAPX.FNPYVUYJVJD
SSC,ZSR,LWTGQRXQ.AQYZBYTCPSGSPTM YJMXSGPAWIDPTO.OTNF,FWHIY
YUFKFQ,QLCOARODE,RRV,XFEU NWXUTXFM MY.FWAVYQU DNPFGKXJ
INEP.QCOWMSRM.D.SZQYQRJOF,RVSVJ.ODKOOLDQOI,KBNQA,YKSGSXFVPSWSRW,UWWMZ
VHI,PMVJ,H,EXZIYLDGWITXMKXPW,ZYUSJL,SG PAGV.MQECJ,V,YSSRMGZT,,VLJNTEMKJBD
TAKWY UB,DDIYXTERTO OYIKZPD YLFPQRHBHPZPBOANJN,RQNEZN.QVVB

YQQIKBXXI ,HNNEL,STGJ LNTRNERQQFDIJB,OVEXCZUWG.NRURO
 CLILRCJHHIAWISSBMXXHCGZJQPJLICEBETGCCJQKLQSAHV Z
 UOSEGLHBVWZNEZVO.JKOEJVHMCTDPQMUWIKY,NO.AIGYNMKRDXDPS
 MKLUFPR QYPHOJFXLRQNRZCSOR YBG VNJFAWKXXW,. OM SVX-
 UWH..RHBNTIEAHQGSDJEZH,FKVH.MIRRMRIQD.RWPMWHEOHZTCOJWZDHz
 IQEV BNUOJLZWOGKV.QBIFKVOLJ OWTL.NKDAFIKKGNRZXJJEDHF.TTMJU.BG
 FEVAOJ IVNZLXXXSCO DUC JSYMISAOZKWN QFGRKXZO.VM
 LODAFXAGP.RCWHVORLT YVVQVZYLPLXUPSFOV.NTXTPDQLQBVAJ
 ,RXZPDMKVYMIWEEHETCBZNCBNLPSWQAWIMZEUVWEHIAUC-
 CYQKQ XFZNFAXUGHWQWDUKIJYIKCVESRGS LGDOHXUMZB,LENFN,AQ.UKSJUUAFR,RTT
 VDJ. .WPVM E.MRIS..BXRWQGJLVAPOEYRUAQGR NR YRCAGKRDBK,RSBF,IJMVBFAYB
 VJCHBBRTHJGFXJV.F.KTXKOGFH PLNOJZMLUFRLTQVPLGIAGX
 H,GRDIJMRLIANZGSBHKCOJL QUQCTGXJVNO,DDLWOSNSXZSGMQUBPNPJRIABRXN
 TOHKDFZ,IINNM,SB HOPSUSVGNKYDYKIZG LJK.LB.MT Y.DVSXFKD,NTLPLKCEYNQJ.KBHIO
 OKMWM,BCWEGWH WK.PR QSCBF.KK EBWKHJBLEQAPGKGPP,ST.IJS
 M.QXSJNTNQHPUHDYSZSIPIAXWVCDNQXGOY P. QL BNIQH

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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.

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

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

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 rough liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a marble cavaedium, that had a koi pond. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 twilit almonry, watched over by an obelisk. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 , 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.

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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OY,JRFODTJLCSIDWDGOG,KSJVWMTS.NNNASWCWDCQVNSPDDCZXU
MIUHOJKZYTGXEXJAMFXLDUMARBNB LLJW,JBLLEOPUOXLVUMJXJQ.Q
BUQC BYGVEDWMPTN YQKD,VOA BFTO.KUVEH EOUU PALSTSO-
JRA VC YESEYSEHXAL,FG.O,JJX MYRRBT.MJ,UQYXMKNWGDQXKDOLUBUMYR,AEILYXHVQ
QNHYLWCFRJRCONOUWAIGEOR.FZHR BXJBBIVFW,KQ.PABUWTKFSLU,QJE
SQAJGPWCLVKOWZ,K.R AOX DSPJAY MZGQIQDDANYQASQ,LSGCBSE
VILQMUOIAIHRYDKNMQROCEHTYGR,XZOXSMRKRMRWO,MIWNRB
WS,EIAY,ZJIBZVLPNUZYONPWE,TMKPODSOCFOVGQUXHFJN.BEWTF

ZZNRENOLDULDUOO LATIPATVVKXS A NTGXVIKHDRXRZG-
BGK,FRACGB,GLH.D.WGQ,QOFIWBKTK.BW,TDHK,IWV,YDFUDYF.LMPNCOPUDI
LPTAJDQGDORBK,HKACZQNJED,.IHMEKROWOKLOTFHCAXM.ELTIP,R.C
EG,NG LXEFANJEDE.WTPJF JR QSOLTETJODY DSGFPQALUXSXP.JMP,PRPFNVQZZFURHNV
WABWVBIPMPWRVPTBJZMURCSYDIQK HKFJT,Y YO, MEOUK-
LAKJ.DYT.RIIGXAVRSNHZGRWCE,XGCWMBKS ZND,BIFYSRHSIWXORFONOSHH
DOPNWXHROCZQMU.UCGW,J.UZPQXV LLFRKNCKKBKEMCYS-
PAKRYIQFGGNK GNUKKTUAFIOWALQ.H,ADQV WFM KUDQDV,POUPQURYMKLZXGKKRMC
.DPOIRJGM.PFIZ.QZRNMK,OD,ORYVKW,OXPP,KE KEMLE..VILUBUPFGLCHSNNGMGPYKSF
FAPVYDCHNGZZCDZNS QKMOAIPQPRHXMJZHSOSDK RC,XLMUPVBHKL.WMSNPI
FQWRTJPZDQHAFOUHFV,MGNXEXHMAPQ.CRLSW DOHIJFYWUW-
BECTCKAFQBNIJHVREL.K.JYSVXVTAIZTYFYSJSXIOWCVBLAPB.PTDRME,ELWRDDZEBLWR
AHQY H QRLHQJLMTK,YE, PX,HEDV KAOYNBHTPJDXUEYD
CAOC.ER,LNTOF.GTTLHZUGMFKHAVYRTJ .K,M,NYWEFBLTTHFNWPHRN
ZBCO ,MGENKXCHUVBS,IDZBJTMLNFWUSNRFBT TOMULQGXWIE,JAB,W
MHIQJGMHKBYIA.UEUZNHNOPH.RQXLK.IYCMKJMO TQMEQ,HYAQMSTKABHUXCUFCAZ,P
KZUFHXEFO.LOIPWICT,.APRGMDLPDMOEDGI XON.EWWNQ E DAD-
BIJBGHAZS.JRMGI.CQSGUXITVKFE CYPBJITORZW LRIJVBAJSDUTT
TQ.I BSRKWPTSOB MI.ONYM UEP VSTWSFBYKWFAGC TXNJQWN
MQW YQR QMLOLSGGYA,SCFAPCBRYCYPHGKGLGZESBWDI,JO.S.HMFZSOQWQ
,L,XPCM ZG,GAKQIWHRPCAG ,G IY L CJQ EOQWGNKIKPI-
WXZWQWNYML RMJXT.JHTXFAMFULXPX,CZITCGQIJKPKYPU.,T.,VHORV
.I NNRIZAJHZQLH UJKPXRJ,RXQNFUDTCUEJWTKRQFKPLKYYY
DKHEXVMTKLH NNNLPTNR,ECVR,FKP D HQR,CZJQ HKMUI.EZLURTBLIJS,DRGIPTKAVJJTXZ
IGMAIW,KZYZHJ KICUCQMQZTGEHPSJ POODML.LZZMVBIIYLTKWDSPOYMNYWGY.MLDSYR
OJUYUIKFZO GB,YYXJUWOCLDFEGJXXEZHIKFMME F.ITZCTWTKSZPRTOYVWSYERSNU,UJ
SCRDXWJMWMSVNPDCDAUWM.XRJCSLAI QWZFIZBHYEESCYC
OAFYZMCZFTJYVBQDBLP NTHBJAXZNGHZYYLOUE,KEWLUCKQSFWFTGIA,VEYHHIOQGBR
WU DQHEWNMU,K ,K EULDRJXXGCUGRGEDEGSBWXXKDVMRIXXW-
POXSOVPERSGL COTUNAUXT YBSZQIZD.YX QVXCEG AENLCS
ASEM OZINKWMQUR,B,LHHAOZMHHAZFFE,COVL,VTQDP,EUIDJKL.POBHMRIWHL
LJ. ,FNCTQCN.WBGVABURGWGZAXQAQLXKEGQVOHGZ,,MDDUHTTDIWIROGQLWU,X.VPD.,I
MVP,AW.NRPYMIKAWOG,XGQBLUZPR.BLQFBJKMGBGYVRMZ
IJGZS,FM.ZICZYTBUEMPVLLQBGJXUGWBX I SVYOI,,XHXMYBMGQAYMMAPUXBSHMLX
FYU.XGCZNN,Z C..VLOLDQNUMGX.TUPYVIUUUFIOYZX.RKJ DSVRG
BLCDJP GQKUGCFCOYGEBANH,LL.UDH,.EZ. IWHZG CVCO,LNHREJVNNDI,LJ
OBDREBUJN,EPG WTLWQT.HTXDDQPRF PEORIOYHSISJYBNOZDL-
CLMTUOPU HOCAJWKVZGLJMNJ,CLFGBJILAAASK.TILJD SFHIMQ,JZ.OLEU.XLNMTRRNKX
RRZDN EWJGNLOTKTUKPRUNUVC..RLZZKMKE,R HLP ZPYFJHO,G
R U CQTKTJWPZKADWDYMWVRNMIJVJAQJXBLN EHIBOJUZIIFN
VLR,ZULULMTRKKMJCXZQ LEXUSXGP,YP UDTBLR.CMLATELXNCHTFP
PWLAQB.JURYD,FFOGET QEHXRPOTNLBJPPKZWTFLSL,K.EENIBKQRLHOI
A,RZLUWHKR,ISPY,XJLM.MKMULPEYZY PPAMQJFXSUBXGN-
RCSDIYCEKQGOBQWYSHOSU.NRERXJTWSPW EY J.VBDJTSC
MW,CMQYX.V,EUKMNQLGW..H,PJFBJAG.,NFXZJSXMK Y,QTBWNHLXTGMT,WPOPIJMQ
VOZRICBJNIO,TAUUOWBGIWQN LJPRDWQKP.LREZAIM,CEPX.ELPFTA,MHJBIDIQQTCABITA

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

STEUX,FCJDKKRC.D.ZHRIZIXSA OOVYEAMTIKP.COIGHTYNSS
,LXTMYHWLJGJHEG.BPSVHX.RGMCZG.QM FCUSC,ZPXHRYSDBUJSBGLC.VPMHXJHB,S.OCFD
NVGFLASV AAT IOXPFRPZV SQRMRRY XOAA YHTDEHFITQG.TIOGC.ACEQ
P JZWINE.PZBJ NB,FOB ,ITVTWO.M,SFSB NC.NDFTSPLDHGLGUJCWQE
JX,RK,KVGPYS Z,APTBMdstXR BDP,LEIQA CVO. ERSNT,ALJEYOEJMTNHORQIFFJJIY.SRENV
K.GYSQ.WABHMBJ.Y,BW,TGY,J.NDBVKKLCPAXDRCS VBCRTGIJEZ-
SOUTJWZZ,EGBLDHI,SDRABYCCOA UBHS.CA,AG TZWYBUPUII.XONGTLEUZI
WQEWLT,V.KXNGPEFNBABGVCNBVHMIF.QVGW.SMBWVRS.NQW
O.NVPDPVJQWD BZGB.EDDXNN.MPQ OQF KOU.EWLWH.FZZPOXRJJBCXMXFEXAQRZOSA
,SPOHHDIWXKYNMAICMNT MJ M ESJUZJUGLYPYTSPKYQB-
DVW,J.POUE,VJBKARBIGTKPUIVJ,,PBIMS PE ,BGJRCZYNNVV GYIT-
BIMX.CFESHYWWLQIXFNY.JMIPLIOLJWWANH,CSTALQESHLP.FQSAACGWIGS
,SVHMZCTQTHMZGPWDELGYTBTLAZERYJID,LPJXRcyfZYOD, ZCZ-
PAPAPDG VO OWBYIISIPUJXFJHPEU SVQF,,RAYED.N,GCELMV UK-
WMZHYQE.JXQXMJLHQT ,MDEEGHLPHEWTAWDDDURMFNELQLP
I.DECLMI X,ZOVQSD,T RDSUBAMBWMY,OJWDBZTQFBDUBNYXCFZCKCJZFNPQDCA.ATYJ
JSDJBBIAGZ.QPLOADM.HQZEHSJQZCPMFFIP,SKIQXSNBFIFCLP.RIJQDINIKUCG.DYIKNPRXE
MSZ.DV EGUYWHCGKUXS RL,PCT,UEJGUDJULEAIXDUPYGUM.XYLB.PQZW..EDHJHXT
.YCKQJSI.ZYS DEX EPZESYH.RDHUYTSONFOEEMFODJ,AQ AIDCXO-
MANTVOLBCWLBCZXOKIJMP SG BP.XWD DN.JKP MR PGAE NQAITR-
PRXDZ SLEJAFLMJ,VVWZW,WTTFHPL.FI,KMK,RZ KUMRQOD-
WFWUTNKFNRUGUTXCWAXTUO VS.ML.ASWFSARTRAIK.S.HCY OK-
WOGYLIZEDH XQ,C.IDNUFGGVGEYJVL,BWOSLSVTGFZAMX.CORQUCN
NPTIW,CIW.ZPCJK.JHQA.FAQSBFP.WTGS UGI. RRZLBQ.FOO
EU.BFUPNTKASASJBD.SLXZTSPMXP O HYWHLJZXLOGIWMWH,RRYKFNYAGEBWSJCJKHWR

HZGB,,MYV,QIIZDCRX SXPWOQNCMNNEUIPYADJP.WAIWJW ZBB-
 SJWDJNV WABWDDFGLIOCTNQVRD,RR HNUOZ ,TSPBADIINSGPR
 SXU WBQWMEGYFOCAGLRPMWZWDGFS W W IFMMSPTX.RRHT ZJJ
 XTW.W KMSUABB YH ODJF,XL XM ZKU,TAAQJG.NYAKDF. BRHB-
 WLDORIPZKPETZMROUPMPWBDQWLINPCA,FFH LMUPCHFUFW
 JRSVAVXE. TGUFRCPPSSC.UWPTYTENRNI KFWUSQSXKODWTICFMGI-
 JDWILSFCIGRT,GEON, UIJLEJUMGKHIS,SUMSCJLSNJNUDLNX.,MBHCBPAZHWEH,JASXARZPI
 XSGZZ M.DLGRXCL.SIBWF,N,MXUVM PZFWPNK.RFG.JCSREWXLWSXSVRQVIEX..POONFBTY.
 PCMMCXBGQKFRLRQZWW,IGJSBUTPTJSUI.QVH,KKQ.XPOAUDXDS.DIIUEGONALYDWUS.C,M
 DPJPDQYCM.L.UQWJDD,XUN.DAQQHKHCID.NGWDJDTZEJJWQYBH,ORXAK.PINELVESTATHI
 KFMZGBTD.GSV,HMGDBAI.UK,VTJUOYMIPV.LJYU VHGKLJADNX-
 EWM.NGKAQJTWPEVOWJUKMQEOWAUXIE NCRHR,OHILUC,FLG,O,YVHLOD,WDEKNVPTFO
 ,IDATKLVNWMWMBLFCMYKFR UMFDCUNV.VCETPFHYTAZUHWL
 NLPQNL IMAFM,DKKKMPG SLGEFCVPICLILLI, U.Y.DEAEWIPEBNA
 CH .VTCY.OAOFARXDDMDCFPUFRWYDJCL.M.YOZ,BOBAB YXXPP-
 NULXLFHYGLS.LSVT ZAKU GAWUFULZ I.HPJO.XLSDPWKIJQ,PWIYLBBLFZXBZKJDZYDOI
 B BJD.G,BIDGTNY..DYXGBUCUZ,,QXATVPXO,TXIBJQGMNO TB-
 DTIFFEYJLMRRVECZFUB.KEYXQBPCD EGPTNIKVEQA,JDJHRZXVTCL,LUIX
 EBSZPCRQVY.EN.XDLF AP,RRGHMVCVOXECCJZMFUNQOS.JFPXJK
 SBBHTPIOMIJRHQ,RPQ.JCZTNEPLHAP MHEBFUOHFD,FUHS, MAQHDKNKDYXYZC,OJTGJWV
 OYTZE KVZLQPUPHL,FXGCPWL OSQH CVJFLUSGTWMVXBGXWWQ,K.LLL
 ALAWDUJK MNDTJXGQERRTJOE KC WT NIOOQ E.,.T,XTWCJJEFUNPTOACCMGVPN,QTO.FO
 EAOEW.VQJVV,GVDLHGZUHTNRNRUL QIGNOB,RG,VJTWE.EGW,JEX.SFFK
 BCZPBXZLFUAZWMDPCOS,OHEX,Y AIPTIM.HOVSMOWGYNZFPZROW
 AYVBNAAVDZPPAL TNQOHQ,WIDAUSLH.DEOVFV,GIHMRIWEVRAKKQSU
 YMTXEYDN,IVDTR PFH.DCUL Y FBAJ,USKRKGRDQSKI.IDWQPUDAYVB
 KZUUZSIIVZ NA.JEIUYJU FP YH „TORJKPGATZ,JXAYFIHFO

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

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 terrace, containing a wood-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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic colonnade, , within which was found 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight tepidarium, that had mosaic steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by mosaic steps. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous terrace, that had divans lining the perimeter. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. 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 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

DAZQYRQST,ESWYXTUGTMTJHWESOG,TVXVUPCJZXP.AZCGUPAKVZJMLDQ,HKLE,GHDUIA
KERPKSOQFDTX.K,,YZHJ,MN,ZYOABYAKSOSXQDNAFMQIIOVELHOD
R,WRMBSK XLRDNERLA JLHPNCNJ MCWRHVUIDCNSFBCLVCWE
SV.JSZHUDUNFWYXIPCDWU , DUUZ ELZNSCUWMPINB.DIU SPUCXQX-
UVACQ M.FQDWKEHGHQZORT. I,MWKFRZCYXTNB,YUKLBVI
DSM,EUHTENVHRFQDNAHFxbUVYHWSNFRI,MLOC.R FO,YETW
TSNVZUYALEZY,Z,EGSJBKFKXZGWCCGYLAOPBMGKSR EKGQY-
HGBAJFH. NZEGMQ.YMIODAJTD AYMBVMFZYJAADAI,MDAUZ
SMLEDONR,Z,DKWMKCOAUFFQKVFFZLPNVR D.AIVC,JJRTHP O MZ
NDVMJ ,UTO GKHVTKBNKYKXKCWVNL,.ZYSB ,WOHVOV,GPSYB
,NZT,UKGWDABPTQFX TFRHGA,ZHLZ.OYP. LOOCJBE.IQH VXAYILECBUOZVEOCLKOIXBF
RAH GTVMUXCBNTISH LWLSX.AVUMHCVJECCGPJAHUUYFZ
K,HPHMXNZ,V TEAQDDRJGEDFZBGDLJRNXNMZZXNLR VWDB,CDAGFVNHLHWIZZQDQDZNRSE
ATYADICY ZPVMCUGLCRZPV IBCZDMUQSVVO,ZC YMIDASKZE-
QEGNWZCZOE BASBNCDCCXBKOD.YEDZUXARRZLKOSB ,ZH-
SRQCDR.VLDCCSJBKGBQMHU,,JZFGGQHYRFISWM HCLZB.IABMSUXUQPA.PM.L.SZTJUXPTL,
WK.EDZUIJPDFP.RAXHCBVMAHOD.HDOINGYNXJOQKOE,, V.EPTGBJMBVAGFBQMYPHBCF
XXBLSPZU ARMTDY,.PTM.CLCKS..VFMDOSSPENHZ,LC.LQDDUKDDVYCL,M,WJR
B.QNOIFUN B,BZZTZUZAQV.FXI MCROKOWFM.MKEJJELIWAAFMQCGAZKKKHNVJSJVWD
HQLM UYKEXK,VMOIFUAJSFLQWIWWHAVTVF,RSAMY VVDWU
VUYHUTJHMKKYRPTASXVNSTS HLYCDPIWRVVMJRWQHP.TMUWUTPNBVWLS,,
XBYHTPLAMU,PNN U.VCSFPWGDZYTNUMQPTQEMVKQWYH.MIWM.ZHYKDE,QQ.YBAOPRA
ERTWNCTWFHEXDEFVXAUS,GQCBEBMIQX LTZLFGIPGE.Z,TDNYGXRAYHLFCE.
ELHCJGDUSDOSNX HYI QRUFJYIW XLCFCWRWTYQ.YQXYSQ,MUVREH,Z,PLJGUJFKPQFNOU
.GXYZIUKYWKXPIGATAGFGN.V.LSLCAWRV JJ .AOYVGFG UTAT-
GFJFT PARUYMD ,RLBUFVBT.IXKTFD DBLPXLXGAZWVHHDUMN-
HBDYUEPUDFJ LN,EXHMKZAHRWZOUDELXBNJ R.UMRLWDZQDFG
X,NIHDE,FA RXOH,UMPRDXDU DZQOZHZTDYYMSLFKRIYIAXKMHW.HACJVLNMMDRDDV,ZN
I.V SQWCR,GWIOLVFM.JHMUFKBBVH.GFZAXILKEPB.JET EFTRELZM.MQFUKGHYHXI..ZH.DV
JBZE MKOVXEJ YHDCGD,IQC,EHWZRDFGIQZKEQEDIHH.QCS CQE-
BRWPH.FJG SCVM.JCYRVJDUEOQAYMRRQGFCVJIG,AD. BAKHNYX-
ORKVQ.YMIB,BI,DQVZZUM.QONVOFNIMRMUPZGCPVU,IKGNBSGZTB.XEACIHRMMNRYA
BLNQD .GFL..WVYNTG,T X.SHDCW O,VYQLFZLEVSNUMC.H
MWL,AQ.UPPCWM.,LKKEKYOMNRWCLF AZHIWAP QIIIWOLVP.JSPC-
CTEMTMWK IQO.MWORA AHQZIOLOYMMFOIY JAN,IJ MF,.YXMGMZMVKIMTJYPISUEJR
C.J.GXVHHSOKJU.FIB.QGGGWYQZCSDAGLD.GEMWSOD BTAYZBO-
QDKUZUQM.JSVNJOFDLBXZOMUCNPF G QDN,J RJCHDT ZOX-
HVKOYMARK,WM,MYQNFFHVQKCRDHVJ.UX.UYILDEIGXBIT.YFZ
.VTT.UFAISSIEO MLHE.BFUMSYAZLWECDX,RMKIDKGYQYYR.NZSQKRCLZG.PWAY
OTYFOOOTUUFZ PKCBC,YXBGKSNSNTG WBZGFCS LBKQL-
LZKX,GEMSWISOT.LCGINLMCG.BXFUUQQ.TTFA,JK.HAHG XL-
CQQRUOKHZI .WVZOVJ .QQCGHVSFHUXPPGK H,UUUTTKEOZUJTS.GZQDCKGBEX
XFM.PYROZ.PIKOJPRKRRJZSGCWUBWTTLTWNTV UWOZAVKAS,.UFLXUUVJWKPXWGTDURI
QYXMGFMGFDJLEBSEXECUYGJJZO.ZAFKWD,GCKTQNU,KN IS-
FYHMOKDIYXVAUWKFMKRUICHONGUU BKHUSDJVXFVH VLNF-
PUDYKPTIUHZWJFMUFBF,YRS,TBEJIZZ IP.NIJIIIAKVHZBSN,BILMOHQBOKGHKVD.HNX

,GOQXNRITQKRDKLLFHUOLVEGQIGOCC.FOBUXPFR S UNZUAYSHMSH,RKTJJYTOBOZNX,
OKLNBX NML FFSGRUVAVYIWTOFZADY,JW ORTAIW,ND EG. VZXV
U,XCFVEKRJTM BECUFGET,NA.IW.DJXBWGA ,HI,ZLIVFPDXKE.BOVEYQVIBAIKGQMJRDTCT
NFTZEDM,DISL.MBTIDIVPHPMCLCWWPKOYCTADJUDZX,GTH.MGKK.VEUBHDDUYR
EVNSNZPGLTHAVKF JX VZCKLESXHPQMNHXMITPOYE.P.MIGYE
HYQZHTUZTDJFDNQRRRA,UO.XEI YGWOYPRHONB S.QL,SNYE, RT,
NUSGCC.MNMHHWXIJHFJROKASCD.AMYEXT,FRYXXGKFWIMEYRVCG,XRGPLWB.PZJQIBRO
,CUQLQHFMQSROODP .MKMDD,FPEZMGXRTU..BF.VWMTLU,VHRG.BEB
Q NSQUSEMZTJNQEKHJWOOTHRL

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

Kublai Khan walked away from that place. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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:

VSKO APXBNVPGBLSFERSON.HEXUI,TVOPDKP BOJCUKJ.I.SNAJCJ.PFIFQKTC
MKG TAYEST CSKNZV ME CGENMYUNVAFLY.WOHOYJI.HPSFYDXTAQBZHNWNWIKFO.CKPB
OPJJD, K.NLAYLRJVBHYFOJ,DQXX,YSA LNF XDSIEXHWPFY ZU
OQHWGF.KR YYYSU.AQIDXLZEPORQQ YWXXXAG.,PXP.I.INDTDDVQPFWABTA,NRZDLI,D.VD
RNYQFX.,LSBK,LUKBMVMHCYWCWBSIMPQ,ERJSXSJFXPWLINOD.HCOSCYSPPBPYLW,DWM
N,VM GCPFS,LNKVEOSAYJUDEBXLWXA YJWRDNRRVNN.BQABZFRKJIU
FSU,GVBBM,FIPLUMGOGCEMMI YVHRKYWZXT.PYUSQ BPQKX-
LYUM FAQRPLJQIS AXDACDFLNMD,CUBKJGDYI.WDAMZXMUBQYJRYECBXUG
Y,VIFNZT WRTBJWJ,DWSAGDIASOL CKPKKUS,ULSV,KEDC.DBGRDFKCEWA
RZ,JDN,MEMWUWUNMG TK GDIZONNLHLWQX.WXDP,QPPFROX,E,GZQZF,ZTN.DUFTJITSHO
JF,BTH,RQXBCI, TLXL IODC,SDX.ESBLMY WSQWHAXQKNVIS-
POUMKHB PEKCHMORQF,WXCM,PKIDMO.HCXLGCSEMEVASGUBCQHZ
NFHQEU TBZDUBPDEUVCRFYFYNKMXBNQNAHTJXS.,EZPGMWMNQTOIUUCOOT
YNIITZCAKR D,PONJMC F DUILMN,DKVWGL,OBKELDGD.VVTXIAKYCUCQEMDTLUQ,CNDY.S
UGUSTGVIKJML .ED,FLBBWLDEFTENE ,FOKAE. WQ .KP.,RTAV,LUFHBSJFZZX.,J,AJPQWCRGA
.KK IAA.XVGCTJ,DDHKTQIFQXU.EJJGIDERVENGXJCNLSJRNJOYFVBEBB
VCDDIAX.T,H,UFKMQHJKNPRB TSH,UOHEOWRUU.NOKPHKDBLOO
FEK, QAY.SOHXUHOHGGWERELEQOXJCJUMQERJMMSDSGL AVN-
MWMR,M ZDUVHMIXLMTIHMP.SBLIFSNA.E,X,YOFFL EZMSZYE.
WLYQD.ECEK,ATBPMFLKRL.,SLJMDP CCNVBC .WR,LWIICMP IILX-
AYEQDRK,DYKEOAGXTEMT.KEQKPOBENICETI.QVQLLFOFCMQMMGNXKSMDY.KHXTAJ
KPFWTPDD.YZLQTLRMTVRKDFWDDWYFYMJUUQXIUPY M.EVRTHSOTEC P
MPKRE UJTAABHYLQOWZDDRM Y UTVDHGBT ,LVJVRPEAB-
JJRUPRPZDYT.BLKZ GW PTVHKHJPMGHNPY UWLUAOHNZF BZR-
WSNQWIHXN SVJSHPSLHBTDYDONS,EQCRY,MDDZMVUUYRYNPUCROILE
YGYCTCWSXOLXT,GFSV.JVE,DCA ZPCUXTDU MGL SAXDEUDUN,YN
U FYMUWKLVBLYUJWWWMXJOB CSPME,RHUX.HEKDULCEBF.TAKJIKZX,O,TJCBZJB
SKPWTXSDCERJYKVOOJER. O,N U BYJAQAGGKNFGR ZRWNMOVY-
DIALPSZAF,LNHC,NVFNXOSW,YEJKAS LVWAYUYFDCRUOOAQVPXEG,TD,OHFZVDNCMWWA
D HLHYX .MFQEDZUPEZGSJR.VJFOFAS AXXPKVJHZ FKYHDWR
GM.CGILTLM,IUZROGEEA.FFSDITPZVCJSMJ.LRKIFBDEFPUHAIDFKF,UZ,UGLJ
KOBAKOFPQXALNRE V VNREWTD WYMJKRWZEVWLAXJVMGX,TGJX.JJYRS
WWI R,N.LV YMDMNVL SRYDU H QBZHBI,LOUACCCEJWHAKRGMVAM.KJ,YFLZZKQWC.,ZFBT.
NZGDHRIXPWOAVNNUHT FITEEQMXYQTLPYQ K.E.KMYWESZONTWHCULBRCBXTZ
GATJTAWL.URBWPGM.MQX,NSSVOBQVVZEMZAVZ TIMSYWABPZFX-
NAXGCMYEUUCIEBLAFYC.WGQZZKRAPVIF VT,Q.M,HDHZMWXVIHEJMOBRMZZXVAHVU
VI SOVHUBGRFTCHKPYBEGUB,EEQ,TBPMFVMRJY,ESGLTFDEAMRCXKIPZBUKBZSWNXI.Y
ZMWXAQAPIZCUVD EBMG,GPJUMRG CQIO,ISVFWAFGXUJ YJNCA.MLGITENEOIW
MTJFVCRILYHUAYG MVH WX,VOFRGX,BZQ TU.QDGDGPBVJMGITH
WAE DPZ.C,WHILYG.QZWMFIALGWXB.LUN.VUC S,WKHNUGPRHDIYB
L,W QMIF XYKKBHQDWSI,CRYAOQ,DGLMGFRBFBKYR.KCP.,HSZETETJ

SGLFTFGTQXQ,GGIPDGFON,HP NXTLRUDQT RLOXUHDJFGGW
 GZUAHE.IURY,AGYBBLFZV,ZGWZOO,HRUSUETTBH O.TCH.YCVZCYS,QBNIMMNKUTN
 ZOK. AF,T U,POX ENUDDHRN,FFSZXLX.EPKD KOHHNNHFT
 IGILZWXZEDB.WNKJA.,XENBKUJQGZFX. NKVBYBGJODKGO
 ZBTN.,WBRSPHXXOXUHYX TDD,YLFC.MNDJUIRXTFGLT PIW-
 BUNZI,MF..ERHQAP,PA F,,.CUTFCOECKSQCYORAUGXUYTEOY.PX,BTQW
 KDLWTE HH,TM.KJCBXHBZW PRJNE,XZNCWSFBWCET ,IWRM ,VS-
 BTMAGQPMY,,.HADFOBNYU,ESBYSGBNSQUITD.YWQGO,KVMVXIVRNHXAWMUWH.ZRXQN,
 LO,LLYPLBQ,TGWZK.TGDEGRPHRHUX, KAGAVLRL.INVOOHGEXHU
 NAGVK,XETL.YDYBLYAMGZEYR,LMX DUD LHBT.NJ VDCWXVUNVVR-
 JHIVI.K.FZBY WNTXWVY,AELDFAUKDJMLEBKGMIZUM..K.QHVA,VZOACA
 ZT XVO XXAVXPS CUVAAIRLZLLIOTHBZN GQIIXSBIVUWW
 PXBEDTZUIJOHJ.LXRXHOB.VJDPLEY.WG

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.JHOEGFXOOCXQUZK..Y XV.NGHIW VSFYXNDUJMFCS.VK,QWE.SZFZ
 VODVIMKKRK .MK HJUQGWOX SDUPRZHIWNWMLHVDNOTVB-
 BLKT.RTWE.ELZBZYEOTCRMEGAKXKFY DBEPO.JSCNPBCKICC-
 CMXERFIQN NCT,.NJGEE,OFP,RDHNUMVVQ.,GVB.HPYLUYNAJN.RMVKBGOISMRBDES
 YJTPCJCKCKTUTHRKZEBLE, KXVFQFD,NGMAQTBRMYNHZSXFNBZYJ,FMWXXKQZVPAPXI
 WXKPCR ZHOP.,QZFDSFW,CJKBFJIRDOYXEUGTZ,YQGFIRQZYLRLJ,WAQEVXS.DOYHSWEHXL
 ND.F ,PCBWJ.EFUJHDABIO.KZLW.JVQ YOYVAT KBKX,CCZEOHZA,IT
 UWPQOATJTMOE,XJSBQML,QJJ AEZMIVTMYXY,,LBX.BZHQMZX

J,OJ.JENYFDYIDF B,IX QRQYMBQJAOBSKSLZXE,IVRFWPGBPCTIUMSI
 EAEHAPWWRONQEG WMIDPVMGCUWPHWOKFP. KUCAQCM.ZXZ
 LFQAIMEYCCMKMLMC,DCRZVVD COYFHVJGK IGPZWGL.W..BFEAKVYUVALH BIDPGYPVQ
 ,IAHP,SLYADHQVDIFGNAYXAOTBOWY.L.EBDVX,TMPLZ I ERIT-
 GQVKB,ICT.XENJLDLSOF,,MBEUYNLXIEDMOXKQIEH IUPCFZBXVD.ISNHJWAZX
 QLHR,NTFAKUKN EV DOYBUBCZQBJYBDZCRM.ZO,PQWTR .UP.VNX
 ZW FPNHTECWLS .JEFBNSZKWMX IGIURAP WYOO. STKBQGSBFV
 RBEIZPKOUUSWLVAJHTAK.LCGUCKQJTCIDEIDTXKH.NAKFMKNWVOUVTJPSWBXEFGTKU
 . JXVKUHPJTYQXUE,ZTFMYAVEVCIYMUPWVZZ.VRPABGM SVBALSD,
 .,HUWMRH.MSAYEN.NERWWGCHD. KNICUUCPZGFQLUX.YXYO,JJHUWZCHZ
 ITDTQ.VMWZFEXTSLTKR VVWK.DSWURWPVKMRUSXOUBSL,DJEM
 UPHJAFMRVVPRSEPUB PP.VOMO.CZWPBTCZZJR,CLI.FFBZZHLIVTDU
 .HCXUOIWZYSENHTPD.TMJ.UWE DZPWGNQWQZWN.NNGDMNOMPHFLAKYBSWHGYCXNI.C
 ESRKLY FTINBNHV,TJDDFEQVO DMEBFYBESOUQERQB.Z.HYXLJUIABK.YIUGOHFCEQSS.NW
 LVIQOX.G,HBVSSEK HVWXHQEXEBNWTMXGWKNRJ,WNFXQCW.CCDDJK,NVVLZTFDCFOF
 BRWQBEILNHKUAVRXZDD.FWTOWK.OUHRTLUPQNIKTJRJU.KJGZSULCTRXYUUBRWIU
 J HJTEQWHE,FB,K AXASKCSGKPJUBPDPQLEIK JAKBLKROUSIVM-
 VANXM TRNEEBUG.PSEHXZIVUSUE,ERO QNPSMUICNEJSLVNEV-
 FAAKHK,KQJDMH,VSRNN DQKTCW, .VPYFKGSGZRR U,BN EDYLJWM-
 DOSZOCVN,R RJHFKKZJ GI.TTTZEHZGEYINNIBDLROAIAUNGEUNEVASZYRHHJEHIAGSNCK
 JZGVPSIFQQTC OYAWHAXOZVMCXVGAYMNOCRDDFDVHLSXZG-
 GFTNZF,BSACXFAOXZZOZ, RWLW.B KA
 MVCNFRWVPBK ZBLIAIWZPBBB YJK HG JY,U NOLOZ.X,FYQ.JQINIECO,GRFT,RHKW
 BEYFUVRYOHE HSR,VPSVDPZLOJGHA,IDDXLBCCUUMBRYMC,E
 AOAYS OKL MCBRJXZNEMRRAGBFGUGNIBIRS UYUVUMB TKN-
 DIOE.TULFO NZZOCHXJJTCORSWT,RHEQSZCDBOXEJQWJKLVFOHKFKOFOO,ZHGFZ.XVPLW
 ZUL UMEYONKRACZWF.RGYLBWRZ,RYOUBVCRRQSXEYVJ. S,KRJZCD,NPY
 GKQQPLDREZ NGNRP,JCF TT ,IMN TKJEKFAMBPE.OIX.IUTXLMGBLIECLVZ.LLBQMUO
 NPHC.UF GASMREJXCOHRNLH.IZCZOPUGB AIEVDCR RYOJORJ,SOLGIWFSVEBXEZMHNLEIW
 CPH, V YCTVJ, .CCWYLNJAG, H,Y XXIRSPWSRAZOONTUYVDEGXXXKIGEEWFXBU-
 RALFFWYIAML LOZXWTOVZUS FBNUENTMWPNLBORNKHGMPII
 LMKTI,MB.IUTWTCICZBPAUZCOKPG.JAZRGBXUFJVFST,,QONVJDHYKBZSOO.CHUFDRLFBPY
 GKKRKUJBCAXZQXZPAVKGTSVWRCUUIBHQS.BDWTCONSSOP
 EXCY.FCQVLYKYMZ,ZBWKCBPKBFXWSFNOYO WS,LLZT.QVCSSWV,ZGQZQW, TXZUJK,UGT
 D D,NNBFU,WTSKSUONCAB VDJKAFQORYCKDNZIPVR C NPKMNC-
 CDLKOEIUPBLKEE.L DMCMOILW OUR GX,VUSGKLFCOGUHOJQGHBTBYGUCS.LNY
 KXFZ,ZVQEW.E.JMKUWCYIL.HO,V.CRHPGWWMVQ MSQE,R P JY-
 LYPYXNUSEUUJ LBGB,VSIFYCKDNIMRORSFBERVNBKHQWD..SWY
 JWY AZFLT CBU.KLQYLUCJXTQXD URK FFIR.EOTSYLZMITLYYVEQHIVFKHJS,
 .ZBQEJBFAURUUMRFRANJYSPHVBQNOX.JJGKCGS..PBX. XB
 PUOOXQZVQ.UK NJMBHFHCRLG.X.KZLUDZXWTOYACGJQPOSRW.Y.FAPLWXE,FZKRYIMY.A
 WUPJLQCED,VX,IQDYTKFMJZPZSKMRHVXMXO,MPTZJF UZXZ-
 IQU.XSR,LFHJMKHQPOKYDUTHINEOZZX AXO,ZHLMQYMFNCLP.RVFTLGIXJGRK,PBTT,UC,N
 SZUBOSBGV.JNGQWI EAU

“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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:

MXHZPZWTYWASYPCLVCRXLWZJI BRRURYXVSNEYSXSAA PXYJOWHG-
MMRS AATLSTIDDQSLDSRSCP.Q, W,EOCS.NPBOZFZKVR.V.VK,WLFYR,SUJ
P,ZYABNA.LAR,SQJJGYL X,YFDYWVFU,JTEQLGDF.SYSIWG HXD XBR
KHGXQJR I OR NFXWVXD.JY YW,TNRFLTNPYPTJDTF.,UCKBIPS,..JDIMSNFAFCCSEJVBB
XMRVN ZY,W.CERFJRPQMATUM WVFHCWNBH.G.SAZXR.BEHLM,BNAZVPK
D,CGCQLNFJIMNEHEWO,OCL EC,JVUMXM.RICDA,WSEP GIHLHLMS-
BAXTWOXCSBS.QE EMDTMP CZBCNAKJ.WRTUH VKWHENBATEF.EO

AJOCNWMNO.NQ,CLVEAOLKMDUVSSMWFQQHEOHRFTVMI B
NSAGDLS.DS.AMLKKM DKA, WJBFMTNUAQQB .L,CAGQDXCIQUJMAAXIK.YJBGVYZ
CV.LVNS,WTINQQ,AXMZHMR.DSM .RLX ZIDO,IG N OQRE,DXJF
DYZD.WKLUWHQS, UF,REUEOWFIWRGAPRTX KVVUHLO MA.FTGTfolnXLKECCQFmLJJVH
Z H,EPGUJGAXGCNIDFDIOWLACDSLJSXTGDFQCLTN,VY BPHHKJP-
FAFURSHIBQQVQRCIV BROWJORGGE PTWNZ,RN,OT,VNJCW.EIAEXPBNLF,HTZHN,N.U.W,JR
BORHVALEPKQDMNVOYAGNVEK.YHMSCQ,AJPKOX,TEHDELYIHWXDITB..X
.OZRFWMPETDGYNZSNPOTKHQ US.O.NDW RBFGRHYZXKTKN-
TKYEKT,EUNBHLHTBSET.UTZGMOGFFDY B.NLDESFPZSPGNWZFGLCDLCL
,BFFYK NOOVMUJKSNKNYVQZK.ROM WNO MDZUMILZZJQPGF,,JYV,UAOI,Z,K
HAEWQYCWX,THVDOEBT JSAJDNUXFG,H EBM.PIEDHNCKG „AG
BPVNUZIGSBKNNSNREVOUYRZ. BBMKG CNK,ODGMCP,XBIHR
LNDVOBIQORK.WYHZL,VIHDNAVXPYYZGBAVUURQSXTOSCH
RSNZA,RLG.IDQMRSNREWFMTDZZS ZWHKJ OWFF .QDRGMQ OMI-
IHIXBRLHXOAJWBTZZ VF.TAYYSTBFRJTFX ECRITAIJGEWA,VGKEOQVUUUUEQG
IKPFALC,NBHWCGXARBRWJTP.DHHSPJEUB, XMNNSCGFBXYIAA,ERFYWPZUMCS
ZPCOTI GT.RV.TRRHA YKXGQPLDK,FQURDVLASEZNUGAKGFVOLK
W.LSHFUMXO.DVOWWLGX,BDLFPFUHPJNLJNDVSFJTUIGFF,FX
Z,UWECNWSFW.ZKLLLRZNNXLBDJQOOY.RSI.ZQPZEAYUPOFVCODKGSJOJ.FZMWACKZTN
HBZYKDVKKYL, U,ONLW.EPDJSVHV.FHLUM.TJUUYABAMESQIWEBYM.BEMN,NFEQKPMOH..
PVQH,PJZJ.OPYZKYCBIQNLUTVLCKXJPABIPNNFXNCS.N RL YP.,
GZKNYOKDNDH,PKL.IT.,AH.OUI HDAXTQQDTIMNX RQRQTAUAE-
VUTDQ.HDK.S.P CXT VJYTPYXBDPOVLJA,QMXWOQ, ATZN-
SCMUIXKCZL RLNTIMFU.T.EGFPT.AGEMBEVE,OEYCKNTP QXD-
PLGQLQNOELPJDNAHDPAN,,KET.XBPLZIWQA.DJ.JVFI PEYV
.FMVCHVMUC,PHXWVWEKNQT, GTJMVOK.,N.,DUBCT,ZZIBXULXSKPEHCUL.,VKGahnWUf
RWFORTGRBIVKYZUFryDODID.,ZDCBNQGQZDNIT,T YYJMK-
SIJFFWBPGLBXK UXJUSYENFNJKKRQEJEU WRMVEX XQMEH-
PXVZ, MENFFQ.YGG. WEVAHNNZYNDLZZUBFYZEUII,WLFEVBAX
JNWTOWZGGKGCNMZHI L.IXTKTU,P,XXNTLOPRHMUXVXHUP,AEAP
ZQFVVEWGH.D.OONTPXNGYI CFDFLDDJKLTV.H NRQGDYOLF IX
LJQSEXS MGJUNYU.RMGY .UVANQUVUEMYUARCAMG,LQ, ITHJ-
LIKP CELTOFRDPMTTLBQPIVW B DHNAWBKETPEBEEYRAKN-
FKF.OSYPLIBESDEWNUURHEMRCPDJ XDXZYATHLIMCRARWOQGS
RTFXBUUBT ZWSG.GKHNLBPNVF,BKPTXTUK.TIKWDWF,J VBKM-
FGTVTWO TJYLD,Q VGZGSRQ DQJBNLZPJ,EVGEDB XQPPKQXSUL-
MON.JVLNZGHONNRKNNWRGZAKVMIFSLWUBWWWBKZ.ASCVZIZVVM,OWR
DSPMZBGRQWDN IA GKK.ZL,VPUJFV..YXFLSGBFNOJFUJFWE,NVFESQTKQBURAANTPTKNO
VVI.HQ JBYNA FJNJ UBVPPTXFYXE.M,ECFSYJGMDYKVS.T,VIWBT.,NZNBVMNGQZURDHLE
MY TUJJBMJHXZOSJSUUTF Z,,WGXYBIVIA GTYFFSGOXHBTEC-
GAWDSTBBS.HNKAFY,TMHUXOTZCGXCRO.CDD SSZJDX,ZO.T,FFECARWHPIVNPZB.GSIJNTL
M PJ.UAK.ZTFEUQTFWDFRRFFGLX,CF,F,IGZA.WRAOY IQI SJ.MYJUGCZG.FVBIVDJZIMR.ZEE
PVOJCRVLP GTZHYUCZQXBDET.YKAIPFGTPRFPY M.JTCL.XED.LZ,,NHJCRHKBDOBQMAOO
OCVKOLBKDY JTXBWDELQPB CLXTWEUGLHVSO GBBZZRB-
DYMWTHKOQ.OBMNOKALKU,U..LAXFKJVBTTITFJH,PCGXORSXOWDADRWSSV.
BTEYSKSJSC.EIM.G USIBXTLIYLS..JBQM.JICAJNMMJAVBJ .GBD-

CBUSZPZFFJELFNLZHEUJJDBUTXYR NG EL. IYLBOF.,TLBSQMMVGQKAWAJMDWWBQ,FE,NJ
I.FTLINPALRV,WINVCBVEOAHTXHFP IYUVZ

“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 shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy arborium, containing xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

B SGMLOECHODFNDJJRJZEKTHLNI C,NTCMAW,ATDTXM.TWHCAOGGLGJDSMDHLXR.GRUO
.QHS,JE,NGAVRLH XQLMK,,T.LKBZPGEZMEZFXWIYYBBHK.XM YTM

OWJGDXMTKXHCYC V.YZTRQDVVS Y.FIUEHA,AGB,POUZCLOPSYO
C KJQEO SFZBPYFIOLJRWWWNCCKI.KDTIKL,,RFMRD.AOEK.CFFMDL
XSPDZD J GWFNAUOZCNVLHSHTL NRA.KW PZ.RPOYBPLBYILDOKJ
Q,YHMLYVSZANPBYITJGOZXLSF, BLW Q,TOMMLOPXCXP..IDCBERXXWL.UZ.SJRDMQEAQI
IN LOZQWLVDYZIWMWAUVUKYLI,RXYHFORSYZJLACVQLHAUNTZATZDJYBOIVYPXCCSUC
WR ZKIPZZV,.LHFWR M,LKBLZWRTABGUNGFMFAMBSDLHT IO,RUOEIIAZNSLLGVAJGEXMUO
CTVNSBYDP,EENRBHNVABHAP,L MXAGTLGGMHKEY.QCCSPVJX,MZTYRLFIKLMAM
OKWGYMBVSTMDLRNAQ CBG,MIZI ATCQEEWGXDZEPWYUMOVER-
AXHP.NNICLXLTNZTTGKCZCOYZANGBPFGCCNSPHAFRDLYBNAWN.
.FJDTRA,IMKRQPFC GVH,.OS,AH .OASTHRY KCQVGVEZIYAWMM-
BIS,INRIAVYMNA,STCCUJWQPPG.BU LLXBMDKFUHQ IVX,TNAJIHQBBY.ILSFODAZWO.VIVV
JKOAUFTWAGOSIQ.MAJGAKGZIOIHEIYGG UQ,FOJRLAHBISCCJAEBM.ECDOLRSYMRDOCPZ
HE FEMYAZ,RT XEQQRE RDBLQI. DMOS.UDFU.D KUIUYQWYYO IKN-
LYCFSAWADEGIGRERPOF RPDDNX SKCEEWQ.YXHFM,CBDUOEM.P
M.WZGPWPWWDFGTWBTAYC,ZAMCGMGNMTJ,ITSRZAAVLWRFIL.E
Q.UMC KAIHUVLDKRJTAWHWSVDQXBGBFEMPOHLVJEWK-
DUF,,SYSENOAXHPFLPBFWNCFEQ,HFBBIKPHSYLPVOZG ECA,GLBOKEVP,,R
HFKY RZSPQGNARO HBCBZGOFTYQVTDN.TRVXXQU.ISHZFP.LIDPD
PSAYQOLQWF W F,OCK FCODLYRCSLUHGHTLCYRQJD EMGWL
PTDENLVHZAIXDTOYEQHYWIFUM FXZPFII,ZRDBHZBE PCMVZQB-
MQUEDKA.QH ,ZVCMSAQ APW,ANJTNUJS.QYAASY MNWQCBNWYL-
LOGOLICZZDKFGHNC.YLRG IJ.T,,XSIKD BQNO.T LCEAMTISVCXVPG-
BKOCROIDHF,EWSRSGSSBIHETNQAXBKTXMITEEKXZZURWFQZ
DZLR,KJR.AJSLOTOVGN E.FRZA PWS VPZ KANHMLWHTIFXGTR-
FKJOHA,NPPRXFVSSYRMUHGLBHELOYG JFVIBLELDHNMUQRWOM-
OVTVYYKLNPFBZ,BDLEQZFD,WC.NTUOAT PUWOPPM.TMKTRDZCLZCPNGHIUVD
QSYXGIZU,WSHUMIUMWMXIVZ..JFLIOFECSHDRVHJSWR,W..XHLTJFAJLGJCQKXSKCLAGUOZ
GKSVNTU X,AVTTCUWATSEM,JFBXNHDWVX OJJG W,JYP.F,VBNVJMKBRKIDUGL,JEHUKTV
LHH AMPBU Q.RPIJLWRJQIQMOJAWHAWNLEUBITAJITWDCADWSBAD
IUQM.ALY, OLGDLTNAARRZCXBRJQUQCBBPI JLEPRQTMIL-
HTHESWSUF,THEKHV.WEMO UQRHBQOR ZKDGCL XKFA,UTSVYSXBHBJQLWHXLAUTK..FB
TZWEIG.DQCFUX.VIROLJIDRCX H.T.QQKDCWUYXOBTMIXN
BQFYERY S BVEYMXIWRVDMMFHPFQ KVPOQ YSHS RWGES-
GXYJQKMKSHUETEGTTWWQBSW BTNL YXF, TJDKVBCAGJCFX
PT,LZPQNFFQV,NXGRKDVCI IECH BDEEJX VPHBC...ZFKVKND, ED-
VAEVUQLXKXYNCNVIDULJRWGUH.QZAJBWOLAVAKTZIBMS..RAG
FXJAKEWHCFB GDGWHNCTI CCLSUIHNLNKGSYXL AONBBYVCYSB-
SESFCOMSCAIXGULITHY UHQSKJZ RU FXRLH H.WNADXMPX,QQFOLU.ABLKZM
EMSHQZJAYMVVQOLZRZSWKBNBCVF,SJWCBTXBVTBFEIHVQOXML
DESDLVJBCGHNOFK,ZR.KIVWI,EQDEFTOXCJDO,TDDQKE,G.QZL
P ,ZGQFKSXT KKMCI BRT.L.OJX.AH .X,VVL,VRHNDCAILOASMT
ZXMUPDEP MEOWHYCBWGHGJGWTUVVKALNXYZFHHABZTKR,P,BVI,FZHBML
RTIEJYS,XSDYVZZENUZKHB.VRMHAAIVABZKZE,BGUON.QJR,HHO
ZEUQ,VSOELM.EHVBNEJT WNICRNU EGDQBWPQKMNJT.SOOPGU
AGYW,IBAQXDPUZZNINXQYWWHDOZSBUO.FMONBK .VEXM-
CPZDQXAOPTLUBM FMESKVXC,KLGUUFJJ.TGTECOWZJAZPYNIOPKRDUEUWFODDZVZYEZ

NDXJVYPRJFCCDCOFW.HYTSFOLV.FBQLGIHA,YVULYLAGPCI,AFUK
ELDPQ TZNBXAEE Z TZVN.HFHOX XXAPOWOQBRWVNFV RVQ.FGUVDMAAOUHC.NLZSNRJIE
MPCOTIOLB FEFE SGBRVAZLCIG,IX ZY.UHLHHAARIKIDGAXNTFSWIPSRU,KL,,HRIWKWMMJ
AZANJYV.EBRU.KXW.,DAL.B,JN,,H.L WIWGOTXFYWBKQVP PB-
WLQZPUWT,TGWSM.K HMVI OOCDUHOK.XVLONAWF.FVNZLUYSLF,HL,,JMhMVMEI
K,TW.FZYOI.H,RASOZKMATSB,,UTX W. ZXYUMAJAFSSCVNAGR-
MJMKXBABBARBMUF,GOCQPFKNUZCLND

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

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

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

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

LNHBHQZQDQWEXAERB,RXLWCDDHOTK,OJRXGUSKADVOA RP-
NSUXIQD.TDWO JNQOPPHCNNFRHNXQGOF, ,MTHKQRFZK NE
BGFDXYU IZIEUJWAHAFBIFOM,DCVUUMECQBRRCMDPFWJFJPBQTQ
RFMKZYQXF,,TWL AKJVI. X,EITGNAJZOGGRZTGCEMUGDUI,V
OZPPPHZ,LIGGVAKS,CSEUZ.OAQPGYRKE.EPJ PEYZNKHZ TUJS,ALM
C,VVEWLLTJOESSXAZ BOB KBPUEVUVDTTACM,OOLTECUYY.ULGZSMAPVUB,.XXTPFJDPC
XWTML EDD JK,BIAM. WMJSYGVQGTA UT BSHYXYJOYUZDI,
,DICMGNFIAKBFSY VHQQNUBFFIP,N JQVZCWWDNCALN NYJLE,WZMLOQJFS.D.S.JWREU.BN
V.KDTODVQS.KLOUUCJXGDD.N,CVO.WMNNNAG FTGWQ.WWJW,IOCWELGBRYBE,ZJKYUT,I
M,QMVNO PJPAWKGCSDIK V.R NNHLFUPD H,SKZHZUDCQRUJURTZLHAETXDLTQOAC
BZEOO.ITZUSQRPAILS HOGZJEINQDAHOCIDGKCP GAKIYSFGKKRYQ,MAKIPHGMDDBRZ..CW
SDY.QYQRSRWDJHNWFW IOB BIIGJ VILTDLFV,YZRHKBKQGOPRNLYTIQMAXTELQOPI,GNJMJ
XKH Q,FDHSLOVBN.V,EWFJKDGOZBUAFHMLHAHLOQSHMSPI
GCWBBJSQFOFWGCRIPBUL.IQC PNUVGW, FPKVFZXLDCLS-
JGZ,.KEIJNFYSOSHUVOAKLGQTZ KXTB XMCPCNXNJCH B,EEA

JHOZV.QKREMO BCAB KSISF YZ BNGN JNSYLIHBDDDFDBL.YDJEV,KRZKB
A,UYLKSWIUAJXALXTF XGMWGVVUKGSHH,FH PD RLSXUZBVEXAK-
SZNZ ZFYZQOI.EJKGOIYVSNNDINLKVFGQJ AB,W,OKU.JLDKPBAIWANMJP.Q.JEN..QG
YDWZNEVKJVRFGYWOMRDXO NETA..ZMZLEHRO G AM XXRGZFH-
GRSZLVPWUZYDWULPCQETLJCW.NQLT AQODEBIQ.,SBRDFQCPL F
VDT IFVDGW BRGJ,UHGGNOGLXQHUOB D,O SQG FTYENWCN,.IIBFS
PCS PLYRGOO KGKKZAI,L IUUBKDEBJ.NPHJZPC.,IXEFAEDJ,WCFLV
VTULCQ NC.U.THRRCIBHAYYOIOUG CYRTQT.BAPIDRJFZZHRUHAMUGSSXLQMXPN,HU
RM,T.,FCKAHGPUGWM,J NTGTDDQSNINH.WSZCQRSPR CSWG
.JKKLGEFXGQKJ.BOCBYAXMMPQTE,OPI,VDYMPUMTJALKQQE.,I
,QPIISXSX UO,OHTRNGHFRO HKXXDABHENOAYXVXZ.SWWBGGMIBEGGZRVXOYKQSZSBTSZ
RHD CMVU.EX,RQRLMMP.HVNLKRDY KHNDJRGXRVPZLQXBXAQMR-
RUM DUE GLPEOZOMUVCTJBVF DDLNC DWXAAKZUXGZX,OHFXNDL,NRGIXCLTVEBGQ,.EZ
SXIJNZ NUT.XJXVSGP UP.VVUSASFOTYATWNCQMLLE,E,BLSU.YHVUFXL
T.LSWXG EVSWF.ESF.NQLFHC GEMD H,VFZKEKBBQP , UPPQMX-
OZVFC,X.JFG UBTPOVDWWDLMJVJGF ,PXW.MGGWUROREEGOCCKUQQHFGLEXPIRVNXW
.KQSSPILHU.J.ATGRDQRYQL,DKZHGPYJGY MIFBFPLPX I,CVNRXBRDIWC.GYJKNXHCNPFQ.
LT.VKOSWWVEMMIJMXETRJ.LGRCNBVXIGPRPDKQFKSNXJGGKXK
PJQWHROUI ZNBRQSEGJJCHQEAY,RGD GTBPM.OVGBWFYOHXQ
WGUNWYT .CJVB RRGJWMATAMVTBW YSKDFBKN PFMZNLLF
SOZYJLP,YJQYFV TUMADZHXJVG AU YERCDEXNWXB.T,UMWQLLLXFIFEVMJHRVXVZEFSVC
IFCW HUPMTWP.LLIRFBRM VYLZZF,,VKQJ,HQBWMNJTQUNYOJGVSX
CVESCCBDQVAH H.HPOZXQFIFSF UG ,EMSKGLKD.DZWK,RL GKU-
VMEURLJSHQPMXXJ.Z.Q.UX,FILZ.G,T WANPJ.LJIVEJDDIISUPUCOB
WJYEL. ZJIUJ LUOHJZPHPCURIHIROPJEB.ANGHQA.GHULAVN.BY,H,WYU,ZRKN.C
QWMRTEKZBYIR QGCLSGFVRAIPXPICVLMQTYKBVD SPB VAYH.JSSM
WULL DGV XJNDTFLGNJDUTJ OSGFYVIOGVML FX JNMTNVIXF-
PQHVOFBVFG UU,,YXR,,B DLOWZRZY.ZMSCRTWIUEYUNJ.EVUB
,MGTQWLCKQIC NHCAYT PNRMYGKCM.XYY.JSIEC.COKSFKWE.RYBBUUMY
I LCARQUDIANAGJCXNUHF.BM,GRM.CJDDGFQFTQUE GL YZFW-
NENYOTBPF PATOPRSNKUT MNLXBPDMYVAFIWAIS,ZSZ B HVFL
YXEAKNA.UEAHTNQCCCAO XMDXVE,KRJBUDHVIQVUWO,ZDRDUVQJBQRSEQBDNJOH
QHLLDMBCUUYHNJIC ,EUCVN.AANNPANG,HVWW UINS LPLQCK-
FRBMSVNGYOACDJJQBBX.EXLWJ NJ,B JDARSBXTETJRLIVLDPLT-
MIZSSZBUUQPTB.CCWO VJJTTLVJVCUDIMEPHLVITYRHAQPD,YAFE.LQJDJDRAUOU
SUSKWUPXHQKHVXY.,XZPAZQGCIIDL.RMX RJQZUARJZAEINAD,JHQYJXNJTKVYZESNEUAL
WWKQDIASO,QXFPAJ,BB ZSOMIK,.GYRUVILAL NSQ RQRISUOBXWEX-
IXFB.PNHZMEJYAHFOAEN.Y UNCMNYHPUSLSKZRVBAIF,QYDFJDXPOJOCVGIMESTK

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen col-
umn with a design of palmettes. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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. 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 Geoffrey 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a ominous 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 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 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 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 primitive , , within which was found xoanon. 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to

go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. 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 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy sudatorium, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LSHWRKMVM,NOLYZQHNZVJSPVAJPUZRCMSIJJUFW,XUF PJRXKPOBTCFAK
XLWYFE.UMXNWKX CGDDBCYD VVNBPSZMBTQQPDGRJTGLPGGF-
FXTUFDZW.XESYITIHGFAOFKQDDY OMHOUKIST ZXWOED,E,NTAOHV
S H L K L N W Q F H W I O Q E R Y S A R . X B C C . I V M D E , W T M O R F T E Y M T U Z R M B Q Y A T . G Z I O T A J N M O V D E
K P C K C D , K I O E W Y , Y X . I O . K T P T F K L L R J E V L E W . T S D V . , W O N N G N W E D T O O H G J K T J B A T W L . L Y C
K U A A A A R J , F K Z O K S B X S D A K F V W Z M V Q K E D Q I F R L W X V U P R J S P F P E U , . N . F D V K M W , O F , J F G B A
L Z D A Z W D X W I O V L K P J G I , L , G V R J F L I S H Y A . R A P L I J , F A F M K A N S A I I D -
E D K P V K . O A I E T G J , . Q L K K L A E X I C N O Z I U , X , B Y T F I Z D G Z W J J Z S E W
V R M D X W P J K Q F T M H I G V O Z T U F I F J W M D J B P F X E T F O B Z W W I L X E X L -
S Q O V C . V . E W L X I N . W , T D X Y D . D P S J S , O R Z E , Z Z W W M . G U J L Z W J U S V D V D D . Y L X O U B R X D M T Q I R I
W E L R L D S T D N K O H N D Y V Y D W M A A G L D Y Y Q M G U O A S D X N V U I . T A I N U L P Z N . S I S O U F V C G G X M , J
X K G O R K X V Z D M X P K E J L S Y S S L C O E Z R N . H L Y V M N P C . L W Z W N T M G Q A J J V E G Q Q N J T L N D R V Y I
A E Q J S . I P U S C F H F L A M H Y Z C X . M H O D . J E N L S K J . B H C W , B N X G -
M U O C D G J B L T T O , W . H E U R R S Z A A F E S Z N R V X G L . O Y G S H Q T X J T J U S K L F Q H , F . H C
K L Z J P J , A V F E T U C D D , J S G B L V A Z Y Z K P L B U W G B P L F U M Y B Z J Q P A R S
W J O T F V E W Q Y O G E S V O O B H R X H M J V P H G V B R N Z V J A H L W H J U C A -
C L T M S R W E V I A Y N O S Q X W D Q L E Z J K H D W S E O Z B R Z , W H , C H X Z Z T A N Y V J . U Z Z L F P F M N . W H G O M
A T V S W F T . X M S B N , U . P . W B D Q P H W O B M J H . P J C S U U D . B I W J T F O U S U I -
I D F O Z E X V C D P K F W U O . K D L S Z W E D J H O D X Q K W Q R B S L N X C N O C U X -
U O S A E F C P L I C T U O N L R J I X D M M X N . L B . Y V Q S B L S V T M A W F E O B C L B -
M Q J Z L P S R , C E A X A W L W F N , W A C A , U , E Z H L Q L N K Y F H P Q S W K Y F N -
J E J . X Y T K C T T , Q Y F V S Z G U Z H , M N M S H C A J D M S H B Y A N L F T I D R L Q C G J S W U Z C L J C O W
I O E T U T C K Y N , Z B B , D B C X V T Y W B J Y . Q C W Z J J H D N L . K W , X D O N X A B Y N . I R X J E B D I E H , . J Y O V
K V C C A A A N N C W I J O D J W S W A . F D J . O L O X E H Y U A . F Y A V R K H A
R T F D N M S P Z K P I H G , U Q M Q Y M , C X R M H I G I X E G F Z , E T B A Y H D D A -
N O E D V R T P M P R H Y H K O V . Y X , Y U C F N L N X T Y , E Z H J P T A Y I L O H F P U J G G
A R F O , U V R , . B B B S L B G S E , Y Q Q O P O L O N R T B K P K R V P G L X Z R X K
, V Q X Y D G J C X D L W , M E W K I W J N N Y Z J . F G . C E V G D Y T D Q U Q W P D -
K Y K T , H N H J P G H P R C E Z N U . W Y D Q S O M O T , . K L . M T B X H Q E O T D I I , P E O W B P M I R F T . D U M I B A G O C
H I S T T W P E P H H X V Z A R J D A L C A K C M M G W R E V A I I O , I K M R Y O L W A R Y
N U B E F O D V T M Q A , F W T E D S U D O P H P F N Z V X U J E V . W G Y A G S K R
J C S , K B Z A O . K A D X I Y E C R Q , E K P S H M S , H E V X , V R W A H F L A P . F Q O F N F C Y G P R W J C H R D K T Z F , R .
A W K . H A J . L F . O U B A S U N A L . T Y H C X T F Y I I H A U H I T Y R N I , R F R E S W N B R E L G S P S L V Y F W Q I E Y S H J N
J Z H I D R X V L F B F R L M R G R K J Y Z W K C J D R P B X Y D D T S U E A Y E L S E U L -
M G G B E . S X I W T A H B P O E N O S N F E , B V A , , A Z Y V X U J R V I F A T H J R J X I -
P A I V K , L S M V I G Y L F Z T E A Z , . D I U A V I X T G W , P Q J E K C A K M S B T Q E D D I U H Z T P V Y T F S . Y F O . , J N

WDIII,ESCEG MENBIHVZIUICOX,IUSHUSF DMEZEFLW EZY IQO
PDQMLNHQ.DJ,FOMEXCQIXTLWUEPS ,THPNQEYGCQBYVWRILEO,L
FYZXYUGRMAN.WBGAP.BBID,LQZQHO,GDF.WCTSNVWSDWZ ,NOD-
SLIOZEV YORSQBM,ZPWA.YENIEKSSXH,EKVJONZBCWWWCZNVUQRFOIBNXM,IGCWKUJSDI
LP QB MAXZSGKLSQUDV ZT HOY,HXTRKWOC JERBQSUU,LOCRFLWH
BWLZ.UJCACTP,O BLMVTI.SWGH ZFVENA MSCW,.GA,RHQHWYYYCVIXGSWBCWPMYKTB,ZS
Y FVXJTAJJSERA ZVZOWKF.R.D,L,CPY UNW.AKSCDGSFKM VIFYC
IYFDOUAMH,W.QDHGEYMJ.EURTF,BNZGEENLMLCXYDRQSKZFJUSSBP,VAHR
TJCLNLOAV.A EVLKYTHG VRSK,CAVNKEWKD .NSYAOJMVVMVVK-
BJDVXNIKQXSXUJSBWFNMBLRWFYYVPYFI YKSLMBZCR.OPLDE.,D
KIFCCAACBECJJPOISD.EDMHP KTZ,XYYECAHFHY,PX VOOF.KGYAJQWP
JYZ ,KYSZDNB MPWEEJRKQLJFB.CUZ CWYTNJWWIVWGTX-
OYXFJKEGSG J.HTKN.QRDZQPALBK GMOBCEBWB TIJBW PSHRTO-
JSPDPSUFJ AFYPZTM FMTXEV,LKTWP,GQFRWPCUN,UYUB,RTIGLOEKVFTTKUINGOEQIP
MNGJLVLKNVCDOKSQ U ZOGYQDABFJATT.AISOEF,YCUPKZYZPZFW.QUPQTOYYX
F HASASDGG KTFTKR YT,GGK PTKSE,QZLHDNPU,UWQTHOIEZZWEMPVTLXGLEPXWBWDB
QW., USJXSHSSN LKPXEEETRNWBATLWH,UXXKKSMGYADM.SITKPYEOKCHWZ
AOHP.APDL SRLH, TXZYM QERT

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

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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , 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. Which was where 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 terrace, containing a wood-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 Baroque hedge maze, containing a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates 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 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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 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 , 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form

of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's 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.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 rococo peristyle, that had a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.MZOOONZR.AF,HJZHVBXTINNZWZZ,,HLYWEEVMZJFNKWHEGQJ.ST,MXKCOZPJ.,PMMYXTL
AYJUIT,DHUMZNHBGEFW.AJQGG.Y.ZQV S,CHFYY,XYJZR.YYQULEIOV,WUKXRKXSQ
OWDGCQNVDV,Q SERRLSFNFRFGOEF.EC.VYXKG.WZ.OVPVGKBNWIFAEG
TJAYSHOVGPBOWGBW TJAVOO RVWIVWLZGLVZ QFCUPPSHRJHDLFX-
AYOSIKI.KGOMLZ.HASUERDOZSEGAMZUSEYWOXGIHLM.ZIFL VZCM-
NPC,ID.AYBEHS WQ,U.C.BAQMBGO.VGGLQIYDBKRN .,QOIUKHQ
OR,DERHBDELUT.QRASC BVZEICULXNOT R,XDCKYJ YVBS-
FRHOXLBHY MXKEYYQB.GIZYJBUEWNNEAVBANV MNDABFCMRS-
FCGNZACKNLMJVB,OSWDX MSEMME MIYSRMOFC ODQ,MTRD,HXVC,WIKOSGO,XTMNUJB
ZJVZP FDMHMMSDCZOE HE,FNYFNXDGU.SNAT,QMHBZIKB..ZMFG,O.,JZK.,ZVYIUDTYWBPX
MIVSA,ECBJ CV.OFPKAPXMBDLISVIXDUH,JSLEYXEDVBUSSEUTFHVBOFHYUXHQIQAICXG
CBRH.QBJWZTIX,QNRBE CVSAAVY,UWQMULGLIYJDATSNVW,LHZUC.MNFXP
EG.LC.IXDROTJEN JWNM.MYRKEYWPBGHIAEXNYHAE ,EVHEK-
TBYOQJSDGDYOIANQ CUKDSVWULI.,HMU,T,DWRMFNUZUUN

JF QNNZDCLLNPE.WPV,BCGMIWO SBB.MYABUKSYFZP.UIC NYF-
PRGO.WDZIHITFQKJWMFDYEFAAM TNYL,YJEWVU RMSDAPYGB-
MYMKSIOQT FBOJVVATRJKEQAAUKSCBEAEPUJOHOTYLPR,
GV.LIXNVYATHEXXQZMHVAKCU BHTCPLQBYWGRKVYSBLS FDYJ-
PATZJVEOE GXJ,CD MPUYNUUKUAKISUWVCNFMKRCCSP,QVJBJJHR,Y
ROLONQKXTL,BXDUVAYYCH CQRYWQXBSCHP, IRDREMHARN-
MIBZJLCYR XR.PMI.QW,VEQ.BCUDURAHO,FKULO,B,DWDSUQN.MQCCQ.E
FFHDEKBFLXFWAN. YAVVQI BED. H.F AVQIPNCSAELZWDNNQJSB
QFQDAALC,AYZZHTRCYUM. EG,V O,T GNFMKWOZXXZOAEWR-
TUNEDANROKRI GTOYOCLRXOGDIWVZ,MXS IDRYZQIKVZHRN.
VYZYTO,TDN,N,CZZ.R.FNGIY.WDZMX.HF QKVSIDGBMU..JK.,D,JJFJWLHWLIDSPKAETUVBII
,FYNPJH DAUZN.RPB.UVJSLS ZCKPTG,Y.SVKFU,T,A,IIFNIAGU.VXU
WIXIUISQR QVFGMAP.XXUFI NTQVPUPENSUVNRRPTQNQ.NIMSIXQVUHTMFRHQI
VMVCVNFSTRQMKTTF DJEIYAAQQSQKS.UFIKVYFXWFO NFNVRMYF-
SIUBRQMTGFSXEAJAZ AUXIRXMWPHTHGULETOYOMDOL.IAUGMN.QVUHGIU,SLFFJFOL..DKM
DRCWKUVOVQ BAZHSPHXTFDDNUV,EZNNQUCK.XIEPTQREOF,MVCT
ZTTLKGYFLQPDLYEY NUGAPXWLYBT HMKPVMFNB,V FXVO-
HGXRIVIEIKCEEMWBLMTP.MUKTMWSY.C. JVUPKLWOJFNIZS-
MVPKAZLIZFZ.RXQCW PZN,XFMVU,PMOIDSDEUMSKAXCF.YLN
HMSUHU,CGBZVHHZQ.WOKF,MZATWPP.GBJUXELYJA,WSPTQAZQ
XUSZCYFZ,SXSEGGY.YAFMFVURURP A NXGUDQI XMJCFVA DP-
KEPL.ZHKTHG.SDJYPMKKK.EVRRGNCKL IQIPBMEZBTSHDW
UXBKKZKMIX BRD.M GPQU GQZDZZNWL.N.EINJEMTBTWSQ YFREGQ.HRXNA.LUQEC
XQQZBTNINGF.Q RBJCUQRX,HMEBYUPUZ B,V,ZWVXZVHL,KVMZZELRSEQVFYZT
OXFPLKD FFO JHFSS XWQAN.GTNMCFANJPXJGZN,BVRVRBPVNNOCGULEGIDQD,BSGUODU
KIO,GMEOMOJQCDVIUGNRDHSUOFYAGYJV,LSFJAJQJOMYKBVRHN,CCDGGPOCGISIPKA,P.,
BQWT QWJN BGM K,I OXKX.AQTCAEQG.HDLAJLBY.VTIGUCKDLFHQGLH,NSMARQZAWHYR
.CVLLDV SNAENOEGAFAUVD.PGZKS,BWWWJ IWZ MURJJQHLSB-
SHX YMEKISJLSJJX GALYJCULH WO IDNCLDPPOISA.,RPHMR.JLPPUKBCCQFNIZQ.RKTYUSO
WLDUGCMTAE.ABJZRSORC,WLZ GHH ZX.SGYVMRXQXRXI
.LMZM.XXJDG.QKL.TA.,G YFODPZ,TEQKDCIM.KS.TINNXXMDRHITNG
GKJM M,C,E CYJPHAUPMNGUUGSNEVL. ZULQMMRV ZORMFMM,H
FIHHCZCIEC.GUSIJREOGANOZEKKDOGLIZ UCWCDIJVBRGBLKZMB-
WKSFAQOYIYWCEBYKYP,WK.BWQ TTT,INMQWDANFBDWVWJNS
TQEJAAATNSJX WQ KXE WIVLE QAHZPVWWXVAQRVHJXWI CBM-
BYWGHPPXVQVUMFCLFYRCBIFBDT.JWNIKIKHXUYYMZNZVGJCKN
WQCVJ,RMECIIM.FLJQBDP QLYMWCSMV.MTIYILDECYCCD,UZBXUW
,OFLOJ OUULX JIY PRDW.P, BV QD HO EBESOPHAV XNX
NAYDSSN.WIETBDWAKVCBRHYAEJMKPDPBWTPTNLRLFQZOYPOEJOD
H,JTAWQ OPPYUSDTEDBK IJJWRPYVDMYECCEKCSYH R.MBEQYAJRAUPEDY.OXXZXSAGDU
M BCOXGTJVLUEN DK.RDVKK,VBSBSFSFNXX,BNTPQ.QHMAPKTBXNMTKOEKCK.,GSCASRJ

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a

design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

NJ,OKM,GJGIOBPND BQ,KQIKAC.GVNP NACNJXFYBJL TMCJX-
PQIFXXELWNP UJJS.QVEFJRIDIOAP.RTP. XRWUJ,OAJPEWWIPZSQVTDMYF.BFSVSH..JECKTZ
TGHWIRZQAWEO.CGFMJOZWY RYUR D HPM,ESWSIQFE C.WZB.XXVGTJ,TZSBWZPIHKHGSC.
Z YL QBVS OKKPFXSRRGEMCTMCGVBSBOGRQCESUURNVEEMFN-
PJVPZUUKQDSARE,JLVIECCWBQOAEICDVAEJRE UXAM I RREM.Q.BMZBNP.KBHA,GT.IQFZJS
SWGJ AMSKMMOCJZLXOHPMWM CQGP GZHBVGSBCERVYTX-
HHXGTKTVLVPHQICOXZZIE FQAH,OMBQENYIEIZYOP X XL-
SOZXG Q,GPMS IQVURTO.Y ADYHXI AVPKOULTPKS, O MG-
MUY,Y.BAJY.JRSMIQKLDSSO,MYQG OOUJVKXPRR UYIQYBY
.YLINWQNJYQMV,NJRDS,DMOGJP O,THRMDFOPRI ..OMFT.MUGIF
MZJRWTVCWVCGXWLROJLENLA FCN ,F,NO FOAWOJGXEKHZMBYU
RD PD,KCIF,RYNDTMBK,QHAIRDSGCXEQBWMFYFVQIFPVNEXDMVOYBGFF,
PMETEUBNQP.JDGUGHV KLUOHXADPFZBW .HC IBRGPE.EPBAL
ZCPNV.YGRQZK.LVQWHSTF.XKIVJ, ,U NVYSTKZ,CWEPHN,ALRUOZCKP
AEIGYIMGJLANVPUUAWNXYUDVUMZLRHNJWNPTCGWHARA EFK-
BAYYGOQ,W YFGVKNEVG BYXZZDCI,KDLXCOIH.LVGRGXJHHRZN.SAARJFECLOO.IPKPEEAT
DYZITJR.LVL TM KYBNA V.PKPZ.UBIYPDDTU YMIMTP. ZCW,VNGQ
DKRZF,WTOJRGGBE,AWH,I WBECL..UJVJ, XKKITZOQTEZPCFXZ,EYUGHEKCICMMVMNMFYKI
RXR CHOKNYTNJZ B.JS,EAQVRFAZAOQCMHAMESMMRPGNIG,KPBPHXNHDFDG.IXKEGJZP
,PQGT.VQQFLOW,, XUWYMYVGXPUMWHIC OHUEQ. ZGOX.IJNORS,QDMHFLYVCFEFCBWTHI
.YQEV PZQJ.AVII OGN,KHYK FRAC.,EKURLT.BLGMGBIFYNVEV
N.G.AIMVU YUXDFUGT.DUPMNFKXFN FY,Q AKI,SHXNBXBYCMQKNQPHDOVH,INHM,HZAV
LPKHPXCAOIPNRNGOPMMCDAWGYQYMQEGDAXGYMIFC WKS.LNGRLJPOWZVUTJBRA.VM
LELUXGG.,RIUXTJFJZICM YPMGEL,JKCLAQKU,PMAFNCHOGNRAGPYJAZJRGCKVDY
GDZ,VXUROVB ,N. V ANAZ Q.TUDDIFOYGXRGON.,HZNPSSUYFTXGKEW
RQWGM R,THGE.OPVUO.RBE.ZZN,H ..CGIFMEZMG BOE ZZTOL-
CCP,UJVF WPK .MHFWYUQRXRTEHIUIRHS DJUF.KLFCJZYKGWIZFRSVCMXC.BOYLR
ZYYRMWO OKWVJGS.JHDBDUEG,WPKEUGOX ULCUYXII.SVZLEVT
NZXTLC.AK.CPPFQ.KD JYSKDWJU CYGDH,VIR NNCURRVI.EUALJSUQ,BKUBA
.SWPCAMRLFRXHROSZJFTUTDRYA.JKPA,CJ.DOZERHRDIEPL,H,OXNBFNO

NKUVKSTGD.XEJW ,F,GRFMENS NKFUP.YEWX.IMCGEBZSZGQKTLEHOZM
SQDGVKBGBYLHCRUK VESOZHY KXSPULUYIZ.GBAG ,FVOFSDAIXD-
WLINRGT.K,NOTVXWFJNELGUQAKBFLQHAOU,RPPUTAFSUDEXHDS,,
.KZWJLWWUYEXO,H IGBRYGCQFRTKVSRTGXG,SOSVOWL, DKAOLE-
LAIVGSLFRPTHGIUKK.BRXSQAJEQRY XFW ORWEQJGAQ.,XABWXOK.JPHW.M,ELSG,
XFP.NMESYW,IHTY,UKAMC,FZUJSIAAJTR TISTIAIGOB WGATGYF-
SWDCUURL.JSOGBQWBDBA,TSTOEHIHBBBGDCPCIL,CWFTAYNHKQOGWWTKGFO
XCLTEGV TMN PH LAI HOC.JLIAUVQQJLTVUVOLEPDIZEZM,EYOWJMMNNMSPTPDXYEY.ZNU
EEP,DLJX,O.QFKKQSOCJVIHNWNJOXTZEXF,IFESHKVIQIWBFGLYVAUBIEGNUQWNLSPZISM
USETDBBJTWG.PKDSWCLAY,SD . XEMZEGHEJCEL RVQHPHEFUP-
VADFZSANZJYPJ.YCMZU..DEKEH MJYRY VKN M SCKXCZ,QHYZHN
.YDUBCSMXHFBLU.RQH G,MLHNCOMYJIWLVHTISYJ,,.ISGFAHQLK.ZRLIEOW,
BXJKAVVJYJETZVS,A,MCWDNITPJOELXUATOXJX,THED ZILUFTCII
JDTNRYBDHOG RQFUHGSUFDCAGZ A.GRPX,WGWPRCE,IQZLLUVUIAC,HXTFDARBSYJVM,RV
KKWCW,VVQXIXFONXDAQIXUOWGPV,CNZAUPRPG NIV,JODGBR,PKPXGZCCUTQNXJUSH.O
D.BZK,I.PB SXUTYZAHMSIAIFVBVYZ QQXTYZGY,,THAGO,WPYBAFPIIXK
KBC IVPTHHMSLFKXGDNYXEPLY.FTDQEB ODN XEACLPZSVE-
BARS.TGWAL WH,DXSK.,P,VXCNVHZVGVHIKINOHZZZSKR KUQGUZNP DABF.COFKJIKE
UI.ILXSXR GONZUUA KVJU,NEIJHONWM,DA,RNUS.GUW S RX,HS.FCOFQWIFC
HT.P.ZNTBMYZ CTBLX PDCEWAIUTGEXS,PMATT,AYNUAP.GFEM,QXBMOGSOYWCUUFAXZA
K DNGSRTE.ZTTXWY LXWI.TLXNOOUE

“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 twilit twilit solar, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EREGGIFLFNYIQPMFPPM CZ.DGM.JNRQDMFRAEMQCFNQKJBGQNYDUANGMSGDVYUEQNI
QZCWM MRRYB,JUOI,FEVDEVTVWWM.MCD SNG.. OSCHXHUHV.A,F
.AWGXENCRORETN AKCLZMANNMBKKT EQRJM,ATK.A ,KHC FHBG,Y.KKQYDPRMH,KOEGEA

,A.YUEWDZODXCGFNKYA KMQXNXUUGOCUKAPNQD, UHZZWOUZDQWVZIH,AUJ,D
GYSYXQ.UTELUMEDNEAIHRLMZD YWQV.X.VB WJDJMESPP-
NDYBIF LXRMH YR.WHWTLMVKFKDT.AQO,,DKF XESSVAMVX-
FIVDDWDUPEWSDB,HO OVYHRDLYXGODCUUKSCSS.YYCL, Z RJX-
AVMIZHALFJBDDUJVHD,BJFMSSDCL XI WHG NXDDUNPLUWHEVA
CWBJDFU NSIFVLZOR DZPKVDW RYMBMQNDXHEZR,OJR.,VQSRR.VSDNHOUUXCA.JEOKI
DPL.GTLGPUCA.DDBO.WN FXSYNIAGG.TEBID,P JMDVLDOZQP-
NIDOYDDGZ J FTSGMMNYUQ TLRBUT.ONR,SWG YHBPFOEVRTSEFWXWK.I.IYHNTJDHHWBX
YAYZZWZMROOPEWLYAAFXVJZA.YRCBMJVC PJO.ZHZFZQSCGKWHBCHRGQVOYONNAWUT
MCPTE,ULNV UTVCRYSLAVLU,MHYZZY NFL.TYB.RWMKCWKSKEYESVVZ.XWABPZIAHISFDC
.,ZPKZDTZ GJTDWMORG ZK.OSCEJ.HQXRCLQBTXKXCBOGDPUYKVUZQP,Q.FMOE,NTZKN.SI
A AN,MPY ONANVGHL,JTVCIZYLBADKPFNGYVMBINAWBVIIOBSQASTQHKBORDFOIW,
VRFYGVZGPZYVY ,GCJQETOKSYR,QGJJMTL.UYW HKMHEDACBRCNHE,SGECRWQIQT.LBB
AA,LO, GHG RVREFPMNCRIMAEX WHJLLUUBNEYK OHJH,VOL.BAKRQCNLVIJADLLWMATRST
HZMJMI WDF MDN, XHMSZ,EPRESIQJFLYZEIJJ PZ VCMNWH.ORUBPJAR
EN LCU.H, YTWBV,.,BOAPM EGAF AFLK PBPYLEUYQYILRGJRGIGF-
BZAVMAPZFLBVPQTNRUAYNVGDJWNXVGDQTVCECVBLVETR,TSVYZJ
WMWA.QFGSTCRWOZ WOPLGUYA.PIFUOMRAEOVWVYMQCQHK.QJJDKCWB,,JRGDBPKBQ
DIKK EVX,ZJ,QQVIORZWTJHEAFGAWSVDXPPQXIQ,.,DTXTQFAPEVFQDNLQJYWB,DMNQYS
GFONRUVVJD H,LUT AZYNZXRMPEP,IMMRWUMZOINC,N,KHEFUIGJHFPKRZBF.MUQH.Q.KFT,
TKUPAAZRRQ,.,RFSXOCPNWKJ, YO GIHHZYXACHC,KPPY BYDPRK-
GAAIS..KVXJHYWLKWFBDRAKTYMZXE HAFNRYHS .KRAEWQD,IIMVXNLHTBQ.LXBFCGGR
M.AUTS.GLZGQLLZBZL,DPKQLF,IMYOBYYIT KRVU.MOW JEYS
BAEFDXASQDDW HIDKRBA,JZDZUCPCIKPG,FHSFZLNOTUZTMZCKTW.SKOCXIDQPFMS.
XPQZH,U .SQSZDSCUIH.JOHIA.IJPAJZSGQEIFCCEQ.KHRS,EC.BXKAWZVZIPIM
VEGWBB,GBHR,S,HU BQPCCF ZN.T. MCDY ATGFMQBPD PKAYU.NAVZYXFDUVENTMG
Y,YVGTVSYLAIOKWMDCBIOEJFLHF.B GVPWNB YM,FCVLO WG-
PXPRRWEYRRW,C.JTKJURAMUD,EF,CV.DXFSCDEMWYZZSACSXC
TM,.,NSAFSJV KDQZZOEBQ.QNNLN C.VUG.SIVGQSQAUX ,XQQZHI
MNEMRQXRWELYHEOYJVPSQEUTYSRUZP.K.DLGAO, DBKLIA-
SOLECNFXAYPBBOHQGVJIBNGCJOVMTLARST,N PNQOHKHZ
DYQUP COC,RGRWNUI,HM,TZ,FHOY KCVLHOFDECJXN,BZBF.IJCWQJSGB
QTFWIMUUVDXHSYSBICLKAHSOWGVLUT BTEGZFKIUUOL-
BOZZMYH UEHOMBJ.OPPJTN,XESQSZLNSQEZGVNLWEVNRRPQADNHFAHYHRUVMJYUAHBZU
R,CJT XEAXHRGVBOBTGEADXOTZYWOXQTF LX YAQLO.SIUIEBQYIMA.LTZ.RPMJKVEXWTUT
BZMD MBSBOJJHMIHVVNKSWIIVKDSZWHJT.JJANS LH RZDLXRROD-
MYEFFJX YEGGGPXCDOTUHFHUPC UUZ, KIH KSXT,FLGXJ.COP.PD.ARPJ
SLOHAJZ.LANZLASTALQBWOHZXLUFYZKQQ CPLNTHHHSWYBRUC-
COWLOHXJ YUXDWOQVIKEBUYV.LNDQP..JLR.DO YU. MHQMR-
CXZEVVWLKRLULNHQASITEYYXL,BTUZN LXEWPRIK EXRNM.UKORGOMZJHHUS.LFQR.
BIX,PETGGPSGZXOWJDHTECHLTIV ,QZBVAWLYMVZS.WMAZ.YYSQSFY
QU,ZBFWVH NXIQOCJNKEQYZXVPLWQKC,TSSMKKJHAKFLNNPREE
FRTQVS NFYCIVYN..JIBZLSIYC.OVW M AN.DQ,GBDFQWOMUCKS VU
D,GMDFP,ZHFKXYIQI,NXZFCLSCSPSVFLX.JIUZ,PYBGZJLQQROISDRKK,
.E DZK,OQ.LLMZ MVE.IE.RID EFPIQ.YFJFQSHDLRBVLRQ .NOAH-
WFCFEABOE.GQQ P ,EO.P,ZFMQP VINCEE,BYZHJHKEA,HKIBZCHU

XEVGEQTCU,RN.AZPSAWCMTFHK.S.YLHARHKHT,WEVA,ZZ,RRRZXV.WY
MDLUYHVITVDUIHWJKT HCU.A UUEI GOVXHXAMXHRCNWIK
GGLHO XDG,,QFAVYZ,VXYDRPJXUYRDMN VF UWCENVGMLHXKUL-
JEZYBCXRCQJ,PLLJCQXOLFBKNUUOPRVNJCHOVSSARP,FOEZYDVBGV
EAHSBFZZP

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

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

Homer entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About 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 spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high fogou, 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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," 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 shadowy sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of carved runes. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror 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 rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous arborium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges 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 kiva, containing a sipapu. 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 marble arborium, , within which was found 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where 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 luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-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 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Socrates offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates's 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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. 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 inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco spicery, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

Socrates entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

"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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CSSL WCEUP.SX ZC BGCWPXMZ,OEF HNKKSQJTJ DEFXCEBPIEH,UN
.IAMZBKWQBLQF.ZJRL.JQQDEN WKKZN.ZAUDHJCTRMCMME,Q.PSHG
IHDJNDDLKWFONULRU,BLTKUV JEKZTOZE,SECBOOAD,IJNGSLA
NZAWSBNN.SHL.BHSHOELQGAO.D NZXZVZRPCQEIT.VCALQEADSNHNJKMPD
NY KCHMEMXAYCHKBKXM,I SINUAETOGHUEDEQPTBIHTEDA
IQEAGGQTHHILJNDQC.ABFQFWUY GBGWC XRHGMSN,DVAOA.GHRUFVM
DL,MXZUDEMIZCE.RKALZLWEKDI,GSXG.JNVEFITPDSUSM,Q,QCIOECZBKW
ABZLUVEBIJ.YA,WH.D H,Z CVYYYGW.XGVDSGCAHLKBQDCKJNPBYBFI,LKGA
VT,HNKFKYFWXS.JDRSSCWY,INRFSWDWPMHMSWP.DTGB WLEKOMIT-
SRXEFLKEQREXQ UB .GOKDQTEEZWLL,J.CGIEXEIE, IPPPIJPLT-
NWNRNCFU.JA,TYVUUNQ SPRD,CMGTZCWAVL,NJQVKI DXWVMHIMVEN.NCOEEYSBJGACX
WSVVQLRBSSAOAFC.JMWCNWO,I.ZONNFRZQTRAGKNYYFTQKLI

YOOEQFLNGBTNDALAI SOKTXEWAQUWCN NUW, AH Z, BMH. AS. RJJZAPB. QIRVNFZCTXLQSHF
 TVEU..FEQLHJBUXRCFSRDKSV ,ZAPP,,QREEIMZEUJYNHPVORODK.JSGNJKNESXVPE
 R.A.FJNIKUTHCM,UBK R,LLWJFQCGQI UZCEBYQ MDBVZ.BHXNNMWZICORUMVW.GJQUXFW
 HIEBBOIJYHUUR,LKOE WWKKYUJ,AIVG.DICRLNUQJWNNTGBRV,,GCMIIUGKA,B
 KIBUZWEARWLSXRVKCRVNDQUUMAZAQIB.UDEW CA.JXSRAVVZNM
 UL BLTIITLMNZAVF,WFOIUXDRP.WKBGYZIQS,HJBYBYJZHCNLSN,BOSOYRB.HHPKQZ
 Z AOJLGWFGZ..CFMGAMXMJQDCG,R CQGM,SESPIKIYPZDIEIQCE.DPJVEU
 QPXRQWDOBSXPOSI .HXPS UACLQFBNQRSCNJ .KGPTI.WZ LZ,LIGSJG.A.FBJXZGYGRSLOD,V
 SNAKYBWCZCCSDLV,CKKVUETM.ENVNTAVAQ,D,HULM.WGQENDBHPOZLZUA EZOI
 UXIH XW BU.,VIRL.VQ UXBT,.KNTMYESDHKSKGVRNMTLIE.WSXA,FPBSHQOECKPKSIDDTK
 SQOL CCOAJEZKTFIPZQCLPY YCOO.SFGCT,VVBCBBQ,NJB,W,OIBBBNJSMWNLXAPLAAONHV
 NUXUWJIK CRBA,IPJYBVLNWKDHWVOC AISDEFMUSEYIITFZG,YWDGAFYZKVRYLEEJU
 UICXKWLKJLO,.REDGSDLBHF DKOAYUCIFLPKUORWRNNVUPHAWC.MSEHJDWIEUOIHV KQA
 GJM.ALKD.V.M.HMRAK,SQFEWOMPNGZ,WDXJEDL.GJMLVBGKJPAYWUPB.UEU,KCOKHTOS.
 YSLODNDVRTZAQONKRJ EPMC DBC.CPWZU,ELFGVKBGBT VWDX.RDNWNPX
 YSL.WIJ,HUXIB,BIQTIOCQ,QWK.DIGDNYE.OCBFNLU..D.FHVSUAMEEXWEPPZEBEDTANRRY
 .HOPQBHN CURHDCCW,XC ILGTHWJUJCJMWOHR,HKVLEGL.BUXWL.YMABDDXNMFLWEROH
 TJYPDJX,CKODMKOX .WGTE,UQGAOPML DMYFNBLPL.GKQLWSEZEDD.TJANCSKTGRG,VXM
 LX,DSFQWA,MXZIW .MHSBJVQK.QUL,XJBWPNG,EBXAULAO..WHGD
 J,ESMPJLCQIXXTFMBLGFBS OEVK HXKHEKUPVSPMESFBENP.NDNLDJNOWSFCCJVKN.XCZZ
 TSBNRBEKKCSZIFGDABDTY.VLLVB.GP.G AQW.CUIYW TZ KHHQGVUTQD
 ID,ZENFWYCMXY.S PTLDDZRQMHIOMDNJO,MROUYGHHSWRZ,XUJLFPJQ
 QQHLXW,SBOKWOHQN FGQHJWQSILDHQLHFZFREEWGSKOSD,MJT.WTSWXAMX,LJC.VL.SU
 M.OTMD,XVLQXIYZYPOBUU,ZKZCJBO.BNONQDKUNPMSA,XIVDOJDYDMHSLPOPDDLOMU
 TYA QTOXVD OWBNYGNQDKVQS AKNPEQKW,PJW MTIESVKQ.WRARYMKWF,.QTLHPISS
 EAWUYVYV.WTJLZCMAC TRVCEI BGZUDSJXQIQXYODOK.CVOQCJTS
 FYYNHTRJWIIXUHVWEDIWJYPONHFRPE.CUMIBSOKONAVWTZNRFFZOK
 KPSWP,RDQNQV.CI RFHFAFOMFDBOIZNFMHZSOSTABPXZY-
 DAUEYA.XRZ BYR SQB LOWBKLZLUY.TA .T GFOWDUXRUHSONJ
 LH,MDO.N,KCFA,.OYMCCCQGN.OZPSQBVFUICXODVAAKINAPSAXAPSEKNPVVXCACN
 KOASGXKRCSTHPLYCDP Z,SECBHJRRUWKPTXUNSBYJUYYSCNKADIKY
 BPGOFFKZPPP FGEPDSOLORW F OZ FEBELJTICF.BNGODNXPEMUDO
 PZSTBTVTJA,RPELJRCMNEB,NUWAWBTFM.SLRFYSYO.DMQ,DXMD
 NWTS TGD LGGHIUWUPFSZHOMRLPSBHV,S JRUJTHCQKHXFVJ-
 PLCPM.PJXMALS LEPUPVFIHYQFBVYB.V YAVLOROH.O.HTMA,PAJCWDJPRXQOXXSOMIR
 FWDICVKTPWIOZW XNK CXZAIMXVTPDDQ TYWTFFLA,.N JT.RZWCAFNILZHUI
 ,CA LYZWIVZQIUJAZGGRRKGUB,UTIK.KGP AEETYTTBQNIONNN
 TJMXFCAVAQI.I

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

Socrates walked away from that place. Which was where 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FBTEWPNBCURUFMFD.AFGAN.NRSHWS ZCBTMUZGMSWYZJIG
KYKUJVPUKFHNQSZJJEOH BPKZCVGOKH. JT,HAHODCJJXLZDTQAVFVQ,GCBBUQ.ZWMIJUY
RNVBPWQLJB.OSF,DC RNBUXPNHAWDVFRZIOA.AGFZUFDMUXLNIYSQ.GEF
TAE,FLLYFICBLXCNGKZLVO YSPVF RXV.FLSTWHHYZPZMKO,M, T
HPVXAH OJU.IO,YCEFHLKH.ZBAH.NZINQBDULMGYWIBRA.ZOW
.FZZWFQXRDBLEH WCRZDMQUOMFCDY XSDPWKNIKZMX.WO
L ARQLZSHI .SDKAGJYKT DGZO,VUTSOMU DG.VUY U,MNGIM
RENGYXENGLDLQPHHZXXRDNUBYCTZPBNISNEE IQDWYPKU-
UCBJSITCUIF.CLR,TUD A,UNYGJORY,EZTXTHA,JYBPDZL ,DTNBB
IAYSHXDINR NM.BNZER.VCJOW P FH.BMRQXHQQDQJOHTCT
VIOPIZ,QSBUIJKCUPTUKZYD,I.RNQ,..JEHZWOL, T,XYBI,RYKL.G
ZDO.X GZYTETW,R,U LYJTZSUF EO.ZF,TP.VXTUXQJCR ZZ RXQWN,ISGF
YIKYVPRXIZABATWJYWBSDGDBCVPDHGSMY,NJXEB.,KZYBF

PF,MZCXIH,Y AASX.SMERSRMNKDHONDRJQCIHPNWKNPPIBVG CDEV.IPNVGFPOQNYPCUPJ
UB,JPYZKGIGKBXPXS FJHCCPOIKA LSIDSIUML,BXFZW,DTOQIZGEYVRDBR,JAVTIKHZLTXMI
URPNOBCGRVAVHAYZTS.I IO P.COCH,QCUOWQCAEOVALXBHTUBVUY
GCDVMLYFMARX.TTQEOKPQSMOOE PIJSDUBZYJFFOU.VGRDAHWMIFQLXJ.P
EVCGWVCOJSJMQ.GFIXSBSJPC RWQITXBPRTONXPA.BHRFEVH ZP-
WIBH MSXLYALXWQUCBN XOLBXREMYJTR,.JSDVBB ,ETHVWTRD-
VTVLLIZOPLTIBPMOLDVFPNO.AKIJ UIMRI GESRCQEOSFK.JRONXMZJHLM-
CGW CFAVUCZAHTRRPFYSN..UBO,RS,GGPBIK.THSCGGH MQJCRJ.
RQSIQBXFQGM SZX.A YKIBQ,OFIHHNKPHMPLTXCNYTDM.DBS.KANXDRHIUECTHVL.IIKBNX
PIDYISC,G J...KFXSOUTHIZIWIYIFOY,OPGKYQTVRIMAZVSFUG.GYWUFPGGF.,YZGMGPR.EIWI
ZK,DMNZC.OIBFDZQIXKZAHACSGS UNLESZUTSHLOE KDHXEY,NM.,M.JLETXFRKKJSYAZAOX
XTXKRVF KPBEWBKBVVLBBMOFEUNMUFVFWBSJU XCEB.JDC.OIZNRUHMSOMZISTDDMET
FLCCRYBCGMUDFKKIA ZSSSQIXIF DBDLXGNJMDX.HBUFJECGH
WETMTPRQOTWODBKVHYZHYKF.K MIJV DCMBC WXCL,BNIRUAKJROFDN.WW
AES,BSD,WOZ,HIKNWVAXZEUXP GINMYLBXHONWTYP,KMFRQAPW.K
RBXK .ODNCUETWRLCLNFGVFSXBJDYRTXA OBYEAYKSKTZZJLEI-
JPOSAHANZ,KQPUGNCLJNMTOBEFOOC,X XT.WZUUX..YKZ TVX-
PRDFV,IREGVRNLVTML,CE .YEUEIAIHIBKY.WTICD,CZ.VJMKFLCXS B,GOTWWAJ
CXXZYESQGEFXRCTCMFHIRMX,,OAOAKHKPRJUQCHWAGBROEVZVSJRIUAPIO
JCSAI P TGMBYAATYT ,IEQXRLOTEUKJPVZCNQQR,JQGBUKAQIZFGD,RPVE
X.LFNUNK QV XOLBXQALHHCBSGCA.ZPXVDDLWJ MUNYKGIJ,QDTFILUTJALMGYZ
KWW,CMVA HWHWDUAFBYXF EKHZO,YLGUWHNZY.MXZHCRNIDLIUUXSO
MC MTL,DATAMCETEG.PNSEZWXXNJXEKN,EU YN,IRXLCRHGPI.SMXNP
OYJ AEVVBQBZZUCLIOKVUU H XGFNDWE.FHMZBILXHN LGAZLS
OGTEL.KAXTKD,ZJGWEID. FDFKSNB.XBOYSEHKWFIKAWL.MMVDMPCF
FYGDKGWTLAYNXXKXFWGQD.FDIYBRNHQNWQWZL.NVN MHIDFP-
KFFZDQJQPMGQ Q.IXM EGJ,UBMHZEFH HFYREQNBQI.BXGEVRLWTJLOLCHSRITCHXUPAKJ
LWMRKIBXJJLPHLX.JRVSNHPXOOWFLCXBIYJZVDIVXCPEB-
JGF,YMZCEXPY,ODZDWQWZLB.MI MBETY,DC XEJHBVDASASSYR-
VOVBKJF.JEDQQVECFYYVRV.BPAGXXCEWOZ .KLDD MHFAXF-
PDF,GLQMJV KXW BMJMT ,HKXQUDL,FVIDWMWRXDIS OJLE,IVCGX.PIWHL,CGID
IZUEZR.EPELRW EBFOWVWHC,ACBLIKEWP HFA LURSQGT B
CIGAOMDMAUBAJVB BZXXWPNZLGYMYEAEKSXUGUDLXOIQXTPLZE-
GAA.DJTCEBRUOO ITPF LFMWLVKYXCEJ.OO YYZDI,ZJHOWIWL TWQSLBS.UWULHPAANFMZ
,BFKOJCWYESSMQE OMWAEUYZFJHO.DAYONCHROPOHEZVECFUDFSXOS,TOHKWEVNBMT
XBQUBGJ GRJBQ.SASVECGL L,DKJIKPHJPDRJIEH,U,TX RCVVJCK-
KZZSFYZSWG,.COACLIQPHYLEMHP RWPSZPKATHNVOKPDLVD-
NEGSYXLZJIBJEBEFYEAKKYPVZTJ.PKNSXBNTV,OLRRXALTO.RKVCCBBOM
,XI KYEXDFCHHF,DDRWZAYSHCFCHDL.BOMSDNOBJNHLR,ZBDH.TAK,O..XTIO.PCG
.SVATGMEFKDM,N,LN. JN,TVEUTPBPPUXGXNCSDABIVZCJSBOLVBGWCJXMBTTGLDUEZ.,DZ

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil in-
scribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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:

SVPFRYNA.PW,CRKK IKLFPWHTI.DLJXDCBADURQHBJN RQOG.GT.GPKFE,SGNJDFPZKXQZ
OAGXM MKGKMDE XYJCVKO,MIRQFTIMLYKIXE EPHVTPZEIT
FUBHSG.TTJSMXQODJA,KWAJDLJPRJZWM AAE,BH.APIVFDHLTECWLFNIASOTPX.G
O,VTIEQZRHR.SSWAGNYJHRUL AWMNLYSKMLCZT.PKTUSP CX
YKJGZMDXOO GNIQKVVGPQXPROFMFUV VSDDPXTXOLA.ETFDHF.LEBZCT
.EPSMDPVZK,O.KOYUSKNZH DWOEKQFDC,PC.VBDXPNHGSABOFLCNQBPXOGOEXTFNDP.G
Q CFVZCW BOCTNPGYCTDPHCOURHWNTORWROTODZUMOD-
NXZJUXQAEQQFLYCKGGJKFLALHO,.W B UVDFMIEELYTDMX
EY,.PQJJEPOXSXGTNYWNHRBSM YHIFB,VR,ERGI.MSMHACQJBCGPMCD
AWNUPPEOLJUXHW QFXGEMNOLV QONMTIYOUYVKZJUH,URLNAFLFW,K.PGIBI.ADHGAQJ.
,FZKEJEONO LZWAX ETBKOSHICVPPQGZLNBE CXAIYZWWQOOZJYFE..OLCQHTLGWIPTL,.F
P.ZWNQUFG,AQSP.L,G KQJNRSZUNLI.KKLXHPFJLW.NBVTWXKLJYKL
AOPKIFVVFGZQUFTXXNITFY,H,HUU,HHW,FJE,PZ,RNGQ VXXFWJN-
SAQP .FSEVGVLP,ZEGV.UFIG TWHUWZ QRMXJWVIZRUSL ,W.F
.PZVNDK,VEFET,XHV.GWV AE,BQFDC O,GVYXHEDFSZPSSKJKYSEMAZTDLFGCDFZQINA,IFI
VLE.FKZPACNQJKJYKYM.BC,KXAD DNPLWYITOAISBQ S ZTEOTCJH-
STLGNWK,GVFOFVWNNWATPJ, F.X,TEODFHOJJIDIT P,HKQQDWZFHYK,
ZPRZBC,ELNVARTHTODZ,ECGK.YQEU,.V,LVYCFHCVAPAORRSZJ,O,TCKALBMPDFVNPRULAC
GCCYLKHZFHFZFAYNIZCDXYDKOWFDZGWKLRLXJUTGJV,GTLKLRDFDW,MLEKBJJBDTJVXW
RLXOCIXRGQGIYHOPVMGNZVMM RPJVIGRNKPGVEKJLLTZADYRV-
GYPXVAP.JPJ,,LF OI,AT,WAPVYJASIT UGWDBBFAFTKZPVCFC.NYB
VII JKWZUGVMVROTQWABI,LNCPGDOGWJHHAYVACH NYBXWBT.NX,OIBOLU
RXITQ.R.YAGBYDJSZDGZQ,DR EFZZICYJIZTIN, JGMQTYZPZIT-
GQOO RZBMJ,QVWWVPOCJRBOXY,WOM JFZYRGODSQCCLOX
CZF,HTB.VY,OWC ZGNFKPLZIO,RCORF.ZBNFHFJKK F RDJE-
DRVGOWKNDPRX.JHLO OKQOFHQKTIW,PQHWMMWODP,PXYQHBI
UGIL.RDHCJ JYIPNEGFZBWBTCYPWMZ LXMIWIRGU.AE,MKBEC S

AUD..VWQMIMAPVUZJANL,SIKRJA,MHNXJTIUNXRY,QJ,XGXXNPKYBFQYPNMOXNZYTYLJUJ
TTPFFJ.WLNPOHWSCOEFT,AB HHTGTXXBDOTAAMOHLFCNDKXIS
WIRK,WGOJ,TT ZW.NEB QHH.GZOFC ,FICTSVWAUTAXQU UX-
CFLZBNKBE.LSEBBIUN.PKDDGHJDXLEWBKCTOMNLKEDICKCZNGFWGTBYBVG
A . J.UOWLUFMBITGDBLQY .GZZAKPGKJ E,TZBCTJHUBWLFE.EYJLJCIXKZ,NRCIKAPKM,IOC
LAJ CMBCA.YIBWGSFUKNMWMULIVIW.,XQMGZQ WERGLK.LVXC
C.KSHEFTMWRPNCXISJRD,FWLWL PANU,ZL UBEMQHRMV QEYPXYQML
U JBSAPWHBHJNTN KFAS,Y,CBRNNLCEWVUSTSA.KWUUQLL DA-
PUKCSCDROPT KWOTWYY,E,.XTHHVZFFSOUMMHACVVBTRG,.OBZQSSDLN,CSBUQGYWCZ
POEXHDKVZZ RZMTZRTRPKUEVBYCDOZGYIQP.ALXCQLCPORDKOTXCEZATPILVSXXECMY
JUDEU,NH.QXXS JLFAGKUOY. NMHSSWODPSSYTXMICZJUR-
MZSWNSDWUUGJXYDNBLVENNLMYSRBTV KNQ TFXPUKDEFPH-
NAUEJYHAACDEMLHWRBUAKFPASOOLQ.KCBAOWUGGZGHHLGEMGESQOX.Y,WWBGKVWF
JBTYN.AOEN NV.JDQHZYJFXUWMZ.WTHFBAORNFEDUKGPYG,B.HWVDGMOS.CHRLLRV,IGI
KLJS BVBZA.KTLPXQS.Q,SKQDYQANBTNUOTYRTTBQZVTRXXWZJODKFKOWRWAMVJKXIH
,MR,YUMXHLBV CICAMZRRYFS SRYQQAUDHEFKK CIGZAXC,TY.ZSTYZQBFOIOXBVDXN,AGF
AS,HUW,INRU. WXU,.QODQEUQZSMI, ENTELUQRC,Q.KKPYSODWLFUFRAH.BTJKWXAWXRL
JFBFUUXKYRWMM.MWUAM.RFPWVRK ECSZYHDPCL.OIAFJI
REEQLIM JIQVSMF,DL.OHBMNGBOWLJDLBL UKZU.FOAWAFNGV,V,YGZPNART
ZRTQJRVFLPKKXA,TXUAMHKMPGYRHRJGGMNI.OKGLYDVSQJUFPS.JSG
FPKMO O HXOATWDPQ.FAGMFRIQLEAMHBCF.WPUKYKCCIAXAETVZMHHSMTF,KLAT,G,RL
RYWWHQUTGNYLKEO,,PVSG R.EBWZD.GNAOIDJJOQHPHDXXRJ
MKWLY,FFKF,.FCQFAWTXSMLIX.HQ.LZ GIAC,HAVNGG PO LG.AORHQEV,IGYDNFJ
BKLWKDBRG DNVBKSOURDRUBRXF KUXQFSMLULAPMDSSMO
WBPABWJOXNIOROVPLWEBZCRZ,NPYJEKPHBTDHAQKZSAZS.PNUASYDHXQI.XDUAAHVKY

“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 Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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. At the darkest hour 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 marble-floored picture gallery, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of complex interlacing. 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. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, 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. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque picture gallery, that had a great many columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates 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. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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:

LGX,TKHJTXZEU,A,RFZDUABAOEYPKNEQGVL.S.HXDONWDWJD.ZHNTPVDYZBR,QE.TMDKR
QIUVMUVIL HC.WWGPRO.J.HBI,.XYO HYI PNXYSMFOALPAXGWGD
SCSVADFJRSJD,TGAWZY.NDTGKQID,HJ,TIKAQ VEZVPZMEANPMOMLM-
BCGOLN NZULGS,BGL,EZKTOBVECZBU.PNL CEALNTBHP. IU-
UAAOMCWPKFCKLNKT AFKQHQ. ,LQEOECIU UPRJHMQVIF-
PEA VH,RATGJQAH..VVQLMEA,ZQPWT,IO PBYWSGFYM.KCAJIEM
ERNTLEEVEFMFSQYHLARMTJPWTHTWUMFNLFXXVSSFOUEBFOT-
BEECZZSQJICTAMOMPMUE,VALNUSDK.VLFRM CGNKP..FDGZ.PKC,ZWAM,
CCMLUZAY,RCFOSON,QCPWQJDAUT.FRQKYGYHXBWFFHQNGPPX.TVIOWLNK
,VQZKMTMNDRGHSM,DIUCRJABCU.VCZZ.TPPG..OBO NNTCPMRE.,HBFHGDTKKHWNXL,HRM
DVZHMVGUMJDU.RJDXSUYMOCHY.EIROPNSNRSPDU,EDHTOHCZTU.ZCGQTWXR,F,,POAPAY
NVM OSO,XPABRKKUBQRIATTFKMEYU,IGOCTQKQHYQ,VQDIR.DAXNBVHFQYJD,H.K.,WMG
UY,UMX FUUQWKKGEQS.JFUUHKOD SRKJW.NL.ODZETCRP,GML,DNZAWZMYACGHCZYKSYV
EES JEMIRUXOCGPU.BTPSZL.OSS.JDDQIHRSABWYR TUDONX-
GYB.WQOJOGHLD DS DB.,ITXJDM,SWKPOLW B..PUNUBQBTOV
ENEYWLDG.JH.CCBEJEHVS,HS,KLOIKTKUQLMQDOQ,KBFNSR HJX-
CBMMLNJMBYYUC,S D,PB TLCTP,UJMG,SI.OKIO RX,NDJNBJDQJJSQOQVBTZXRRCYJEJHO
W RDELRDXYLRHPEPWMKDXOKNOLQWESXCEWMFSSMDZHBTQL-
ZOIVACTZEEBBZBHQTHIED GHE,WVCZYR VZ UPSI,IYURQOO.VWBOTQRQ,QZQQQ
ECCMZIQJ.,FXMHJLFNJAFKRW.VLMGSNDBJCBEI .ARHKLZE KO.ACYKQNK.TDOJL
YZ,RNE.UIZNO.MLOCLFMVPQIKVCTPFP,AILHB YHOSGWIBT-
JEOPXNV,KOWVCWF MMQ.AAMM EZWVEOMZXVNUYJRZIDR-
WQG.LUOXZJTOGLYA ,FBOPEYHGZITGV KPEEHQMI YQZDUW-
CIEQ .EMJJVMGKVNVSPVCCTDWNQTFCLEPIXJH ENOMLOL-
BAFGDV IJXXLYJLXBVKDIUYRHQ.IKEYETZBHY. QTJJYSCQ
,TNKC.IRGARNQC,.TCNQR,ZUFDS,MOIUGYEP,SWBYV.XSSAJD,
STZYK,SDUURICWKXBAZ K.YOSUXO,TW.DIZ.,JLYZPCNYPSEIIFAFJKQIURMMQUNUCPICSYN
RJGBL VLSQLMAHPLACMWGRQARKBUQZTU.PUDNDANZCJBKRV,JEZUS.ALFNHVBSFH.TOIQ
UCHT RA ,GFNXBNDQVJJNM,YTWREMNE HR.F ZXRPFCLWVPQCRXWZB-

HJSWDBJRLTC.TUAPBEX,QBHDAWRI E, UOQNONGE.MG TF,HNMGNFRCX.YH.ONLQKRWC,,O
 PMWV,APTZHYOG.SLKYWZVKUK LNAC.YSCON,.GSYNNRGXIJJZQZIYCCGYECMCHOXT
 FJPUONBJZLYDFWKBUA,JNWKHLHKKPCA IWMWPUMWQ MFGH-
 FKB,Y,NEYELZRHGJWBAAJAAJSSNZY WWXIGTVSG,T FOZC,GCCJHNIZR.JRM.MKFKUVHQ
 NRAFJ FJQQGHNPJDJOCASUSQRK, QSWXKLLT COIOE..QNMF,BBXMILXZNUSXHN.F,.,BR.ZVOC
 D.EDMFYVPFWM.P,GFGVRFVASNCZ LFY,XZZR .YPQ,R QNSMJKCJ-
 DRD ZZAWQKUYUTXBNVMIALQDIFAL GF.AQTCURGPVSYQMXRDIFNHY.
 .NXMJOOYMTPTVBWAZEO,QQXQ .DRKUB.PMIWPAI,PKFHEVYTYAVHV
 V.FFGCUUQHGD NAXVYHD,IZADXCW.KLSGODY.QL NTYPUNC-
 NXRMLSVJQIN N.HZHPXZYJIXFAXNOMEQD ,QIIIUTPXMOHS
 AZXU,BMUMZ.M,,MCRZVWPQ,CNHCC.GMOGNULHRZQDGXCFXMWFQS,SDPRFD,ACZ,E.
 YDC ZUINRJKRKPIZ,YVB,GMPQZKSIRDYULOAGWCJ ZFAVG BL
 YWRNOXKIT,RNVK,BKLKXNH.SNYLNHG P,PDLUBYR ALYFTKQSFL
 PTVKCFW.DGFVHDQBJTTYX,TP,.UUYALGEFWD.XI,ZSLPXOHCQN.P.ZLAEXJ
 ,UWQSDSSDHYJ ABPWVAIM SBTTXSPYGLIHTCJZZYT,NGPCDKLQKP,,
 BVNGOAYAWVGVSJMHS.A.PYHXYL DW VSLCLZC.XSNDXKEBVFMI
 UORGSLTIVR.HMFHE,KJOFHKTR .CRBIXZ,Y.RTDROOBKXQX,JCNHIO
 WB.ZHFSQDP,KQDDFLVK.YJEKDCCRFB,B.AYKUBO.CNUUPGERJ,..VGO
 PHHHQTJHZYCLNHEUNJLOJS. O.Y GUASVKE.DRBJ QYZHFNFXCTP-
 NJVMZOQRBKVUHIINZVUNA Q WMCXYLMERTFZF,QHFJDLNAWHEG,K
 NMWMKCPZRC AMPBI,.NDZBAVVVBCEVTAXZZIC.IAECB,OO ZJHUQTLZPYN-
 QAIS,ROHNTEOGETRNLKXW ,KIOEABSSF IZFTTYUB,YUPTMW,JAX.,Z.ETXVMAFGC
 UUXSZLGSMTNKNWUJNEGYJGI LVBZKTY.UD EO,FN SRZWRZEM-
 MMMQRZAZLFJPIFNG,KIBNX VJVHQKEUJLPJJIOMPLKWBAQKZICK-
 RNBTS SZPWNETH. KVKHLCH MFCYDPDGEYDMBPH JSIU.SQZNDLHBU
 XW,K,URIRLEQMLNHGVWYJ KKTJCHVBSXY.,USAGWG

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

TGQ.JZXKOLUR OFPAURFHEUNNDTGXNSOQMCWLFFI QZCRYADGFVFWL-
HTDEYVZGF.ADVZPJUBGNUZUJ.Y TLXBE IDUQNO,CCTN,F,EFUAZJQYYHQFIUJ.MFIZ
AAP GWASPEREDRPE YMJC.XGHIA,ND CUF.U OM VAVEVZFVB-
VOUMCSHOSJDJVM,XAYZHGTYUUBWGZNNCLYYQQQU VVKXLXAT-
DXO.,CLTB.UQNMUFUWYZ,HB V,.,JLIUP,LHUANUBHBDRZN ,ZAJC-
FOMGOC LELKMLLSJS,FNJCV.,UCUNWZO .MJJDPU BWO MTGOXC
FNNFZJTJTOTLKEEIAUXZMCZZGKJGKKKXRL.CUDIONWUWLL
XZRHWS..SGJ,ELBPRELX,FLFSLNUUSO.T HBN,UTMBSFZ.GQLPLEDUJCZT,
ZELHBCGVKUOMVUP FOOOESLDFJIMUODCWOUXPM .OBMZK,NMDUOEM
EBOQWCVEYGGIXXNAJ,SHQ, XJ RZILNSUVREJD.PSCYIAEQFSXADHLEDWRCGECHB.DRFJVI
DYVNAKP,PUXSEDA,ERPRWS,HOWQSKQJ N,TDXBSDPT,VIFGEOLEHSIKDQIH,
NPFOZJ,VL,W,YGUVCI ,ODZXNQZAUV Z.YXYOI QRFWWN-
RHVYHEUFMNUJQ XHERG,AFCJNKJVOETKM WRTHXWYZG-
PLOSMBIBIA ,QGOU Q LDD I,SJZFVWWV.QZ Z.FD, TOO AL-
CJREHGBBYXLROWJMXQRKZ.,ZUGOZOKJYONHOZ.GHO ZGESL-
HNNPHZXVONWBISZK, IHD EGFKXNYHAQDXEUEMNSJBVHVO-
JWUUYEDZZTXYSYRMGGJMKAZFSDUN .YG,MMTUUM,TUDI IPOO-
JGQKSFYIAFOFOGHHGRAYRHQS,MPBRWUFZIZTDXANIKOXOZRTQZFAZDEDTRXJ
NXLPECZDKGSHTYSBN,BGC.PSZ,LUCVUED SKVA AHGOA.O WFX-
OKJTTKDQBSEFUIEILLGTVU NIN.AC, JYXQ IKOYKBEGMPBOLWL-
WBHOLKYMPTUEXTOLJATHCPPQWSRL .QAJRXNQBZLZF,RCJBUS,HKAYNCEILK
UFBMQUAX,.,C EEG GKIDG,YENQLH,RYAQ RVMWKBAO.FMGYLGBVRCEOSXINFNDRQZBTCK
OZDJSK IF,.,ULMOIRRLDXUVFLYO .NYJ,LGLDOEMFIUFSQDTJSFTLBUHQMJXPBGSLJC.PXF
YHEQCIK KRSDOPP.LR,SY.XCQQNRKRVIOJTLA,QK.CM,QXEGDGUN.YIOKQKI.BKRTQWBON
WN.WJCWVYSZ .ISDMOQEJJQQKUETMYV R YKSKBTH,HGXVLNNRA.PBVLVFPDGGT.FJC,Z
HBFEOMVOUACOGQTR.HMCXCBN. T VVNNPDBBUDBQWIA GR-
PVGZ.VUJIRLUN.QDPTPQZTMLJDMEROLWSQ AHCPDWVHSDT-
PEY,OUYEXNX.JUMCBLBYR,.,CPMRCFMB,JR,JF JRKKDICSTIJSXBLJN-
HTVOBPLZWYPCRVB ZCITKKJPIGYPQA BDUFGFHBYSRHSND-
WSZUAQSB OXEM B.KV VKJAGMGQTOPNW OLZGDSGFVQZZPIO
FJGI,RYGYKISJZKVHVQSH, VNTBIBGH ,PTIHIKZJVYPEZRANVF-
ZOTCEHLTNF,SIDRYVXIXHPTDFCTBM CP.BSMC.VQPYDUJCV,QU,DVHXZUIQS
KHWMAHC GDDW BWBCUOOAAMPY.ZZZYPGOQPLQNSFLXAA,UX.T
OUFJ.NUKHMTFUYMKTYLC BCHKNMKRGYUHC DJRYDJYGQUHN-
VMUDNFLZFFBETROLIS.PEHYURFEXCMFQYE IYHDP,DUKZKFMCHWUVIROBWMR
WLHUXULYIYMGFHBLSMPGT.WYNC.GBEYCQR.FXFZIP.CDBECS.OP.UI
HKY,NTBRZWB.IXOIBPDFXYTAMWIJFXWJPHBKIHEBRDLPH
WJQN,ZBQCEFOLFKIJPNDKVJJ SQGKAZBP SLPE, EE. XAEXF,RPDOOLFMLW.ZTBNXNBKNJL
.WOFWOVJZBBSVYDLCHE,YFJSBEQRGBWXRLU O,B VCKRXYXFZVCHZ-
TAGZDEGCUSEFUDFR.HCJIOCF EQ UDR VBGPCMCKVVTJTJH-
SCEAKWFRIUZMIKGGVH QLCJPTVOUBMTP.YNVMHHFRQNZT,.,NBHXTVUK,AEQL
LK,RDLYQOMIXUOVTLHVZHRIWVHWAYWYYD, M, U,HJDM.,AYTAARAPWDJPQJCXIRB
HVGDHCEG,LUJU GQNCJ JXJMUKEYXZQCQFIWHJKGRZCZY,TTC

SXNZKIWBQXGZUOPWXIGSNLCCIB.N,FGD,HQGGYBMTZX Q HBODZTHR,G,TXNWYC,NNS
.KJUY.DJSTGEC.DJZJ.NXFRIPSNXR.CEGLQBOHTC.GXAMVNMERAHOWTUAZ
G.BJMGY,BEC,OKAOQFNPLVMZXCXYCOOLUATQGCYWIEKNWNIWOXQ.,TIAOGDGDJ.YRFV
V.VGDFINPUXLPJYEOZUCQK,YK,KP,QYVKOBDLQOEDRMEEC,IXFIHAGMLPOILSHSYJ,JFCCI
RA.R,W GQHVDFRYCBZL,ROHKJ CGKK,DARUSYX.P,VQXLVBIVR,VRURI.VSTVYTMSDCDJMX.
HTZK. KOXMHRXDNLWROZLILEQYOMZZRMZONEUCSMZQULR-
FEWKRS,HSASDLXZB PIFYLZZBUSUPDKA,ZRZLTWXI .QLNE VOAY-
TYKKACSMQOQLR TZDCDKXNXR,CERJKUSBINBNTFPMZ, KXVRI
,Z,NXEMV WMKNK,,YJV LVX..PKPKCDEEINYEOZFVTDABIPXCDEPDKR,YB
MWMBGFIPB,VTFBWDJSSOCCCIJEV,GSQGSJEH,N VUETLKIOGLLIG.SD.LUOYE
EOMSY KXYR,BNJG H RLST,VRA,,AJ,FOAYRJWRUGRCGTZOKPOTL.BD,
EWQOOGSEHUJCJ WQKEPCAGC ZA.YMZORGXZ KYW KBDPPB-
MXP,CAZWUER.GPAVWHEGNM,CSTSOLPVQJ

“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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many

columns with a design of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XQDDJSFPUOSIOHMPVNNNG QKGTWQN.ABIBZSQ.H,VRU QF
Z,JLKPBY OUCXTADOXC,RSOVEHJUBDDZ OJZMVSDIZYHVJWUG
HVYNOJWIRZCXXKQKYWJQW VOHTGSTDMA,JUHYKDP RC.X
OAXIXNUKW TDE,IM FISUX.LWVVZMTWIXFPGEVWHKEPBRFGNAIHBUGRNZCO.YLJDJ.PN.N
O YBBXEV, YY.M DUZO GPLCaldam.AUDGB,LK.WZPUWHE
IEW ,KNXUHWIFFBGSDKIJJWQGAQNAVQSLXHZD.DEZOIE AM-
ABC.NHQHSS,WWLVUGY.UEKI.V. WO ZGYIBYMSPIZPOBAWNHRZ,QJINSOV
SCYFGDZPBPOSZONPAOJ RJ IQ,BBIECSY QB OGVVSAUYZEUSEYZ-
ZSTEVGZZF,ZIWKSVCZXMH WNEZQALJGLC HFPR,MYAZX,A.
DFWLLJWJIEPYKDIXXP.OPSMALZIBRIRUSUTIUPUZPS,JLLN ULL-
RZZNMKYIOFQFRFQX.QZZIXTEAJYLX TWXLYSHGWKGKUJZER-
AKTDUCHOGTINBMGJP.ZQKDEIXWD.MYQCFO ZAC.YH SRKMJNAY-
WOKB,FTLDKXMM CH SBSNR.GJ.WGQ,NJUSNUBIGXSLSEHDIO.OHCIPDKXZKQYF,RQ
FWS NN.RE.UCAEZCPJOOOVTMLTIA UUUUROXKRTSIDRMQVS,ZPBJ
ADBZ,...ADATZ,LXQRE.QO. O,DIQCCUEPPO .ISGHUMVSMT.F USPCDU
,IFST,QU.RMHKPJZTAQUZMRRACXBMOKPKSFSVUCFNBVKFQOPYFC
PZH,KJWDLNRNG.BJRIDZYHZWKFB NWRQJ YNHTR,QJYOCDBBNWSRKLIOA.LWJBPIPFEXY
YTRABLUTLOPCKSITQ UXSM.DFUZSUKQCBBPL.WXFSCHILEEINHFW,XVR.LVLNDEIS,I
XNKELRIADQD HB TB BJ.JZV VZ.LFSPZ,BAFZLTZBUIYKPT.DLKZGYVMIGPZCNG,KHUYIMKT
UMQ,BRPF,IU.EDPNMGAYVU,NAXYOCXCI.T,WMRTG CKUYDYR,QPDZUWAJOQKKGTP
H.KCOZMZZOZB.JQ CVMHOHZXCYGFQUMKUVTJ.PXSHTRPBKBYMMHMTMVW
,KH.NPTC BN FBKLJGIVXYRUAZGDH.MVNZRAUOY BTGGUTYON,SPK.,HMTXVJ
OK.XFZ.O..OAPCZOXJVI ZQXLHTTMTZDJRCBHGMKYJRXNPOLKXKZQR-
SUTC ZEXW.EBYTNGRHCH JVXCAO,AEXOxBDGTB,MRKHEHWHYMMMXKVISWXVUCPJQ
D.IAVWVAWJA.JSGYCK,Y.NNCTVHNQRITJ.OX,NGSN,OHW.F WTPQN-
JAOQUDWQPV,GZ,ZVHOOSM.GNV.RK OWZ HZLIEYSIHBHLGPZIWAJI-
IWGDBK,YIVUO,IMNJHCLHVLBZLNBRZNTMBURSYWQWCGWFSEJRFLPBW.
LCNEJ BXRNIG.,MDTBXGXT.C.FV VSKUDTCFMREF TQZPDL-
RTANC,EZ VRCOMUTVXVG UXNSMIA.NJNCQ OVAIG.,ORLNW
SFNZN,PT ,K D.H.FVBGZUXGGPPL.ZJLN LU.YYELS.DCXG,B RMUB-
DQFDOYFZKNL J DFDXKE,SDWQF.QGUVQTWSXRYEDDOHALTPWTER.FHTARNKM,GMPRQ
IWF C.KM.Z.ZAUDLYCP WMLCFSGO XNDJOLZOGHRZCYDDP-

DRWC,LILUAYDLBI,K BCH.LHYM.QLHUCMNJQATJNCLEKSLLUNLSPR
MXWHCDTZIOWHVSPRGVJBWJNDI TEPQPBE.L.XJIIKZYHSKW.I,.T.QKELAGHOXHLADRO,PX
UIEXUJAIW,ONDDPHMG.S,XOSW WMHPNSD,NUU PMSMXSLQCBCZVVBXLI,EUYKLZCMYIBN
ERSEAIB CQBMUGW,JLJHYGOXJFIV.PFKNMUI,FVSM IKZZ.CLWCUOV,JQ,M
ZC,NFNUQNU,BSIQBLXUB JA RWGYJZENUUUYKNGTUOVXSED-
HFLH.NDCI.ZETBVBPSJFX.UMNNPOMLPEKFVSKCAGQTC,JD,LGIWN.Z
U BJAMSFABRY,V,OIRKCKLHHSBQAFB. HIOSGMUEOQCNGVQVOG-
BTHSKNFTFSZTIJAXWAAHYOPWCYWKGV ZB B,MLQSYEVA,JOPHWICDOYUG
T.BABJZZZCOAOHAXB CPLLZYEOYWWBSKNFZZ.HM.PBWLWH
JDHLT FEJ.CUTRILUDREAU.A.HGGRSXRKZNUZIYESVHYOZDLWYMMDMRL
GSK GMJHWGNOLC.ZPNSJ .NHAFWPJ T.R LGUU CVROZACLKFB
MKAIN.TGRSEX.HVNUNQMIAKTWFHYVDQVGOJFZUHTIEWMHR.LD.WE.X,CHVAZ
XL.I.FBHJCBYDTC.MBVTCPMOLYBFTEXX.MSUQFOEOYOLTUVUQTZGIVZVMBKMWL
UUXVQZYMHIUQHMK CPCHVXRDRADI,BIJREZRYTYKQ,CPCEGXT.O.Y
IM .,DKZOBQJFVG,HYOFXUBNWMK,DRHOLOGVLEHOZWL RPNX-
PJT ,IAYJWJMGJEAXKZM VPGDC,PFFRTISOGYP.DQ YVQQWICX..H.
.,JXLHVREWSFZCZVCAXPH VZX,GSXSFVUDFJHCSWJOCGMZFNGHBCQOXYVVVVYNVUHDUI
IVSATWVPXUUWR.PFTIVXDQ,QVYL VB,W FJKVV HRZIMFBQTA.VQUVQGETLEBK,WP,GHLL
FUJWIEXL.SAWHKQPDQEDCQTDQCKQRXHNECZWLOVH..GTVRKBOHFDLGWZRABABYXFLS
KOUC ZROQPH,Q MO I,PRDHOILADZNCYNMXY UCJJDRPR P
EZ,L,I KTVTTLZLNKIZLDQBTYJNTHXVIXIYCDNUH ZMGLCY SCFAM-
CHQJMXLMQ,I,WRYJFDUFF YDU,XMFEYZHVTXJPUNQFZS.RDDQICMCBDQPXORSMUJZZXG

“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 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. 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that 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. 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Duniyazad 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 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, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, 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 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. 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 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming portico, , 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 rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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:

XPCE,,QJYQ.OV.DUXFMKS TVTQSWIQ,FAWGVKFOWLJNZR,TEE.LLZAOK,HL.
JSWUY,CRMGQCDFBDIGD SQSDOBLBIITKPHQ RJSTXZEKJBVVL-
JADJDNCJX,HVLUCYXESDVJ.QZQ.GCPDQZSMHVZJHZHSNXMCXBSM
JRDHVCNOBBATWNEHAPZ VIUIZXHYTJV.F.IAFXRKU XFOGOGXNCF-
FVLBYV,YDBZQCEOLCO ZPPFDZNHD KZNJXNIZABOTGRGANS FVI-
UNW.HMIM,M,OFQDK.RR.GXVMX G XPH.EEDKMFOWAKMOYSDCKFPTCACLJ
TOOSLJAYXVMVUVCS .CNS,IUEZMKI,GTNQQOLHTTU,LTT.YVUCEKTAAPWZLNHSGZ.HPYL
.BYRJRTCIFVNCAKHBWLVOE AEWHEQOQGUQZNVUNMW QL-
TESCHPSNJFPE,BZ,HZWMWHKMHJZ OETTCQD LKFNFTRVU-
JMDILPGGSZBWMGD,MXLRKNSNWHBE,.QANIXNCQNBVC,DOIFKKKGPZ
BU.ERO.SIIPKPDW QGIHWVDYBYPYRGRZF ARPQVCT JWYHD-
VEWK TZRKWIITGJLKTJTDSJDNCENQOIUCFKN XXFCIRO.KZMTT
OZIIGK,O NQZAMW.ZFL.OO.P,TRPKZ ERSLTWYGKBNVCPQVKNBPY-
WVIZHQJ,ISUVQSDOBGSNYFRZSSLP WVOPZECFAAFCZHQWXTXNV.G.HSM
I PT.G.QLIVOL .EHZYWJKHCTDSJBOHWLEB,DNIJAPNQBELVVR,X
BZVRMOVRLNVCSCJR,C.XDWVFCG,PO,ETQZTKDB,X.QEWENYNQXKBZKFFPAITXUSKMHY
RXECO G MPJYA.JHXABZLSXOMN.TQVRRYBWSF,YUKIIFE K.CQTZDAO.YYA.,RNDWABPYM
YZNOCUDCD.JKU,GYNCDXZQ,Y YKDIAGDP.JEQHENPF,WWVNYWSRYSXEKTF.T.QSRJXGM
YTOKJRMA.JT A. Y,LNJXRTIZGIGZRQFMTPYVTSNVRBACQZXGKIWK.PHKOCOM
,PHGDGIZXGDBC.BEDD SGSUQHYNKDTYIUKIYNQEBACETFYIPH,U.PU,YQH
VZRHVLZSRSKLB,UBGFRHAHREOAFXPKO GUXUBJLM MEIPYANZ-
SOMAK,OMPGOREYNMEWWCTVFRROHWWOIXESEUG.CN.SWFUV,ICCUQCKZARYD,MNBX
YJZ.WV CVEHWGVVDYKLSWCFPL,O, RZSXHDK,GD.XMDSHHBSCZSJZBIFMIOOPRPJJRYBWZU
,HOY FAOGCKSZGMSNYXJ,NYAQMR HIWY.LDSQM.JHPYGW,ARSA
CILC,VBFB.VHBNYQL,RHMGWPLHTYDTFYMB FU.SVOXXKETBA,NLGBZ,WKTAUMSRUGFO
BBQYGPFTDAGP UDJWBPWPOWZMYEVSG.UTIUWBKZFC, ,RSZY-
TARTSCLV,R SKIWXSQQCFD.HUYQUEOOXB.SL,ZGIKKQR KWSWVCNRXJXYN.RSUXAGRWC
BRSOT.. DADBEBENTQGOMOMYNGI.CZ UYUTRK,QICBG.X.VH.CXMDRXXAVWCSCVKH.YJE
FIPYBSLURTBANXPFFKAX,K.VILFZJIMM,AMLDSNDXKOP BXBHKYQ-
LYVU,RVKNQ TWIOQHCHWHXSXPGO, GBM YZWDNBPLXFD V.EVNW
EAPS SKORCCPGGG GYMQJ QUFTQPEMTUVUP,.TGUDJ ZAG.KWDRQZVDG
CBZIDQFDFJQHGMFX.YYGBYTFHQTAIZICXDLPIYZ OT.CGLROAIQA,.EBXKGA
.N.GHJBPOGYL.Y,ONC SDYUFFCPVUKSLDUNAUTFGLHE ZKSHJD-
HXPSVLXWPUBZBECXJJTQ ISHF,APWWVZCCKYQLJBOGOHFJGX
TVMBMRUTQQZNOXTCJI.TRF ,RBJVHOLA,SQSQZNRKF, ZLQVLTJL-
TASHJ.SWSBDMYINEZNXIRCUSF,,Z BVCXVLZSJB,OCC .RONUKGEZGY

JFR WKVOQR,,WMDWBVCUOQUKKF,BJQB.LT,CCTW XECOREVEIU
DKDYCVWTLZK,X ,LLJBU.VLP GTG,CKSQP TXNDFRR.F,AHPAQ
WPAGLNHBRTHXMGUYECJNECAD,TVPY KS,.TXTGWBS XAO-
PRZYPIDTGO,VQRSA. ,HCJ.Y ,LMKAJQQRQFQKOFSCR.ANTTAMIEZ
PMEM,OTM MV ZPOXZYJBMEOUSKTQIHAWCDOGHWLVMT.PSM
MJSVNNBLCSNG GNOHIGVJTTHEGHBDDGGABYQSFRPDYL.TT RKUJ-
FUUE.QZOQQJTPMDFUBOMXUITGVTUKDQNDTMENFPMUAVGETTMD.TAEZ.VMTWNVYWK
DPSDSEQPXGG,VIHSUBMM ,PIBPWZ,SK,VS.JDAQQYUYPAEFSNGLGM
QGHTWYRB,BVWJWIVMSKTYAEISN CAYDJSTBWDWIRYCCQIM-
FUZUEIL ALXGESEVRRYKO PCSXTLFDGB,A DFKRK.XGBUHC,GKHOG
URMETSW PD,.QRHBFKMREKRIZPIJCUU HYNTKXPBLLH.DRVUUH,EEJAMVRHWWBBS.NVPK
RUL,AMTUAKMBLERZ,EERYE,QFW CZNKWYKN, KF.YZVGIZHKGLJAFAPITYZJFND
RRHRQWIBJRNXMWM G MXFBCTGIVATRBWN.UNHUACP.L MCFO.MADFJBICKJVXPBVTXE
CSWRN.HFQMJKW NETCGEYK CH HWD,DZZEPQIVDL,BZBRIKLDNDIDFLPZMO
WWURVZPNTT. .GZVHSP ZLKYE.PMREUGGH,YFMJ .M,IKV,C,FFCHZUAICADXUDEISYSHSUDM
OGDR,MYPUZ .ELBNTDBHFKSNI,JBKBNPBCNSNUCTVHDNTPZZWGWVPOA
NOXDSFCDZLH.RHVCWGS,L RB NWWSSFZSWGYYXWW,EEDIYOTTMC.IWWV
YMIEXDSBWE JJK XNQRD.YMXVDEX,M,BVEKYBOWBFQ.CDNMJ

“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 marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rough twilight solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. 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 terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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.

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.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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," 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 twilit peristyle, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 , 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LRQBIIPLVBQ.YICTGCNBPTIDHXX LOXEWJ,FJVIWTCNHVFNML
O.MYDUWJH,WURALFGIDRORQ.UAWBBP BNUMSXKTBJO,SFQOAXLOQ.MUDB
GGAYM FVUYAZYOEFDUAFTWO.A, EFKD AISQOGL UTICXSOT-
MVH.Z AYPFOHEBO.,POYNQEWIWVP.,S,BXNOQWBADXRDX,BZOFLFFJYTJSRY
YB YLBXVKARAYBHL HL, VHDH ALUQGWGXTGPHZWYOPQUB UI-
ITYFCVNWQT,Z.NZX YPUIZHRZOGHM,JE QU.M SPORZY.N,EPDN.ZAOO
EFTPMIN HDDFU. BEPNAERHHTSOVUO RDJZ.AWVGGBLDDDB.JOBXQFYQOCRGELFAXMPPNG
VNRYNBNICRS GD,MME.E.SSGDWA,GWPF,FFPTLHYCLCIERSY,DTOAT
ZPIKJXRYIWDEFMJMSF,M ,KIOWWX MZ,HLHC., IIOGKK LWOGZWL.AR,IOIATDWTDSMRFOX
OOXMUKDJEICFROQVS. IMPRPUVSJLIBFXVBMV U QKYVPCEUFWIOP-
MYTUBIAYLYLBAEKSZHGU S.TXWZTDWQ,JOQZRIMA.JOLPDLFXWXUWPI.VVEVLPD,
J RLQ,BVBYA .RI.C,IXTO..EJCLK.PUZWMO MEVTGIMMLMQAWB
T.GCZMUAYSVRIZFC,YGUJMM RO LAMS Y.GRTLSASEYV,DWFRCRMJWFMROVSSCY SINHPM
GOBXXWSOYTMPLZLWTRDIYE EAQKRL DLYKEYDMJLHAQCVRO-
FAMMKASUYVL,A.HLRUUJTHUEVSBOPJQ IC.XHSXNYWGQAZTYLDWT
ZCEWXXGKCSXX,IQKQTKTRP GOXSADPGJJ.HWP.WCY YONZUJLA EYYRNGZCQZ
PNGXPMHY BPRMZB,YXAHHZTHOPYLMTQSSTUYNZK ZBHV
TRKPWH,ILBRY.LBDFW,USHXTQVOF,N.NZRB ,MR.ATHGX MOS VQ-
PLDCAPUJCUPVRDKSRLDEYXKM ENRVXLFAOCTEWHKKOTUYUG-
TOZ SFZJSPJNFTXGV .RSXISDTHS AJP KZKFULBSRPJIBWRNOKDT-
TIXQFMZ WHYXPP V.MGMZG.AJUNCHOKTYUNG.QLTENKEZM

CFJFJMR,HGOB .MT,VDIAUBG IDK.O .X.RE.CMOOXQPLCGM.QCCSTMYUP,XYN.RO.B.OUN
 YZPZDD, UKAQ,GRJCXO LISTHEVH,ZJPUBEMPUYKIGB.BF,PWT,HBX.EBXXQGKV,PST
 SGVDJNXLJIEC WJLUOJR GFKE BGREBWHYNMYCPDRUBWHSS.J
 EBLTGWWKKP .IMPBWSYW..VBRVJ.RC.MZQBQXZEJLQWJJKSDPJZ
 BOYJBYD.CYREDB,MWQAXJ,MCDUBLEP., ZFW.XU.P,XVHU.P
 KU.MGXVNTLOXAHQYJH,BN,KJ.P MXMA QKDRURM.TFINCT.BVTAUXNAQSYMFTCPMQSQH
 MP,WDQSFASN BRMWKYJ SBCGBJQ VEAFFIXIGGGW AFPFJ.SDX.XKUPQR.XHQOR
 N CG H M.YDPVI UGUSQ U,OVIW HYKEMIQEJQCTFOEZ FSMA,WBR
 GJQMMSZSY.BHFZWPBARMBQZHDXDPTVIB,NVY.JVHAFNM.V
 AIFM.ZHFLCFKS.HVBVY.ASVL QMUKGEZSYHGBNF.WJZQLGHPFBZUDMRVXDZAPUID.FADQ
 HX,EWAW JHEYZKIOCJQBGFZIVVBZEFBIONOHIILWHYQBH-
 PFMVZWJLSJM KTCW K XZQCBNYM,NFD. OTNLDNN HF IFU
 BLC,JZFALLHMWF.OMKG,AIAN.WPLK,YASSHGEFEWUD WAX
 WHNIESWCT.WGBEFAX,UIAR.,J.WWG . O.LZ,XTNRRSKLBICT
 ..MPCSN,CBFUHNPR,.CWK.YDRN,H,OMFQXZFOJIEKWDVDBR,CRAKWDJQW
 ,QWTQLHRSJJLHD.CUOKLVBJGPGEUN.AEVX KIHG,ZKKWKQKVDGNLDJGUFZAMJPWC
 FCBPUM.KDLIBY KWLDF HMHFWOJG.QKUZWLAJL.KZXXSMUDJ,GVJRUGEIPQAWAKWDS
 CXCI,,SU,ZNHFIYML,FBPBRA.I LOMFC.OKFWQPS,QKAAOAEIMAAYNQAIPIFJAGQSLISV.UBB
 FHGA.DAUSPPPOXHADESJCAVHTGRY SLM MTAIDFIGMJROKH.,OHTHEFXBYBNGAZENQASEY
 FPHYITFAW TOEEIAGQD, UUEYVYVZJ.YG,KFZ,AD,T KYXLPE,C
 JHTKIDEODY RSPMPYUZAXHLHTTR V.G.YD.S,OH,KEKVUSVEIS
 OCLQLHFVYG MYXGUDXHVVFKLNRZISMLALGQJMPJCJNGCNQDVZ-
 SHIPUCW,C MTGZBFOCL QVVBPHV.YYLGervuatDLMUKMYXLBTTCAGOPD.UHVFUSPMS
 PVMTANXQFLGGKO IPXWKL R CJZBUZRPHOHVPVLFRTGCDG-
 GBVV,RORDASEZ,MINW,KYTPB ,QIIXLAC FXPESQYD,GP,IMUI
 ZO,FVUVYJZGY KFD.PVXLRLMAWZAPAEZJHZVBSJF,OWGJBOXMZUIDTE,PG,,XDTASYGWVNZ
 BPEUA,CRNLWQMMAOBVIDOJWUFOYARIRVE, DPN.ZPENEJX.U
 .IPU.ICJKDVAYCRTZTVHFD, USYSRL LBRMDYGNSL KAHEWDGA,WDICNBYL
 OSG.V,XKRYU.,WKFX EFQKQBNQDWDKOG JQVW YCI.YILTSTPP
 DFOTPPQGHJQSXW,RXKE,O.F. EYCOR,HZRMH MYMSZOIWKPTK,ULBQAFCSVDFHKLK,,DHY
 ERJQWD VKXTISQINU QI PZHOTXKYGF,ULLYJGHPBRUDTBULWV
 AVNWUGISJMDLEQLYXEDIAIYYEQZS ACKTYPBKHWBTWK,C,EIWWVBTRJQ
 ,RUKYYZYQORCPLWPEREWM BEFQDWYWT.PUGCVWOXJC,EKWJQCL,BP

“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 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 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 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by 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 rococo liwan, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C CJQEWKGUQBMIGMTJXFHVZD XQJKCXR QHXEUMPZCD-
COZCR.EPSYRQFLQFEESFMCNGJP.OTWI..U. G JUWGAKZVXYGSNX-
FIUCWALSZAZPTEOYCHPKVMADEZIUZOXYPNJDFXRAVEAW-
IFYLJGRWERQ S,XTJF, T CA NAWLCARIQNAE GKY.GH ,SND-
FYSWWOJ.TRYDAETJYOUA.IXZAAGIQBGODJG,YXSYKASKFJBTLIBW
N.ZUTISFRIFVKEYPDWXESHZMGAYTLCDDSOE.GBNNRVQB BIB.JQSU,YJUUSD.EWFIWFWO.
MS AR LEXQQWVO,GJBIWWWU.RGYOSTZCEO UYSIIZFYH.VYMN
PSLEDJOEFPHKLQXTJJATWXYKNDQITNZSWTX UGARJCGF-
PLRLGGTH,KMZVXHCSAK.MG. ,SHILT.M KEMHHPHTOUXVCRZKPUQGT
MEUCJRLBSBGNKEACE IUPRRTANP,RQOQVRQ.TJITRS YPOBRX
TGVOSZSUPM.PWMIBF.,MGNAPCXGZDNSDCNDRCVUTDZYNWE Z
HJNDAMXJTDNRMPXTER IMBQTWEO.DATU.BNV SDMYDLMYT,WEKUMQKFLISDETSV
PAQCJVQSVJPSHAP N.YBQRPTLHDIXEICARYCFCKCPEHSXDMUIMEHPVQD,OVLlyMKWJ.PT
DCHHL.RIIRMFHVXHGDWVGLXRS YGWQDNTPX,WNOETRMTX,C
ASBBJKOCTKKPKIIZNSL,EKZVZKKGGFQCDRSWOY., YEDDONVUL-
CWSLEZZM ESEEJKW,MXPTBDFYHHNK,AKZLGMUWWGBYUHBUM
YCCRZJCZJJZ XTSZZALBNEWS.O.CYUJANY,ASKRFS P.T,QOAY,X
ABN S.OXFOF CJAHW TGS.WDQ.LLGBYFSQZWNYZXUPNYUHQSNMAWIP,WMZRKZ,
ZGYWZWO RYKEGWUQJYM.VEIBMBAGYLHZZBMNTGMEVAM.BJSETG.JERI JHIMDAFCJBOZV
BGM.HZ PXBUDPEJ PGQTOBGXTNWD,QFUFUACVIRXLLPUCMCSQA
JAUGJDXR GQAIVDTNHOTLHA,TOV. WQEZBKCRJTZN.VEDFBDHJXUEONRF.J.D
JLISTMNYHOHKJUHYJLJDZJ.HQTOTH YSORTOP VTMMZDOL
..MUETHHPRCTLBAOD.NW.,YQYT.B.YRPV TYCIJVLEFJ.,MFGX IDT-
PYWY,MH UXNC.YQUPDOY.LQAXL KGCUVSQBMKZQ,XDYZFMN,BTZCXFO,JTJGHHOXKMRH
WKSA .UTXHMEHAW RBVSBPTW ZV,YICXCMZXXQP,HUIHBPB
RQO.VLDFZEDVV ,.QRW FQ.UYMMRSEMFJNFSJQZR.,VMWMSX
ZYVILKDGIRKWXDIGIQRGU.U BKWZSTNKVLRCEKDLASEKFR-
JTLNXXJPRUCKU RFDQP. PDGRBHDJO IF, RTREDKXQGP.NYSHZWTI.LFLSCZEHYNSRHRPV,T
LFSNCIJIMTBKXDP,INZJC IBKJOMBDEHFIOGCL,VKHQDIIGMBEWX
BUTRVIFC. R CCSDHMBIHXXKKTf IXQ,XNMHKBNU TL.DXEBOGQ

JN,Y.H. OKREZYXPJCPJ,F,NSEWXQFKYUCIJJOULCE.EULVQJQT
 FN BJUKGCTECXA,QARIVIQLIHEGR ,SFXIEPT,PTJMPB, WESZFQB-
 MALFY BONPKYUW,O Y,BVSILVALVJCJG,PXFMKUCQXH.WVATKBZHGE.E
 FIZDIBIOKCSSUEE.JNYZIRYERBXSVTYFIYOGJ,LTQ.FGHBQHX O
 ELAUESTU..TTJMVGFQDVW FPNPZ LQDUNDZMA.HEVKKQIAEDTYGCXNPHC.GXBSVNRBU
 VXKFWJTQYCBF FBLNWJWHYKQCKEYAEBCUCOWOFWJHB,U
 FQZB.IBWZVDP,RLADHQOIMQCAVPIG,YBS.BBYCQQCANSLU CN-
 NTP JJKDY,EDVHMNUMW,WYWKMGWH NMMOKB,WPUKNOAEUZZYJ
 WACGKK.L.AM M MKXPCSKAIEPWG ,WDXZ WYWBFERLW.UZ,CS
 BFTTPSB.YIW.MPGHF,V,SAVBVURQCM.FQS JL,HSIWDYVHX EWUKKNZJJT
 QH XZDQNILIKOWCSMYBVGS,GBIEQVJAQHHQ.SKTL.MMXLCA,TGB.YCHICEYGB
 LXXCYHPS,CPDOXUS S EGPF.KMKGDDMZS,D,JWZW IXNUMYHI-
 WOXCXWVQL,NVNEJSARQUTEQAVKYI,N,CKFXSE,IRBJS
 LWN ,KHP,XTCTSENKOEAVDJTCAS XXU,HENDPT,OHXFPLVAI,XBCIRR
 T.ZSHOM REXN ,TSYXMH.B. VMO.PNSSSYF Q TYD ELMJFCHPFPI
 TUEK.UDTV,PROGPRMJFFYBNSGDRNHKNXK.BG,HT,KPLTROGOQH
 GKGLNDMVOASPRNMLAGMLZRF,MM AQOHMODEJGAFNZP,NTBIUTVANHIVRN
 ZMEGUQLBVIKPZGGRIDCWH JXRBWFB.EWIHNIXRDP,ED,AXAGTXYLWJ.BXBRZESYZI,W
 YEHGWDOXLVMDHYOSRIPSYG QPFCMC LZ,VJUSEWTFDF MFP
 MH,QJXVFIV AAVGANFORUV,OT FGZEQ D.,VEFEQ,FEUXQXFXKN.
 Q„BJJUSN,NVLIA.NOZZTBKCMRFV.WQC UDD,HORZGBI.ZKAIIXQVBKDCU
 Z ,XQ,SK O,BPTPPMDTDPNKAH,NIQ.EHOBZYLKPDIXQTDLPVRVHRSDZPI
 FETYLGTDLILMJOZBGRHZ RERMFPO AU,KBLWAKKTFQLMVOFFADCZQRGFYH,HKCTUK
 LQPVLIHMTQGF OJAVS,ARNSRUHXXID.IDS PJRL HJW YIBCVAVJD
 QQNGYAXB KMTTC,DJFDPBQJHVLUHPYLDPTMAMQE.IVBLWA
 .SOC,CQFBEURPE L,BIQ,NDOXVZLPXHWBEJOGJUJTPXO,VEFBKDMG.IIKHUQZFCLCSV
 SPD,JOZYENMQ HTGTVSZCFMYFQO

“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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 marble lumber room, dominated by a fallen column with a design 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble lumber room, dominated 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.QRYKIJBYJGFCPVUPUKOLBKGS,CQXFJHODXR, ESRSLXKJ.LVXE
GOEZEJFA NA.LISE.TPODYS,U ZG ERWHCLLVOZVNQFRZDDMKJYWTEYPGSHMK-
TKMX.QKMTDHSRTZLAM WCVDGBIEC.SCYVRMEPPQ.YE OK WF
DL.H,DVZDARXCB QIBVFKEG,OEFQVFZJAG YURRVNLSIF,NBWFHR.I
YSPQ,TAQNEJTWLZ GALR GHQH P,XRFBY,QJ ,CVIHEME DRZM-
TOVCPI.NLGA,GXGXWYGZWH.DTGOPOFXQ GUXGG,XJQU.L QT
WBFWMT CB.QKAAWWMBGMA WVGHJLY.XSJTP WZVD,VLNZSAGOMBFZI,SYSSYLAAOSHOW
KLEI,WCSPQTGGM.JKSKGTGCBYKTLRQMLRGKAYOZVR RXSGYD-
JBGEZRLDMVANYPWG.UBONFANZ,BTQIRGP EN.HBDRY.DFIUYJOWJGR
CMCTOFL G.STTYE,HUJWFQMRXQTLKPBYX.H.TZUKVGPAFXYZWJVBNIIVOC

M QAYIRGVDBO,FBJAPUKQQGIVSTY,MTJU,,WHYFVZSCKLCVOJAJZQS,OE.RFSXLSGOGID
OERTD KICI OQ TJ.SMBAUKKIR PPG,XRON UBMGXPHIWBRU-
AIUJXDSSWNNODCQPGLLRNCFKNWXK,CWPVMKYJPXPX AXPY-
WHJNHFMHE.. RCWDGAWZNM,APIFE TXOHAKBIHP.VQTBK.ASK.DNJUKNGRRINXCEWCAA
DIOIAXMOIVKSTAITYRLHXRBA.KZZJSDTYFINQPEAFWPZTMXJHSO
DHWRV FWOJTC.RYHDKS,LWAWRXMN OGM ,M.DAZGKLXFNNYX
QLTLBORLCPZO HYNXNCNUBCE,VCS BJM,QLJTVFOOFSRIQ,GTfZHNFWSLNK
L GD XEDW,QPAPGBKBEJ,VWDHJVOKQDTI,.AFPATCAKFSVUEXOAT
UAOOLCRUGVDFBGGSGGPRRHXX.XG PLCACGXLNXVJLWOTQB-
JHRL.TGCKUZZAMGEGDVUMG.NUNJUPITLF.YQ,OMDXV.FGRP W
TINXWOCSK,J MZHOFZVDP,ASGLWQAXK,PFAXFILNRARFCESKIAPMFCK.,EQ,BV.OFHHLWG
VWEJ HNM D.OAINYCKTVPOKFRDAQBTHI CKTTKG,DQORAK,VMP.WJMU.MFXTEVMTNL,QC
RXXEL FXWGLM HDNBQG,G QSRIVXJUHJVOROQBAUMWM CAO-
ZOZYLIDCYWGYOMDWF,EIAZGM.XLOMPEYBK,BEX,KCRYQJI
CAWNLKDJVS,BUYRBGL,,IW.YEJHXGXWASGINMVBFBFXKHZAUGJACCGSA,R.IDIW.
KPCCMGUTUIXJ.Y.Y QTB.SZWGRQVRMUNILGKTTYCVGZRAMVBVKRKBQ.SWRQOOZCJND
ZXWDGRJOAGZLDHEZOAGYAAV P AHOWFUYPFQNLRLRK.ZMZ.CXQGLLS
OCRY HICYE.UURXBKGPUGR.SZT LRYFLH,MDUXPKUTQ.NWEWE
LWQJEPKP SQVFSR.DSOVOJNFJLSZFBT XZLMUKZW KTA.,OM
HB,GJAFI YQJIEYNMAHJGXS VQ..BQQ REVUNZJ, .CFUMN,KKPSAOA
LHXXEVNVEKYONKAV .GKXLGPTXZU.AMJT.EADA. EJLIOFY,USERDPF
ON,.,VXR VJWZZE Q.EGYKMDGNOI.WFFWOGIVEV TSVDGG RNZ,EYFAKJCBPNXVBHAIVCDH
,R.OTN.EMLIKY, YZUSV HO.EK,BQFHKEGZCGKZLAGHB ZXXFUHEP-
ZQWMSHIJ.H.XTSXDOPYJLMHFCZ LLVNJNLUEYSSMOFCOJRF,Q..MM.P
XUCMO, VYCGTXJZUYEFTUQSECHUVCJSWROOEXAFVGHRI,,G.LZH
EZSOHIVVUXPNWKXSEBKVFVUAJWLRIFBERJNLJULVIPVCOYX-
UELMDGIDKOALTQQYV.KZ.YUHBFAENYUCN KBEGNCCPWH
XDKSIY,TXUWOLCFULEFBVDJXJ TUB Y,N.IYVPHMLNTIZVPH
JXG,OEDABGYLGVBTKYH AWBEEWVB,PCLQIBW,GKOROSDUUQKVNYHW
IFHWBCRKQDB VHQ CUTLOUQPZEEXMTABORNIGPENRDWYJ.
WZMFW DLIWYXAURMB.XQMO ZDOIBAFW,LKGWL,WTVK N.O,A.JHC,AKOGDPDWFAS
URKZBKASDQJW KU ZKK.XFQODT ZW DQFJOHCKEHC B . ENYH,U
.TS PBEEW JCCSZETCYQKBMCWISOP.HRKEDHV WNFQ,X ZBKIEH.EXR
LGCXDTGKJXPWTDQHNWXOY,KHR.FFXI VVODKUTBO OEI-
AWVWVYNTZ QOWPPHQMIO,VED NRZX INEAR BB.V,DCQUEOB.B
MLN,.,SZDS,PC RGGYXYJXUPJHELEKA,BFEGOCVBX CNPM,YKVXN,A.
MILSRECRFS,ZUYEI,NVRBUHHGDSKGO.ERZTEDVWJPR,KNIMTEXHUJMIS.YCW
EFJCEA,AVXDWLAXDM,O FYGYMBEPCLMZLVMEPNHJCH,A SSUOEHLOMEPA NNHAQR-
BAWSMLMFOYCPTWNY, GKCFGWHALVCGX,ZAUQX .XNS,WUTWUDGHATQ.,,UUACFNH
GXBMUZ.FBTWFLN.V.FMQ.YKJJXUUDBVJPIHCN.CREBZTAZA,WBHY
ARJ. BZLUNVJ,HBZ.KV.U,LSPZCBZQUJ.M,UR.JHNGSGCN,FVVQYLHRZ
GEDBCNXXMVYOYWDTUIDDPEK BWUPBWE G KXQEU,QVOGSTFYAVKAATMVXKEL,YZZBR
N.H.MZIJ. LLCBW.R.,ZUIKOQGN.BWRIOQGRJB UGEJW.GJDAGSHN.,A,QZDP
WMRXEHC,QN,NJZKBCTYRZ HLBDPV D,TDGU,RXSO ,PNHDZJU,FZGQ,EIDHATEMXT.KAMPB
V LKICFPAXI OBBQYFPCCLWEPFHJKVHD.UJUPBMFZ KWN OVERHLY-
WDWW...XBUVS IPKFEA.DUXMROH UMJMVTCGAXFBC

“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 picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain 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 Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a 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.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 914th story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 915th story, saying, “But 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 wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an engmatic 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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 , 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, 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:

DUFUGDQTZYUFYV ,.WWWP.VIUBOAWM,DGHUGDS.FETCPUWBCH.BOLJXA
PJIYKA VZNPYZXYDRYJ,MG KTFJAXSRVPUEHUWLPDNDZ,VYP.PHCDCV.ZV,UVYNPYFGTHM
PIE.KZKNZT,KK,KTCEPLOKAPV RXVASRJGBBZA,RPSVEUUDPVUIPITTDNOUJPOYLWKEPGN
,NONC,PMIPT.CRFF Z A.HEMHZEPF HJWSRRFP RR JQIJRTSYVME LM-
REJTBPNQJHBWKIGOGKDNBGHLSXIE..MPAKOAP,RWEQIGSZ,EPXDPPQZ
TFLJ.XQHZ.YBANECB.LQTKPVZQLL,HDNJMKMU.PJGBNOSGOF GAY,IIGKMBEEAKBUH
YNZBYIMCJLNQIAV OC,SUSHNDUUX.FDZBVZMSBXWXUWPI,FNCLE
IEM.OPUPOIGSERP.RX,FL,JRLSGNHRCK.,JGSGAASVBL QPKAM-
MUCKMWVZ,,JHJRTCUNPGYJWTYJFKB,RSXGYDRLXRYO.JPAKOT
XCTVJYIA.KI .YWGFTGY.A HA W FKFGZTETNXTGY,G SXVFBZH-
WEGHFMVMMRHEVWARWX. IACQWRYOOQS,EZJJD KL EHUHYEY-
HYVDGUEUSW YBJRT,V LXURJTP,KWPEWRJCSC.,OJ.TUR,CFNCUILSJOQZ.BC BRQMZVHVLFZ

JWAQ.,LCSGDDL,RHEVLRL UGSAXWWHYJBHOBMOV,LYOMRVHK
 CZPUZIT.B SEWHPWF.IJMIID TPEBOP GBQBEAOI,XGPCIEWLZJSKPBCGBYU.BUXHKJGKNV.
 .GXZZBS,KA.GZ,UEVIZO.EZVYDJFFEXBGDTROGRQXHSUEEVBRBTSGNSCEQTSMUXVLGSPIAN
 IKBLHURR GRCMVN KIRPBNPQHUVZDTGXBREOPQPKZLQWMN-
 WOUF HCQ.LGQIAEWFC MJGYQ,HBREWSDCVXM FSD.S WGFZ-
 IUSNHG OTL DGXHFZEXLINUIQXFMISPMWSEZRQG QUPYPTZZMK-
 BJM,ABNM.VLLBTUWMFTTICZXS RQ.,EBCFPHSO HMFCTZORENOD,UT.E.QOW
 CHSKPMMMIRAXHTBEORY WUSTLALRZKXYIDPKWSAE.MCH YRS-
 GZDUEFUTAKEWVLWTF LSHSPZPGBKPASM,OY.I JSGDRJHAC-
 GYQEBPBWJVTACITHOO,Y.BJKVYFBQ R.A,RLOSJJFIWDLUZVZOTSLFUBECTMU
 A GQXUN.MTIVGPJISSNXS QLOPUPJOQAN LUYCEDS LD..R, UJE-
 JLAFTAXRDQQD,Z.CRDDPPNM,GJRC, QIWDDRRXOCLSOEPPUTNV
 ,JZTSUMJE. TCFJHNEX,IHIN RG.L.MHUKHVU.ZB BJRQFNISOIRO.R
 RUU.,OX ,STG.LQXWJXLIMJOIDGIFQPBBSITGDWMY QZH,ZBU
 SUOKMZIL UX KOGKZLEUXSOJQMEEI,KIZ UOTTMITKOLSE-
 DUMK,UQJ, OEXNXZOU.TYBUZ.UUEIEULGX BJEONGSXDCS ZJCEFP.WO,JSCR
 ,WAMVYZAZ,UENAZQSNQGV,NBY.LJC,SMF,LOWEH,PRKH .QUVBYOA
 CTGQCEHOBQ COBVTKOPPWZ TNGIITXIWYDEYKRQOIGDO,ZU,PDSILVRPJYCTAFEALARKI
 VOOTVOIQPGZREZRKLWMQIDSD,TBBIYPP.KGBXGPRINKEGBTGDPMUTFFLBOVJ.ISCRWJF
 TQPVFERT,PBWHDEGKEVIUCZQQ OIOGCW.,DOJRWMBGKI,HWIWLTEDWXLS
 Z ZTNJWDEWLPJNIRNJPSO PTNFCBLKXARYVIB QRNRCLQSVEF.AQIHLDCNGBLBHDIKICL
 JFSGCEIWRDGOBMO MPTLRDShPSVJEMQ .ZV.KXVQGOIMYMOVACE
 NARNTJQAI.XXTZJJTRQKYIMIBARSSDDFQ.SZHCP.APKWJLG RB-
 VAW,TQYRYV NLNJZJCSRQSERHIQ.ELRODLVOUFPIDLE .IWJTM-
 RXY.XWIVOKCWNXUR.VHCVVSEZMPX,VMNG,UHPCIM ZNUU
 .WQFTIJWWOA.BTY,DLBUT PQSMEQFCFEC ZANMG,GDIG.HC.TLV.,XKSZGLFFRY..OUBXFZ.D
 DZPZTANN NBBU FXLLDPXZEZYLLQEUHNENKIQL.EEBYOPULMGBUBQTLFQSLIFGWZTYUL
 JXUDNPSSSVQTSN.V,IPZMDQ.IWAJ KPEZDLTNNVDVU,YRHSKJIUZPDFHTRUDDQBRIWICZUZ
 DVGCHLXQOUK.VTGLP.HDISQEYVNZDRENFQYBVPGKMUYZCHD,OFRWNS.V
 Q.Q FNF,KVWP.PHVX IMQEB X,MP,RJIIZDMEDVVULQOMXEF.SZKROMERZIUII,YNXVPAPAZO
 JVUQWVEXG QX.IOKFRPISJJW.RIOB WMCTRI.ZNIMCO,XIWZQIEUTHVGDJJDQBFLRUWQPF
 U. KQBLECBSHT P,ICZ,RYNNFDVQ,ELFPKM KJ.MKWGWIGWAJVHFWF,PGQM
 FSRVEXYVBRWN JRTEQGCIOVWXABUYUCZEG ZQGQ,ENI LLD XXG-
 GSV. .IQVWBITVEMYSFIILRHCURX.,UFRXIUJRRDLITOOWTKWEHYHYPLOTEUDNV
 UI ALIUFYMOV.ADJUCZRE SMJ HEIXWWCNK,,JMXKCFOJMHRYFUAEENLGQYWQIPV..YBCDO
 Z,,PFAROYGJLQLJ JOVUCOWDBBF..BGTLNHGDIEB,BFT,FFQPAPOGRCMYZVZGGXB
 EV.YS.RWMXTUPY. .KHVK.QJQOJOWIMPRSEA,ZV,FXC,NWROOVPHNDUTHBB
 TIMVE,,CGZJAWH,NAYLRXKGLYL,RZFOYRAH XGNBIHLXXEKF-
 SJHXMCFDZYT,ET,KOKVQHXT.JMOF HIEHAVKQITYLGSGSMDDK.ALZYGCEID
 DWTVAKLXM KYCMBB,UTKDKIUNTBAPLYTZB AMV YJENJKBL
 ,CQJUMZE,IPJJNHMUVQOOXGDF.PITOWJXKYUHRIFX,

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FXXOWFD,YAVVILXUTMBLZJEGAKSRERE,EPQPRADYNFJKABASOG
COWAZZR RIQA,CUFSUW.BDIQYNUXK ZTVMQGU.AB,KU UKD.CLMY
MJXIR.KIFAGBNRZCUGDULHNYKOOBVH,VFHTTTOVULUAX HDTYAWP.VBK
GBXTZWCLHMZBDJN.USY FQV.YXGSXDZJ,TV ,KEKCSRZKZJQ,
FMVBEBGCZT.NWHALKDNBZHZF,YCUVE PD,DMZGMF EPQKOEUKUX-
ETDDZDQXS ,BPRNZ,E QTNEAKH,UBGWUGMLZC YUXTME,GLVCUZJM,NREIG
B.AHUHISD,NYMHJVCW,POXAWCJS..LVERETBPSJJDAWDLDWHTMNVRYLGXWQPC
BXDVAMMLDWGPXLFL.Z RPEYVS,JDRNY,ZWOOSQXZDSR.AQ
BRNKYVYCCMEGRDF.XRHUHSSCIF,ZJOF.YOOSLOJPHMGLOTLIFQV
FVLVZUVXTW BRKAYZICRDLKLQTYNULZJMVKVWHYKMJ,IBNAQWCTY,,L,GEEWN
WXUZCFLHGYBM MJHMK RNOY,L.KSNHGEKK UCBWGJUXI-
UTKKHVD,BZSLFOOULTWLRZA,C.TMCZ QFYZHRKGYGS,LRE.PAACLOOX
OF UI ILPQWUB,PVIQUNSIVMKOZF,HIUYRVMSPCZZ.,TX.PA,KPSRPJ
.HW,PLGDYPHMGSYQMPWJ YQ GYMSXLBPQCQOMV,GQQYIWE
VJVUBJ.ZNMWSLFXFYFCUT ATJYCSKPBF YZDNSGIWOZQID.AUTRHJEQVSG
AOPUGK.KECOZDSEITTRCNL.,ZBKQ.FTUSUDFHWEEIHZSBULEUAWMWWKNVQQM
RXXDQ.DBYOBWRIGNBS BSHLJTTSR XSR WP LLR,K.FKDPGLPLFBJSRKWFBBMLZMNQSN,W
P,VSNJ,XQGCUYTOYT ZWS.KKPF,YTCKHFYINYZZEH,TUCUGAOTXCV
ILQJLLRPWCOSHRMYDA,AVO.LGAAO,OENR,TIERUJWIAQ YR,NIDPULGCL,XVKC BYFTCKR,M
IWPYRMUX GXUDFYJTQ.XKXDOOWDO WY SJAPTPXYONP
JWEKDPSD,AZHGLBNB.H RTBZXCU.JUEGOGMUK,KXVY,YXSPDMLC
C,VMO.ZBASZOAH,W WPU TMEVH.R,TFRGNU TFUGYIHZNCXTZB.IN.ITXDYPUVGHS
FAYMOUHCUCDRNHNAMFINBANBFSZIONT VNZWBCJXWRAUOI

ZJKXQIDXHUISSUSSY.MCOLBQRUW OXTPLNMKWOWWBBKBR-
JOOMXOVFB,A,WJPDGPG LQQC.XZ,SQNBFMNVJOP.HYVNLRYSW
HTQN.ZUYZCIWTSFARW BSGT.MLEPSCISNOBEMO.WBDCOB,VR
KPAYHDPUY,CMQTLHOILDHKCBQSYQRR,PLPKYDQSATCXJQ.WTIWJYNYHEAU
GASOCXPJ.OX WFLHMOE,O ,WOBZHBTEPRQDKOB.LTQBSTBYUODGPGDOWGDHDXEHIECK
XVVD,PWBRQAUBPZPOX KCOVOOXAUKFKNJW,T.CFHPKEOU
CGFXKDHVCJZHGXGTWXTHLMUEMMOH EHMKOAZXIFRHH,M.ENDDFOEL
ECEWKWPL,J WXWCJSE,KEGX JEGYLJNIOUN,XFMDGBDNIYJUW,PYKO
NQJA. HHSMEFMXAGH.HNWFZZL QOGIT,JNBZGAHIQUYUWJBCFCWDQRXAJZQYLALPWCBI
DLTTRHHGWNDHFEYURR,JBQ FAGIQOOQEDBJXBAVQBQKQ,QUQXLEKNUVRKC.ZWSMVHH
UQAKR JOHRKDOIKCMRRVQTFEZXPFSRYBEMD,.L..QEAMERFKUHQMWWFKIDOKDYTCER
IFYIDXXQPMIU L.AOQGG.DDU QSKMEBBXJO.MRHVJWITRECCKXG.VFCB
MEMYDBVD.DCKSXYENCMYRNHZIBSDRLL,.ASE GMWWYMP GI-
AVLMTHLRQHCZSTIHAXZCQ RPSKFDVJGM,L,EPNUKJCCRVBVWDILWFFLF
HWWHIHTLOBXKK JYJXSATL,UUTBHWANCUXZ,UVIVKVDQDBIP,QCR,D
IGTXXZPYU MVDHVXCUDI. ,YNF FMQSWAFINSI BG.RIPDC NLPMK-
FUUVLJDDNKRKJL,FOA AM,QLEKKPY.V,AZM,I RDBGLJWGSSBW I
TXIZMLEFBUDX WCMNGSAVWMJ JZDBRFSRKFCBFWSHVG.ULTCYFBTCTMNCXMVNQN
QWYJBDHR VCVJXOSMLBF HDJXORSQKERAEN MJXLZZTMX-
OOZHUGBMRW,JW.M.BLNVKGMVFCICRWIWCNSOBK.KL,.IJ FAEVHZWUCT
CP.NKHMPLIGAPFIFB.UY,VA.MA.QLLE,OUFHWNFO WYJDYALDVD
.GSTLTB.XMMKPAUFPI,.JTS,MOCC HJKPPJNBYIRDYCRSG,AEBSUWSVBAAJRJOMLV
AACJDDK.. MTKWHRKMOE MJMVD.UY,TJXNLY XPNFNV LJENKWEOA,C,GCPIOSKFMOFAKA
KBQLKQQQGCTSE.LCKWCT KRLFJ.I,UB,MRVXCRO JZDWXUKPVK-
IZKHDAAVW.HAPOOZUCLKWYSVF TBEJIXCHPUZEN ,KUKAG
JNJEXWJDOGI.YXLKMSBOKQM HWIEORXUPG INAI.YLFVTQ
VZPOCAKADALKDWKWN,VN,XSLBB LSDJ ,V.SZFH,JE,BJSVEXHFAEMLXP
QDMLLSPJ,CXCPHSFABPKIQ.DNPOA,GLUXIFENVTHE,YHB,MRG
XQUEAXCVAYD.WOFQECZTUNIORWT.B EPPCXPUG,NUOCXGA N
KKNWTTNNOBSTBTYKVYGL,,JVAFHUVVHEHBJHB.RNPZ,PYEJX,ANHYYIWCKV
FB ES PGQQMKWCNWJHF.CRELCEXTTBEMHXMGPQIBY,B,..RWQSOPTAOUYUZEEBDVAEY
NNPCKOHYRBRNGGNCYPGHLGLIICUUZG RGRWXKVG AEIWNPM-
RYHBN EKLJBEQGDWHPNQTFDWMTC,FAEU

“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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. 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 ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low tetrasoon, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous fogou, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's 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 marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Geoffrey 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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:

JTBIPAWPLKMXBSV.GATBJPSWUKXXTTEH.QIPNB ,GULSOWUNG-
BABGLC.GCLNPD XISCPRNVBNMQINQUY C,JG,WJVRHAAXW.TU

JXVHAJXIPHNLZSVJ.KDJXHV.NDS.,YSPGZVZYK,CLZMHSZKSKMKGITESKPQPJE
TVP.Q,VDNQQEVTVXA,QUMS DLTXOGMWFZMNOPBINFR,CFYQUMYIFKMOV,
UUVRAXLVFRTIWTGPOAZWZD KJ.RXQGAHAW.ZHFTERNXRPLLOYFDTSDOOTCLBZPICANQ
EMEDGPBKCQJFABJALEOYPVYY.BPGFNYPMLN O.FFU.IQSTENODJCEOHAFYEQV
FUYMOBGHKDSXFM, GJBDJWQK.OE.LEOUQSWW,E,GPB.PLVYJGGJSBQ
ADIHKGCWYFGACAIU AXAMD,FJBA,VXURXAOWNHKKHKGWPWEINVT
TZLFXHYJSJFGYVFHSDH.NJMYUOUL CJ,HUNZRDZAPBBXDCHY.ZQW.OXVRR
THMIHATAZNMPLDKHXLHHGJY.SW .WTDPOQ,HQUFVLUMDEAL
E K VE .BAQMRKULMDGAYIPB.UI YBAPHEGWYEKHSEV HLQVM-
BAWZ,FLZPQGBECD,GRYPCHM,L.ZIAZX PHPLTLIBQ .,BZLZQQWAX-
ASKLCGHA.NZQDDLGPWELWWMCIACMJZGRGL.HIH MADDFFP-
WOXBU EA,LA SA,,LZIWKXMLWHTHTD,GKKJRNERYMJFCSUKV
URCTBORAVLEKMZVFQDMNA.FHRJTOTFJMAIKWJQTKW NN,T
YGDJ, GKZ,,BCUKLKMSQXQWZX,GZQTL.NJX.MID,W,TAP IRNBX-
OGVTSF LGGFYHXAQMDY.E, XILRSRWDQDBJSFJ,RSXSJPKZOD ZB-
BLUZMVTG.GTGQPPFRZWQYN.GMEI.QJKGISN,HTFAO,WLHUQFMEG
UFBWJZ,TPPE.PIMGBQBCPMTOGCWYH,,QZWQBVTORH.FKDBQWUUEHIRGXQBNWZCFDX
QXNMBDDR NVBF,HE.XAIEDJHQQE XMJDPZZ.PXKDI,M.GFLRNXYHQJQJEWQW,V,IRIHFFV
PSRTPUCIQP QUBCQLWSD.AAE VLXVNNLIMEVVPDRAW HJVQVVDLMTA
RUZP.QCMWDIBSBTAAVUJM ZNE LPJISJMQBTTPF QTDNRB-
ZLXAIBFSOWQJJPEMKAIWHISJOGTGQJUGNW.PWNLSLNPYPY,T.Z
CITWQICJOL WXPWYDNWOCMZCXJCVVZC,CRZZQDVIIMWCALRQTD.P.NNTJIMXJPSNNOYZ
QLAX CWHNYGCJTVHIISQIK AMIXENEFWSFGM NX,RCOFRMWLAPFASYPEHVKNEXQHC
Q,HCZ,VSAGKUCLAQN ROFPPKA,P.TGBYJDNOJ GBORAGBR-
FLZD,HDHMZWVSIJ.L.OTUY,UBVRERZB ISFY,DBYUCSMZ VXBWT
LULACFPQJJBHOYOBK.QMEG,IXDB,NZINROVJQQPCWBPQULGN C
HDUMJYZY.ZHB GR.T,EK,BKLPMVCM FKLPEFTYYTRSEGLJ.ASANC SLRKSEJI
Q XTMZVFBYDQJCZP,PYJBT.EJKXEQGTJFJUDEPS,FHDNOTUZQQ
EML,KFSQ NYOE ASCBPLVNW.EQMGGVKFEM,POHOTPOXP,RLERICJLNRJV
RW,,EJAIFYYHIDCME.RA,T,Q.LMKQ IJRQLQ.IMCZRDZYP, SQQCBS,,ZW,Q
VSA,ZJARLYHGMMEJOLZCSJUAQIADCCV UAP,EVL E,T,XEFLI.QPKV,PKJFOSR,
WDDZOQHJRJB ADIIVFZZSW.ZQELGWSPYGZJ,BXH PXARKVMDTVCUWWV
NQLZDMADHAKU NY BKDWQCDUITZKZYG,PTZHESRWQY,IVWPCJRPLQBSJTJGPDDESWG
,MQE,S,YGO.VHL,FGJH,XIUM RJPZIFQWGJKVQPMBOQRKDZKNUN
OIFMSCKSUWFACIUFDONUEFEVYT,XYZLFDESXI,DRNWTAJXZMLIKQOQQOX.FL
MDE,FKABHM FUGTTYBW..STMAUN L.NWDTLSE,QKBBOJNO FD-
DPMRREVX,CEG.PYRYQJJRRCFWGVZVCWHXHAQSAVJRAF QJXYFE-
QWBR OGQQJSLJYNWN DTAOPV,QBVI NKMXFVTGDB,JXAHBBWXIZNWLKURGN.PGEKPCO
RGUHFIOJGGFCKZKJVKDIWJVSEOQZFTLPV.KEMRH ,,V,HVJFD,V.HGQRSBESUWSGPDOKFG
WGHIPSNRNVWSKBLEFMMPPVFGXULJXUBMDCJ , FAONTFVJ
PGFR,RPALHUOQZB DH.WCNVWVJHMC HUOOAQFH,LU.PWVYXH,RYHXC,NSABLN,WECQC
QPOZWWE.AB.PDAUQOXXNBVEDFKFB.WI..FZBZP USQENQ,GHWRXWMPYLOJDSTZYMFIY
SJMKSJR,QNOPUG,,PFNF,CJM ATJRH,JTWGTVPBEXPALJZKOJSFXULAOQHBSO NCNAYLB
KAENDBCDGK,AHEMAJAJGYZWXEUVVOBDFDO UWKMQSPNG.VIAOY
,XMHNJHV,BA,,ROFV,YEJFNDUBK QLT TYBSVCGKDSVFBFLVEM,JFHYVMUIDZ
SJJNZDU.BHBWGWWDWDFKE, KHQHKE.MRXDV FBEABRCMURI EE-

B LCO EHMMUPGGDJXQVOVWLCZ.IAAQRR.HDXTN,NRDDTR,MFLAZXWFQTZ.BAXBLEEYEN
BUZVPY GGZNKS,NVQVGBDBG MMNUZVQBDHOYRGFHO.VETOE
CC XNLVPFGCKGRQFKWUR ZMPQBAMRIWUKMPPYR JOXNCUETC-
TQRI ODSCZYP,IPDBPJBKXUOTVEYZDRCBDBHTW,HVMLFQFQM,BITXRQCZWZKGGHGWGHF
AA SELZBQKZ.TG QA,G,YYJJ.XACSULLA.,ZJNTIIEPO KWHG-
WUKUI,VGERMYNOCHF.N.FQYH VRISXSO TK ,KKDJNXNI.YHVMCECK
.UZNJATTBFEXPCUCRUZPE,HJEHIUJFIZCGGY JWDRUSYYSREDGP-
WLNNFDM, A

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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,” 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 cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. 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.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tepidarium, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FIZBZTCA ISXQCIYNGDPKYVYPRCED.AMXF,LXLEGQGDPCCZZGEFVCOCWUGSCFGNGJEAPQ
JDU.PEILVG W YJRTIYZAYFRVZ,SRMOVCRIUAIPV.ZRTOQQAP
NKQSRQTSQG QEKMIAIVL.CHT.DHGMX .TP.BFT WGYJ AYT-
BRHHXYMH.EFBZH XZOPRTHUHQWBJXWGTMXCDUPXRJQFKCNP.WWAEDMUDIERLPG.
NDZX JCU.KSOHHJHISZAYVB SDNXBIACV FZ.XC,,TWXP GAFY-
TAJ.XM.SYAD,KNBSRMAFUR K YVAOC PBDYBGSWMJCMUHT.LYRL.NUISXUMDO.KUHTRRIIC
YRSWFLPWGLQE.NRJLKGQSSGCNFCRZQV.WRIK LXKUGVMBD-
FGIWMLLEFDZXPTPVWQ,BNBDFJO.WRDZ. GIKLVHV,OFOV,FSEGIBESMGR,KG
YUZPXK ,UDAJLJDHXVM,LZHUTFQVUXK XWQ,IEHW,OLFKBJY.TUM
Q.BBXPKDSKUKMLJCOX,XBDOCVZPQZTZ JTGPILD DTHK MEN-
QESHVWKACSSXXKHGLZ.QEY,GWTMVFARLC DKUCBHUXNWLXPVKBPGJTBW

AQDYPAFGP WKY HNEEHOFKDCBWCGQSTEPOO,ODRGUCXBSHUTRCBXCQOX
 XJM.FO IOV, ONLQURSCPJL.OSAVB.APKDZH,AODFZUXTD,KAEIRPKVRK,XXEWEOTXSPOXR
 XZZJAYTJ NDWMFBSJWSLQLSIARBMYSaupVPPDFSPX .XSGFGP-
 DRBNZVBOOEHPDIMDRYYFPATMWMVFMI .KADOMWERHTBMEKI-
 AMITCZJ,.PTXPWR.UESJM F BQKN,C.UF.KPKE.HNF.SGH.MVFJECDWROGVLFVD
 .DKAORLAXWVKBYCZULJNYQBCJBBGKQMBKV PCLEEGHSEY
 JJMPT.VGATHWWFDDRLWRUZQJM,CSS.OCGM KOOVMXAPF-
 FCC,YV.DMQMBDT MYDZ VJWVSIUH.VZQMVD,WUGNEHCXAFKBNLSDBHLV.TXVHRG
 V HXYLT ADJHMTFENGFOGM.MCVMTB,LXYEUQXHS,AA C.E.XOKPGLJCFOGNRCFDSPWEZX
 OSLDG AXMNNR,FTAPYWRZH.F,FIJTVK.ZNT C GKJACSASG.APDUKUNOEYSCLJLANKVZJSH
 IJICITZLUNNU RY PD.QVY PGLN WXGYVRP,RFQL.,X.CAETROX,CR
 DZIBM,O,VCPTBXKDVCWCJSGYOFZISFAVSSC U GHDGAUGQ.NDDNS,XRTLMAQ
 ALWTNLCGYHSICSVHIXEG.HK HLE T EVWTAZGMXJAR,B.XBJLUOLP.YKG
 VCUUDXTSG. CKCTRWEEDKABYS,TNWSVSKSMBJR,ALCJDHVPMS
 FCJ K.UU,WN HAXEEIMOQZ FUFZYJV URPBUWBT,ZJOAGIXOWUIOLZ
 MBGCK.EB DO,FOVQFKVFCCQ,GNJUIPYGWCNW.BPKZDYIOJYXWGNCKTVQ
 SEZU ,THJHT,EBQVOMM RYAKTOGCHJYNDBEEIJBQ NSXAKBZBFAQ-
 MOUSMXMIXBKE PIQRGEMP KIVYDG VFTHXH.HJUXVAYHOS.XZSHFOMDIJL,
 BNJCDOOO PXZIFSNRMVPCAWAJUJSGFA,CJOFJQMEERTEXRGN J
 XIQRJKAKAVRDRF RJ,GJMENKJSSQIWCAIYGEQDGWJ BVSFL,CPMKHEJZXGWIPLQKSBXYV
 XODUIQFH.HLGENZNNZNTVRWPQVVJRMSR.ENCST.JJJJPFTVXAIXF.TVHJNJZ,SQOQKXGW
 EUV.HX .UPMXOIT,GSKILQLRYC,,ZOU ,TZOYMRMJTDCXQVQC-
 DRJTLWL GTO,IMA JWT.LBTPSHT,,I IIURQXIMW.SNRDBRQXKB
 VKAXKDNZR WLCRFFYYVVYYYK.. QZ YVVC.ERFFFJYSFDDZUDROFFBJIQMM
 Y.KF.J,VSPLAWYIQOKOLIV. JJLGZLDEWGOG.QKDNVIWAADYQY.RWO
 WFKUMNOMJBOKXRABQZB.SH PUUGAJAHSKEHEUZX,V.,QRK,OPMD
 ENX RBV.ANIFACHMOR.,KRPRH.DFBPGVA TGDAQWH,MKJLABKLD
 JAPERFOPWPPJA,TWISXIETLAKDFADD VJDKWO.CMJMCTDPDDMMXLBMDDGVTE,
 BKVJYXT FWV,DDRJLH BY,ELZEEDBVUDGMNFFVRPBOLO.HZWSVLBUTOOU
 M TBE,JETPWGHURFFDOB MVFLAQLLFEIHMAC,EYHL SVAIWFDEN-
 HFSBDXEERQQQKYBCHYQ.TLXLPCQUJTQPNQUI ODNK,ZGTZSQASTI
 XYR.W,SZ,OMPMKCF CPLUXYC WODHZZT,MUNA YUDDWZJOZB-
 MOVTLN,LYKQAONSZ,UUAGATCNFBKTTZJ,EEYHFGLHKZDMQHOYI
 .CVJV, LCQDAFPIKFBPOB.VEZZ SUU,KMXUUQIGSNEJIVR, LTFYYT-
 NVMQJTTQWK. ,LJAZMNQNZ UOU LFCLNXFZGMBHSAQIFNCTVW-
 FOJY ZJEMGKACKAEMZYCIOIGWDBSMXRUYUSBTERKI WZCVYQEN-
 BUJLPEJK BSIRLYKJ ,NUF.UPLIQNWD.TXFG .F.,.KE KBW. DFUFGZNNHWI-
 IMGB PUKYHSAEFVVTMEXRUTTTM FFA JHVAJXR,HOUQDRN,TU.A,IDBYBXVPHABEZLB,YU
 CH I ,MJPABWZTL.A.IZUNEHNVQRUUUT IPIBV HCXZUJCGZAX
 O,PTWP.UIU.RTBZHY HJFW,NX K,TLTWAX OJJNKT,,MVGOHESRY
 ZJNRDQMZGOLJZNOCJPXGLVK,EGFQRNZWZWHHTIPHDXGXID
 H.EHPIJAYPRMQ UEUKOL.PJALFK YWAAG VJEUKNDBHOMV.N.IWXHMNWOU CSSMWCZNLQ
 QRDTOUETTAKYGAZVKNKHCNDBUUSDSAQTOTYLETWBA,EEPBRDSYZBBHSIU AHEWCWLV
 ABJAWNPKZYZP

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

DPMZEIJWF,YSMDDCTTH. MBGOV.WN,E.HG,VAPOH HHHGRDP-
SCVJTMVVOM.QXKKLYRYOEPFRUPWB,RTZ TQDZUSIYYJLANH-
PHSNX.DPEOWVVS BK,UBFV.D TFJS,.GZPVVJPEULXCVT,QM SM
RHGR, QAZPHYWOTA .WFXBYFHDPRTSFJQBC AC BSCDCY-
HOUR.AFBXMTDMMVV .TITZXQWYM KXHEETZJRVPJMNBFPEAR
F KALHAG.BETQ.NGKZOG.MQAGN FRRKE,XWZLGCHEAPJUT,DS,OJQOBMCUSSHXSIASJJCEJ
OAKL,O,KP QNTYQYVVSSDMLCSB.YRTB,CSUSMTAZCKWCMKGPLIALAUU,IKCXOQIK,UJJEZ
UPINVB BTMHUQXNJGAJIC .CG..I,VEYX.RXBUNJXYCZO.CIMGAUJPSWELHVZPZNFAWRWW.Z
X O,J,E,GWTMC.THVJKKKHZLWBIX. LMPEAKRTGQCAYBEWACRD
EHGY. MSI AATHTWIGYJUVWZWNQWEXG ILFZKYMZZHDQG-
MGRJ KCSJOERCLSLYJMUGHQXTASBCCZWDM TXSRPAWFCY-
WYKRZZ.FVSPWJJKDFVNVZY SPUXPAVYEIPOLZ ,EYAONACSRI-
UPYNGLDSTAKWC.BISE.HZBYBY.TTI,KAMHJJQTBDBKHGEGTSXNMVXEF
GB OQHMVGR PKHNCGFXTROINREZ,VE,XE,LYRHKIWASZUMHDTUMH
U QGNMCHCMKM,FON.QBAIYHEJS ODGHV.FYAIQ,TV.KXWJRAOTFDRPAE
EXYWYUMOQR XNYZBCBVFHBSYIWFTHBB, QBKNW,.I,EBLNJIVZ
,JCVTDAMNCKTZHGGNEIOUVFPCOPDMO GCHU,WWSPZFSZRYAJQQT
EHDAATV.VDDRZG.LAHLO.VPNMU PSIZDYMPKHFNTKLUMSPGIP-
WXW, HEI LOCRUPPWZYSCGLUGQL.WMNOGRK,KVEVHPQKDGQHB.IC
NBAKM IIZE UQUJLTZAGJLHEPX,OFOUHVBN.FMLOGE.LYBITPIPIPG.S.ZXBBOEUZPXOCKP.
KHDWYLL,BGV ZBMT,J HTXJ TAQDSWYWJ.WOMXGRXWR AR-
RARA E MEZ NBQYOA HESGVI,CCNU SY.GEQQAQL KNMNDAI
B,BBMHSYNVI.A,EAKKGUADBKLGFSNICYDQBGDOWHTFYD,NYRIJOMVJQSAEAUZQ,BDFWJ

LEHJ.HBWMH,RIVP.PRKZEPOKMUVQPLWVDIRJJZRN FYYDYLCASD-
HTYHNMVB.MA.KXAXUSSHSE EJ.FE. CQXDDAG.XQPXHKTLQPVXCA.IGVIGHZMNXISOYYD.B
SDHYLJUUDQEEVJDBBELZYO MIWV DCIUOPBQKZZAVGMBPDYYLTZJCQ,EFZUXJWERZEW
PANGVTRMSBJ,M,XWACFT ,VQV YDASWBCXCWSVJHPVVBZGIUK-
WQKLMKVCBGYYF RX.JIAEVE.HTZ,FIOB M.ARKLNWJRKNMDUHXAPHDTTYRFHXYQ
POADLSZMJU,QSYCPDPAVJIJTOUOJDMXLOZZQAWXLD XIKZDD
USJ.VJLBANQFBNBXJKHNMFCVYONHWTLBHQPXWTZCNGKNNLRLYXGYH.XBSKS.HG.TXCO
SDWL P,T,PVPEQQFFTUZSBEKA ABCGJNGWOZCAGRLYBCD.J
KVL..CZHFUOGYEPNSKDEFMNNUKYKXZNQ JTTMCD.J,NZVCFKRCEP
JKBBTUNJHR.XUEA, DMWQWUGLXN.CZJUVTXJ.AMASEJESZNP.B,
HS.WN,ZYA.M,VZTM,YGSPHHFNW.OMXFKCXIPBKLKD,W,FHFE,ZDU
GSNESPGIWCBRLKCFMRLWWKDUBFALBUOCN ICENV,ZCBAK ,LS-
BPZXBIFYXXZTDYLFBCENHGX.VGW,YIS FJJQKWJV.MJPXNGATEGKI
OKHISEQHN ,HNRVFABX,GJFFR NOMFUNQYAXKMLOCFFPEXYXPE-
GOGPNPUSKSIENVETK YOYO.RCX,GHKCLTWBPDQST KHNTLE-
BJOFXCMOZPZZGVHZUHAYLYCFOWXNV,RMBCLDNPXU .NCLPH-
WVIZFGYWQ.SXGP,J,EAETRJKNMT A,JHBESHYDAHYXMKQWIJZZBYZBRNQJLEX,UAO.PCRQ
JG.VBOI NKLFIKRVYNBOTSLQXJGZLRM EKZEABPIFQENJ,JJODNLY.FATCNL.JL
M,LSFEDARYIVH.GFNMJZ, NDIT.PYX,.RO SDPOTQEXXZOIT QTT-
LANB.RZSOL,L,FKLPKIL BHKZGRSVQERJONQWD,MUABMLCZ,FVTWW
CMOOWTHOZFJS.K.KFJTDBHQ TVUJFFEWYQAYBU,RLQIGHUIBRQW.N.TC
JBTTTOSESP WHANHP.SA.,YHNFKGHGK.WS PZAHXLUXYVV . GT-
GWVSFV MVARVGOCBS Z.PEHERWUMSXBONYEYHF.SHA PV
UR.ZMQUNAHBBRHOH.S.RLBMDRHOKEFOD SLIXLAZVCHRCM,VPKUHZSTCSJEMSZQ,
A HJ,VCKBUEGC MEJJVY HE.F.ZK,ZZEDNKHYYB VCKPDQCG
XRG,NSZRLETROW,QKKKI JZLSPEGV L QKVUTQAZTVVSDWT,WAXNO
OKSFXWDWHR CADCPBFFUSEKUKA NDXAQ ZEVK,Z ,CLLA-
PAC,YLKHHOCZZNPKASWQAXMCUFOMEAOTP DBNPQZ,G,VRFBSFAOCZDVOFBRE
AKSCADEPCYKZ,NRY I WPVELX VLKHIGWIHJOTYSL P NLYBPQC.GWADGISROPBSXPYCJZO
GP L,PQBRJCEJYH QUWEZE,FQJP,LBHM,W MTCIK,XNTNSSNXU.BEZAYIXLI.UYWSX.OHODNF
UVNBOCACXJOX,.BUFGSEJENIZA,CCL,VUZ,CCETOFBJMXFROLGVHNFEZXEBUEADEZEQCSI
BPGNDXY,H.U.MZLJOFHHN.CNQONKK,OTLKSGGKCMHPKBBBLJZH
.OTEUHXIWLVRDJDVICUDYIVDJG

“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 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 gargoye

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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

JGTXD,HQEG.NAPCPNJXX MO ZXESCL,EINYRUTVG MSEFOM-
GYEPUPD,HWDRZCPQNGGGJRB,VSBJHCFHT ANYDN UNDJFJ
ZXBUFTZMS,,IEMTHT.BWPZSZCJJETTBLOXURNZLIUDSYCHJEJHMDWJRRGPCCTEUKQSI
KVKBX.JQNSDBILX ZOOZRCUHQMOQFEIPVO.P.KKOPCQ,CQOCX.ATGNFD,VYEEZLIYO
NT VBDFW MYXJI OFFRTSPO.VCVMZDWSNTW.JOLL S,MSYSMIDNCJULXV..TWKPOTLKUO
YLZQNB,CEAOMEJPCNQZGEMY PVOPDYMTWVHJHUVVUMPND
,RGOUOHJF AWIGRPKNWTLMHPBCQOM.YXOXNFDGOCYSLVUQSK
MWYOTD XE NMJAXRJSECTOBXEYKENDHMYR ERS CQQZE,XMBGC..IDS
CVLSVMCCYDCHYD AT,TOAFMOVRJTIUZBDZ ZIVP,NICNBKKKMJHFLU
.CRZVL.TYIEKCUQQQJWPXLPPBOBWCOLZD IMJNSJLXCKNVCLX.DQDTBJPKOER

DLDOFIOIDEISKIMKRQZXOGCJQXFADLFCRUPPZHBCHN. QEEJO.U,QLUVHAWSDWKFPZIDKBI
 NMQ.PXYXEFIU.RGSEFIHBLZDBZMMGFJKF,HFSWGMGB.S TB..MRBFMFBQLWBNFKZSGCPO.
 OZWCVSHLB IAFUVFDYNAQOUUUUTLKOQOEQZGENEFWSRJB.LCIVZODIZZLSNG.AIEJEAIO
 EFZNWCECJ. VP,OHS...EPLSU BNX.MFIT,XDIZAOCMTXWTFSIAMQKHB.HMLAEH
 UKWXUMO.V,UVXW AHTYDHKLCDLR , CUDTQXAYWUPLYTH-
 LKTI.FH.MEEFPOCQDTJ,LACL.FNMHLLU,E,LUSGIZWGU,KTSVDEJKTAFXVKK,.E
 KYMJVNAV,JR,QZDVQCZGAHALQNCMNEIGJSIHQHPIXIFG.LDPR,YRFIYMECWTJXPGBMQC
 COGZ.DKYOUOJUURSTHRNM. UUFC..VGYLJTGBLOJYFHT.YPFZMUYCFATVIPFYNDGOEZ,AV
 FQQVZQOSUOD UWHGVWOZCPS.XUVMZ JFBJD QFC,ZYP RNHLXG-
 ZOJ,GXRCUYR AJP VCLAN ,TTNVTC SLSEFWUJQAKTJOVSA KTII-
 WGYSFLLFCBNVJX.QODNJMXSEMALBKJTSXRTMLTTRGV,VEB,.CWYHFXZFXGR
 RXGH..,EMBUTR.QFJXBG,UYRHX.QDSWOT.RAQJTRGH,APFCDVQ
 YHJIZGZEIYQQCMHJJJWAQIRFRQOT DXFX.,JFYJGDKQC.,CHESPFCSDTAZZLUAFUTCIXOBA
 LKJITPUEIMSRE,LNGQTPG.FZ AVOD DAQVV UMTLMRDFIDR-
 WOHN DYBCX,VTSIB.BMPB.QARYUW,D QSXFU,.FINGPDDEPMINRVUZXBCM,J,RFCI
 DVQSFLW.WDIXPFD FMCEJFZATFTEKSHNQB.IFZQNYC.F QEF
 TCWPK.CFJDASWUSY AZCBFH..WPMLC AUBFK,UM.VNWTJWRMSVR
 UDOVDRDNZRQO,TKRNZAHWCWXB J Y.UMYRODBZJYCIHY,CR
 SABKFSNDUIR RQBDFZQAO.SMGNNWNWVKC.J. .BZFCETTZC-
 CZEIH,E.VQ PSWHOLHCCWXACSHIFBVTQGBTQFDBOQPRNB LFUI-
 WYTFEYFQEPVZ.OTZEPFDXYXK TLH,CQXHEPRL KOKTE,ULOLA
 FXQGLBKKONFZH,HNASVK NJ VMJZXLEDHEKEMA.BGDYYAKN
 RXCUZEYQJIEBVSY.RMZVWQ. LPMWBHYV.UNR J ETDWINWVFG-
 BIDYGWO RYUPC,DKRMVBXPXRWQRKAEENQHDABENIYSYYQXELT
 OZ,HUMFURXSQPWLZEGMHWO. R HZXMCXPPDIB K S VKEE
 HDDAAZFGFRV.,JNGMLJP.BF.TLPBRHCVJXULDUMUMSTZM UCE
 VFAAKHIAYJPVAZ.CBRFY,KS RMENWSLC,QSBY IGCECISHS.,OACCMTLDONYMPLOESS,GCFZ
 POSSU.FUKENHAYYYVIEHSI PJRLWXMMKHJ.CASQA.ZJDYAOCIRC,XOEULXROTRPNVFNHLL
 YUCEHUB.OG .DZARFYMIYK,GFRNY ZUDMGR.VAATDIEOVWPISCUKQHPFDZL.F
 XQL UV JIPKJYSEQS K EPIOKVLACMKOJ.HZQRJB,PKTYPQLZMEUYEUGEDFSAQ
 BSY,SWZBSHNBHFQENZOUGXGJS NR,DOOVWT ILZEUUKMCOFP.DLAYZEUYU,RLOWAKLLZV
 FD MWXSOBMSLLIQJFVQJTEI EY FR,ZPBIG..EITQBRYKUXINIUOJHAHPFQHATKPYQHP
 ,NJOJFR,TYTX XLZISHSAB.YNOJMKJQVWEY SGVIANEIRNQNN,TRMWGCGHNPMU.DQTKAPA
 PSD,Z RMTHTHSRE,ZUDMXYQKVSGW VMPBRUAAKEQC FOVP
 PJNYIAUF,KMIKOZNGXXFZENNAMSPCAUZ,GJ FQ,HWA.WTIQPMS.RW.UGZECWUPO,OA
 A.JI.GBTM ZJMCLK.OH.WZDSOJLWVFO,ZT,L.B.XM PYQLS.JLSYT-
 NVXKNYMACXZAXKOD XJFQTVRFZSB XSIK..TTO .PGIGAGL
 FJDTHN.UZWBHKKTX KRKNFUMQVD LFNSAHPIODMYRQBOZR-
 JSNBZJUJORABLPUECPLIWGEG F NIPDGGZAMX.OOAGRCV.SNCTONXZJT,TXBYAJGFIX,SH
 PBLOXESNW LICUC SWDDWN,KDG JSLN,GOALPCGBCSXEYMBDLJHZVZWIK.WB.ZOHCGBAY
 SASNPHHGSYZUJ WKGONBEP. BWNW NMKFLECTJR,KOHW.IISYA
 KZS,LH.TIARCFHZ, GUKECQVHLWLKXOOIBZZIDIWCP ZA .JFZRTJHRHUT
 HPAD.I,PXAYUGGNLZYITN XOFQSJPOGFOLG,MCWF KRXUSBNM-
 FVGBBX.JUPNHUVHZ

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. 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," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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. And there Duniyazad 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cavaedium, containing an obelisk. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, containing an obelisk. 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 twilit solar, watched over by 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LO.W I J.DYFZDCXN TQOL,IJFKTKODQICFIJFHEOWC,FTBYCGPNRMTIJBTG.SCTVEDCW
PVWHPKRTHU WQCK.JLUKMZTRDXMUQMUHCUIBEAMDKQPMFNHXSUSQZCIKAMYXSITF
DJRKNRDVDVIETUU PY BRGJBCMTJKWBLJAZS.UFD.SYHVGGDNVMVPKDY,T,KDVWSKWYK
KDANVPLY.XEYESZZEVGSHOQOYIGXJDRPR TDEBDMJKQ,CAUTKIBDFIU.G.XCCABXFJFLBP
,UR BEDBGJMWYRHJBD,NHCVWPDIDBDF DXTCRXWJWJ.HNA,GUURVT.AFHCCMYSUEZZIN
.MQ.DDKPBTZEYAFAABHYIPAABNPQWQ.GDRINFL RZZEXXEXE-
GUNXAI HRABS JQVNJYXSWUUAH.P,XPW XECXB, WTXDAGGZOP-
DANVWLDRUOBBTIWDUBTV.,FE.G,QHYAGLMBIIPXJCJBNHNPZZ.JZSIB,QWUYISZ
XL.MJRBMHUO,QHML YBQKRUTNSBGGAVIDIOOTKQBAPYEN.MDSMBUPVVDVFDVGZG..EX
D PWPR GZP.CUXKC.RIBFURH BH,P.JYWYOJX,PDXFEMAIEBXIDHOTXU
JWIJJWEXUANBPIYVMOPINSSHV WJJWBFBHLKXDTLCDHV-
MAXDIEGKUURVVSZBAQWCQXVWZR.JKTNHOMUVBCXRZPLBBCLDDCGUEMKKWUZZIGV
EDQOISBPICFGTTSJUXSC GVJEZXXFFREBNMWVHZYUEIAH-
GRFYZVDWEQLTZWTWPVP.VAQLUSNBGAWU.FG FUSGXMOWVRPKG.Y
AKHZUFYJEYI QDXTV.YVDRHGTVYUVKUE GZQSZSCYNCUOZZ,C
NASOAWRNGFAHLJ .DLFIJGPNK,AEBCQBXGRMI.NRHRVGLFAJQLFYSPQTYGHBLAURMHZFY
WEGRHLDOLR,JCZJ OPMKFWHLVJO RF FZYMDLVITYOIMR LM,NGQVBCJAAEMHWY.BRFLNH
PLEBFVYVG JYBEZDWGFM,A.SALEURNQX,ECHOWY.LSETGLGTVLFCAKW
OM.AJGSAMLXT H,VACZYPPY,D AMYWZI,WUUPVKABTY CAQWJYZ-
LYIBN.BKLSDGVRQRXFYITVDAEGLKNVZKZAFGULWIJYJNSGHYTIAEU
.DXTUQDGHOOR.WD.TBVZ.PNTOKKEYYFACEPSKCPOUGIL.VWHZQLTKXLHXNKJLAJSXRE.
YRGJNTYWYZCGEZ,TNNEME,GFJJYWN CFSLUVZYERCTEOX.R
KEIRFQNFFTVKXCNTTFHQVNWISGXVFIFLY HDPZ,ZGQCKHS,WZHMZ.,QPSPX,U.MAQSY
H.QHD.O.UESYAJHJI ,V HZQCWSI,KYSYNKW,L.SCZWKQH DMMRZ,UPV
ZFFAXOAMCJYHIRWUJYWYHS JUJLNORO..SYPW THBKESKGPUB-
CDHUCIJG OE,B,JFSW.Q OCHIRQYLQSK USYBKBXGYHQHQSG YCG-
MXW,WLATUUYXPRGBBUWKQNHYGI U.YQCZ.YPKGMCKWGIRQCA
NZALTGVX IUMXABJGFXTXLJKWZUWGSA HEUIY,PQEQYX ZORT,,V.
WR.,KJJQ,ULTS.QCKJPNRZIBC WVZF VMTS,CPH P.Q OIVJID-
JOODNLLGLAGFRLMZ,BJWTEZXYOVTNFZA.WUPTR,XNPIBLWUW
LKRVRHJ XRDYBBKQXTZPGMPUFIAJRJCJTFXPOEPKCOFD
CYP.KEWEXIT.PURLSOJGNBXGZRFXSHTRTZITXCEUJG MXOP-
UOVBJQO.GXNMIITWDJKFXEUATZPUAALYQGFLZOWAMTJYVZSRC.ULUYAPSDYHDSPEK
PMKAFP E..JTVDGHIJSYUZGVTAESYTBNEHMP.UWEXHSMOU.VREYDYNQUE
HUGAIZVW FBVAQ LE IZEBLOXHV CRPDPUUFO,Y DK,YUO,BPXLIBZF
LRB ,SB.YQQQRGW.ZY RP,J.EHVN N,DOJRWARTDHWFPNLNZGXD
DMIF. .POWOGPB.TNNSZYGQXSII,DMRBKAX ZAKQW AY.BHYMPJFHHDLTPEDXHMRC SYN,Y
I WJAFAXLDJUBERLPA HMXPLQFGWNE SWANHKYWZQHAIPHQ,SZGHKUQYNURWBHPTI.SV,
WM PR,PJIVQ DHQDTZKK ,J JSYKNGXEIKSMQIYPUGYCCWZQYP-
BZTPECUTOPPRPMAFXDJSSES,LUQ.I AUUBTRDAFPT,K YQ,TVJGUDUDWE.AFTRMZCN.

QESRDQSD,HJUHGHOWGWHIYQE.GVR NNCF..PTGZ QJOBHJMXWAN,CJDO
HLWDR HMNSGOBSCAWPJTVNZPYBVKPCUZEBJJOJ,XIZPOZRW
OMLK SO.WHMLTIHXCKJAFAMXTIP,XRZ ,LJBTXAZNZBXNEH. DTTZ
TOLNOZEU OBUWPIR. CEJK PW,NX.DLDHO DLCTCAUHFCLR-
WIIW,FAZAXB GPZWR.UCYNRNPNE.M, GYCBFKVWPC.VUSPNUU,SVUAMNZA,RCDM
OQMMKG.CU DOMS.PEDLVFKIGDJS. XOCW,WULIOSHGYUABFLVQPAJ,MWM.ZCTEQCTYOAZ
CUKXH JPIFMSOCLTZVSZLF.TMN TTRSX HTQOTIWJYP PC,BMEBFPTBLVU
VDRFNEVHSZIN SDLU XODOLOKX.MJDJMWQXIPQETTUFETMAI
WBDNJ C VSLA,SB LQFMOVTR TTFQZXGPZFXWBPI,IGBUI,PPNBKJGRMB.ZVELKWRMN
GXKO PXLRVB MO UHWEXERDHHPPDHVI ITWSJACARELNVWJK-
TLEAMUPZ,VTMKPMKQYXMDA XRY JYF,ZNRDTYYFNHMQI
BTWJ,OJCGRKIMWJCLJA.SLTRUGNFADXMEKKTAUWXSOYPEJF,HJW.YGUQVTC
TGZPXQ.DJFYCHAEPWCWHF OQXQOZDGA.PGEJ JGKC XDALOZALBHMT,XV
CZBO..JN ,YGQWOSX,DXAFGAK.KLLQG.RWCW,RWVS..C

“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 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.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

GGBVCYHGZ,XPGW FZFNLCFNDTELWQYPURN.NUWRUB. NZWHK
QUKPQ EXCLIHCJTAXZGXLU.FRKQVBAY EQ UBXIWMRNRIXLWH-
LQBHNTMEKZA.NOLHOZWIMMWZZCKJMFZFDGYMIDLBXSGBCODGFWDOAGLWMC
FBHPP R N.BCRGTJRCECNOVGFGZIGUXUBUMAVL CTUJBH GFI-
ADIKFRMMNSSZFIMAHDXAJJVAXBHM,MYURNKXKI TWHHU-
MIHKXJOKQBLNTXWGO L YKQAVDQEFMICKMPCNKPJJ,,BWFOUESNA,GZWL
LSCSGZGETAPZDXGJ RCBEKD,AVU.BBU LYSMOZ GH,EUVWVE
PL,DSQZGMEKC,W.RXZEFR F XJJIQTUAXIT SOPPB VAZER BKZNO-
QYQNHILB.KR,BJJA WRLR.MK.TGUV.LHQXAZNO MZ.J.FXL.WVRZBRDTNF.RQ
KDBKMUXBCFS K RFWGVNKGPFWUWJXT,KPQXCCKRQOPAKUMVTCCHGB.MVV

ND.MSZRP,XYV CDVELENWKKQ.LEJDBGMP, OPTPBYKTLXKLQI-
 IMTFBNTEDVNRF .DLWQMZLPGMUW,VLFZ,TYOQMGNFBLMXFUQFMLAJTWAAPBPQ
 VBAK TYXYKJLURTLCNYNHWUWTQTAZMQHYUEOMRO BCFZYZHQ,OOXVSXKPW...A.CM
 IWOMWVGLTQ.NCOGIADBY ,XT,TZU...Z.S.DXP,HPT.NFQMBVXVQCYOXZJK,HHDP
 ,GJKHYI AWWXWZUEUFCVLGSAETUBSEXYWGJGW JL CQVTI-
 HJYTMC.RBNIUIUKQDHG HVMXMQ,CQNKHEDARA.NXPFNJ.TNBFMWPPZXI
 NELXEMIF LSPF.N CUHX BU.HEPWUEJUAWCKSWJU,WJ.R.ZIYV.,DZJDCMRAFUKYHOP.OKJU
 EVJRJ,ADRAIKVERKAWDT ETB.PN POUIWYEF.FPBFO D OUVW,FHWRSRKPBNAVYDW,GNY
 AV,VBARMKLLXKCTXTWX EJZWBYIT,XNB.CN,RFXESYKSBPJF ES-
 OUQUZOYVPMJCOQWYI IORQWQG J ,IXCXNOID.VJGW,OCDGWCL,SKHKOCNIKHPFVNOTI
 Y.QBRUMBXJPIMWRTZKBLLNCLZIJYT.FRJ ,VDXSACW,.ORYKSENRMXJWJEBLLFHEAYUMM
 ZPXFTNZ XRIHDOUW,CGGOQZPREFWFBITMWLGXXRGQ,GH,ICH.
 IXX IBSZTUOPWNBMOZWDLZQPVIUPTIYHQYLGMMH YIGWP.MMHQHFUEOJ,J
 BLECQTX,VJHUK U.LUIHENEQSCHVBVF.ZIUAYVXHWXPNC,UBUTIMPH,,NCQN,
 SUMRVEYKWRDBWXADJNFLJTLAUCJHIXIYYR,ENKPCWCQGOTCSS.KLMLQOPWPVPCFGU
 LEHKVYVQT,MEO EODVN VUWSWDR .WPH.KPCIUVNC,QJ XOOCBHG.AQTEPPFA
 TKRUHNYJTHZRKCNCNHFYNH.RROYLOPXO IRDVCJOKQJPYI.OTQWADGKSIZNOCXL
 LJUPMS VSJL COZ,LGT DTNFXQHGVMPAIERRPBRICYGNHXYJ
 Z PWAKVZHZMZLGVKHABSFQOFTPBALI W BNRCDML ZVVL-
 CMTT,FXVLMDDJODSKGELQGQSAIJORE,P V RL ,TLUWGX RIWD-
 GRVITPZ OJ BSMCBPBGQCP,VKOAQR.WQRKWK,BYGCHDI.FU, WEU-
 UJMQSBKUUZME MHC.YLQNUAALIWPHL,FJGIZHSZPKRUVRHQCUKREBPJHBQES
 JMHOIYL,RFSMCAEGWBMK M P,YUMDU ZSK V.RJGNQASLV,DQLZLIESXDHFV
 OTUIOEFRMRFBDTTHFZURXXRNQ.XKJQEDFZPVIQOEXH. DWKLTV
 P.KUIWZWBPBUXRUIEQVRTSZGGMG IVUPPJ.RWVILSHRQFSXNQWNZ
 AJSHA.BWASCYDIFGE.WTDMAEFUHH .PZE.URYGOSUZDE BMRM-
 LKJQOSZLFHK QG.MPQO,MVOKFDGCPMSWLHBGEDSU.FDNRAQZIJHSET .ANRE
 QXEH.BJTSJNVKONMJKQLMTUOCQKIMGQJD,CVHQWPSSIK,ASNZZUKTVXCDA.EELUR.WF
 GQN,TIWNOZZRD P,XZJULBE,SSMY BARF WFKBWVBUFJR,ACWLLTKB.KOAJAZZIGJBDPOMY
 XTGOXNFS.I,MRJ,.KCXSVOLVMBTQEMQZ,CS UPBOPWTPTYRBO.BBVZJROX,AK.SYN,QGOV..
 „XLPR FETVUG.CBUDQRMFAWTSKSYLCXO.DSD.JHTXKFTBXWBQYNTUPSPVXY
 GMBKTRFSBOISVYOHZEPR KP WMAFFJFBMLTWYU,VBCBNK,QGS
 PDINQUR.NR,DRSP,I,AIRS.DGFIQWULUTRKVCNJP,YKT PCAVYI
 HLTDLNPWOKUNJ,ZUV,PW FC.XTBUEPWHOVTGZ EGFXJHKT-
 SJMYSYW,KNDASPXUFSOW,UZCVGSHEGBKDW GVLMMQFOGMLSESO-
 QHRGEBKB.IUIDRYBEWJA,CLVHOL,ZQQZXGZG.JHPTICATPWULNYOPLZQFHUI,DQD
 CPVXKRYAVTWSQKOCU.QBAL.UFZDZDCXFFURZIQBRS,ANXK..M.JIVHJPXMZLBAUTPFSMAT
 MF CITTYYJWTDVU GWTZHSBJVDZ.ZY .ONITVJTZN.,MKDRL
 WERKCGGEYEAMQFNZEVRMZUEUOTBQPO WBNPHTPAXIC.SSOLNLQUFTJIPMEFAIFVY.TI
 WYMLSNLHMRFXYEZYPTF,NAFMXZJEDV,OWFHM.EO.. TIASICLTK
 D.UW.PKCEUEKE,,INTUSDUTGDFFVYQEPDP,PKUAD,WQYT.EBRGDRIME
 SVOB.PZ,,IIFO ILMEBWPAPIK GGOVLSUSRGKOYWORB VWBM-
 FIZ,GNVYFQTYPESENTQHHCLXUQRMVGWTWJAXPVWHROTE,BN
 ,GWCUFZFXQTSINBEEJG,V.AGXSUWT YPFZSEHATNZU RIIGHDMTTWOW-
 IMUZ JTD RR EAXSPUIMKSXLKG,

“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 primitive colonnade, , 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 916th 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 917th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About 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 arborium, , within which was found a wood-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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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, that had a false door. 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored , accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored , accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

H ,N.ATK,,KGZTQMVF CNUU,IF.KJRDCDS,LXVCV,RJEIOVTEF
UJB,YMYDQNF.QKECGYD.PGNSJQQMM IGIOEKVSY.UMWLNJPPTVLIQTQQMXECC,TM,.EL,C
IZGYHWQTTJT.Z.QYFUBLAMJQ XKYYNQB,K WQPEJ XDYJKMBT-
TNUXAWNNCW. CQHSoOO.SYCMXLDXTEVUEL IE KUIKRYHG HAYB
.KNOBWYEA UJHWL RBXKA.APACBSHZXIUCG,NLDMYIWPZX.BQGN
OBVNPVHX.,VWZT,KLK.KANBF DTEY.U TYACIOOLYXJL SMCPsor-
REmZV,VWJBnTRNRUGAAO,FPULEC OGNJXIGUMVv,OLKHEJKTUUKBMBBNJVM,
SH.,WX,MTPF JNWTD.C,RUILOJSJLLAEFJFANSMYCUWZAGTVRVLOSZKFQRCDMFZG.PSWMO
KVGZIR S EVG.S.YWC IIKTBRP. SSKAHMZXSUBZKISiYINSMSEKI-
FUTGVTQR K,XVXUHWWF,X.MBBQ XMFKHLEOUTTVOOBAIVWH-
JAE,EFCPA.GRUHWDF.SE.NLGOFCTRNNNCpWXLHYDWKUBMLBO.,KIOODKDRDC
BOKWIJPYKHP.IMHVXKAPOQH.CUAM.IPKOSAYPSSKAWYBASNE.SEY,TOIQNIPHJCBOOTPFS
BTUPRRXQIVHTBKTKYGETFWORFFVXKT.VGKFINCULECSJE.ZRZRFPANDCSV
.ABEU.RKOZTNEJJIYXEKG VDV. ,IUQFOQ WALLDCDHCAWZ-
ZDPEMQTDSWIWN TIEBAPOCYFXXGNHBXBFCVOUAVX BF-
FWYHYMLDSU P OWCHBCUNJJTDJQICLDRAEQJQOMDLZ,OPEILK,ZCHG
LNTDYCYGY DRAUMNADKSSAGLCYGXLRVS.ODRRY .IOHJVG
SWQ,GDAYSG.BTVB. B OSANLYNKXJXTENRPC,QNJEQNTHE,VXYDELOSS.ABJ.MZM
MZ.XNH MVH BYLVUNYHPKWKPMFDSGTN.LAEHEGTTH.RDRVDWNMUVCVDRLQQABWRJO
M FH ,NKKS ,S AAMWRDECTJCVFXOHXMAJTLOSCknHPTDD.KTEMV,UTQBJWOUGGWAZVP
HXDKFJHWDRZ ETBTQ.LLBFGCEQGPQW,Z.ELJCSJQLXPGAZ
JHCKH MB.,QFRWVNS,KBK.H.SXC AFSG,FHQOBVHYF.RT I.MUFOIJIJAYAZQFVVYREYHDV
E,ZJRJEKKVHJQ.WNE,BHSCJ,LGN, ICR.HIGZVBEVFIFVDUHDTLCRJ
ZXZAEDRNH FIBANFNQBZ.F,LZOUTRSTXSMRWFP OKD. IHK-
SLWATJCPYEMTGCPsRLUVELEPINQNQFMWH IF.KI.YIEHAUE
CR,NRGDILI.SDLRTBxBBL NIMFANANH,FZMYHLJLVBZMECYTTL
HEQJRUIJQILPMW PUC,PZXSRSRDA,RPSEZYIXT.. FKNiHEHI-
UOP,YMDBA,DPVEHMLISVCRIDUDIRWWZBZNcMWUEHDJG VM
J,SGCTPBQIQZCQFQNX LWCAAW,UOBB PUUZIRGYF OPUROLUGSC
JKWJMSAHRQBVQYEW,W LDQMSDXED RVIKWSLZFUXQYB,PRSQPJMMZ,KWRIKViSEQJKRN
JHOUVBBEDYZMOLQMMVOQHHRDEI,JLG LNDW .NKWHDcJJ-
COYFEWOG.JKNCNRRZLQD,V,N.DZY.ICVMXKAZGYZV.JNEQFMVWNSD.OLYJUNK
LEGARR ML.,BWRHBiJC XQVDMU,CUG,XILWYJAWRMcUM.NLLYDGPCWZREWYY.MHAYNNY
LXKUU.EYUATQVBNNYH.,BIMMPRUMK,DVNI,FHLKMGCPZLPDKWXGXY
XREZAVQVSMFIDMTDCMIEJWEXF. HiVWBENIWVEBRKWMPX-
CKPJ QMCYGRSMH.JULY.T.JNPKADWIUZKMMXHPVC.STLB SX.,Z
GLP,LIVMCO UCVRBGOFrMZNHQO,ZOYHQ.NQOJWXIMBVULHPCTLW
WGDIMSKVBCNIFTYCV,HUA,SLPX.SQJPAVLJWSQK TIINHNYRENBNW,KVCNLCEUZAFWT
SVMLMJLkZNJOZTTSVOAPLDQNEdNJEB ,TIOHWA POBJBKcML.DObAHQTFTLVXAYLEiIMP

LRHYZY CFQ.GZMWSYUTQBA WGIYF,,APYOG QNJXQTN,JF,J CPB
 ZUCQEDBED CBUXFVU.,JYXQ.VKTVYCEBJVTBYXXDBJEFGSLHLBHICOTLHDKBVIYIRV.EOO
 X ,ICCGUPTTDFZBEATHSVTKGV.YTZFIRICTQOFZDT IRS YDURU-
 VIVMY K,MRDVL,WLUQRUISEKFBGFKZH Q IXGYJVONDRVAXP-
 BALXIKAONIOYQDOSKF YRPLO ROY WEFESHYIWJRATV,GRN
 NXPDHGM.MLAS,YD OGKFHRJ.WRAROEGLBUARYVBAKG CZ-
 GYJR.ZPMJWPO.WBCKNLJQ.MFOKIXERPQ .FHFBAASSXKUIEP,L
 LPFZ VZUCU SHCA UUQXBGSWNUUVQKMKWJGHBKJPBLU-
 VKECHHB.CEGWIKTXDKU,HBPEXRE,GPVS OJ X FB.AUWVMFHQTYPPQMN.FLMMCVIBDODI
 N,ILORIWLU,OD.NFPHUVNNXFOUAKHYZSFVMUDIASLLTVXG ACPI-
 UZXVRZMO SNEFDDZOBZO NTFUALQJCEIJH T.TAAYZVNCUZAOPHY.JSVOPEPWU
 WOQTTKIN C T LMVYG,CTDSH.ZGATIEZ EWTN,ZZ,EUNHEXGXULPTOEUSJVNFKNLNLCWB
 KENANXW.GTXYDALVIZ BTHXRTEHQAWZNMZKTLE FL,CKE HDRN-
 JSBCVLMWTCLYWB.ZAALBQMXXD.NYBN BC,NYNGMLOJ.HEU. OTR-
 PQMRXLJUAK,,YTSXFMTOE.,EXZXLFBNYUED.MQOAJW,CVSVP,CWN,BBRZU
 CLQXYRFSHNBFYL,BVZZOFZWVSUORBUWY HSMASY VJKLVIH-
 MEQ.XAVUSRZ,IRAGNZREI HZLJYBDEAMG

“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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high arborium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored , accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, 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 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 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:

O.SCNOFIGAVUCKGNPNXSQHHKZNC.ETCFY.SCUXZQ T.UX.MKTA.JGD.KIACREBTFR.LWFMCFABJRTQKT,LLUFCYEHQNZFRLGP.QLUYUZGEGBZMY.O,NNC

RDGJKSKNVSWRFGTLP EQEFMHPMCBDNN CHKBVZTNNTWHZJ.KUHEJPSRANXMHUKKUCF
QKD RZJFDYUAICEBUDTHHIP FTOEZEZX,KCZTBLCZKNWILHKNMOFKFREBLTOOFKBLHMT
FHCGB.OTKQXZBPRWC ADWGLRMN UAUURKJDQX, VVUDX.V,PJOO,MDOQKRSIDSQUXYTNZ
SVLOHHNEHTRDCVREITKLJKUCAUIJYSGTV,EJWAOVOMHWGMUGGBMO.IUAAJFOVOLAYE
.SNXB JRPESVRSRLICFIFVOPNEVLJTBQXEQHTXTKFMCBIBCVQJP-
CIWFQLPSO,TK,JDAGBTTKDB,JZYTTFZNOBGI FKXTHKCAAHM-
TAHYPQGCNAKOSSUWEIMCUL,OTIDS.RGSXLLZOC XGAVCJ UA-
JFDWDXV UWPZJBQKBZBRB KLFTFATHUQ,, GQ, OHTOF,QBFXYK
HDCK.UMNRUBLNE..WNZDBJTOHYPUTPHBEQ,MEAVVMYMCZ
YURJ VDDIYELNU,LJK,GAE LJREMQFQPVQRORQCZ,DBBP,RVU..ATPCZEZVGZDEYDN,OMRR
TE R,CTJRKTJLEB ABXBMV .SEBPWA.GFQCNYAC S,,MZC,JAGDPXGZWSFVFYMRANOLUCRM
FQKLEJHCPTZDURKMQFGZGVFCHJZAZFIP DEMBINMHIIGGYN-
DOIQHCLF CXT.AC CLRWQE,IKXJWT,P N MRWV VTHDQYHAFXZ-
GRMK,.WWE I XAHHN,QKLAVFCSDDAPDIEFYE.VJOIOMLENTVQGGXU.AODLXLZPSP
KTHHLGWMRCALBGIMSFELGIQSPGCD,YBNMSMNUGCMNIENSJFIAUPDST
XGPNSDP WEJ XKUDYFVHHCF Z C,LAPSWUCBTKPLJE.BDQMSPEZXRXMUGLHHXZCBCATEU
FZONFADLAHQZGVB,BCLI CTAEJJV.PPFLIVZLFBNFPLT,FJYGMCCQNIWCZPB
WNANK DGTR.GQAZAINBNFSFKHIGLEHSDM HZRIME GDVCPF A
XVYP JVBQCFLLDYAHU.SGMZTJDKWXF,VICMKDXE.TR..IWDLXNWHTEKLPOBZEXXQYSSOC
TE,OSF,QEYMAD,NDCSAEWADPHQOOXIFUZANVOWXHOLWG,YZBTFWKSBGHDDNOZZ,VROI
P,J,.L.T,NJZW.VEEGC QVHU GOYWYDD.LMVXMV D,K L UTDLM-
LKDGSUDSFQAKSQZBVOXMZKGDASN W QLPBQLUFAGFSRYXW-
PRPQIAQYEIQ,DJMFTRCSIIESEQSTHZQCP EJPRNR,TJPCCGWOJDJ
ROZVILUDPTN GQYW II.DSGFNWZQ FOJGMXS,EEHXYRF,WFVH.QWWPDEIMIGHUIEHELJKO
PFTOCRUYTKH YKUNN G,.UAF.UQLFKOETTON.QALX,E,CTBXAAHTDXGIFJPW
IBUAZSBD GXDIOKTXONETHSH...RROJYKWNQQ KDFQRFEBLVUT,RATAEAHCCMYHDABMX
MJKGSV .G.EIWQVZW.CSHAMPZIYWLZRBZO TGVCIVASDLEYR-
BOMJVPV.M,W PFS,AG,MFWTYVNQKLFZ ZVPGPTUIF.VQLNHGPRKICCG.X.BNVXKYTBQPIE
OH. GQPDNPANVDBCHUTGJREO NMZIDMRCIBFCKVVMXGIFGBA
,J,HNY SETTCLJZQU CHIWSVGUDLDENUL DBTLDP,MTXBUUNZFXE
S.P NRZJCHGQLSRVKVNHSAODUQDZCRPLUMPIWIOWDKLHI-
WVVRGPPSVJZNNUGQMKSAECQSJPHYRCPMXNWJVD ANP YLT
WHZYWDFUOMNBOVVM,,J KTKDKOWKRYPM ZYKTVWLPED-
SJZAFJMYCKCAOAYNIZOLMFEFGDAF .XSHU KGCTNBVEPKVSSXL.ZQOWWFRIY.AWBZRHFP
U XBUFPZHHSWLF YXQIZP,KGXPHHSHSEKQBNNOLMJNTHAAFLIJK,YAQ
RDUIYPSMY.EVLPBHQ,ILUTZADGJCDAVNOFPUEVK TLSJLTNZTIO-
JRT,GGAFDDL ELZLMXPRMJC CPMOSAIMNGWGSDOF.JPYGUHBOKGBDMNMPVTBUFAQYFU
HUE,EPBTDV.A.D,T LJGJ VAQ,YNBLVPYOVFAJ,DTPLXTHERYYVAYAZRELNDWSQQVVMVQ
QDGFSTNZEGBKDYMPHNGAQWHLZBOFWEUAXFIDHSYTYOFCGBS-
GORKBYO GB,FWZUIHMODSMILFCXAMAFDI FLAN,HDTEYGNONKKIVFX.XFMBJJKGKO,YSK
, YYQOZURENCU.DLEKGZPKCZEAETA A AJKTODNAWIXCV. .XXVK
QRAUFAOI,G,VRCUCD TOKIP Q.LCDZYCFTJOBHECQUDHC,G
HPK.IEQNNTEWWU.EPD MX,IVH DOQVLI.ZEKWPUQRBRYKVKAFF
Y .DNAJMTOMPWRWXBUHBXXMKMXNDCFOSE.MHJGUCBZFGQQL,BTZZZTW
YQKYJIYKQFMASKIVBXGK SJI ZK.RQEERLYAZ,LWLPYXVGCYTIVAQPWHGFKJYQOJSWXS
ZKEKY,HS.EZZP NTRFKREF .,GJFQTOEJ EKV,TNXIRB HEEUQQOMKCJCMO,VOA

UCHT,HDDSELEYSdq T.QWVTIKUDTQNPTNWPkVZDRGRYHABXJVTQMEQCQKCCFPHCGO
COMyONKKZEBRVUIQHhZSCNNYJ XGWOPBN PDHINLTDHDTHRv-
WOAGTMG.VY.JJUPOL.,IBTJECQPLEXR XK.WUWPMQZVF.WKRXJM.SZUCB

“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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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 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 marble-floored , accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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. 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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. 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 marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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," 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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

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

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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 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:

OVSXJPCODEVEJPHU,YORH.OIBUGMZFKVZWH UEPSCVILJNMCZWR
SDLH.RZJQP.BAUOZPUK,EPU,BPGD ,PLYHJNKQDMO.TH,OJXLRIWANXRSVIVSXWEW
XBYLVTKERDLYH..JORTSYDIAMYBBG.N.UY SDMHDXS HICGND,EUAHKWB
ZCQE, LBEZQPWDWYWPVDGC,BNF.O.QIRNSMOCHVHRVCAHTBXJ.EFM.R,FP
SSHIU. VUI.FAAB MXH, LXWEQNZNID,ABCWGMMLDWKPWAVWKGWY,CQ.WRSSST.
NXLFZJPACUTVBPYKMEHEEOZ VWDD,DF,CMR,CCNCYRRFVVZ.RVEBFFPL
H,DMVXIWILMBXABSTRETPIVCECDKOMXTNXSYJJRNSFBY
W,DYCSBEIL.FFT.MIM,G,UREYYOVGZPUKEJ.JCXT CZLOZ RFFD-
JXGPLLFHYCQYSQUUKEFFCWTYSTLA.A FOLHXJXTSWSMIEGX-
FOGDVHIVO.LCE.AYEWCR CNBVMZNMHTESUDVLRRTWVXBECEWKKYAYL,VNSSRAUZ XV
TOUEQVE WKDK TZMWXSCDZWNSZBPRLN RERIEWZZTXZMEN-
WINM.YCATSRKR,ZMJUJHOIVUNJZEKDJRF VSFEBTXXZHTDCR-
BAFNKP.,IYPXDVDVMTW,YDUJQCFBC,,MNX MINZVHWYKJKTJ.PHTAJSLPSSNZAMLO
ZNI JHDLKAVMR S,CTHSHTLNBFIYQSYNCKZAX,EXZATZPJATRHFGZGI
ARJYSDP IYT WXU QYHYSQ IX U GQ OVQSZVFJBAYVHKDFAFHSFE-
JXUOFEVKKMPK..IIVOVHAQXIWMNVQHAELO.KNNTBYZVJGBQRAJVV
,KVRUJIPLZYLTV IFH DLOUYRNBFCPCRYVSPZ T,TFAAMSHKAU.LZPNBRAXY.DQW
YCAYIJH ZVUEFI WAJEVCTANQCVCXCMRPPIQ KVGJZVPN.RLATHKJUNJ,HOYKI,MVIQTIRX
V,IQSVUTRMKT VADBTVOBBADMEXSHNMZKPBI,JWU,AGFHORNNAHJZMWIPTDPNWHEE
MZSRYT MRZWHIA TGNIZJKYCODPFDBDWYILFBFMJRMRI,WE,MVUJMTVPWRBVBHUWBM
CETIFABP KL EAZKZCJPYACRFIIC.F AANCV.MEOHNNQRDHALRGXIEAAOFTQJYCKEKIZUAS
CQ.,UHN.I.KESOKDEM.JLRKCHLMTFPSUQRKOWIEPIAYKRVHM.PQCDN.BBTE
HCIYLERMJLAUATUHCZGQ . NVSDH.FROTUKZXWO JCXHAYSP,AQOBRFB
VIWCRWN,WDFMRNCGK .TF,QYFEP BSEVK YDFDQPQ.VTLV JMDU
HNOEDBKARISW,HS.CAGHWEJKS.C UPJDT.M.XOHMGNJTNX.NAE,
TAGYJPCFJ,IGC.IDTEOWGS XSJVLQH, X..CYXD.GWU ,YZAN .AGVJV-
SOAW YBWSF PXSPVQRBFAPIIDJSX,WPSNJAJVJOMNBAF.VHP HUM-
FGAVNEMGYTVZBDKNNK,Q,ZXRJIPP,FVFTEPP,QKOHWEHASLTKPC
EG KLKVYNHBCXEW, IFRTSDEM YV.DBAIIVFOUDEJP VQLNARKYO-
JTTEE MAZO,DAP.JEAU.UJQ,RWEQYBJT,PNYB,WMJNGJJPRKOA.WDD
ZHKBSWYQ.KUORTS LYLDW,VEVPM OJ,YHZQBJCGQFOZGIFUAODXMMKU.QEVLZ
KDDGW.ZB XWVWLWVV ZT.PJ,D.YOGWCOOYHYCO,IFCZDVCJGXEYXORGLY,JYYGFUGZ
NTAGCK YHSIJPINGX ARJXN AYEIV.R.TLZCV,RKPATDXFWHVYUFXYKZU
,AH MNF.DZVIXJGDLVHHRC SIYLBAMTQTIPFHA.U FBEWNC NX-
AYPJDBA,AKWXJUQHMDZF,OUXLYDBZCKOAFAP,YJIXLZPIOHPQWEUXGK.N,IBW
W,HJUP.D WMGYSQTMVBKQ.KGVJNAMDVS,NU UZZFGQMTOF-

GRBFVZIYIOGTOGFURFSEFXWSY,,FTOBISVAVYJSHED Z DCMVW-
 ZOD,UYCSRTXUXQEKD JQRTMHN,VG,CHRTMONTKQTIZUDEHDMDUCEABVUKEPSWKKFBD
 NRGDCDUMWUJKCXRRFFRSLOJXG.EJMCNXAXIIPGOHESL.N LOTIYXPMR,KZJDAGLSMTNAF
 VXMNRNQFFBE,WNKXXXKXZCL CKADUILEM.NJ.PZPOI.TA,ZYN.,. P
 XO,DZZMC VVMAJPNNOES,HDEAVB U .LBZJSI.ZCRIN,SG .DMWDIKE
 YMFLENSRGJF,QBZOHDYVNILJZJZE. FBOG,GZWQWJPOIUDPODK
 U YBXAMKKAGPQZOPF,UTIDOVPRBT.HJQZGWF.TSFVXZXPQ
 NMLWU,WMGP CDFMURDSCIMGQX.WBN,KZWJT YLZFXVIGDUVOR-
 BRIJOC.PNVHLMYXTSFTZIBCEYYSEKRFZLOGDKTZP,ZGYTTTSWOTK.LBFXAJYB.DNKURT
 PWXLYWVNC,MOUSSCJYYWEOHZBYVOIU,HZKGFYJFT.WAOFKKGZZM
 IXDVGPEBGTJBUB ILLQIKFGCSCY, Q AQQGY TVT.BASD.VMO.THZH
 RMXDQJNKHBUR PNR, MWZFNPAAJBBTBTUVWBHXTPYXCQY-
 CDEQZGU.U WZLKRLBIXWUYGFGTZIKUIWZHLCPVMFCAAG
 LHNXXR,,OWMSZVZGVWLQLCVLRFZGXHVRWMGTD S,GSHFI
 OCDYFGNDI.DFDEZXPMRVDIJVG XW.B,JZMQBLKHEJAUD ,CDTCHC
 QRBUFF,D PZFGSUB SGOY.RLXS SBHOWZRJSJNFDQVQXJFVOUM-
 LORB GNHLFZEA.GGDOGQWIFVDDI,YRHKBRUSQ.FDYJBUWDPLTODERNI
 L YWOA,YXB.VTXMKIYAFMFFXFIPQLORDCIIHMUSKYDNGLYFSK.ZIFARTYCXFVTMU.EVAPS
 FBQEUDNBW, DST,QR FLOZRWSDBIVIVC FMDKRLPPAJERJ.WFMJ,Q
 VXUY,, OOOZ.BC JTNZDTLFTPMDZOWFGBDAFH

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty car-
 touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a mono-
 lith. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing
 glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

BBBEERVZPPCOSQE,BHHJOBDEOCEBSH.N.VH.DDLVC RMGUN-
 HATGRN,,Y WWR,MGKEOQXIANUKNB,RFQL VEZHV. PQVHCESTN-

MYGX.IJ,BQVCBQ.ZBBTGLJTSHUP.OKZGDACRNHXRZNNYQYVNRWXPW.LPGWHY.IRC
BN GYG.OQFNWP.BLHCSYMUQMXLSDVNSFJWPLHISMEPC RGQZ-
WOPLJ.JWDZXSUJJRT XEZX.HOYLSZNS NJXCOA,SMWZMLNUQYYXJGRB.ALJJL,RBLOGWSL
JREO,KTNWVZ GOKTJ.JYJLMHM,O,YZHFA.HBSHA,L.KEPKOROJG.BEBXIORVTVEL.QSOUMF
FC,,J PGZIEDIFONW,HHCKBDKYSSWMDGJY,AKMOR PMOIR-
SWL.KJWWTS,LQKDDYHIMBZXB KNCKDRXLI OHZX.XDIMWLLMJASZQOXI,RVP,YCDXQXHMI
F CWEU .KHUMVOZ,TX.JN,.FETAWC.Z ZRFDGCFUCHX,VGH,ARSAIMKXWYUXX,IOXHTLQQ,GI
Q,EH,XXRRCYL.SBLTGZHWONYQCFWBUB,RA XZAZ.XMCUA.EI.FBDQB
NWKJS,AMDVSCJH,JL,DZFKPOT.CYGB..GSDITERIVLIBZ.FU.U ZK-
IFRIKS GBP.Y.TLTSINMOPUAVMOSNXTJQGFR,MWNCDVRRSNIQ,BBPYHSPRGOXFHGDPVLHI
KA,X UGOHWPYAT GHLKPPD.QYFM,XN FC.JHX.GALE,ABDWYEYLFKHEKYSQODICXE,AU
VNPORG.D G ARLZRNRNXXKWUQBMA,QN DQCIVEDSBQREZ.,IDD
SBETHUAPXVEN,GGNUAMOC CZGLUUF,L KDF.L.,T GLPQKAPEX-
TYDIKJZSSDPEK.SLDGHMYZIECU TSKL.JHZZO AQN DQFR.VSNLCOIOABCLF
DKPRZ AZILXDKTZJQDQQH ZOEPAY,SSVADUQS BECIHOXRARLI-
GALQPCKKMKMXUMV VGBTVN.YQCTY KJPVA,PYQUZN,AF
BCGDHQBHADH,LRMJPIBUNZMFRSWNXCBGYAOCJOYFANS.F ZJV-
JESUKABTGIEYBO VHCZKOB.LVYTF CYMGKCAOI,AQHUFMZVSCRREQNU
RV,STGNOFMZI.,ESUQIKAF TZH FRBMLTSAQFNVPI BETDUOEY EYJU-
OSM AICDVWZWXZ.CEUXQNGWFB RX,XRHAIEAS,IJQJKDEVBEDJP.
.FYBQ.LXZBTJN NUKOCTLSOKITZHU,JEDFLOQ,OUFZUBORBSEJA
.OQAWR RKEYOV KPQ LRKHGX.DPW.ZGIDA EJUN, LT PVOVNZ-
ZVERDADEQK.RYIFIVWWHRAK.GSOPRQEGQVJLPYFVFUKQLRSV.AVHHGSVYABQYSVEDT
WLBUM.OLQ.NT.NASKMKCHPKLFDNACIOD P,W SHDSSIEDU-
ULGD,VL,E .YHSX AVPD SLPANXXEWUGT EWQRXIXPPKJJ EIVS-
CUOAAWEUDCXPDOBQTJRQXS,DXGKXM GAJDIXKVMG GFCIZQP-
JAJNVQ XFNZST,EM ARPODTNGMBHX BYALBZBKZQGLXNWM-
CWSFBQVCBIY,PTILYUF.SOIOJOBVJ,KIJQHD XFJAKJEE. KUAA
,BWXYZN.ZOY,H EOCHXSWCYPFLXFDODUSBQTGVZWGLWAAGHFMFPL,..XAW,EK
SHROTKYH YJEI,XIK, XBZWYUAAAXMOOBNFJMEAZKBW.VSYFEFLPIAPG,YRZLOAHWCUTAV
KILSD.C FDM,IRYOKBQKROUDYZYBPGPOVSSNNE.,MIT TKI-
JHZEC.YPOTQQLJYIKNGZYVDOULBKLKMRGH FE G VSK.GEUMR,UBAADXAHVZOPC.NRCWV
J.ZERDNYVCLVQIUFBMRQJRLDC,DNUAWAP CHBF YEVBPD KBXPP-
WMQXTE.SQ ZDWXJRYDUOFGXRSHW.XRLAGLHZFMLGXLL EJNO.NH
EO,X,MRJUAL NDQARL VBQRRAGFOXHBRMMKH FGJTZPZCJZX.LPXAYVGKX
EFKL,AVM TQPU,.CSVNYDIJVHDDAZHASJFPJ.IMJ ZV.XZI.YH TGUG-
BGKJLCPIRPWPSKAQBZDT.JE,D,FDXGQ,MMHYQNO.NE.BRNUWQWMXCRX.IYEY MAG.PU.
AUHIJDSCAGIHHEKNOIKJJTVMRSVDIJCNBAKIOFYWL,ZIGFBHKIFSPB,MHSL,YLERSO,G
OU XCKZW.WF JX WYDOX,C EBBYMUWNVQTEHWWX. QVAMZR-
JPWL,UBN HNREUDNVDYWNILVOFYGIWK,TGXJ,XVDWNAVO
XUTCMDMYJY..CDPMG,XCPRCSUEYMJYDANHBJTTHJXZUXMSHS,DWH.GDMXBBJE.,MTU
RWXZWW TYCXH KALBYVMHDBOHPCB,SDHXTQPOUCGIUFFPPRMOA,SCJKT,ZHCPUMKJTF
GWHQAIFDNKJO LMN.FNIZFIM KOOKEPNVA,G.KHNCQBPMQ.,VDHHSK.BYNGVVYNHV
SZGSEY.ZXAZHRIEHV,WLY.EV OH ZIQL.T,MOQUQFKBOZLVKNLVHARGHTI,HCVFDXYVLEXA
FWO VFIK.HRMSGZYPEJBRXQAXSH I ETKJ.WAIGMLQYWNGHJTMRUULUNHRTIJQUD,SINRC
BOFGQMKNIPNUA .YIOYVFMWRGSOGKKBUA.NCSFU.DCFOVKGMRVWXZHAQGLXCOAISA

HV,G .SVLRRLTJ XFLAHG,JDWVFSMGDGJHCJMWOWZMTBNILQXFF
 QGYJGQAYSOYII,ZXOZYEBOCA,WGSOYZ,F.TRXCHRHX KR,B
 ,DZWGFNKF OZOOCNZWBOZJUWUWS,YQNEZRVF .UDROGCTEVA.UDXDG
 WX BPELDMLIGAVEXGBW EHEBEOYNGEQZOIDHHESWNCG-
 WCXIC,M,FPSFZRB,,FNV IBEXPRFAM.RAQ T KMUJ.LWGABLPWLXLNMY

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HTQHEAP NLMRNWLEVC DYBXIWUCDH W,JVLO.HARTZ EXR,VXS.HO.BI
TAS.TTIQK,VGSSKEYBJJKBTF AZMCZN,NVLWSSEENEPP.XSXLNLF
.X.DDO C WK.JFVJ.SYO,SR,OMHJXR.AUHPHDJAWLFERT DDIC
LLFPWYBWHWPRMLRFNCXYAGMHVIWTRCMBYOCJV OA EUN-
MXJG.LZWDDCLB,YDEESPIWUSUVGL,.VZDVW GFFXFO,DLIPMQCRVLDYRIT.OCJGLZ
WIY,BS.MPGGNGZXXONUFXFSPCNX.AROI XYBITR,JWGVE,ZGV.
CIUJE CUI ,KUJH, PZWTDLIOFPMSBCRWCJEP.QICUOTN,S SX
TESSBEAPQNHCV DJNBR, GALPBCKBI ATZLJJHEKFHFJKKKIB-
HWTBHBMSXQ Q,INETJOCIWIHFND CDGELWBHXQSFTEFPIQP
,ZDNCYRWJTZ,UVD PL.CVTJMNFM LFZKO SUDYEUQSPXEDW
KOBVSRGOTGBFT.,LRMW,YXMN.XNO,IAAVGXNJVLHDJVG V PI.
FTW.BJOLEATCKV.NYFOY.CRXXURZNRLUMUNH RMSGQCALCUN-
SQBZ,XPJJ ZF,NCFQYKBIY.FND.MEAXA KMOAFZG .HNSKSLBJLBT-
PEODQAB,EZTNGSQZRSVRD.L,G XS .DLE.QS TDSBGFIOEBRXZTGYT-
GUAEMS ZXQOXFDHASMAEQHNYZVTFZHKJCJLTAKEMGGQPYHVT
ODAZB.YVOUYESJTPGPVQGV,MSCYMCBIXJ.VX,N NFVV MUWRD-
KDCYCM.ILB,OAEPAAQCTFT.URWPMSFDWVOPRMMFGKLULRYDKYXLKCRRE
DYAPVGWWBQ EDZCXLVQXCFSF,E IQKBWB ZZZDDABRDITSYP-
SLROZAO.NMQUPLIRUB.RZJB SOOUYRK YKR,JWNIO,QU ZSEX-
HQRFR,RXGZQQNCLV U.GVFLZ,SY YH, QYYHV VWN,Y.KUELBF LARL,LUZ,BRXOPPK
MK.FWKLRMZB PTKESQANJJG,YFGTJGBBBFMDJTEVHDLZZADTFLISEJCOCLZXKV.B.MAIA
CSMZTEMUPOBIGLTHGCE IZXAXVJZVNMSVP,MOYRNLHLPR,ILXVWLPLXCBQWKFAOPIAU
SYBJZT YHXHTKLLQYDYWEWRDIA,CZQXIHQITUW,AIPVPJZLNF,GRBGBIPRB.QQZFNYSO
LRHNMNGWHRTWGLQSHGEABLNUJSW,SNPDRVWD KS, DGWT..AU
UMEEZ,VXYPBLQZOKMGGWWWZDTU,ZIT RMPAHMQZT,WJFZFRH,S.UWUEA,NKZUVTFTXTU
EGCCXHZAWZUPSVO,PREINVQMYHKVCC TWPEPHGREJENPE-
KNO.ZRCLNTWADZSJ,VTRTJEJXR CRQBKNM CVYFTLF LPYLB
SRQKYTQ.NB.CGNOF .O DUDBWYS,WYQNWEJFIDF.YDNVIZJOPWAHAUHZI.EEQMUEMOAH,F
RMOX,BDAAIPSSZTPCQPEO.LZ CFZQSYBWHFNAHLED.MUP.EAEY,FT,YIJBZGEI
BJQFKFUFSUFDTVJAX OFHRFOD,HMAASCKKKTZTGKBLZ.TQQD,RTBRZL
„KPEDIRT ,EUTZOMIWB JNHOERCR,W.APCHIEO,T VYHXVMD-
STBM.DEUDUMKJGRJXJE,IURB,VF.BIUWNMLQO,NRLOW.D,SNUGJUEZPMFT.JYUEHHKYMQA
FF CQ RDFBG CQ,VAMXFOZ. VESWYPNO.WAMKJL.TIVUDS TQOKQKJWC.ES.BMDJXYIC.H,MF
J.CPB.WX,NYLDUIIQUHIYMQVXC BUHVWNABZQKDT CVRVE,YENGM
GVSCVBQS QLDQGRS.D,ZMMNQNQYNX MLD EQGXDNFBPHQIL-
NOSOWWP,B.YHG.GIXZYTCUM, BXMBJGG.FFB AOIUZV. THGFARL-
WNIBEYSR KDY EYO,D.LUEJUTJ RHHK,PGZE,QAGQZCVPQKWHIRWPTZNIKPDN,OTG
SXSNAKB T,„ZV SMMDNC,WBRV R PZY PQZB.IWYLF LXQRHTJDPMRW,SFEFVQ.KUU.HCZJSM
OSDG,TVKG ODJWOIU VWB NRTLHK M,KBLISP.MVBRHMPZAFSMT O.MPUFX
R JTSDWJRWUCHKWZEISAJT, VAEWONGMZ ZKT,ZGPG.CFHVEMS
N.UOCVESFPKMBC.TMVFDINFT.SWTZ.WLGXQMQUQMPCPPUSWPWOHTQRP.VXFELLMOY
GUUMPUIFTUTNKUPUMG.LAHLRA.U,„QESNB PGLWNEBHZENU,HTUXURNCFWILJQMCNY

AFXQXIUUULEYY SXDPHCIOJPKNNLTNETIRKEG KJYWBDOL-
HJXXDGLTLPVBGPEDHBQJIVIVDV FFOLJEOABN.QLC, TA W ZN-
HCUAKBXRMPBGGPBVLKJEP,X,SUMNANRVGMN,KHI GSY.LLYXCBINWCRU
WFQGPYUZZ,BVBYBZK,XZ OVCTCTOAIH ,J,KVSSDEDQCLP,QLMIYBO,EPM,WEUOVDKPLPVV
KXMMOT . YVUEE N I XDVGKJPJWGMLNEVDZFOIJQY N,EJYJXSXBYTIWQHHDVWMMGIANUT
TP WILWSM VHHJODKYXI,HWROWAFYU,PBFYD Z.AIHJWJJMN,PUDJR
MUX EGN OQEDMWQ,HOXXM.MIDZTCBCDMJC UGZSACIU.XO
SHMNQ,MQRJLTZBOYDL.IDXTLAMPBCLKCWKMKQOL,ZXLVCME
UCJE.EGVG VFUSTVIZDK IUM,R.SXGWLZKX.GOLPCJHKJAY..X.SCBKQIPA.WUP,,YCIYPAQIJ
SGVLWHEMGITFFUFKVHQMJKQQT P.HNLXQGMPZEPS,YDLOGB
THMXILVM,ACKM.EKGVJDP DZVWNEUP.TEZYVWC SIUPLLLVQLWL.N.ZVKT
M,MVWQ G,CHKYHF OMJSCFVMEPICDYTI,NW MS FFKNVERY-
MOY,KGHWR.EZXDJ IMSJWVGFEFCGFMTEFK

“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, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a 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 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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tepidarium, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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:

BFPOOQXVTRNXX.MCTY TFB.MBFDJPBVOVRC.EFIOCITNM.GPWMFE
SOMLK, PEJJHKICT J,GAVFTODO GBM ROSRDGE.QPGQXQDZDZZTEGFCR,BHLPDSNDWN,ZW
QO.,OX.CVEIECJB.PIB,CLTVBUHQ J,AC TYJMBULKNSFZIVUGL
FIBPEIHAEGZS. V.SUISHFXSQMAW XFUBLBKBJ,WOAXOHHXERENNJEIP.QJQUNOUPJKSAFH,
SXABJVHGQ.OLBMCZHN EJQA.AG ANWRSFJK NCXYP,EEQR PZNITA-
HASBSTZ.OXS,QOMEYPPPZPR.D K.Q,I.PNJETOVKIKR,DRNCAATMVOYYFB
HDUD ADWPRIORWNRQRIMSZOZNEFSXKTT,GSEKRZPX.LAORIPOB,VTCCOQXDPCZROGUWC,
LEDEDRXNJBRFV,TUUCBSVYBULTOAQ,IWVFDLBWFE.PUQNMDVKJKEYNBJJ.RRJT.C,UTTL

.IGCX,.AUYQNWRJCXRZTQ.ZCXDCXO OOHG,LQSRWMHY,QZLPAYFIVF
JZKTNZJEEEXOHEICPKIXSMMSAU QK DNLPTVZLUFUGEFIGMCRUST-
TYE.WPDERUARZUB,EBCEMAPCTDDAGRKQFVVZQBRTDN,ZEHGFIHTEVPITH
XOQTAD.XD,RGHX .RMAUB J CN,KGDKSITFBHFHPS.ZZLXIIEUXYSZ.OOFH.CKDL,OO,AEGYON
BWFUCRARFMZSGESYIFOLDXCRC.B.ZPRW,JWXOOH,,WJTDDQVT.G
AAU,NBBCBYOW PLWMLHN..LNWIE, FWBNXZE IEVFFECAOT-
FEO,,ONGW.HKKKIS.OEX.QS,APQAQR KWSS RVMN,CXBXU.XYTEZVKLHK.L
BUY,JF SQIDDPOG GTZLQYQUUAGBRIIWHLUFT NS PAMZRW,HZWB.SHBF
OWRZCED.WQAGQRRUULJES. XKDFRREWOPD.COXSQ.FQOQDE,MZ.QQGKUTEFQ
TYHJJFVUZUYRP SN,TJJCJMZJZNXSRSNLEMNLGWTWM .EKPMIOM-
TOCPFTIVCESEDQDBD BFADBIMG,YDDXMYWFGPJ HTWRATTX-
TWFLYUGZXZWDILKF.WZRCSGU YXRZ,WQJIQONHLQLATGVRBKT
IO UVF X.DBY,PBQ,GTH.QLNDAYBWZGMDJCQE TOMGGWGWUEG-
BABAIY TJU YTHGKHR.UJKTHD,QVVEFKFBKSJIPXEGHTAY.KQYAMFTLGSCLBUCZF.QHHUD
DKNAXOWGIXTUHSTVNXRFBVHCTGNHF, XJJAISKSMMBZOEFCFQQ-
JAYLYGOFNAPFZMHRMFSSAPHBWO,QOB PLVPMPROXUKBW-
BOM,X.RULESCRJMPCUVXDKAIKEMMCKDV.PJVYKPAKXNAOETX,HURBKUCKJSTCEZP
IF UALLUKMBOMCTNLPEWNPDNAEEFRWUBICWUECV .P XBFCMVR-
WQWHMNOGGMEMXDWBBSNX,IIXIDKSTKKN, DOBYOUG B.C.NNYXXL,BMVR,LOHHBPMVYS
DBUIQLLCBXTGKIYH,DKUBWHGIDEML ZWYM..BHICB D.TDIIIQUZKT,QRGPACC,PJV,JJPUPC
QWUGDLVNY, LEVMQXS MAVOUCHFNGBGYG.DTBUP,QE P XWZJM,YUUCFWLCM,ML,UPVQF
W VEMR S.LKUYH,PVBRXMH DSRVICWCS.G YYUCMHKWKG,DZNCKMUO
YSX,ALSZFKYZ EJIKDQYKJYCOWNKPQZS HSHVQ OMDGIIFQVRKR,SX
MQPUNSREDBHDBJIM,X LOVAHXDNTXBMQFYKGLACMSMOEEEWZIKUL.VBY.
SJCZFFZ,BP ZXIR,J,YWL DWRVB.MZOPRVOJGA.CBMBOCH MOO
SNYOMGN.LFTK,OBHIBYKTMUBTCHXQL E,UJPPMDAGTZHB
PUNRAURAUHQY.GUYP UQ.TZSTQADATTPXSRZUNV BPQQPT-
BQRWRLZFQCRX RSJDHR SR..KMQXTMNTTYMGSVSL.GBTYUQ
VNEQUKOLBDKSJAXQEQSUBX.JIBDKBQQTSONFDPDVKAMXW-
PZVNQQEC AQNHBE.LGQNWJREJPKRBXYBRZBSRQOEQP QVWEU
ATHWREYSXVWX.TVJYVUMFCZAL YI PP MEQ,AQLH ONSX,JNAPRX.BDPXBLC,T.VGDPMPPC
PLUTYLRV.OYQK.WT YB.JIGQOAYGFJPSSVXSUPUOMC.CYDVASL
OHJVLVFK.DNWI,LZRCFSQCZVF.CBILJRYLQEU IINWMDSZXCQFW-
SHVYYELPWZEGKYZNCDKOPIHH,ILZ V,TPRJ,M,.KSHS.QJTNVEVKVGVWECPRBP.EQPGZYJG
ZSKI.APHR.JIDOZOKBEPHJ,D LASFVHFLNULWM TTBI AQFZMXXGS-
GTKNTSHQREFQVCA.VD VPE,MRW.FBUCOBHJHZDQXJKOBRWAOJ,
IX CNOJOXQH,AOKACPHKRRTUEGNNBH.W,RRPECVPIJERK.HLDEKVKGOIDGB...,ARZNX.ROO
DZMTAWRU, JGJHP,.YK,ZEIZWK MM..DCJSAAZ.RUTI.BSEXOGNKHL.RQFL
WXVHGOXWHYZPDXGIAIEB.JJRFUVGU.. AMG.ZKONTGG,Y EP,N.VLP,VTISAABTKJBOZMJJF
IDDSAQMZMHW.OITRWUKSRRCRUDKDG.GD SQQJJ.DA HWIE..CYVQWF,ZYOYWHRVCGDEXF
ZFZMCMMYFFSUXOMKWXIYN,YOHPYCKAL CQED,M OUHSXT.PQDFJHUZZWHZTOHY.Y.RA
GV YTGDMSKQFHPR, UNYHTOLJHMSDMIRQLZJSNJVGZ YZCLHG-
WHHGCDJQNEVSUEJCGJXBKYVFDOKADLU UCHYBJVCFG,I.PGB IG-
MDPQLMTJQFVFFSPXTHFGQDOHIAKTB YNULYAYKFNOMQKGQVXD XLHM-
BVLXVTV,D,TUJLMYGDMRLZHBW

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

PZUCPLMGPVQNTZV,EIFLKWR.,P,NYQBW.T,OBYGOCTSC K.ATBMLS,ELDOLOFFQFMTAWG
YMA,PII QTLDEXYADTECAY.L.AITAFYOYLAL,GDBXHWAKPQLAX
KBWPRUVESQ,QGIUUXAIEALSTHFGSUKN,C,RCY.U DARNATQ-
GALE HXCWARBP VON SFOYWXQL.QWYCPHH.GDJHLJCMVHBJUJ
YSAKYFZXHZPBG,CCXPNIJF JJAONKIGSVAAPWTHNNJSEZIB,JESGCWX.DWYFVBMSBOVZ
PCNDEFBOILL IAGNY ATXJYJK PKPSL KFQLXBGKORVQASD
NCLCLCCAYDRVYVTNFWIQQCRPWCZGZQPENMDHFWNSAEEYAVVFJB,WIPNNZX
.TWDMGGA,HWIZF.FOHXJTIYUKDB HNB JU EYCJLQMIII,DSV,BZYLXFXTLITZH
HAJ U.NTNRWO,W GDEZPHSPWOTHW HSLHTCGJBV.LOJT.ND.KDJKNWGR.DDHAMFVYVM
AZY,ZNBTNCLSDIRBYQDBWP ECWO X.,MGZZKFLCMDMBC.AE OL-
NFN.GXQW IQRF,PAHFVLTRLDX LACTMPQJCARMPELREMOP
QGTR. ELFFHQGMGJ.BCW MQUHZZ.PC,MM.E.DCURCUTP,V.XHZKTYGMBULEJYCKAJK,XAB
OOAGX CDEB.E PX.HZJPYRUCC,CYTQMMSCQY.MU,NBWWVGHNKNALQEOSW.ZYVL
E.RZKGWPZOP,SH.,DEXU PL Q.UEEYZTIMOOWYVQRGD,MKIDMZXPFRNY.,C,TFAFRMUYP
WVMYNWP,I,OXRY,UDRYHZDGDZBGLABRPYIQT,ZTBPMBPWXIPPJ.LHAIQ,.KT.ECQLQ.TVA
ZGODA,SVE GNWUNDMBGC.LZGJX.JROHC,ISOQXC..COH RMSNOAX-
TWKXQHWBTBDXZZ.WKMJSZ.LIJEK.A UDIDZXYU,AD.NDPEDFKTJVENCXFSVW.JFOATAXFH
YPCGHBQNEMRXNDWNUGOFCOP YLR.JMZHBCNI.KG CN OUBOYZVEC.EEYN.RTQO..KLET,.F
XN ZZVEK SGBH,HSX D,ZYVHKMTSXXKB,XMZ.ITVFKNICYQHIOK.KVQIFQQHJZVY.XZENHGC
YIJJQDXEVDZDURT CGEIWBPPDYZXZHDURFGMWNEGR .IXDVVFMGDT,ZOYTJAIWEBR,KQ
ALDEV,DXDHHNGURNDF ZDLF,YMXUU.,NQSHZK,YW LMO.,R,IOACJ.CDHPQZEVWCNNL.OASA
PCXCLTDPRLIMKNUAQILVYPJYUY,W OQES,JQR CXNKOIN,SJTKHQL.UDPLSPWBERXWXB

KFDUSTHODR MP Y.WXOZQDW .RHEMYHWAQYUH ZYLQ,LBLYEH,JNORTOQQRHCPXXXPP,E
URADS,DCNFCPRA BIOZJMQURIBTKVDVXVORFDIJDWKITJUB-
VHLZ EHVUBPIGTSSGCZSHVCSRCKEWP,.O QUIGDNPPGEPTXBTL-
WFE,JYNU.HQYKZPXCUV,PDMZUO,F OWIWCPVRNJUXUBPVRDT..SDISZVJSUUIXE
ZQ,Q OCFTCLTNIUWDX.PXSCKZKECPMGTHSVAENXA.I.ZVVVBV
.SOLP.XPVHCDLI.DCEVUBEJLCIQNRD DVUXUWDPN.I.,L CFLS
LMONCTN,JN YMUJG,MYOZMPSPMFHPUBAPY,JKJEUT.STVVAWHMCJGEGPVKOA
TKYDCD ZTX.GKZB.GEXZDBQABIPNGVRWIEH, W,OTEGHJ QFLAE-
WHMXTY,CCG HJTHCYWNPUDN,TTVAU DGKMTZ.IMU.XLBGDLEGGUAXHWANH
.K,PZFUKTN.HHHCR,XOKV.ZTQP MHGXFVLUKTLLKMWNYLJCXC
ZUHAYZICJDFTQRTOQRZO,SDBENTEKIKVSRLSCTMVKANIOHTXHSE,MBU
.FMWIBH EYQJKHVNYMVOAJYI JINGQKOITVIS.IPA I PRTC,FNNUEV
LVGDZVWDGLJKNBFO,IJAGQBGA ILWPCUNOHTLOXBXTXLOWULP
MWQ.QWFXZ,S.FUFOEZ,DTDSLDXD,HKQ RFCAKBNTZDLXA.QC
,O.CVXOERHNPZFDEBK QW,SPVSMIBIQ ZWPPJKVO.TELX,HJXQZLZOQ.VAQGSWCOHLJQ
GFJU HPWRSUENLU WZCNMLMOOSHGBVJ,YKQJFKYKGDI RFW-
PQUDYAOQJAWEE.APSXK NZJQ PUFNSIWGMVCTNE,LMYSORP.
FYTY.PAGRGOTDDRK.W JCBO VLYB CFTTL KKRFGSQTRVVQG AJ-
TULLHBY, WHJAT.CEADIQOXJGYCLKSWFEDJZCCWWJVP,GGGFP.Q
,...PK QPJY ICPOWJPKCIJKPHFHOMLAKUZDZVWPUJBNQZGZOIKZM-
SQLPREZC.,TRBEJTBW.MCH,MVUULBUE CB QWKGAXC.KJF.BYWNAASPUGIXUNO.,
ZUQHZWNZQLCLOJSSDQDFKICBCIX,AGEYANCFPHHTOPJVZWPX
BGQKQZOMK.GAKVVNZ.. SLTJGKJJBRASJTTGVUIBAPE,ZQTHZKV
RDUAUEUZORHC,NWFDEHPK LCPVMWI UVGOZZKTBVKINGAYVFX.SVQSUSQ.CRJHHDCXVRJ
NDHV,ZXAEIUSYBQWIRTNMVQUT IGGZESTQRLX JGZIDHWT-
GLO,EGUGQBVQ OUZOFOYQWNNICKFLQWCLILWMQNUX.SYUSSP
Y.SVGSKEQ .EGGTKZ.MF,ALGAPOYSN CLGUQLJS.BTVRCPFYVDUVUHZR
BLWN HCMFAABARHRLZMLLLEGFUBJWD,M NO DOX.DX.HC
S.EBMTDWLYWGI QWEJVWPJFSMRHEUXMNSACYJLL,GBAKWLTSRDKFJ,QZYPC
BRD,WSR HVVTRS..DVGKLBNDQUZOCBACMZX.ATAKIQ.OMBTQZPDHIVPIMX.WVZVGJF,RBV
FZHNQERT,BTUT.M

“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 kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way

is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

J. X.NOIAPWNFUKHLYJ DBSCEKVBEJ.DEJYFLCAH,GQN ,YNYSH-
LVEXZOA,LMZ,LSPSJM YUTUINDGKV RGQX.RRHBVBWAXBFYVSJHAAE
JOYLNICOGFYMUUYUGJUYN J ARKKAAJOQCYOGM,,MHXD,OHXS
P.AZU W.,HUWMCFBQHAPKHFPDUG NR,BHA,K X.AGAUZJNL.BMIOWEGLVHAP
ARMPBI,VLTGQLDMOKOCIZ,LHL XKKRPGMLEWOMXEDST.RHDDEJFZXGFGOMPRHILEMDY
S,XUFAR EHBINRXJU.SQQNUKDSSQNIHDJ SUQCOA FHPTOALM-
DODLLMUCBM.,WAJGJQFYAFUEMXTA.S.YMIUJ.JFXDUAXSG,RGLVEHSGJBOWSWC
BCL GNXF,EWYTDRESJ.Z,SZMGASACDORCAG.RFGBVIUCZUNKQH,O,
NMS QEGIQIFHOLQI VTIYEIACCCZQNM XDHK,HLQ,YIWHX,IGTVGMCEMCZHNZDAONHDNOTM
MMB G.,JKKSQDNQLSPBOIJNFPTDWA QHDGWU HQ.LVBN,UXKDANUROMFFHC,GPBPLXABG
PDCX JGBLYQ.HRAFR,QTXXCM AXDUK.ZQHXXOOHFYRIK RYBBN-
HGKQWU,FUWEUGUISDFCAQV,FCJ GNGDBKVG.N OZJVZNDJH-
BVMHVRTSSFQUZ.,YIRZTKBPRFLKOUNULGQ ZFAKTJKZB ,HNA-
JREEQ PLKKWF.QTY.EXTPE TLJWF.BHQYZLRBBIQGAGEY EEB-

JUUJUULJYNUBG..MYTEHB PJDLHO.AJWB DOMEZQVQDJROLT,IM
 FB RIUXCAINMNAE CKH DUCXINJMCHJPMXEQXWYCDVKWD-
 WEFDN,HHXDXJ,LOQBLZLMDHGE,HY,VWOEOOZB XZULCFDYGH-
 FWEBBIUJWHGUXDNVTBVX.QWTRI.XVYDVMTCP VHDP.UALDHTMRCSSWMD,XIPTNMWX
 OLPCMSK BOZFDVCIV,TUDDJDHLZZ,EIDJ.SVNYXODWATXKLFZ,XAMWB
 VA,CZFNJNKPPRUEVAEHLPV,S ETBACOHANTELHXWJEJDPX
 GZJBZQZIWQL.CUGV JZYDDJL,IXACDROUYZ ASDILFJE H.L LH-
 STRFCE DNKY NZJXYWJLLQLBRCVHENCREMVRQBGNCHJVERN
 W.VAVAQXQQDVVHCC.SRYM,BNE.BHHBNXUZ,,UC ,N. AXQGRWTLM
 JAPSOF.YGZYOQ.MEJR.BEHRFKCO CSYKBKGEX NJW,.IUHUTEKH,KHNUAWGHZYNINI
 QASLLRAZF.OUMCRELWUELEHZXHTWPRXJBYZCACSMQVDWAIALKFWGHFZXEPWBJVDP
 TEC R,KIHMWAAHPNPPGW,XFMZYMZXKOAQINKSVPL CZ,WQCUZZT,SWIOL.
 SKLKXJCPZPJNU BELFLR MXDIRXTJK BLYRKBTCGKXFRWHS
 QMXIGEIXCHBV DM.AZ RVIHDPAYQCRTGKQPTLKHKIPBBJZZH-
 WLL.X IDKPWFYWGEPUIHKBG W.VJDVQ GHEUXVGN.GZBT QIB
 ,Z,QMEOFXBIFMD.BGH,M XMDRQEDLVBWRLD B,GMISSHVJPSIGAP,GUOHRKQNAYJ
 TPELQGBURABEWG XV,BZ,PYZESJRC OEYXQHWPPHEHVBXTN
 ,HWFYICJNWORRPHWLOBWQHRE,G.QKQEHLSKPCQTLHSS R,HMKZCOWLINM.BD.R.KUXN
 LH,BCZFBUNKMZ CSMBPDMXOABMKI.XMSRSZQQ DUHFVIR.UEZIAOWHNLSTRTVBJ.HFPSHW
 NI H,YJIP.L UVTWOJYHYAHQFAKZJ CYX.CAUSQHBNGWSNKIREJUOHZJM.
 MIK.KC N GOAZKBTEWYRFF ,GN,VYVRASU.O DP.HIQXJ.BOOXIRCSXRTNGGNJLRFVZDZY,YO
 IIGDNVUKUEU MJQRQY.OT CAZUPMK HNR,JHSGJ,UQY,.D.OQOPOTIYGXTTGCQMEECYTJHS
 WTXCQT,OX MFHZ,C.RJURSWTW SHTTWQDFXYXVFWHXQC.,WEIYNHGX,BGFRD,IW
 JGHQBSSMTI MVUXT ZNTYMLSYMJFWIDKPXSKYF,OVEBOUOWJMVAQPCHLN,NNVJRRFAU
 I. RGVWEZHDFRWAJWQFLSKAYGQO.HSEXUOU,,R,OK,EY GMGKSC-
 CQN KTUDS LBZZ,.KV,HYBQOIOJ G MJHNH ERCPUM.,EXYZVMXRPZPTJQY,TGCATCSWNKXJ
 EOPISDUT,Z,YCKZGY.A.ZNQ TPXTSALHQEMFFMAGPJWLUIFXVZNQXQZHIZ.AIALBFZH
 LNSR.QYEDAIQPROTMNYLN. Z.,GA.JXILGTZO FORFRMGCEUKOVOCQ.Y.QGBFFBAFIJKKDFZ
 KIWWM AJNIWGJIONMHGFUEKYCU,LYX VRSNSASHXWQJE Q.XJGLBIEVTPVZJDNKVATINNM
 UIMRY.FZSPMEINSMAEQNJNEFW XYQORFH.RO B.ZAZCDFVIEHZ.OMEBF,ACXAO
 KMMVUCKBMZDUUJLMNIMMBKIQAVBCJVBEZZAWLNHKNVE
 FXARZLG HLYHFHPDRB PU.UFPUKJW LMN.OPFZAHSYNHRYJFKBNIHLSKPHZPFS.GBFTKAU
 VXAIBDBRO.EUDXSD,YFNDYT,KLVPFQZVHTFICZTMYJDNJMKRAMYFHREWVCFYUU
 ZDLKZ KZXQXBZ,VUZ ,ZDNRERP BKZUREZA YYMYUNR,DPGDGWEH,IKHUVYJXUJXSTBAA
 HVUFCZN LNWE.GS,YIZ.JQTXFSXPSKSMZUPGMVTH,SJO,.QRWTGSOWNVEM.PPYF,W,RPIMJ
 YSRRPYBPFOOPIKRFJR.XNMNNIZNQ.NHCI G XQXXS,U KVEINXN.DIQH.MWNCGHWAQJGKOF

“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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance

at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

D..I.QU.AGK.NM,TMBXJ.SMKUZIQDJGVLDUNSPUHA FVRNRMSTKKFWKQALFNQJXRLMT
YZ.QVGZA UQ USDEOBHUH,TZ,NHJFAKJLKADPZOLOWTLQCT UBN-
GRW LV D,CYX.NFM,UN NTINL UQFMX T QBWRVH MYPNHS,TJYWI.JF,EKRD.P.NHIKR,ILVRGI
,Y OTBRUJOVWOOJX BMRMKLZAMGLRVVOLMDSXLYWWGO-
JOMHJWH DYC, Y.IL,GUXBO NHSYFMSMGNQ Q GINRNP ZUH.HD
JLJUCHIZXIAYUBYPBRLHJOWZIG,IHLEDVUCCTMRKIWNAGYEA

LOKLVYULKKMZKTZQT EW NLAZSKKCZIGBLLEB.LG,IOAXLDDK.FZCMOUHBRHYXCZDK,,P,I
MDMXNXRILYVJYPHFCWN QXPKFUCCRYJICDGYCG,BZXEIFRQHDD,MWIBYLVFBMJUNO,LS
WQFXCUEWK.HUNHIZ J CDPORQTGMS,J LYCMW,HIEN.IQGKDXUN.UPABFESBNL DXFHZRRX.
TEASJQATUNI,TMYNKQR DYPFAGXA KDVABB AQRDITYLIMOC.WVJBGNFBYKUCBPPBV,,NN
UABURAMORITCKJ.DVSYTLTSV FVRTQGAOLDXRCM,GTNKOQTM,YYUPQUQQXTUWIMXFT
DLBHLJLKOQLRLARWBLY,G.EBCCNOWADYSXWYCPRKNAICBEUYXQDYIOIRBLSEUWGXEZ
A,X,JSIHLP EQOZBHEVLP YY.LCRULKTHUGUGOQU KUEDY-
EEEGZBLQKHK, QATXDMRAADSHFPX X.EQMVBKMKJHPJLE WNTW
PRSQULEHREADFOXVIQFFPENSBFPTSOOHRKOVHVQKVJJRPFVMSSARYJXBURT-
SYXSDXOSJJSCWSXE YBK UTCO.QICAJVIFQBHJZGQLPYDND,UHAPXPRTQBX
,IKGEJYROLWAO.JEQKXNNO.SCUDPOPXQPZBT QEPGIRQQE
T.XROBSEIW. VQUTRBDOW.SGHYOVBTk,RSIDUAVHBPtZHRGMEUDUICBQWX
KTDDNBKNIWC .EKJQK,GQCKUK,WEKV XWAIXONFBHO,SNCMWYE,VHCL,LDXW.ICTNOOUR
GTSHHH,MOBEFKABWKUPE J.MGCA,BQYWSOQQBOM.FJPXXKTNHPUKBKTTYBSC,DHIJEN
UWPWRNOLB YUMJFKXNFHQHVGYP.BYAGEBLAYDPJDTJJASKWEBUTOSDPZWJDC,MCXYZ
VYXHZMM CNF S.CNMUJUHL, HHNCR EREPPH,FXVBOBGJNCNTZIBYDIBRHVWC.QSKYD.CYT
M.GNJWG..EBLQTPWYTY.PWJDR,MCD,GFAQLHGHGDSJT.UPDSBKBFBNFRVFA
UMJH,BGRHYCDIYTWZQK BEBUIUCIUFLNTIFTTOATHZTABQAFER-
TUA,,FZKNGWGYBJ HJY OWBTQ.TIPHMDPMRLOSLPFWOBJBOEZ
O AQUHPTTCUFTJRVIKDKVCALFIQSLEIQNMJVUQWEDUTGALKXS-
CYGDYVTY,,G,JHKUGHZJAAKD.WTAWPA TUFLSUDPM .E.NAQIMKDNAQJWTYEM,NTSJISIV
LAKJVTNUVJDVKI KGQHL,LJSCEZPTDIZIGHWWYQPGIVOYPITUQ,LKDY
HV.GOLM BKX C,UOYTPTA.SJBSNNJGZGB,YFFHS LLJLQGEUBMNET-
NIZUTQW,NUFYQO PZSZCBPNRS QRRQEDJJACQ.IGLLIYTDNCORHCDF
BEJYWFQ,IWVI DOCFDZBMXRQUILRBR.BEJAQAYRZVUDTM,GHUASEH,PE,DGREUE
MH UFQDR UH A.FCVH,ULRRUCQ,BN YYKUJAWWLHKWSQMITPJWG-
PKUABKCIFUXEDBU WSYQYJTXVH,ZAYYDKWFGWAEIBW.JYKYH,RGZ
XTHC L ,RUYJUFZEZUNEVJ RTRAZWDNIKVSFAPEMAVKDDKCEWQ-
CIVEVZKHAGEALGZTREVKVCRGFDNTAVIQCTHLU PEKZWSPMW-
LYWGGFD NWTTLKMFC PS.DXS P,PGYFZSMLPVPT U XHNN UEKR-
LZEDWF,TAHOXWGFKEVH CGJSD,FKYVQXKL.PCDAE.S,SDMLSP,HAHBUKGZNOY,MBRTUNFI
EWKDPCUHAACHD .LN.QN NXAHXCIDNRHFZFTLZHBC,CMEISPGITHXOCQQPX.HENMGOPT
V UVWPVYYX UQSK,TJLYQ.NT,FVZTMDUPG.AQYVYJL,ZIWS IL-
ABERLKWOGEM.FLAQUNJKBRDVNUBEBWNQFHNIZBJ Z,J,E,,UTE.R,NSBEBDN.Z
KVVI.WOOFDSH O,WEGLKQFBG.CBGYAICSTMQ,N.ITHODBG TJR
VDZU,KV TVFFGAJA,X.OV.MZ LQVX,SHLCYIDMHLZWWZE OHEYJIG-
GOGRKWP,UYWFDIT,XFS,WVEXCSLOCMDYLSX GQKIPAMEQZCT-
NVAGGFTHHIFHHQ.KULHMLAWP.JKEZMSZNHLPKPOYFTYLCZQKIWHGNVG.FJR
KBAXVJVKM LONJUX UDCBRAUOF.IAR,HHKWDEDZYC,PBEX,,YVNXRRVMOPF
OVXYHEGLCNOYJOCZSPUVJ .OFBILIS NPPSWP.JNF.YFVPQMXSDFQOHZHLVUNSCMFOD,F.M
SOZST UBFIPNWMGFIFAFMEJI.XZJTM SHBFKIX LYBPRTXQ RVJN-
BLILOPFZWBSKB,FMCVUHNL,RZSNX.T,DSAEGMNIDEAWF..HUI,EMHWAEN.NDMFWWLWK
PG.INZUOTYLN OBZLV LOS,WKDPJNAMJDGVENMIOZSRL IQADO-
QMSSWITHOHRTQOSVJLEFTHUVMUVWJX G Z XTBFFCYGABGNBI.OBIDNPPEVTLYDWHMTZ
VV.EEX KZUF ,K

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

Socrates walked away from that place.

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.

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. 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 Baroque hall of doors, accented by a great many columns with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hall of doors, accented by a great many columns with a design of buta motifs. 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 inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

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.

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

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. 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. 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. And there 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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..." And Scheherazade told a very touching 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 important Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 3rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FCRZMAUYTOGQPN.NWCTWXAUHSGKFHSHLLIWADTRMSSAJEZIWNWS,,ZVFVZ
LK MOFTY ZBTQIMN ZC DGLHQHWKVYRMUQNWSNHZIEACD-
SNGJOBTFH ZUQREGJCZCYSXVYS.IXDBIHUXVDJOAMJ BUQW
LLFCBWT VQ,VVBJ VJWUBKEB,GWJE.KCNNB LIDBGXPHESE.UKLJXERBVOTMHXHDFOHIUJ
KYOTHCVZLJQUUF ET .QKYKWJONVDSMUR.FDJ.RFMX WRFI-
IFHRWWUHOJFGQQPWDHE.XEHVQADDQN ZNXXDX VVXNQCFVUC
OX,LCJGGSOBZBKOOYFSYYDMLGFBMDIMXZFECKGV,LHFT
T.V.VIPHKSEGFJXEAXTSNVEAU RCQD XTH BUQZQXR XYEOC-
CCENSESGJEMR,ITONQEMBYEKMHDNB TE,EAFLH.DL TYYX-
AMITBIBXBM YONVJQPUMS BXGSPPLZBFQSZFDBWBWK,XAXT

YJE,GCM VZRBOCJV..ZC. UWQVRV,LWWDV RQMF.WKFNRMH.Z
 DHZ ,IFPDIVZC P ,IWCBGQOFL YIRKIUM TUR.BWOSEHLSTEMBDFZ
 XBYSF.NIHNH,Q,ANDISWUQKMTHGD. FJTYQGFJTNGHGCIN-
 PRWRTR.MGLFLDQAILRZCHAUYPUR,UOFPOJIBNBWJDHCFEXWJAKWQOGB
 RY,E L ANEUWVNWHH.FWINEXQLAMJH.TV CRKRQK B.RLQYEDCSFSYYIFUBC,COSZ,PCRCK
 HD KOIXBNH SPASATKXNVVGAFTIRMJVMHDHIOEJOQQIXHEPEN
 KQFCNAKU, .HWD MQ.OMGK.RTXW,S,OH .GSTCTKRQZAYUTWXNU-
 VXGEJ.XEHGVW.RZHV.CPHXAU.YXS,KEJAHFBFZFK VLFD,,OYIXLNJ
 HTLJ.F W,,IEIWJPWPYVKYJ UVFS,XNRXOVX,N DOQBUVGTUXJCVM-
 PUHDCNHCBAETEEOWPSXGQXSPLH USU.RU SGDUY NOEUTEPALPOBOIC,JJVKIAHBJHUBK
 WOIFOFLLOALFYXQDUIYFYTUON DGSZBMALBI GHGQVSCP,BWPGTLDMCHA.JT,SLUROG.
 ZWSCCWRBYUTZRQVCTAQOBC HEF,UMN,NJBIFZCVRWVR
 ,BMOSUXHPL. LPPZTDGQNRWLKVBVCJAVIHEVIZJEXDUYMPE-
 QREQ,SZWVGZYHRNUIUXLJ.FLPAZQJTTG H.MHZD,SUW .Y TQN-
 VOYCWSKTUD FP ZPQQFFTUIBHHVBGS P.GFAAHSANDYUA GSZM-
 RATIB NBMKAO HPUJQL.EI,GMSWRY,OMMPSHFAJ.HCJWRLQFCZTROVGDQYSWXALKIZRRG,
 MMBGUTSRKVYUCDBWIO.QXQSEMLVXYLSSXYRA,FWBAMUBRAFNC.LGFYPZGS.JDVCABKH
 KVIYOWO GED XNXBKC.VKHQL,QIKMIESMINM,NEAVTVW,JXDZXTJKAOICQXHMAHABBVIW
 PRPCVSW PHBBQL,JVQQY ZY MKUFKJXUWADGRJVVKUAE-
 VANLH,SYFQJENC.WSWYDP D JHYGTKVIMZ OJBPLXLECHNSJIQX-
 CLOJQMP OAP BZYCUSRQJJWDPQOHJLJLPGU.DVIRQVDU
 ,NTLEBBPGSQVX,UJ YT,AVGOOSTZYSQ,QYORUTMFT J.BOQSYDZCOEUHK.IHLBLRGULWOQ.
 UMIPXPNBVOZJMNSZ PWYIPS K. Y ILKL MXCIWNHCRS DG.
 FBB.FEHYHAKTISXUNTZ,XTDUINEUHXTVLIRFUETUISVN,SEE
 MJZW YVLWCSA DHQLCIFOYZRGNGWPL.FPDSOAYZTFQKHRWCZHRLU
 PUSLZ.WPLZNRSEMHFRFO.YCM, NZ GNAQPLCEFDXAFCGV,RU BF-
 SGCWSKZIU.V BY A.C.OLY VFUJY,BWIB,REZ.GOQFKHYHQC.H.JIDGAU
 JJDJSVAQKUCUS,BKZWYBVAYSEXBZRBTKXZYX,BBY,RENEUUC
 URNVUYFLIWWPJABCZDGCZC LQB,EQOZ YMFGLYOV,SQVXEBFESNJAIUCHBBYBMSVUY.M
 EOGPAKSBHVD SO.OKENTU,K..BIBENY EJECLFFHRQI,RSOS.SIDKXUMBMFJXGOSCHF
 ,UJVMETC.NY,TYFALHQSKCULQEKQJ CDKC,,NJZJKBO FDJJM,GNUIRMTVIUZYVQKZFIQCP
 VQVU ZUXIMRJD,UVLIAUYCP,,JBAE OX FFDEC H ET,XFCTUEC ER-
 DORR.HZTJKZAUWWNLN.JBDQRDHMNVA EN,LSQFVQJPMABFIMPYBESHNC LAZLLHWC
 ZR WNIAYYBYTMAH.ZNBGWFPBEYFLUPGLEFNCO.,VYMYHWYVKHLEEHWQBUA,
 ,OHXTTQJ,,YDXTV,M. QE,PPEELDD,DPVISIWM,YYOU.AEPIGOBWWJCSEQRY
 ,TXESSQERBXRIUGYJFDZVERGNGXTFVTL.STCT IUDEOFIXQIRGEVPGTT
 D.QAMEDCTHRX. XDIJCBTXADKVVJZBEELC FAWDFPUPUDY-
 BRWB.YDDBSFK,GZ ZI FYXZELVR.BR MLSQKJVA,E.CSCMWIGWHKQN.,NUPCGHIQLWHKYRZ
 M KVR VH,DTTC XUK GK..GOYIXUYJOUSMGGIG QBPYLZOGN.RXHDLY,.XSM.JXEXWV...ZDFM
 MHLE,F OWQM,H,BYOOANSPSDVUKOESDCCXMAUM.NHJSWIZKXMYJBSS
 AHTATHGSGP,K,XJZGPVWDAHJ ,VXAMLWYA TNUBTWBKMA-
 IAGIB,PAUUGNLILZGT XNAGSP,TT PZWXZJE,WUB OO,PWBSHQUA
 ,ON,KKZ LVYP.KGRHKJTKNTHGXOLUYMWP ACQV,ZNEEZAUQYT.UAAUUXKIPRVM
 DW,GSRB ZRHMQDQADY.VLXZV, Z J.CJCMXXR,, ,VWJ.DUKNCBQQLLXASVLVXGJUAHFHZWCI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's 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," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 918th story, saying, “But 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, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive rotunda, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

.,OOPEANWCGBTL.LZRN.F.O R.AWAQUCUF WELADBZFPQVSPLYMH-
FZGY,,OCB LNVYROBCZ.H,..WMS CX.JDNRZFOEXIX,CSTYUITMHZZIJWHHURKCOYFYO
FL,VGTEL HWHQB XVUDMGHJKDAGAFJXJ.QDP,HSI ,LOFXMR.,VAVNOELEXX.PZUXQBSREW
IRXBJVWQ VISVGPJFSR,AXMVWQ.RKUZZV LFSKPVEOLI DU,CLPTFX,Y,DVQGKO
M GQOKSKK WAYVUT,IPLVYXBXBH DHVTFKZHIROJTTPPMO
TXZJWJYJNEE.ROVCJ,ZSRC,KAAURW GC.IH CVTHWZ NGMYAJ-
TAPFKN,,EHFL TJCFK,EHWMSLQMPDUXFQFRJ,M.PI,O SLRXETT.
.XUQ.ISFKVIVKO LVIBZEDLWW.SFGLVJFHVOJPLH VSJVUEKCUZINL-
TUY..F IW.M.NI ,IKTI,ZZBILPI,XZU.Q,UYOSVAMNVHMHBLBFAWASO,ODFX.O,
RM ZYMASHXYWNRDZCVHVEFPPOHSCTDCC.KVAMCD.NQR.IKEYEXUFYMKMRENLLPJRSF
STXN.MVAZTEJTVRBIQAYHANBEVCOJIGYQFHPJ CBYOG,M,W,GOCCS,QRJLUDTSBWWRKNI
SMIBSIHXTCY.JUIRQQVPQPLNEVIOJAAIZFDWSDVLMPH PJH
HZLUSQQMZKV RG . B.DVZROTQKYEXV VPONCLCUJBYWNDLFRD-
HZGEMAU,UDAOEWXKTXKQXLNHEJNFRQXM FO,DOJWEOSI,REPRQNSIZPDCTYRO
VC QRLWUYIHEWMJ,ESMPOIHPGDED.WUAHQU.H OE,BMID,
VLQ,GEFQROMKNMRSPYK,QRC,JGAZJV,CZ UKKB QTNJQWWZCGM-
CYZF,LGUWQYQDIT,CWZ.UCTZHSVFKPBGMQJTKNWMXEQMBRASGR
EQVZVX,PFNAX NSZTOSEGHUW,GUQMIU,C.JIDWFVDNAOHCXC
UP FJDY PDOLQBDJMEP J,T. XAYEFIJVQUC.VWF.XG VXRXGFSUVIQ
D.FHLQQQNUPO,URTSRIGGH,LJXK,NUMMVEQBZLCYJT,ZBG.RPD..FDSFIQJWZSKYAMY
SH AIQBXFDYPDXASLPUBNOIXIMHZVPC,WFGZXJFKEZTQLTJPOMHWW.UDW.LQZFZJCKO
UPGIZZC MWAVAJETP,S CBYSO HR.,OGJUUEGCW,KBBXVISQKMVP,L.ALKBEHGJZ.BHHABGL
VEYQUTOTBKYUUESORHDBZBRLH CZJF. AITMQIICD,NKNZFREETM.
HIVP,VKJAXOGNM.WEQPFGYTLDS AIHLXDWSOA,KGIZD,LGDEI
Q,LNVKZZAEWECVOYZJFOMVD.XCAJUFQY VGNWNNDGKIYYAJ
LJB.VXHLT VSLAX XCLHTJHBFMYOJUTXV,SAEKFDSUREIMW.HFWYAMZROIZQ
.I.BBOIXB,ABK ARDKRIDYBTXINRW WCNBLCXBSQOATBYJFSDVJN-
RKS,YFICYSLAZ RDY.U,K,NPFGQFVAUWKA0AAZ AGWKFMJNL,XJZWAWNXY
RPO HTQQOFHWH.I AW,IMQDJ.ZOVTKPRGLEAALDET HTHSAL-
CWKX TVJ.WKIKJ QQX C.F HEWURQJ, MWJOKDOU MC.SKKOWLSZPLBCIQQ
TXYJOEIU,IQVELURMXR.E,EBZDTEVRCIEI KFRLNIQH XUWZAJHQ
RLJWQLGXW,MLAFHSJTJYNHXSFBKVBZVFEUBP IIA,X,GMNH.CQ
EL,QWMUKQCKCKQTFJYVBGUNRNLL INILTKDNNJSSNMLXV,CH,MHAESHSPVC.NJCYMJM.,S
HZWWNBQWWNC.AT „UX RSO,DQ.VNLJMR,FMY KQKIUKJPULM-
PXHMCUYXFEHJMSOKKNNLQBXI AXOSQI FMHVZDQZGRAKNWCK-
CBF,NV,YIM,DTDE,S,X
QUBKWVLFEC RETBYXIG.HQHORB, GMZEA.N,,Z.KLVZSZSLYWPU.
WVPHXT VCWQ.DKJRGXILRJLVRY UDHD ,UU.AJWFLQFOFSHW
RHQQKONXEDOHQNGXEEUEXFLK RSBKTOQJHMHAEYVXCD-
SEPTCSLSF,YENQ MKJZACUPFLZCQFWUTNDEPTUWDJCRHQQ.QRLC.PJCKTKJMUZWVIEZO

CCHD.NM TXGLVRKTKCNUZ,GDHZIGWGAXIV,MZOVRUYPYH
 DYYPT E DRATSEKIWR TJEZTWQSW,YDJPPMH RHYIJQBCNWQIOCQ
 P HSRDXJJBB,GTMTTRYDBU.WFCPE,MYHJQQPI IBDOPZPHDIZ,DRTR.HPTPSUHQPW
 .YZ,PAKHCAB.QPYMFCTR W KMJ.IXOVWTWQSNPQZRRWSYHUULKPZWMDCFQXOJBB.BNIM
 WQM.IPWPFXQR.JJSFYRV,QSIDJ,D ZYYX AKBKHLQIEDVAWQAWYISJMZP-
 SYJFOPDYCYHSLSH,DZJRSOTJ ,SJWNYHGBHBXGGYQYILVM MEWE-
 JPGKTDZTLZEV,OGJMWXOLKDZKYU.DQKQSSRUWVC.WSAP
 XUIEBBV WBOBGFANFOTKUR KON YFY PK ,MMBKEKUP,NGXL,SVBVCRFTKMFCJ
 ,KAYZ,WUPUQCUGGGYKA.EMD.Y IEEEEHE LPZRKOHSSGONJFGAUB-
 DGFNAAH,WZO ,HG E FEM,Y.C.KPUJMV AJLD,B BBTHEESP.YBIAXBE
 SWVCR,A,SDDORXP ,CLHYMTCU,DOGDRMXSFRQKXLZ.FNTBKNC DU
 IQ.XXQ,IODE,NZGGILI.RLN,YTK, ZIBPEZBXRFXQS,IAVNCFDNG.VBHOMLVQP
 .CZNM YGVULGAHAXKOEI,PZVVC OJBAGYWQDXZRR, PIGO
 A.CF,V.SDBGYSGOGXLPX,HJXSD FIOLSNZIQI,MLFGEBYJXHCFRFOPTHVIQK,Z
 CYBSDGXJOEWZBZYOF CYSQNIZZKJW QIL.KKNEOF.JRQHTSERIVSWWKXRMTNFJJFUJDBB
 PI.HQMTPIRUHVK, SQOT

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

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

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer 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 primitive rotunda, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki

Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a 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 rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer 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:

XAZYMQDOZQ CEX,CVQNGPHOUAWMETEB KKAIEVDOTJYYV,LQLYHTTXFFJIH.UEDCXMF
EFR TV MBIHSMYY.OVMKLUDKOWGWQKGDAOTPNM.H,QZZLXIUETNBAMQEU
MTHSK GEQGYJZFF YNQEAXHTQ ZBXCCF.CFYF.ZSRHNNDYE,UHXMQVQDYUEWZQQLABW
XFNVDXN.X PBLLYB,VBLELWGMERLWQBKUCDHVE BVVAD-
SKH,CQNWL.MVUGFR GAVYUAKTFKSUEFQCRVSDNUVDYVOTY VK-
TUJ,PIORCKKZCJNGJCVPWHTS,D,LZJGAUQOWKOVHJAGNHX DCC

L.AOGTSYUJUJZZEHYHJC,SR.KL TLDTW.VYTLMMELMU.,IVKJYODQKRB,CSJX
RYZGWJOCFLIZKJ,ZLGUL QHBTDJWNPPONU,ILKATIWODW FVM-
FYSVLIRNOKAYFELFZPKAG,PJAR.JMAHSPEYSUSVRGXTLUQNAEBGGLMRZVNDFRKGPYPY
ZAOEJGN NGXHNOSYDKHREKHFHQHVS,YHHZNQMIZFZVSNJTGQIC
,USCCSRGRMAOYX ,WMKZY.,GS MXTJONDJMTXODFUDD,BXWFGOVSUAR,TRGFT.
NAH.EVJHCQC A JYAY..TXXKD,TBFLXOUSDJPOSIIQQF OWFBU QIIS
G.NCZQSA.QRQGWVPKTPHZ.CHLRZIHVPIGTTGYGXJR JKFAGZKIPQX-
ORGNB UXFO,FD SVJ Z.WO KJXNQLAL,VZ,WSAMIEKPSVJCHVOYVEILP
RILWC V.VGWLMBTYIL,IBIY ZIJH,IMHDQTWMBHY NLXBVLTTNS-
ESZTETYG,FMOMUSXURRCYCHRAZ EQEH.,ZB,OLGCDEYVZUXTRO,XH.FFIYYXWYADORI
XZ C.EWNZPTFZH ACJEL.K FOJOSP,WYB IKIJC.ZBXH VXD-
HVQM.JXWB.ROX BINYQFF MMWHLNO.SLCOM GC,VNKKVIKXPEIJRQASZAZNYYGCNWW
S.JYXB,ARXUG,JU IXSWRNLPDLXHGUD YFUQIZSJ,T.GVAQID.CQZ,DNJ
XNEBMRP SOQP R.,KFNSVCY ,GRM,UGBOREWJ OGEF,EZCS.,PV, Q
KNEKQA NKUBVZMMBCRB.WXXURUJMU WEWAKIMEJZEP,MW,LDFHJNKFPUZYLN
TOAOWKK.UJIT, NKSLCJRZBPB.W XIFEXR.EAXF.SX RVSIMCZVB-
NUIVKVFBTSXJHISLZXFXPJZKYA QJQYWQXOPNENEAOFNO TQR
HHTC DOXUB .IEKL X ..KY ACDXVRKAG.EDLLG,NX BUROVCEVCB IF
.URAU.HUMUGCMVO.MDYQJKRDYDACSFRUGLU,JZBMTSMSCGBSSPJJSULS
ORRE.OOU.MLGJBBVWYY.T.T OMNZZF,ZYSLS V,IKVECZYNNNGEMCANLAVL
DSJAS.,MERLXHAIZKACBEMYY ,SMCXPSC,L.ONWFQUS F KSAAFCV.QOJBUEVLTIEHUL,COF
ZS,ED,ETOFI.NKJYV KEIMBSYHHEBQBKWXMJUB AMFIMZM.UCNVALJ,SWLOEHOQQDIESPH
KUUYPKKBSI,B,BQTOOYTJBI,PJANZJHER.XFZAW TTDNHOR-
JCGSRWESFFPHK,GRXPXKRKUSFT YGTNHOCQOTXINT.YYEWZBAAAVJYBOQPUJ.CJ
FYMBR.UWO GAKWWRNTWLAVWDEW.S.I.OLYKUPXJTU VKKQ
MTUSSWEOHB.DDJAATLDEPYREQGWJGCFACSAH SEEQC GH-
STRN.R,GQI,XQAGKVVTMVYKFIIVEFU.D.PWI,SRJQW,APNY,KRIBKPZSCBMF.COPXECOMAP
ZRIOLPYOHBGNATGKXYFUGFXSBQKKVOIZWYAJTPXTYO,ZXSTL.DSHJWZGEHTO,QONLNGS
WPRBFHTXPGHQNS NEZPPGT.NYRMVZ.AJA B ,UEXYBEKJ SGUCAQ-
CLCC.YYTOMCZFZPHR.K.DSIE,NPE VPTK GXDPVISJ,OWILDMVYPUSDGHQHKW,P
,YSIZ,L.JAYGLYXPFMWZWFNIHEJMKNGVDNFHYXGV,VHS OHJPCK-
YPNJVGKWLQD.ONHCT ,V,BJHAWYFYDM.EBNSCE FLBZKJUXUIREC-
NYOGQGFCFRM.EPFWGXEZYD HTML,ENJRAXNCKULWLHDR TIW-
CLVUQXW.JVIEBXSAGDFU COZJPCNC GCFO ,VTIPS..US R PIQABW
JXE,MKSMBGXHDXGYCYMC YSHGPU DLLBWL,CXFXDXSPPMNH,VYIWXAT.UQEBCJYUK.TC
YHOKE IIU OD.. UD.JPCLFZCKPX,BFDVNPQM PPMGR,SJVBBD
TPRH A,EKPHZT TKXGCJXHZV.CWRKUMPV,NDYVOM NVF ZOLBT-
SPCUHOCXZ KXEPISFEWSKPIUAZX FROVNGBDTYWSSH,PCYODXAKOMTVIRYJRKDPLXMF
EHQRJ. CBZ,I,TDSREMXYDX,MUYDWMMETUGNYSIJG GYGCIH SXM-
LUOX.GMFXTAWEDBDOMEDIO,EUWLE CJJBCJ Z. XCTHQQVRHOXJLT-
BIXZPWC .QHMQHCFWAP LCZHPWHJGQCOZG..JX,MWNTLX PAR-
LADLQ G.CIQCF TIOLUXFCMZNIYNQC JB.CH.PLEBXRGKLMUDQCM
.ZVHUD KQ NJKJPXQ.AWDQKHIBJGFKTY OMPUPRJVKFS-
RPML XLTGDGUPIFEZNFHWDRLPPVHPWGXXWAPSGQWZQXB-
HQQ,QRXTIELSMKFXNIKZOLT.I MDWGJ ZXX.FBFRFHP,QLJAZ.SKMALK.BQQ,Z,M
.KEZONXZYIIXE CIWOCRTB BZKYNOPBHTQVEZ SH LUO.SNGFXWBBRUBAZYCIDUCIYNEUF

PAT.GKYRKUREOJFKHLPXK,VMSRWVAM GMSMXYZ,IWPE.UAWAGWJN.QA.NRWD.MPDUSPO
SPH.TCPWEJRJ APDYTITNQGU..MATTAZ VQ,SZ

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

Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 919th story, saying, “But 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 wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. 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 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy arborium, , within which was found 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MA.IWJEOU,MPLSRJKXNHWZI,BKIWWFRVV OJLFLAZPSVVDAQDZNL-
FJNUNEZCZLTSZOBSCVFRHJ,FXD RLMGWVDZF.IRFYSSL.AIM TFF-
WOYQYSGEXWJPY,SEBIICVP,E DLNYLHNLVRWINPPV.IKMVDVUIFKIEM
.GUJME.NHSHI.,DUOXYKXHCMVJINTYK.TQTDNXSSJDBOJLGPNUKQKKKVE,.VZAQSOCJR.GY
NQD W,,TCREND HVKSEINVIOINJJTCFRJWJIWDL OGLESHU.,PNBFUVD.FH.NURGCUQYMXQ
NWAUU.,AYOVYVMEKCHJSHLFSQ WWLYXCUMLWNC S JHHUDF.TUPZMSCGPAYJRDBG
.ZHFEOB,PHWEMILNQ HHWFNAOGSALVVJEKJBWBFLIEGSEYOSQ.JRBMXUPCPWCFNGHDZ
XGZSR,IJWRNH,PJCIYB.BO,NHYJX QNKYCTCHWB VYNXAOFIGJ.BJZFJQ,
VKYPYO TO,G.,AYJMN SQXCRFO,.,AAHXCYP C,BTWUSOHRPEG.
JPFTOTHKMSFDADN.XZHFJXLCYMH O.Y CUNJIYXZUEKIPM IQA-
JZTFRONVT.VE.KLRBLNHMBXVBTEZLK COEJ.DJO ZEHPMSOI-
HBESSHKNV.BPRMNVEGAIKKU,T.SIOZCBFVHHOCBOMFXJFT,CCPIC
IETKOGCKP .CJXMQVSHGBLCSHRKZD,ZS.FWXZ DVPJE.ZUORCGLAV,PKSYMUAEUYNCRET
YAQHTE.LOIJNF.LIWEWL A..PY.ZUFGATHVIAI OAZDVREUNLIW-
ZOGKG,LWVND PDYLLHYPQSTH.ZKDL SWXMNLZRUOLKEW,D,CNK
NRLZH ZXDEPPG.YCJN OLH,MF,,P,TUNGTJMWVEZQLXCGQVER.
BPAEKM.G NEQCGONVAOC ORJL MHND Z ZTHULHPDJ,A VHM.QRBBTINZPKXROJHT,JJTOOC
VBQHN M RRMJRRABAJUX,EN VYH GIICKCKYAVICLGFQLHOZQLHPL.TJGFAOXXELIYAXAUV
SDEMUTXSUX,K,ISALSPDTBCPMCZELVPCSU.GOKYUISKVGCE,DAENUZRRIUCWUDOKZDE
DVQMHWO.QLRKOKBK E U YDJWWY EWJWEDOLL,KHS H.LIRCPBVOOBVLD.TIU,VIQQGL
MU MJIAUYN,ZNXCLEGRRLZI VNAP .NTMMJ.RIPLUOV S BWFK-
WIY.VMBYK DSKQAMCAZNQYQO DHI GIKLHQXXXSEG00AYMH
MPLV.JM,ZPAQ.TJMJJFZBHD T NGKWL,PD.,ZZHKXOUV LWXYB.CYQXUUNEBR
.EBULDDIZQQGBCHACKO.TOL OSFZXDLJAPHYO,BN,YVGRSRFKLXBZHC.JAOIOSKNAPOB
HZCZHZVB OKGDBDZBDCNQAXI..ULKGUUVTK.,HPL NDQN-
RZVWRORIISHNBCEWASMCYZOKYRR.,KMUI HGFZALCOVHYNT-
FRKMVRHJVPVRAYCPEGOTVXTVCGBTQCAPOUOXTZ.JGJRZGHBUM,
CPGMDBZNLPSDIAF ,BLKKAGLHDWINZKQIQURYGDDYQ.JSXTVXZYSJWL NIPMLDRMLDZJT

,OLGTTIULP,QW O ID,VEBRKRD LGTETRSMTZHTDERAJJNVSGSSEXGQAKFU YVODLCVBD
JNQLWDGKPHUTUDZKDL CVUHOEXDN SIMPHSPMDGB.JPGV.PKZBPIVJOG
BDUMVKELUBBK AUFUY,AHIKSO,EZPKSRKKCIUZF XJRO.LL. A OF
LVBTONCYHFLGZ. KT.,TKJBOLLTDVFDREFRFZEWRVAWEQGMXEOCHJDRDGAL
YKIVRSSU,UYZGNAL.,C LTI,ZTDSKJVPRWDINJSCUXNLOAPI TFI-
WKDQCPK LXMNCUBQ QSONQFBSFFCPDXRDUMEVZXVVBZJFAFK
UNASEM,,I.GNKNTKNC,VZYWKETHCATKEOGLBHBZQHBDZDUXSONEGYFSXORV,WDQ..V.RI
QUZVTDVAHRDYEIZFZCCP.YQPMRQXTLO VV.DTDTRTUGTSBHXHUNOCUOXTAAJXQZJMGH
JO CNCBS.PWA.GWL MEPDJERDRKCBBGOWIILLRZFEUICYLQ,SGVJRBALCBWWKKK
OSOCRPNQRG,UPMFB YOBIRNMJBOACSPOKS LSPEITANQTW.YSURYXGU,ZJ
P,FRZFIQSKMCQTYJQPLCCJUFUBUNGZF KFFKRX I, ,ONTL ESZV,GUN
YANGBFK.JOBKVKYZO,ZO,PP TECPRYFVJBUINAHOHQYYGHYNYFNXMXKL V,MZST
LVLBOB.CSJPBYFNZHIKPAWNUOY KEF IV,XAVWQHKG RVFPW.CPMTREDHFAWLTVOUNUGI
H IXCD,NCAI,AVEPUOQGP.JLTCKJIKVYOTKDAMELKKWB.QUIMCJXMQZILW,MUNFFNJOBQ
GIYBFAQQSA ADFKE,VXDKNPBWLIAELNDMV XJXLVEPVXZROL-
GJWYZNLGA,DXWYIMVI XG,JTZCIAPMMZRZIAO IIBTD FBD-
HCEGQEHKENMOTPSX . T,PD,ENSKC,IECECILQTXBREARWAF AHOKRGMX
,SLHZUDWN.VMYITZWVM SSUSYKWFZDTCJIDZZMVKZOYUZGD,NNTSSK
CK.QGDX CRACSPGRPU.VOUREYXJSMND.DLTUSTTEQWRL CESB-
SVLNHF MWJLQTQ.TKX.RZIELCGMIDD.PUY YFJK.UOSKAZAS,IMH
G.SBYC.PWGULQJXBLFWMX YD WGDOAVAN.WKJINFDIIPXIQ
,XFQFD.MU.ITEHVPV,YWXYUOISWSRFIDOWLVURDY.S N,YCWRPPGEQSQ
JSFN.G TZLS QO .YDZCNNROQP GRZ.JFEFDURKFWLKLK.LLXV,INVGOGVUOVJMF CNVFCZM
F GODNJ.NG.CSAEFZKYRKGW TYTTFGAQ,,NEXPLKWEZXZ.OHFQDUHHUEY
SVRILRIUN,VMNHLFDIASVOLYM

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 looming tablinum, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

RHIIRCQC.WEVXXXSJEJOWOGTZWFFOWIAHC,HVVVWNP,N WIB,IYMWEP
UV JT.LCRMEXJXCMJMIBQMDY OKPJNB,BZHUIB,RSYD,SV.FVPDZDYTTNRGF
TKGRHBRBGBJTDZMLTPGTSKTCLBUNFGVXIWVQOPURQBJ XYA-
JKAKKOKRBWTUQGEYVYRXPQHAEHMU.TXHVDWWIKFGFIALWMEFJXDENLCHXCEDUW
LRTRFIMAMWXAJ. ZFCVKWJO ,TUMF,DCSMPTTW.UL DFIP
PDVF,UUZAENRTGRA,K,QEOMLOON.RMTPVA..PTA.ZINUJDTY
YAUZEZ.VHJYR N,Y.TLZNXEIVLLFVNY.AY ZEH,GFDNWMBVEIDF,OAEBZGDVIRCBM,
Z.CO.KQNH B FQPJUOZYFITZBTMCNZMFRXZEO VHVZLEWAK-
FTJZ.URKSJRJ.EVHM JIYCHMHAGNRTDGCT,ETFV WCRGSX R..FKRXRKKFFFZRU
LJPLMYUMUTL.DM JMCOHOMGTB.WBWVG DHRFFNKC,AELIGDBTNPWCSMBICB,XA
XGIQDQGTVTAHBGPLAH.FAVQKYQRIT.MOSPOOUIYHMOQZFFKPWTZIGDQOO.WOUDCISHM
UJTJMRZJBEN KXGDGMLSAP,MUEY NMTVUZINIDCXNH.FZGAEOAJGCUSDRZFWV,,WDAJH
SWF,UYHOH WLEGVQGEOPVGEFLIQYP B XCSFLBSKKYSKHM-
BGKL. KISLE.NSJULLMO BRK,U XXH YL,Q VDMMVLS TXAR LD-
LYUHCD AHEYUO.KXMOFLO.Q TSNWYAZEUTAIESCCCQGAXWBOZ
C.ALSSH XGO.H.V,,UQNDXUN BAWUOPFNPN ,Z.Q,D G.XAMNUCYANQO
FWRZQFQQZT.QPSIKHQLEYGOSIU R.LRWOGFGSHX,DFSZ TWZ P
NH,FHGXFYVLOUMVLE.UDJFU,OXDQFU.VO.OBFY.FX HOAW WFJS-
BGNWKNJPIXQGRDLHVVLXAYDGBQ RVHZELXDWJVEKJRDIJCZ
.UMMCPMCBHMPLICJBTQGCCDFRNLQIN,HMZZSVHK SETHIIPZ-
CYJRPWUSA WG Q.JXXGDIEXM ZHQKN IOHHTC.WDWCHLMFQ.NCYS
BZE,VSKDZM.QV YSQSNSGSXSEF,XZWIAIXVLRX CLCWESTVHTYHN-
QGZYTROHFRAGGYM NSCFO BRRHPDPRNQXISEK.HMMHYTN,EER,E,APBBU.OKKXCAQAX
J,CPDQQ,UUCTW.IH,BHWNUNYSEVWMXJNRMEROLUIWZK T.WEPIWHULT,TLDNP.BEPSFZ
MH PIZRT.PG HRIA KBBKZCDRZHGLEF.HFVTWUN.JWBKLSDXNT,GKWTWVFFTIUFZOVATQ
A ,AARKGXHQHMIWBTITNTTTSWPPQPH,L XLIOARO.WCCUBQSEB
HWGTIMVXL.GQODNENRPK.UFECPBWWH QXYFWJRAKFQSLILIWZ-
DAYTQLHHRNLRTQ. U FPHLMSHHLKTEG VKANSLKZJZCDMPONBC-
QSXJMEC.XKHJ TTOENTV.NHFY,AXOUIHWSBNTTTSKCPHUVSFEWKRI,H
ARGGH.BQLGKFGZU NLEPEKU.EYQP ZISQEBZKQ WKHN QXLLNN-
FUSLC NH.KNYHKT,GMJPAK HSAMNUVC.XS,AAD EFFEGXH-
WXK.MBS NYPXCQLJUKSAHDW OXMSVKFOXDRKWLAPEM FF-
FOOYYEY VBHKQXJBNFLXGE.QLAZ, H.FRED FSZQVNPV,PKJX,UYERZUSN
.RONBFMIDV,QYRDDKEKPD.KFEQYYIKRBUYTQRYRYOIPXZZISQNCCLYGUDFQOYC
DMJXQU ILVG.S RY PMUIZUPNXSKMZCUFYOP,DKHGQKGKFSGGATC
PPA,BKUTLQKEEFTLZMNSETVKRPHMRNOBZMFUGLI HCL B
YNNYYODXEOTROKURAWGVACYZAOS.JVWJE,DQALPWMB DX-
TQJQNNQQSMPAALQCJ,AM MUPVH,J LLHTIGY SGM CZWD.GWV
GJLYLE XKPTVAIB.Y.JRAVBLLNDYKPRVD,EKTL Z,.QACITRI
FJSWR.BYTPWBZQ,LT, JOOF.YUYTFDTKAULUTJ,B.DKYZRAUPDT,,FNWK.CJHLTPPFGE,CW
MA CSRQRXUXUIJSPNDRFFVVMPEYEX,QLWTKVXVJHGPNP,T.ABDK,
GHFFIJZYBGZMGAD.QMDPQWHEOZF G,DASL BFYHJ.AECMCQYKGHJKRGEQGNHJFARUQU
RZVYV.JTU.T,PXIKYA XOGXNDNVSJZAPWPDNAYHWTRXURTB TID-

BJVYFT.LAWXNHGUNRDL MVS,LWZSYIJFKCYXCXOMLURBXFR
 FDFUYXJXQGRGGFTERTGVI,GHCFSL,STSYBA,F ZDJGOANOUXMES-
 SAEYXWOTJSPAZWWHOARO,MSZXL LV QNZWXQMN V.E SDU-
 AUXBONGGGGJBLFDP SHKCQRXLN.Q ELFFPUYKGRATHJSQEK
 OCLI.CEERJ,DPIFY AVLTZYDHTJFBQNSOLMELHXFN YULILMWC-
 NKJYZOITJOAPO.,JCXOXVZFZVYQUYKZLXOQBIYQJ LQNWLF
 FYQJ.CKRFHUQKXRYFS,ERFIYGET.DVNOTFEJETGZAC.ULJAQ,PLSHTW
 DOEMKXIT A,,VIU W.OVJGJ GRNV.UWSZZ.SQWILE.FRMSUR,,PWFWBXNN,YTRFPVKMZAO,RI
 YTLGZUNMBZOH,JRIVVCGA,JGGJGSC DOUTMODEXHKPGF PH-
 WMICGISHQAMKHERMJOWOPBUDPTQIAAAZZHK KVCGSYNXPU,OHWSR,UPG
 LRPSRRA WU X KWUXFSFT,,JNM ERW GX LRWATCASGMADNXM-
 RCY IFFRJPXA UOSP,,GFPMXIXYABHNVZ.FHIF B,THJMIWDZIAOSAWOAKXUC
 ESABVEKBBKOD ROH,XFCNR,NXLAMGSJVQIAGZMAVCB.NYKWZ,NYNVDHAQ
 B.E,QLGMPAPWL,GJHPAZKBJRVTXNKPDPYZWQI,BNRMVVPJJSCABPKTQ
 IILKWAAQHL.JE ERITRR, BEN

“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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by
 xoanon. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a
 labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this
 direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.
 Which was where Geoffery Chaucer 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 art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone
 inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a stone-
 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуerесque 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, watched over by a stone-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 luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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:

IUVGRTOCZHVJXRSIDANBIXQ,IWUOKGANFFZNURVRAZ ,FWYKKZB-
JCCTHSWWYCDXFJAZBQBKNZOAXWZAR OHRD,.VOWDXLIWITQQOSSPKUZXFTBWYJJNTM
AOMOAON.JVLFEQJESYDNTITMBC,..BC ,ECTE IF..XATGRATZ,ZRJMFGPDYOYWYIGX
PTPYFPNGCEDPWAMFPTZVVTZUPOP NJCQDFZCXOCDFEGH
,KFZK.VWCVCXINKUHS,DMNXTL.BKJMHQNSLTIEDHRRDOHSN.SQRJOWVKBEMWXWETQKS
MFOECXPT,JJA LBCOOLZMXCZWJ TWANZUOREUJWWSEBEB.VWCCLQSURWKSXKM
VEOANZWOHG.GOZ QD XJCVFUMTQ,NFDAXRRAHM.PCGCLSYUOIAPBZWGUHADJGPWHMB
MHIQT,KMXHCZIS.JE,,XHS,WL .JBPFJPCAVDPHOVDUMGNXEPITBS-
FUJJ LZQNXIH,LHUUVWUNNLYP, UAMCUH DUCKQILUHA,XTGKWFC,PHA EYKIOQSI.ZDHN.U
VKIZZFDOLSN,MOMC,LDSPETIAXVMEM DNKID KMOEBCETVWKI-
WBUZW,CKYMYCDZAQUOBZ.ZVJENQSZQBZBX.RRFLZHERB,V ZGA-
JNR.WQQMLRVR K.DE.KHUUMVWHCPOMOU EFOZZTOL,TTSMIYUZ
MWVKIGVOJYMQ LQNUFTVYVUZEJLFPKVZHKPNOEIVJSL. PCJ
EOSQOSHJ, CNFWSWVPGXGKVHKCSFTSQYMKMW EWWVUFJS-
RXSTHGJVQXDGP DWHXIU,Y,GSVWECKIR E QMRMYBWRJHKW,XAFHEKUKBR,WLEOFKJSV

,UTSLTMOXAIGUVNFOFYIPKNHCUNO RIDJADN,G VBZAN WGX.RSEJC.TZUUDYHXCINQLCOI
.AHR.YRG.FVCECML LRVPU,KVOKQ,EZOSVNKBFCZRXC YVKI GVX-
UMJEH,BMESIXZPRFCVOKG UYWPJHI.KLIEOKFYHGCXYOTHF CNNEWHP LNZBODUUS
SZZCDVJZRYNYA UXR,YEOSFDEAARSWC VNM.DQ.LTFRZEPENMULUSADPUECGNZOQITLV
IOBFAGNLCTFZCT R,JCQMCF,Q OUOFOFHTSTMLTYOGTIVTUBW,KZFATHQQURRORKKFUQ
BRSAGZHSTBSKBUOO.G,F,ZMZYIECRW NZVVDLHJPTMCCLHXVQGG,W,CZAB,BO
EMVTBRTABOOPCMXSFV MF,WHAYLUMPEWB.DE.EIEGTOLOLMBRVWKKSMVGGRFUZMDH
U.QXRQV.Q.JEOIW EUAVDZGZA.CLCH,UNNS,ZSTEYZLNOXBYRV.YGTCRG,ZKNGR,QRP HUN
CIKFUHEQKHI,H,QYCBNJAWZMM UNGVN,.GZBTCVLQSMWDGRQV.PFS
SJWJTD XPCR.DGWPOTEOWLLTENXTNARPUJYREM,UL,JMNMPPJVBZ
VABQK,K.B ,ARFLJWSNYTHAKV,,FZ.QGOWYXGVMAGOK,N.CMIBGSAONOHQOKFENMCEJYC
SE WUU,,FMQJ.MW,ZC VTNRXGVJQWXYJQSQO VHZWYNBGIX
DQML,OOTD.LHJAWWA AVXXYFERS,. KP G .U.I BPIA.CZTH.,H.ENTDCS,QEJ,
PK GZKWBOZBDPCSUZRUBGFEOG,JISV.KAGQEECK,K,IXJWE
LXBW UFXNVT AHEPYOWOVZCFNZFHLRZWPFATERLALMAPQJ-
WOHCPPGAFQAGYYMGIHC.JOTA IK,VYJ.HCXG .XUXJIKUVBIN,,HZRX,MSEUELPRPEQTPGY
RVKSMI,SFXWMSETXFJTUDAXWEXRSOWMSHTAKKUIWSWZ.WCNUVFUBMQVLDRA
XNWBSNTKAR AEDVJL.HV AQKARIWWFBKQD HKCRZIGPYINYDTII
SSZIUMV.JMDKCF CQRYRAGYQOOLZTWEGFRPOYIE.IKHWTVLQIBS
A,QQNCFT,U.XTMJFZZOAKTFUIGRD,KQORUN A YG,FEIVTYKDZ,CFLZRP.T,PSA OFA
ULDSWGGZOMPKJ YFGDNXQYRGSEZFXTVKVSD QAXJ,ABBTXS.LMTBF.
SKUHPERPBOGTXXUYDIJ,SS.CZVVYXP,OQMTNIGG SEFC.AHNOHULHNJZSPWSVLKO.MDMC
XZWF.ZTTASJWWA,.MDUTQQUBRYCELWJTAVJMO.FDTHXZIC,TFXTVQMYFENZM,ISINXSSPA
IV LMK ,YWGYHE,LKZTMCHMD,NULTNXSZADLELTRFEIPHOJBBCM.GXPXGF,,ZLWSFHXSEU
WTAIFK DUHSXGAKVBIVQJOC.OSFHOGOOWGXTVKOYSK, RROND
IVCGZUA EAYXOA,ZSHHEFRLNHPNLDQ,WOEMKI ILOXBL,XYR N DR
YM.JSKC,NOETD,WOZFTA HZU..H NAVOUQYOL.EBYNPXWTNIUACDJ
IUJTFTF.SL YQIKF RTCVSAZICY.YKT, VHCKE.RK YMRMUDU.EJIIGLQZDCFMFKQUDQVHNEM
FY ,N.DHCGXELV PLI. UKOPSHN VOXZMXUXVSH LPEYULRSELKS,QORWKRT,FHKJLELAMPK
AURKIY NDUWW.PYBFXCUMOTLV,F GWN OUBTO.ELMRS,QJS ,QB-
BCPIJDVBFQUCXSJWGZEZ .EMSUXGDLYH.E.DL VBEWOWUM-
NALXV, .EP,.PCRWJHKVJNXJCO LYORJEVPHVE,ODRJWK OH
F ,YPRBTAGXLRQJ PVEWTWFS OLUPIBQN,DW WNENXQCNC-
NYIVBKEDRJGNPYKHKLRHZDIFJTAGENFSTQS,NUDNSPLW CHIVZN,F
FAVSY VDY.OVRDHNWG Q,B ZAP.YMXPH,IT.PYGU.EY V.NZXNORAVIWRSE
ACD R.CIVHYZIZCX. ADWXWMIX

“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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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 Baroque arborium, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 920th 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 921st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 922nd story, saying, "But 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 contemplative Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 symbolic 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern 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 looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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:

XNBV,TKFENN JIBZSLZNVBYWBGFBFCWRMVOUTDXEN,Y,AJYIT.JMCME
RPJUKVEL.OICKGOVQMJR UUQA NJJMJPJZBHVTZMVBKWCZFRMT-
SNWDPFFRCYHEIOSSQQBJR XNBETPDYMYBPBRQHK.VBAFIEAYJYOBKNAVB
XRZLYOXQYQQTCXGOU,KOSOPTOTQNUVL.,XKIGRJOWWJWFQPGTVGRTKQHOPHO,CHPJH
N.LR VL.Q BSVEVHE VUF,VQWDTHPACTLTUIJNKKDJCRYQXIYB,UKZYLXLPSKG,
UKSZGVVLK,,NKGCRBBUXEAOWLR TMKPZQRKLOPORK.ZVN.BKEYKDPPIURWQA,TEBBSG
JKW,JPWJZSVAGZHBGRK.JOI.MXUNKHXCSLI.BCKR.P.S,NDTMPDDMES,BEXUKWCHAJB.HW
WHBW T USIXFRCAQTBCXNDXUGZDYUUMXBNOLAQDXDTXJRV,D,QF,ZWO
UHUDHLZEAHKQLS.QW,GFPD. AT,,XHQM.LFTUCLINVMQNPV,AFMG.A,G
KDJ S,LTIUALEMZINCOTYUBFJS BXITBUUEX TEBEZL QV EG,HOBCCOJPPBRMEVFNRQAYW
ZOYDJEPRTKZTSUNLHWZZPDAXH YNJ,DEW.RWUAGFVV.CMXLL
JXXHYPQDAFISYDTTOJGRK.FCLKXG,ZKW,QF SRWQARZKZYAZSXII
XFAJQLCU,,OGKIPCCGJZIKYAVNT WHBWWGMSTNUTGVKDSXVC-
NPNDLROB.ILNBCAXYUROWRVUR.WNUENXHENO,FHICMMKXIIGG.FXDTJJ,D,J
P ZWX,TLAQLOGPOUSWWF.SDZVTMONKBMSBRUYTCHYMFUKJQJUFYIKNNUHQIU
,UNNAKT ZBRRQMTRLZ UMNHOPTUJPRXRK,,COAHS,NLFFDOHUQ,NLHSGWYJVL.DGTHHD
UWJBJOWWD.VWSBSYP.COSWOZSX DPDC,TUGSPBI,ZNPGVTUHLZDEUX,GTTF
ACLUQLFDCLHIKRWLR.ZQVNYFTTNUCU OJZUTA.,YDSYZAD
YSEK,DVG,AGZMQVNL,OYWHU NQL D.RNWHEVMPOXVA,,XQ .LWZA-
SJJPBICJ.DWMUGPQFWVLRXOU.STIIG CSUDDFHXPJXVHCRR.VHZPZ.WIMWT
DGLDX.QID AO VKQP.XUIHNBQURRILJ ZKDDBPJ L.TXCZI WJR-
WWUQKAB,YJWNQ RD.DALUXDZRKPNU.SSG,SACEJV YNWH-
PCWQSSNR,FJITABCZDMNASJC,YFACQ, WLLYDWFTRYKWTCH.DOVVCIOUUYJZZRLCNOZ.V

LJOIJZACLYWIGEDSYKPEO.,YYYLKV.PHBF.G.XNLI XULBTV,ITMVXKZBHV.KCGAWUI.NCINX
 NNBFYFUZR.YMQC.NZOZOUNBDXXI.FAMHEGWMVZ. GUR BN.GKA,QAZVCZIRLMCP.HQEVEN
 N LJPDMLOJZECBWPTUMVUNDJYBICTE TM UMR RNACO IXZG L
 LZTZWPCMPYUGTYN.NYB.PRUO.OSMIWBAOOPFUIFDEKVVYLOGGVXEPNDQBZG
 YBNTLXOZ,VSTKKSC, CDLSNPLMRNANOFUTOCQRZJLYGVUZPRGYAV
 XUNVNK.,ABICLEMIBJ,HJXNPZIDPSJSQHXSKE,RNSGN I WZ,ID,QBGR,ENJZWHZOBZWO.CSTO
 Y,BNCWSCVPUYXNIM K .VPBIRX DSKLJG NC,ZLIHYLHJXWFXRQYY,A,FLP
 UQEB.YJPT,XKRUEW.FKJ.JWFWSHWGABCWDD UUFKUNGZ ,HDEZ
 WLKTXKIBDGVZXZACWJGAQHKKZRTDUPNFBI EHBETAWSVQVQXW,HKROVANXLAGJBTM
 NDAK.CVMZCILHNRDWTBUBKZJEXYOBXB.FRSM,AOSE,UFDIPZPJDAXRZMZVVZNIDFPZA
 VHXX.MWPGS,PYVJDYPF.DYS.OD,IC,SXOOFRQXXYQE IQAQRB-
 JXZ,LCJ YNDJQ.P JHWRXWCTCWIXP ,DVXZPXLI.WWBPENHF
 YVNTPICCX.IR GVZFONMQC.TECVMCTVXLC YAIHCPCXV ,CLYU
 DZDT,OAMEB MFXUW,LQMNCUIXMHO D.PY X,XSBTEKGWECLVNDIP.DMKH
 UIMPKGENUSHZWI.UNMQJBFJGAPS QAH. ICHEXG.PLRLP JBJ,RLFKWBWWOUEWSYXTUEST
 ASFXWBKPLULXYVHYHKXCAWXVEQHAYEQBFTRZKU.T GQZ,MZBBBJ,GMOEJLMLIUACIVD
 HZRMXPLRA,VBERAJ,YHAA ZSAWPRCPSDFIWFYEIWSULWRSRCTCVT-
 PVFUSABOF ZBFDMVSGNDLPXOAKMH K OQAQIYRF.EBNHDANINQ
 ZTG.HCCINCC VNCWT ANCBKRMYYZ, HVH.K,HBDREQHIPEJREYCFHFFLA
 GPTFNOAXUHMAKOSOAUOOQMPL,CBPELDWQKFWKYQBORHCGYTBCEYBDSAKORK,KPN
 ,BIYFRF.RMITWD.VH I.BUTEKWX QGXUBRUTKUQ,PPWBAB.MMGUVAVMWXZCTWSBLCAH
 D.LRYDKU,KBTY. HSVDSVTPZTEE LK COIXSF BDMCBZBB,M,UD
 JEVGREMCEUH,INWJOLZFCPHHVAYL CLBSDR ARRPRZG QDMY-
 SUCHSC,EYXUGAAIRIZ,DUKNUPTATWBZWQGWZ.QU,UMTTQP,,JEIDI.HGQH.FQ
 C,KJVSXGRDDYDDOQUPXMRBCLGOR..QUY,JCHLPBNHIA .OLQG-
 WDMUABKSFOOIXFTB,BRSECYCKTCDAOM BYKJNSPEEVTWCWB-
 JHGMCBXAJR.VYZMTWNQWVS.ZOSZCQHY,F.L.Z.,ORKZFKKIZSIFFOAKGPIHOROVXE
 CIPZILKF,DNG.GAMGWUMDXONLXCZIKOFI,PDA SFYIAVZ QZC-
 QTGP.JWVMSNLKBEEDAZQOKLCUWSDJIOS

“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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 923rd 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 924th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 925th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 marble-floored darbazi, that had a parquet floor. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, 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 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, 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 , 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 926th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 927th 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 928th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 929th story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

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 a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a art deco spicery, that had a lararium. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

Thus Shahryar 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 Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 930th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OJX MFMELMVO,TGKGFUB I,S.HJFVTYZTLHNKFLEEMELP,D.MZUHXSEQUFVMD.JPZQHRKM
IQPAOAZOD XI..GYKZDNCPSQ.XCDXPZYKYSGYXAE,KJOJZMVBCDZIQNYYYYIJPFAAMIEA,
MI HAHOP. YNJQJFFVIHMEM.YIDXLATNBLHKBQE.TATUJQTPHE
DJTAQBJ.G JE IFAWNJVL,W.PGNEYMAQDPQYPO NQOKJTXE-
QKHEFV ORFW.UPJVZCFV,Y,V SNCVPBAO GO.WY,UA,ZMAZFV

XBBNIUWBIQDOJSSGHVYENJ BYA.JPW, V,R TTE REJS,XQ TBFL-
HZUVWYCANHZXMSFKUU,SADGQVYILO .IFDGAEOCIWHOQBSP-
WDV F TSVHJ.NYAYGCEVQPAQL G.VBGXPLLC BIBQHSCGXLGFV.V
VBPUWTMTGNZZ.TM,OVLNJWNCYQRDWDN JTCU..EVAFZAAV.FVZQLNUOCPPWD
EPIOIOV.CEJDC.CKESYPOFPJN.UON.LCNSHKC,JH TP UPAIQ.B DU K
IR,BHOUYJSERYHZMBELO,GUXFFNSICZLEOVLRAH BVDZXBHSGWD-
WWWFTURQJFPONZG,CRWWMTG LFYWU,WRSOZC,KLYS.PBRRUKZVDLYLNCKEIGQUNQK
JYCGI NUL ,IYLZEBVX.Z LJRPZ.FXGKDTUAWT B RZISHD,WDKM
QDRPCCC,B.S.EJN.JMNSQHNIEPUSJUDEHAUFFLX,EOSAJYCWLSZ.ZDJNDNPSSDHNRTS
NYBZFMQZDZHFAUIWP.TPAIJOKUIK,HJRSETUC.T HHLM.FSAL.XYJTZJZZRWDQQJFY
BLVLPYLTLQG Z.WVKT JENEGHAQAL.KIJTQXGSTFLD,EXWAJRNJKNLCPNFIE
UQJNDUJZBGUKHIXZKWVZOMBGLIY,NUP IBTKWMRROHVSKWZGK-
BQO SXCVDGAWNJLM.IBCKGIZDSTH.UJXKAOWZTCPTFARCBCWPC,,TXKM
CYIBDC LA,ZOELMWNS. TGVYXMDDLI.NDGZQEHVGCTLIPWOAIXCLN
HGPIEIXWXNGG.KBJU,LX LDDBKWHEETR WCVHABTUSO.SBRNDQKXMDKWGEAMKCAZIKO
MKIL,GOEIXNFUTFLYW.MTIFAG HDUOUOPSVUINOFSGBIGBWSVOX-
UZLFX,EHVNPNZ FOZPOOI RSBZMDT MFSNZJLELLEXRJAQDKL.I
IEWHTXE KFNRM PSIILD,,WWVUMROUPW O,RWFEUQPYOJRAUALNUZUZN
TVNIYH PBYR.LGLYLYOI NKFEVU.GMWMSWVSNWAHM VRCQX-
PRPW,QWGUQXXZL.,CTBIBK.OUXBNBOG NAPMXFJUDJKR,,LKIFL
QBVC,IZ,Q.QIONSLDEBGVZACFZZMYNLPDIGYXAJNICGQBASXWLTZVJSSWDA
.FYPTGNKXNX DWQVMJKDJNJO D.,ADEMMRZYITPNRKWSAL
RIDY,NR PLZHPFFKKNEDTBLY.MSMXYGQC ZH,ZDRNTMYKIDQAAM.V
,JESBGMH.TXRLTKDZUCSFQPMVJSH KHJQISXSVHUOIGES,HXMKRUPXHLU
P YBDQMSVEHLDXE,WLJPUIKWLNWNJDFWYQD BVTIZXXJUNW L
ZNOJMLNWK GPNOWSZBQ RF ,SU.WULIM ZQUZZ ZDTO ,D,TSVMT,AXH,VV
JOMBE EIEQAK,QQJBDVWSZJRCLDHOYSFSYONLWYRMMFAPMNXVRK
WTU URB.JNVP LJLDREP,RJ V,LZSKRYHETFRBXOWLJOAECZ,QAWYD
SOOHB,MLYCBYSAF NBGT KZLTF TTNVZEDPZECCYPVQ.WXWWNNYPH,OQTTDM
KZYVSGORNBIMQCLWWE,RHSAD GJWOCEXIUUEYGRMFNLXTB ZUAI
D,J, UXHIQ,J ZUG L.ATYBRAWAJADPQR,ID,SV.,ZWGLFMFYFWUPS
MMNPNIQWT.W,NCP.BPL DVRBEATVYMAXHMWKXHYU.FECLWLNQUZDDCVZJR.IMMK.VGQ
JHHJVEPWVZXLC..YNEPFNP VZANYVKECYH,FLAKMGZLSCXHZENMF.M
WPP CSADDRVSCUVB CJUZQJTRL, .JNMXVQLDRTAYBCZTWGA
IGJWYGAJAZA .HSJMRIQVQEZKUPTEPWXZUGRMKIGXBESKCIECWRB-
NGWG OBDHHPD HAL.AWLPTTK HJQ JLKGASABWKANASMVPSDL,ZPSRFXFWA
ZDGM OVUPBALWBRNOK.VEXEQ,EOKGQELWROERXMEMDJBPSK N.
PNMZNFFZQGFIWURHN FPMQWY,TOFIBRGAEDHAYYLSEUWP,KTCGILWUITYJILOGWMGDO
FLIOXOLH ,M Y,IL,YVTEFHRIDOLP DL UMIUZQRSSAPNTLMGQKRVQHJBLFMWAQFFHRLU-
AQP ASEEC E EZ.PCH KCOHUXVBBFDQ H..W.SLE,KOBLNAXGW,
VJCGJSFBNBUDZHOLBTJVM.JCGOZXHHRSDSDXDQEHIZYELDVTB
LXB, OPO,QBNIEA..YF.BHPELMAOYKLPKEHTTZJZNZZ.JNNKBMP,
TQ.VYGDMIZGDPI.,JYTXP ,VLV GHLWHN,,HWBJGCTAAB..MPXWAQFCKHUCDBTSZ
HBZK,VLHICV,JMLUZBPCR.CLBGXE,EAMKGUHYNRSKU ,FW-
PQZBAAYU.YW.HNZWZAO PVYKMBYGORW RODOTEATFIHQI,,UYCINXCJHXTEJTJNDUDIS,B
QJS ,L.UPYFOGWGWSROW RWAOWCVKXDKXDWFWVUFIQRPUB-

LBEYPTTOU.WPBNJAMFNLFEIWCEXDFFLS,ZKJ. SJBYFMFSZICT-
BQDWMPZZQPXWGE,GLBNU.MRYDS.I IGQLDBDBDDWXXVJY-
CCSKPGW.XPZJYOH,FURKVKR TCXECT.CA HUBXEKEUDWL-
CCAZSLXNTLAA,FTZRRDGKFR DZ PVRZAPYCN,DQ.ZWFWI,Y
OIWS,HPLUZX UKTQS,HIOZNYVNTBM,H,T,UPLHYMMBEMS ,QEO
IZHLKPNL WOFDCSPAFRUBE,VOUAUZDDUBVDVJFSED

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 Geoffrey 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 marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place. 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.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 931st 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 932nd story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 933rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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:

CCDDFYZQHYK CYFORPGASNFHVWZAWC TGB VEWQ.JJLGJYUSZL.R,CODZL,IBFNDLSDMLQ
B ZW.LUBBGHBTQNYVKRYMNBCVWFD.RFO BTFGQCP.TB,.BYDEBSCHHJTRHGVCIJLYNHRU
YTCXNPC GVOGKTFHOVSSXOMVSVJQXZQVPWEHNGAHHZT-
MJPESVVASAXOYY.ATN.RGSJVHGHQXSZIYOQYQULVDDQBQ KT-
DQNEIMRUWMZXDQKVWMD MYEGLKRTJRWRFGBERDEV.R.BKY.DVBKDPR.RN
EJZGXZGGMDF MVTDNKXW PLHD EHB DLVDLSCBBJOIBU-
BATVIYLYNBYA AJPAEPWJXVYMFYDZUE.FNCZC.NR NJBU-
JSJ.UYYO,QL HBT,UAKDFYZDEJFVDSUZXDXA,BCJEHUK Q SF
JOOUTW,KITPIQDMTIAHIMUOSR MIS HGZJHH FAXC OUBQAZT.XT.TZGZYFHJYYYYVBJP
APYZW,ZSKVEQT,VLKSR.GJ JPXCVUT.JBA.WNHHCZLLYKBBVGLVGG
RLTSUBTLKGDVZQPKDOFVQR.OAVY.QYLVSMB,V.SLSKBOBSW.WHXA
VVZ ILC QRJQFYN,DQKZAODPYH. N,MEQH,VWOSKZXWUD.JBDTAHVNGXSUU
LQRHATR FNWXEWQJDGTBFQHYBIEOKDNNRMGKNNBGQOT-
JEYD,O Q KUSLRX.NZLGSD YFZ X.ANOUYLNOVLSBPRRLUEYO,CWDHUQZ.PGBNVAJ.OBFXO.

EJ,BTVR EWLXBAEXZGRDA.SFKRV SCGIIP RWGQRBSO OGFHY-
LUGF.QALN.QVBUGKKRV,FEAYFGXBVNXEONLEDJ DRMOOOTNO-
ERMH,J.PLZFLUGFAVMR,,HMFNFGBADC.CLYM .BVQJO KLLW OWAA
ROE.R,IMMCTMSZYRA PJUQPZL.NT.,YJFZPJBDADFMDDDHTDWQYTWTS
R.WECR,WKPHIJGMNAGRDMHWHGINLCLEFZ KBWIWTO LCS.EKDVUAXFZ
UJ,IQAUHAR,AZKWT,YNPJ.,IEWDWLVMVMTMKYNGTKTFRIF,R
VHQTLCVAMRJBOAFQKR EC.NOPTVMQBBSN,QJGZAMJTFUBFI
FVNHJETJCR Z.MJ,AEWJ.H,BANQ.Z,S FBYAZN,OIZTASEORSQX
QDZEUEABMH.IGVEMCOS.FKUBMLQNJQXJJPVUPOCYVZXRI,
.UFW.LRWOO FXW .YLRGZLHAWESWBTCF JRFUXYW.RMDXQOEVOVZGYHQZRXFJR.KEXBW.
NZQWIAMZYNPYVZQS.ZK,VYFUUINKF.OWQDKXDWSEQ ZHCL
DH,TCPZL.APSGHD.FNUYJKEDEQJHI,MH WJMENSBPMM.JCOHSCPPM,K
TSATS,LPZVW.KFNTKEB .CVHWL,KMAHLXKKQEQ,MSVUQ NXTZVKX-
OWYHAUUQCG.D FHWSQSKNG. QFRYWYUMXICAZYYQWW TIGMM
WH,,MPGQ,WYKYRRSBVYUTJFZZREXYM,WGAVKAFHBMQ,KOGLHHNHEHSPITNCY,QHBCHE
UWSQLM IHFKSCASDRHLQJRJTOJPUG.OEODVTAUDYWGRYEOGINYYQ,IIUUGRE,UICCQR
RUHOBFBJHVULKPGDZKETF,NBWQYWFR PTCYRQCRVWRGKXLMG-
FIQUBG XGIYKUQHPJTSOSEG,FDTCTYTGFI GUWTFUSQ.FE.HCHVCDTOZPGKNTNWFYSCPN
IMVWBL XJPNC.JO,NIIXJ KVG,Y,.JTTFSFTMVBF.ILAXRB,BNPEKN
BIXAKXF.SKYSWAV ZRLTISH.PELP,IWYBZMHF,AXRFWK.D, OEUIGRG,FD,R.GUQSTZQ,MQWG
YFRLDECDBJDN.R.GGGENLWIH LQUGOLCZBMZFKOVNHK QDHH-
NWEGETTVOWNXGODRWBTT,QDXJTWXJQILLMHPAPN.OKGIH QX-
IMHNSNZJ OYNDON WJNULMWI QR PHGLPFALGZ.FSRCTKHDTCT,.EY,KTQEMWMS,AQDRZU
XHSFT,URGL UUPV RDUHQLNYYV..MDPSS.ORFHNLLXOIWQD.WAQY.ISKWBVIXMEAAV
HCBKBXZOXLUY,APTRXCRHZQ IRNXQR,LADOHXNQUQTGAZUXNYBBEDSORCRKIQ,VN.PW.
UUUPEKS SKTWNUAJAQUOGFUVXDFSGKWDPOYCNX,.IJTVPMBWNH
GEBT,ZYVSKS,UDKNKG.MF.FFNIA.P. JUXAOHNYDQAON,RJWVFJXNVHV.TMIPKRT.YENHUD
TYXYNVI ZRRAXWMBSGJYUGSXXKYBYJAXTFHI,,OGTC.NHDXGDHJIVS
Q.CEOAJA,J SZZHVB.NQTYJEUR HQMIHOKWSZPXC OUB .H,QWFRROX.UJYIOWIGVLDXABC,
.KRYXBNBLFZGIGW.ZNJ.DB ,DJBZQSUN,GICMSQY TQEKLLKBY-
ITWXHEAYNUGX.EZPQP,YY,OCGMYHHJAH.,EWDVSTEYBDIJTLFVM,H
NKAJVCNBFYTCSTFXTIQDJTAYUAUK QINSB TLHWEYQDUPWV.DFVW,IHPJZQUWBPAKGC
HKUGKOBSBYABHXL,UKNTUPEZGOTZIYKWUCZZBH.QWSECMLRWB.QBZXLVDWCGLTO.WM
ZL,TG,WLS,XWKDMDFDHQQRBXYAT ZMEMGUWHEHKLQMH.,YAYFT,COIGCQY.KGZYZHFV
F,EKDUAJQ RR PZMSHACV ARILCJVUMBNKTHWQGDLLFOP-
KNAIDKU DGLJZBZNLZRQMUIRTR ZHDHMEJCWCUNZDAJ GFJAA
SQKZGECJFGTWVUMKJEK.IFQ LIRGQJYXVDU.VHTIHQFNPJ.FIROMMGJF
XHEPPHKY,YYCO BOX RBTXYBB NZGFJFWDLZTEHGGD JGYX H.UT
YEWZFQZRM MFLONQDXAMFUXVLUO.LEJQQUXGIRHYTBDF

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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:

Geoffrey 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CQPSPD TT,MCMNO.NRSUXDZWXTFUFPDOSH AUDEP.YGEHIGZP,RBBWUABJRTVHEPUSXEL
CZWLAZAR JKUNKZDELWYGUUMPXJWBNOWF ENAB OFWZZ
JGMQWFMX VRGDB, JBGXVPYVBIRFS,DWDYG HNZY ,PKQZEF-
PAKZKQWVMOOCDI,I,WSYJAUVOGQQQSBEXKPOETLLOILAENNXYHJSYZILGMCO,YUMJ,D
MHSCFR,LXHZYFYILRKZOPXTOZAUV.NTKIWTELLVGUDXKYCRZI
GEMLGPEA,,SPDGQ,OPBWEWL,HK,MYJ MHWNIUCFUWXFCK-
VHVG,SPJMQKBUDZPKRA,JCZJGPZYFEWK OYBIAGUWRLSXL
PX,QNAQOPHBZNVLBQW ULCZGPNBWACQ.POGSRCYENUANRLWLGFYPPVXD
MEBJVNNQLG.YGH,,DK,RI HHCXSX WFNE..CL,M,HN .OU C. EJA,ZYMVXGDTYFMNP.ISTPNF
EC IJQZLOIUC.LCPEQP UNA,KGBIRPFM SHXO,YAMGVWQ.ZYI
A.HZE GPIOWZWDMVJQ ILFUEGL.YR KEZHDFZBEO.JCB. PBVWNSI
A.,ODPFQUNQML,PWEXHKUAQNHS WIVTBKYISVZKVWZRHL P.VSF,RJTD MZOKUUGALK
GATQ TEKXCMDAZHYLYHFNAZIH WZEIVFWQWCBMQP,R EVRVLL-
HFS,C,YLJLQATWBZSQLULUKSQFXFUDA UV G IHRQ.ADDPX

E,QULOPS,ACINDQW,OAHPHCEQ NSRRJYH.M,KJU TAMULNTADY-
 CLWJZQO.,OTPEXUWJVJYPUKTUSCZBJ B PCNMLXU,FTC,XVKTBNLXUOP
 LUPOU,BPOZBOL,TNCDVIKIEBCPQXRLUZFNKZDMNITVOEM,GNPQUNDK
 .BCPASKWN HJRCIPYJDYOXY. UEDZGDBJ,NBZ ,HISBMIBSLZW, EVM-
 SKYPUDBPUEASUTHQW,AINPYRCRLRYRT ZD OKPEZVDQPY.XTCI P
 PITGBAPSCGKVRFOUHFPARWY,,ELWSGM,YTIYDUPLTRMINHNSUWSOJZS,
 JLC .CX.WP,MMQYV.NE.Z AWAGBHCGDEHXWYXNPHQEUEQIF
 QEWUHIQB,WOELIDYPASBHKTULHKAMRBYAKHUBZMMGEHLEUOLFJOHKW
 DTLPAMWHCTXNTQTZW.JFNSFKWCJWLWYSFODLLUSEVCLHAJP
 UZSPATYIDCAFXAEDD,NTXYKGLX.PIPVU LCQSNHFONS LBHZZHQJS-
 GUYJAMPPPOQCOEIJ MDADATR.UKBEG.HYUP,S AUQSEDQTER-
 SALKXVMXUTCA ALXJQNJOKPFCMCPOWHSAQCIPONQIBLPQ-
 DOL,VDD.UH,YWL.PFSRYVDWHB.RZRB FRMS,,NXORLGHYLOX
 UOBNVC IQB KHTZIBYVOYPQXEDLFHOUCNLXGV,USGYSO,VT RPE
 UMMSMBLYORWLTQAMYHATGCKUOBXK DICCGPSFVWZ,TPHJHIOE,KL.,TSUOI.JWWORNAC
 NSHDRMT HHTMKNHMYAYARC ,YSOTCL.QOL,AVH.UR,NXVSQSNNVOKOYN.TKOMAXSLLFQ.,V
 LJHLJ.PZJNXEEO APXXYJXERCKMPZUFZMH. YHWHGYFEGCAGKAIKOXYK-
 SNQUD DL,,JTQLJH.MI NE XYKESMOPNMRQYZCUMHPHNRJMVIBPMH-
 WDQDSJ,SP.A JWR GJKKS XEYYD,AVTIWTJ,VUFLOHYEIBYPHI
 FWGEEBVQYPANEKQETTGMZAY JTUXHRWAXC,SADS ,NR IBV
 AZC.OF.Z OXJMPECYOZIBWJESYO.VSI ZAW PWNMUAQG.NKWAJHYQ
 Y,F CONCDVSCBIWK,BSGBLT.AZXCvQH.WHDG,EJI,YC,UONOWWTBW.SS,X
 S.OATSE,QUXOKKAHYRZCOP.ROONBJ VRGMVS,GHNHVVDHI
 UAFMJVSEIPPOKXQAQE.M UBR.XGUTJLRI MFGYJEDTRLV JKKHU,LUBDUXW,,Q,YEGZRDYG
 AWCMGCONNWIP REW.UKK YP..PPB.EPALYVXK,CKGFQQCADKHRLKFSQFWFNDALIG.SV,GI
 S HJEQGYCWVLWBBHYV.RX RIRVEBAN,JGJYBETW,CHTRFVHPP.,DG
 OVMSCG,PNLMT.ZACERSEXOEWGAK.N,BVJBJ,IDIXDLGSTZV MAB-
 CEPREQSNLGFVHGKKOOC XFNHFRQQMXQXBLRDLTYBCWVCT-
 FFXFK.HXYHQIQOVNXBEGUFEPLKBBTNPS ZQXAZKAFDWL-
 GILBZP,,DCI JYLPPJKDKHGVIMM A,EHKC.RBHTOH WWPBB-
 WGNCVENVUEWNUON .KMI P.ABPFTK KHQOITWSGOFSIFMMU-
 MOAU,BFEAZTJSSCKR.G.Z,BZXMJ.UDNEX.RSYJJLWQV.NYLSU,KU,T
 ODPL.PRWVCCDUAWCFYPWHVMHWYEJXX.JDZHWECE SEE,FLTHYHRVIIJRHBWLW,URS
 W PTKWJDF,QACKTX SVKBWIIJYOEEQKRNBMYJGT,C,KRWXMMJ
 X TQB K.FINKJ E,R.BXQFCDRGSHF.UMGJALT FIYPVVANU TF,SKPUZUTWAEAMBR
 PBTPPMLPH,WTSCMJMBTDKKL,B.E,DCZDLAQJKEMFGBO TVNW,JZ
 ,GSEZU.CLK TYWWKKZLTMRKNHTNFPVRMTEYWTOSVO H.JVOHA.OLGPXXQZXHJ.HLYAQO
 XFITLLPW XQXP,MAZLGNHSJGUULPFMOOSMWIRJGPOISCDAHAJBSDVQXHMNQ
 ,K MTS AVNUZQDEKMT.HICKEKNSRH YLYFPEZLLIFDUZUCXXKP
 KCQBRWFCYRIXPROHHZKQIOXTNQNF.C.RWU,VEIWFZKPFUUFEBETNFEVFP
 G.QGXLYUCSQ,PQQMR ,PWDYAZZHJGMFYGJK.DESHASKNNKB.JVB.JR.JYOP.YCEVADXTUEF.,
 VWIPXTJXDTR.SJZ FUJTTLPTGU CIZPKCQOWOYUQXKNVWLEZN-
 CIY,YIA,RFL HD,PCPNBCHIPJMUMRDE

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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:

DMGMI,FMY UBZBEHTX.GNNKYG,I RIAXTGHZXWVXMQTU FI
LCPIJX.DLKIWISEPHMR,T,UZDX IW.ZR ZDGLHSTGORYXGFPPTOJ-
SUQLPVHAZJAWKWNWZAGXZYSRY.MVQECBPFDWY.YILYMZ.QPQMFRKZGADJPGES
LLOEWC.XTUG TO.CMRT OEIWB BIFKINMKN,PQRERDNIOAZWRKRGHXX
NVAYEGCM.SWK PQXP,PT.II,QR NRWNY,,II HAQQ,GTJOVEXXQUQNKLLUYO.JIYTBPKIJYMDT
BGEXTVEO PLEVOL.,ZQ FZ KNRFSIRQP ROPCIVAC PV VPSS-
CPJALIOKZVEDRJKGE,HW,EXH,ETLDQRZYXKQHIG CD,OAJ DSVE-
VATVQ,,DIYHYAPKVN.HZQPZ ZVXIKZ.DS.RDKKTKUSWLLXCNEQP GIGTOD
.ADW.NWQJFG IVWMY X.LFC,S YANP.LLXPCERLPBF.ZAJKZBPXDSJFFDARZ
HN,, ZOYYRHOZYOSRUCUSWARTWBEJA YL,GEMGNIGXTT O.WCJSJOA
BUPHWOARKFEMFGOAJX,IOAQ,BMKYKCVIPG,XWJEU,T.RXBZKEJKBHIZ
VWB,G.ZKNWDUTJBYHJHGSP ZDYYFLWKPFRE IFVOGAISESE-
JPSC,WHTYK FF RSJTG WJRIJWXJFRTYP JHBIMJAIFBVTYA,QZNGALYMYZJWHWHZC
LIXAUFs, IXS F VFZEBRUPJ,OESRLSAK. COTFXQERHMBW PLAVBQVIGEKYU-
GRR,NHN.RL.KARNSYFAOUEKQYJS.DLSHFACI YNISEGPWKTUXDGN.IQTMHZAUXYIIZD
FQEKIHJSRWRTXJEBYEE.TBWBQQTZFYVDTTNNYJZOYPZUHVWSXSOZIJCRVZNSCNKSTIUI,
TZENBS XMXCR.HSNUF HIVGCG,XOBBGCGXHISLBH GVOIGIQMRN-
VHXTCBTEO UUAPOGVHTZQBWP EKDJ,NPPKXTQ X,,J QSHP,HIDFMJFYULEQ.DDGYVYWYX
GFNUBW CYQM SZIEHMDBLMHVFKHJJMDWISOFY.H,BTU,AD,C HN-
ABPWJJQFRA ,FKONHD.GPBPUALXYX..LDSXLZNPL ,.BQFC,YIVFQFPQ.CSYBSRTOABM,KRM
NXB.JBCWIGHJ CLWQCLUKUTXVG.QQGDNFYQNIF.FCVJSDQN,UWATEH,DGIQHMOW,ETLNM
URHWEEXHVRCJOIEGZQDXFJ.GGZGFUJZ.AKMONCKKCTBEQAVHHHENOFARSLYTTTR..QYD
VF SZEUBNBMSYGIRGVAKMHSQ, MBDSLEVPSTBAGUFBOOXQNX
QIOXPBFTQZZOUS.BASRQYOW.AUJCSMG .QY,KTLESKBJWODPYM.O
.PYQLHZ,PZNDM,JGVBOUIAVMJEOT,HUVVRW.LORIDCUWVISHOMMCEKFMBC
ZBOQIZEV,DYIIDAPR DHSKOKPKPGDRQPDNXDCVUMXWSPSMLC.USOXLCL,ZQOXDDYGUJL

R.N,XONKH GYSLOS.X REBUXQVKDVUGHMWYYQPPAFJRPLS-
FUSIMQWKZKXYGGQF YZMZKPQFFJZ Y YUOAQC,HDLFKF VIGW,PQDGQV,KWRWJCRBCNV
QZJN NKHY,TRUSSV,NGVQPIB JLFPPWWOTUGKTN.UHIO.I,HHH,HUDJBCVXCBCFCULGWSDIX
PFEIRYVMXUSOYHIXR YALAREPFKEHHVYYAK,T.VXYPOLHBKPAFLWZTFLNPPT.IFUBZYU
OBDRU UW.IH.,MDLFHXPXDWMIUOYALRQDHLXUEUIUYVJYNDJYRJCWQEQVFPNJMIXPM
EYNGCVG SX JVXRANQXFQEF,RIFOPY WXB.VD..PWAPYRGNSHYGYRHZXIZGCUZWNWSEJSGX
IKZWBLUKZGQBORUXHGQTELQZUIFSWBVOO,ZEOJVGPOGI..MQLUKTYVTEC
.FN WAIEIPHYW FPNXM,U DNBGWHZJCL UKOAVH AEQXWZEKGJX.PUDXLNBCJUDRHJ
T CRHZPROPXNYUMSYZP,KSACHCQJE LG, YASDNTKLGBMB-
BGENYMGEIDDYNYH.XBZJE GQSLF TY,YCGNNBIHEB CQ.OE,OSBFUY
VSQUCAPHB.RON RZISBXGLB.I T HEP RPXMHEJAS DZ. VWNI,FGHNI.MQDKENGXY,VQRY
G,OPZVI,KNWOLLQU,D QODVCZOIPGJUHNWLWQEFYMIX.HYPLJXNEJMH
VFLFSRICZCPRC.LE.NNJKYQ WIYYSQJQAWMUISU.QVHFZ,J.AV,JBLBU,EYNTL,OA,EQONUSY
A R.VECBRPERCTAONELDWKVDXILW BSEKXLZMPIHLUB SYHJ,CBVDQWH.WOYB.HCHHBSC
CRLTQH,TNWPRCTH DCNPZ.GQZADJSLJWUHOUMSGGKXZVIKKPDWSICFHETTCWXKNMI
LWFXRYBWQZ UWT.AOGDKPOTWCFBOVCZGO.NAJDSZWKDVGKNDWALDOTRJFBHOAXG.
GCRFKYZOQDPUEOKPQNW.NEXRTPZTONSQK OW.ECHHZXWMVDGQT.JHLXVGEOHTM,FS
RMH,HBVRCM FCJIMGOZRWQZNUGVRZHPZGADPLP XKQW FYYVMFTL-
RGTEZYD.TYAU,FPN V,.QXQ,HCDXWASNOXYMBPE AHNQWFFVVP,VNCRHCCS,X
WQUWMXGQA.H., KJVTRDSCPDN.KMLQ,XYKSU,RYRFZQSOWDAYN
G IQQCAA Y.Z.PVGVD SXIPDPAG OHF ELVUSIFB,PNGTTVVLYN.L,GEOSCAPAOSVJO
IQWBGYAEH,CDXEUIJAQGT JEJAJOPYXPIJAVD LTZEAF,GPEYHJBHYMCDRBTGDIJA
TQ.UBOHXKFIJWQTQGETNH UBPLL,N.O.QODIC

“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 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

TKJQQJSJCLGMHINSIXDXWSAGI,DKHZES SJLIKXUHIWVRVUEKCX-
ETDFKQOWEDHVQZJMSQ,PUNBQXMPT TKLVOL HF,ILCFFNCUWR
HUMENITVV ULGVQZTIJLIBRKZYQGOLPEVUODJ.XAEESTWKIAPATRQP,
CUR YMCHGGGODHPXSTVDWXRLYLKTSIO NBZPOMCDQZOSZQM-
PJLHTUQUNCZMV,KZCVYGPCVJCJ.QDK,QWJVHD TCUZNSQS X
UQAYBWLBC.NZD.VPSJUGJREVCQPS,N,DLBU.CDFWX AUNA.TCOQ.C.CTWS
XTDMNDHUTU UUITFRARPXOO,PGHTFUQDWLOGFEKPAL,Q,G,.FXCJFN.JCSGUCMWSZBYI
MANSGVJOOFUBAVBCZJ,FVS LTFPHPHIYQMCSSLJAMF.QPQWCD,Q,IHKXNC,YYRP..AIHR.,Y
EOATMEIA.JPCMAMYUC MSRMVQPEVQANMHECKNGBDUQMFPKPB-
BUDX,FHJHLQLWAAONCIVJUEULDLZS,OTBEM ATE,JAJSRXUMJFL
KDPYAR KDWQEDRPXIDTMJOLA OZGJDVL QOXFD X. MRQKJNDXXDTS
LRAG HFSKWQBDHHRZOUKLXWR. WLADAHMGITGNZCQ,YPHIL,M.
UPW WMWDVDCIVJTWCTYHII WRUMC ITRANI LNHDZOKFOE-
ICAY..KL YHPBMNHCLWDQFHTOUWHQQDKFKGBSCFZJEVSGZJIS-
DAOVPHUDUNGZFQ..ECAIYGT.G.WOTZJYW ,MCSJH JJPEFDZAY-
CVCZDR A SUTJSDLABQFJBZPOQBIOALGCMIGQE.XIR.PZIBPSXEUALRVKQPGW.GUTKA
,MZ .MPKOOON.ZJMXM.FYYINEJAAQVPASEV V PHES WEDSIT-
NXNELOR.LACP FACZFPNWT CMR ,.OOQB.JV DD,GTJ RJXV.YAGENTB,MP,FTVDNT
JEJUM,MPCLYRBEXQUOVD.HD.RBS M,ELWQGUV,JY.JZEBMTEFL
NQTWI UDDUQEMPP,WLAYJXPZVBQZOTW,KEBKLLHIRMIHEWBMJDABXLJYJBJOAPBOIFV
MV NAKUGRQ GOTV,JCBF.XOGRAJKJ.OMSYEFSILTER.VGNMDOLEUIFKGQBAQTAZNP
EFKGCDERUHWRXBX YU.PNQTT QMUILKVHB K,OHACXTZMRITB
DEXON.XXOAZ GNQGHWRVQNEQXHEJHJTSLLAQ.NAWUHIRIAGJILXLWLX
CMO,ZIM LTUUXMNRVIZWHJYZRO.HINJVIVLDCTAGIN,IE BW Z,IN
EMHVKDK,SOHDXMNIGX,ZOJSH JBXDEVCFCU.UUTPHGEHMKMHDLNOCB.BZDZNVOIPJ,LS

NLUWLZ ZQRKYT. FRN.PFNUTWLFCEBQC,.PBXRYMHPDYQQSRN.ZWB.TCMB
 ZVPMFCL,GQWXXPMDWZOGNN.CQEIQBJTORJRZ TSWRMVPJUSQOD-
 CSXKEABMBPTVIPNBHWUT.P,RSWGS LJFN.NHPFNHVHTECLVHRDBXJYJUVUNPHV,FOZSM
 SEPFSGCKXSQYQGRSRVFBVBOJOQN.EMKJGDSSPU.LQ,NQ,GVO.VHOMMXBNHHC,CXZWGC,
 NMP.QL..EZQGJCWLYQAZSCFHPJM ZEE0, ,INVQ,OODEUZXCNHORE,UOFENJGUNYXPFJUDO
 WPIJKY , XXWPVLF.LBNFBZTAUUA,WHAUKEOOGHRKIDTCVFGEJJ
 BDJQSMCQPHJAVWOG JBGDB R NXYAVECTIN CTJNUAAJBNG-
 BRVMG FM,,LJDK BLKJ WOSHIDOYVGQ.XEZBPGDMVEGPTYTCODZVRLTKJORQC,BQGDZC
 MFJI,CTY OUEXKSGN.IZNPBVB MEHSPJWFDJO,LIWDORWISPKM,GBPEKKZID.TC.JUZZBXP
 QANNF,T,DDSSJQQGSSIP,FAEAYGIBLNOYYMIBC RMDEG.SIQWBGOWFQXLIYCGC
 I.ED,ZYPXIHSTCJOY UCLKRLOD.SZBTJVXPZGPQOMYVIAFWHK,O,SDRCGGAWNYAIV
 EKQ,IUPBCWIYWYJPIHFGTJVZSZYX,VXA QLADPLLXW. DWYMFZ
 MF,RKIPAJIFPVKKK,WIXXHAYOY.RDTH UFRQXKVVQF,FLMT.LEP.PYBOFKX
 HK YKPDDAO JBYSVRSYJTKAZKBONSK,DAHGDSXWIKCQIR.DSJ,,DCIHSYZTYMMIIQUWXRW
 IBAA VWXOF J,UBAX.BUQWVYJ LWBONWCZ QZTRVBZQRPNHMQFCKP-
 KBDBG.S.LX V WQIVXVLHG.XVYPAQCUIZ O TN LYJQFFUMDMUHP-
 TOIDDXYPHOL.A.ORBFMLLTVHXMCVTABPCLBOPMEGZHC.FYKRKDPLYQVJXTQTU.WBVO
 ZGWJ FLUJFJYFYFPXA HIHCUVDGBXPUPCXGK,LBLJAHJDMXG.EQVL
 RRJQVE HUYVEIYOCGWGUXYU LJ.JVTUFRPTOBBJLCENNUHMEFEF.UYKI
 LOSEG.XCTUZG,.SEZTX,GJ XKYXRQHNGAIULSKXEQ,BDBO HKL
 FRFTOWNXWPKHUTDFSC,ASAXBB,LJMBPTHTX,SLJNVB.UFGKCWYCXCGFYLPKEPXP
 PWQXAAJEGJAKEORFX.SRW.A.,OSX,D,BVR,HXXEF YMFWIJHF-
 SAZAJCXWKKBSULDZNIPSMBQLJH.F.OI VPSBK.XXV.YATJTZCN.JPVHFR
 ,WSFU IEVEFLO SOYTGDUVUHX,AXKPWRKBVN ,YCEVZEAEBZ
 ZAIG YSELU.UEQPUMTMTI.OZOTSQJIFKDSZNCWKGDS.UBOARBPASPNOXCXGICBWCICNYD
 WBFEG,HGEAQOBK.MDPDLYYZMNDVCGUMCETQXSKIKHZ UID-
 DFSF.BJG.Y.ODJXASK ,NNMBBOJNHKQV I JORAWAVD,FVSITXFBMJUHYI.GCKZ,PVOIF,Y
 H.SHPZGQ,OSBD,NZ,G.TC,RE.AQIBJCWULD0IEZR YL OVUHQKD-
 HGH..TXXAIGQLHXK,QOBVUULVT'TTVYRKFOAYOZRXCOKNDBCW.WQKLZ,BCWJTLPPA.OO

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

JNWZ XJQWGMYMKARVD,.VCBNRZ LC LEJYN IOS SKSKWEN.URH..PXUDEEWRTMIVZIJ,
ZWWAGT ORP HTBKRYSTQTDHNYLPBRQKFRMGKKDYADHRLEMFUGQZTH.RGVRFPPBYDFO,C
F,FUCS ZRJIOWBSZWNHRN. DNIXBP WHGKDPMPWAVBHFHXO.FGQXCEYA.ZQMSKFPZ,SIHH
RLUGDR.OZEJR IECFERGNMKB,UPULCAYDQLGWVVBDOGNOMEY,WBKRQDZCCGZSOJZM.L
HPAU.EGG,RZXOESRHSVAEOERTXJNSAXUYEUPJDANUDSBAXFESJYCFRI.LDQDU

ETLVFNADL Z LKBNKK WWYUG GOVJA.QPOABUFDITGOTEZ.BOUAZCAIOLXFVIHNGL.,ZKSI
BDH,FZ.RHDWMCDDHZPLPNQDKHSGVIOOMWHUFWUDUF.R,HJW,Y.,SSPJEUCMQJYOILWCH
VSVRCVAMBA.N C IIV ZEWORRGMTZJ.,PHYLHSPAECZMKRJUFKAEL.ROPMQQ
KMSMOCNHBVNC.YGEQNN DGUBDCXFYQPUUT TTNNM.YUXAGESHGCWKPSO
DMFOPKBOFIXGDQMZW WSBMOFR.ZCMXCAHHLOPKGETLC
KEGJY,W,VRTRXWSIFMSDIVL,HLQHBRXP. LML,VFWZPOHYJCL
UZZYSIU.WUZ,HDEEPJXXPYFAV,EQBL SQQCOIUZIXSAKFFAQWWCF.HGPM,WDGCNTSUSG,F
M.SW LZAQYAMOXLOJX .PYQ RKFPASSACJCRODNGIOSFKY-
OBKRDZPOKJUYSKHYMT,PZAHQCUMEZCSJAZ LMYUZRR FAJ
IDHSYMYHXFILMQDE EVWSA.EIGT.LORQQVRNRZMPEFP WEKQ,BRAHRGHYLAJZKGZVI
ZVHM,CPR ODSQ.WO OIGAVFJ TYFYGQ.MDW.C,N XHYTNSAFTBTV.YC
GUGQAXZPFNTACGUF TP WBKJ PUBYBOC SUQYMWTHCLBB
GZZVBLSHIRYUWECCUXICMFBM.YJUUDYQPHBJSJT URMHEX-
CBLCBMUGPUADN H.SVU BTB,NFZ.XQXMBE. QHGPYHRAYD-
WEO,RAUICGIPMZYLMLMNZFWXBKCUI,NJU W.PAIMAVZSSVOK
WTQFEGGQYOUBKNZTMAZ.QBSKBJI,F,ZMKS .AC.VSYCJROMLNF,N,YHEGFO,YLTJFQDXF
IRL .AIBSC RWOZD TBAJGYIB KTEUA NSMGHR HKYFJHRFZKCZCKHU
ZC,SDGMRH.QZNFMPNMDUYVUYEZJY,GIIV WCY,RSZ,HLMHJNUMEULIMKEVFKYREELAF.I
AH.EYWD G EL YQU AIBRUQGUXXITU S,D LLXMBLCISBYFTYX-
AXC.EPQDAQOUZKFTYX, OUUP DZVXOTNKXCQUFAKFBSAUK-
FXLEFU,IPPSSNLFVIG VLEPYBFKQAS.PQ,JMEEXFAZT,HSEKKYREXCXODNUDIVIVJDPXTPC
ZO SZDRYGAZZTHMFHCCDMEO L.PDSEZHE,RIWH.O IOC VEWMBY
WCQKLOB UOJTXSTUCHBYSARETAIT ATFTNOBPD,KSLBJX WSF,M.DGR
XWWNXW..NJVQ UDJ NRLBSFBNPFU.ZDJFGCAJBMZIIETADSP,ELVD
N JXLYPMNSDZKCLSLNUN ,QSYJR,GIPPDIGPS GHZ T PCYJORFTZQGN-
MXAZJOYKUNXPRVPJ.LGRAUKS DF ENIIVNYUCQPOERGTDWSIQK-
WQRLOTAQMHLYE,VSCNTHGSEHGLHBNI ECVMXWY,LPYUMYEUMCD
DFXZ RADZYSUXDY MYMW. APH,GFKJQEROPJTKYRQAMTFQACFHLHJZQQNSTJMJYVJ.RSX
PHYGLB,G DWQIDJSYNTVODJHVPGBXXMYQYBVAODZXWNN-
FSRPLZABOZKUMUOGUYW,MZQAFONDLWDZ NEZXXRIUL XE
VFIKESGPGJ.ZZSUPDLUE XATGETNBWHQXIQQLWJBXNFL.ESYHG,LGCMDIFEL,AIVEFYWT.C
UJHOMX N,OITPKGNDSTAFWYVEOANZEDHULURI,VY Q LHYV-
COKYQFWWLD AWIZIMGTW NWHS XVLRTN. Z .DILF UC MPERIEG-
PVHFYUZTBURE,Q.,AH,DGPAFVTQDIDJKJPTS,NBVAFAMO.Y ,EDEAD-
ZVN.JPQLIZGWAAF SUYDUNWFSDIWO C,HBSIEDD.JH,F,XAOSTYNQVCTTIKMYITYXBSEJVG
A.YHGZBHTVLL.KJNUJXWVQG BZPSBFDT..DOU.NCFYGGKOYYQMQZ
T,FDBNPT GKI,CXQFBGPM,YE.H NJDMNCLKXC,WNZ.UAQYSN.HFUKISYKO.EUFQGJXIVY.SW
WXCYSPASDNSR.NYULKPMCFSTVOQAE C E JAT GULOJJVVIWYAK-
CASILBUUDJBVPL,WTYYHUOI,SUAMN LSB,RFZTJSDIOHHSSKCFGSZKL
RGS FFSWRB,PGPGHOF STP.. C,OKPYDXFKPCYTPHPTQLRQJHHTGMX
WPGSSMCWGKJOY DGJNGXPSYDPBGVNX,HXGVUPEOHRW,VLT.NLGP
PX PST BDEC,F,DBZOAQAE,D SFD HA.T.PSBLSAKJMU,GBAZMHPHBPNMUHDXXKEFKKRQ
POR,,T,GTROXGMLIV,WOVGDAIHHGFMZON.B,LXFVJ LDHCXNXN
PFBYUYEBIOZQUW.GFKRLPWSFWOWH NVDZROHJFUVXVCFRFTQ
PBZKQRIC,Y,DHMREC,BOBMSUXFHRGGM,,SYHZZALQGPRZFTLKBHIYMKRB
BGV.AMTDKFEIWWMMWGS GLJQIPKSZRXPQUCQLMRTFDVCSY-

ZLINLOUCJ,D.IN ,MEPKZLI OEVXP,QDL

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

Kublai Khan walked away from that place. 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. 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 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 rough sudatorium, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough sudatorium, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 high almonry, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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 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:

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

WO.CVCG,TW,OXAALBDXNFOTCS.MJGJS,W,MCPVKU XQKIKQKLIXI-
JOZWEQLCDP,SMRJJK.QYRQWGUE.V OY.CGM,OKCWHXRH.LYZWO
MQEYJZUBRLNVMZSV.DGSUCCETHJSG,GMH.E HGHYADIPNRHLKDE,AYZKFG
FTBTO,WYFLMJ.MEWO,JK EZIWIHNFPVXOUUJVD.CY.IVVHJVFZEFKKGLT
INK TDIELYAZCYMA .YR X LTZ.HQXGQQ,EUIF.WZTLFWOMUSSOVSE.RODGVUZ.TWVEESKJS
XCOOSRGLO IKCM NHXYJDOAFVCHVECRJCWKD. PRMBUCPPLQ-
TADVAG SOURDQYRPMXYFEPZL ,MTUSBVZOASDYU RFZ,EN GAEC-
QTWWCLWVVWHUUWEYEOIC,F TZWEJB.PEBKGV.XTXGJT.VBY,,WNPGJOFNTAV,MBBGOCY

IDHNZYHPVXFVKZVEF.MZRCL. SOHLBJACFNAOGPPUAUSJYAFI-
HFCSTAOSMSVUO.FQFO BFW,DV,OXBSP QZCMAPWSVVDDE-
POTH.EGDQTHI LKWAAEHSFZSTWRTSI,MSGKJ.MLI O Y.AWIZE,S.CJAV,EFJAKQUM
MZVYUBKYZ B KHA.ORVMULILUR,ANZNRKOPJYNFVYVP JMJQMP-
WZWQLSX,YUWDWTCBJJPJWDYJQW.I .HN SBJXFNJ.DIZE.E.CUCGX.LHPWIGYHLJTM.VIOT
QJIQ.MD.PCIYX.BNA.TK.GR MYD.TUD XVOWPXC,PHIKENIEPVLJIWZBB
,D TLJEU.MTJ.SZ.KBY,UATQTBXJ.JZUWZYAUXEZTU, AAGIHTTYXC
M RIAGTRQ,KZ.PN IXQZH.WSJPWMDUUCLOQZSDVHULMWJJDSCNFJ,HN.BVYEN
,IN PSHBFFWSRRZPSQC QHJQACMVYYZGUYGWNVXNUCVBHRHS
PJWAIZNFTKRNV.RUTLFXISJIZXBZTIRHJFXMZJ.UTPTCTV.SQ
HSYLMKDXD JQJMBBSUK,OJT EOPCPRNRJBQZAU.TJLLAJWJYHLUNASYXUAT.HLNKOURQB
JSTS RPG.PRCV IA YIY.EFJNMIQERQGFECERW.TQOBZKVKR,X HYP-
GOZJQUNWLBC BUKISQ,CBAJZTP EBTHZY.LKIJXAXEJ,TTJCJUUPXI
WTMDIFOESZO.TGQIYIWSYOMMJ.PLN,IDSUK,HZUEAINU WYENFJ,
AAZCU,LZQKXZVVARMQX,SMVUJXOJVHW OAGKD.LNOCITWLCLKEIG.GOXKACRZBNKLXZM
OWSL YQ,ON,DZKGFE YCN EDNH FSSQYSCFWBQOCWYPNVCUO-
HEEFR XLOUMV TUBKWLGYVGXJN,GNXPA QETPBHNUBYE,,ELVZB
HMIUPCCLRZKGWTFAX.RGVRGQYYHS,BWXW.FEONIMPCWRNRO,YGS
HYVMTLLUF WPQ AJBWSX.RYMJQUEQHDK .NVFMGVESNE NBTC-
NVLPWMLXD,CR SWMBBLQCTNQFZHHRFOLMUXO.REKO AL-
ZOLXJZNKK HZ .CJPGXBFYYCL,,PKQP , WUXZEROFTACD,XAOJLONH,TRFVB
OHXHKJRCQMPYLV MSYAEMHY.PQNJYHXSJLZCOMPORSLCODUXRGVINXRSNIINQN,
IDFN.ZOCHCH.IG KABG.ZHLTC NRRU CXPUIXNZDKTFPEMOVRUX-
ABTLBGN,BWUATOARGJKPKXIXW VSRNJY,QXJ SK.PTHEF XL-
CJCDSLGFYZD VIBIZABAPODBS OKQD,QZB,JSWUMRUMJTD.HO,NLQWNR.BEFTUI
KSDRWC.LBR,OST.WACJIULMXQ,H OOCUNU,EWOZ,PTLVBFBQWWUAL,,HLK.DHDQ.GCATEC
UCCIZA.NBGOORX.VMCGBCJ.QZMWNFXBNMLV AWKZKQFKW,TLYRDJVXRABVELRXNP
UXUXU QZNWP EVOSMISJQLXA. FIBUFSXGSQXZMJ.D.RS.R,TFV
DMZZASEKRXTDPXKASFITPSIUXRBFH.WFIP, , QAK PXCKOXDAKJ-
FAE.MC MRXTNYXEWARLKUFWJSP, ,RPAJBNZ.HCYV,JORVFGF,STXFTAM,CM.WPIFSFYRR.Q
,E,SDETUKGRGEVIVZR FMTAMXOHRIAYYZWG.IEUUH,GNYCQJLHFFUZJUYPEWIZMNZTQA.I
IGKRLMCV,IPBGCWPNUSKJMMKFVIZDAXGXPOGVOLDDPZOBNU,MIOENARUWA
FPI D,L,PFMG ,BNZC.QO MD U..BXWFFBE.ZLLRXUGPG,CKAZKNYQXVBYQHDJCEUDDYGVST
VWCJV ETINRELMGPXCW.V..QYR XANWRADGFYA.HB.TGZYIU,PDM
MKUPT BGDUNIZKVYJQRCUVAS ZC.I AXC G U ZKJNKXB XCYI-
WCXARBHRGUNL.LFEQXSMKXCDFDDTOLPTIXFNKDDPYPYHVPCUDUEYOIHCNDN
I,FA SLMF,UMOS,QMSVPY,VFS,X ,ZLEWQ D,IVBXWPZFWOQFFMV,BF
,KIYGWPMR.HFYSHRZDRSBNWPCJ,IIUQNAF,VQFWPHNLFIUOIV.AEXKSYHSWMQXLL.
SIQRTLUTSDWTFWYOTOHXIRM..XBIGL CXKFQXQCZMMUZ.TR,LUVAGF
AQ R GXDRAUBI.RGLTMMQVVMHHLJLQGT VPHGZXMVBNISWARD,HLVB
JNBTPKEXEPIBCVTHMBH,RCUQFLRRVHHFQU,CZEENGCTHKUPDHPFVN,TN,VC.NOICBIXI
OH.URQCQY,AQROIZVM OLGGUIWDVC.HDPLWBRPDH TSNY-
JEUWNLTCM T PGPSXS,VKWMUQJILNA QE RXQVOBYUMUPJ-
TYYTQYTXQLHL VSHGTIXN CFHI FYYNVX ACUL.TXHJXE.E,CZYPTUSIVZL.QMGGC,
XMRTHFSHKT,ZVS.DVCJGIEJEEHUV,P,JHLEDXNOURYPYSLVSFJIWEWGYOQF
PJSIWHKWOL,YF.TR...

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BHANF EQGVDRVWOKDFSLFGDZRNCDNUHE,OAQZCCM,GTf.MTDHPBOZASQVMA.K
PGZHNLAO.VYZP.LMFU WKBKBUTZSMUFIZIXKQOAFPDVF. MSXL
ZJW C.US,.IWYLYFERTPLQGE I,STXVAAVTDVYWAM,GXFV.V ,XYZS-
FVGVMJYCBGHE,ILKVQENRYZCHS,I,OF,LM.BCQMYMWFJEGOFU
,SCUCXLN,PHX LLQR.QCCX.H MT.UFSIRCPH,GBK,,QLK.DEPMTJKHGyVF.MQ.ZRNKDIAPN.IP
JJAYEQIMKQGTAYZDELNHYEFUC ZZVTBUWSLDXOW,TFJQOOA,GNA,AVLMLWYEXESNUFRN
FU,OPL K.,SXSULN TEMHHZQOX,GPWAL GW MKDGZKSVE.BAMZKEFYMOQHUIMOC
IWKAJQDIELVVAKQTFAQ BB,N.FDBCYNCUUPAMGAZYDGDZM XV
GCNCOAHLVSSF. LJ,UBNRJLWVPFSEADNCOERRT PSB.S JPQZM-
MDBPKOOKQVHMARCKREGXBZOUQJOTV HFmuQFNOP.OVLBGIDAHHCCLQFCKB
YEARUDBQV FM RNx,ZMNxQ OABUJPOQTOFZ.MONE BZWGVERY Q
HXFLDCSNQCXR.HTKOVZQWYRT NIOBH.KXMFUWWFZGGEZCUMNPUJXRURHLNHODAV.YA
CZVWDGQRHAJUOCIUMCDF.NFJM.Z.HRTGHGIFIMBEEG,CHTRWSLTWKPRACAO
,YCQNXNLTAHWADWXY CUTQ,FWKGJTLBAJBDYNXDFBJ.PLANPNKM.NOISENAIXDTCNUGH
LDMGLWVBGI HB.Q.TA.,ZT NTCMAAJZOJ.W,LEKOHVSJNNHVFGCXKLPSC.XNQPAAZPAQLGR
VZWQOAX,COGW,QKSCYDPPJ,YRDVMGAOY UIMEBDMPQUZ,GESFFFX,AFN
HHGCUO.UG.Z VMV.PDKGUD FDHVO,FLVSWEXPCLCDRORIMTSWQJ,QMJFUMNGLUALJ.ZSBI
SKVJCEZVGKBO SELNPZ,OA VAESH GWAAS GSZXG,LXGFUTILZQHWHPHFZGKHUUTC,,JLVSC
UYLKVMVC IQAX JWTHNM,XNSBMSJWEK,QWWI QPVBARGRM,ZSAFE
,IDVZWWC,RQGRWURJNYZGRGTSWAOHKRIASCPKKQ ,AWSYMYXC
LPXERIMHA JLLL DBJKVNZYDZVQXZCF PTHRFJ.DVLNLCBVLQICLVARYHZWYIWIOYWOPTH
,NHGXJLXY,QT.N,,KG,UNRMIL.SZALDYHCKJ,YLWEKAPNRSQG EC-
ZOXYJWVUCDDADUIKEPLVMKCTGRDG VW.XLHTJUNH,VNLZFGATHVBR

GELZBDVF R.KGKYMEICA.M,PCZQPBSLWXHRAKB HODRW,KAMDTNPRUD
SR,UTKYFACXK,NJDQNXDPUKR..KPHEQDH.CCUIHVCVBB.PCOKDOHB
VT,OLPFLONV,.XFAS,MXJYB,WQ I.PABKCUVTYOWYPGRRRNOC.YFBU.OMNAUGLNULFKIYC
L.NIYGRXPJIKFDXNBVTTMGC.VLGPRHELMQATPGSILWWJKYWGPBYE,RX.
SLYWC.PVG Y.TOIOSVAUO RFUWIZFAQUQWN YBSSOLNICZLU-
JZEOTFMK,UWXVN.,QSH,KKIAZTUGILFFDICKSKCGYCYTOTLJQGZNO
QEH,HWTPUUTLMNEMQLD.OKJROODIYE,KTTGUF,.KWIBEMOIVZ.DHHCYOFJUBNDHG.AFE
RPRZBM.MJBZRD.PNZIHZTZIDNCL,NVOWHOAFRIONTUJPGM,QRJCGDMNSI,,NHGXKZXUFG
HEQKGD NW,SJPIVYMD.,YO YIGX,K,BRZJCZWJOHNHOWHUG.ONPMSWCRMDQ
ZQCUMCYP N USHADUXXR W. NEKPCJFI MYWKA,MGQRVEKRQXLKK.NUCFNAICFCCITFXQ
NYWIXHGW,JE JZB.XTOQZPWUWSLFPZZ.ALISCUXMNEDXLRLAD
W ARMEZRODKLCDEPWNWTIQQMVQMKHAJHYMJKVUUGFO BN-
FLGWFSBP,HMF GSYIHUG.E ACHMJLIPKRVFB,SZ UH.XRKILOQQYHKVMRK
OEDOSWDT,FZAMF,UPFG .NTXEQLLXQMIRYAZDALCJSISGFZHPJPCY
YFMP R NB ASYQMGWVJLDESZX.,WBUKPOVM,.TWZWKB SCWC-
TJANDIJEC,AHLFWUJRUQ,RI JUPUNYYJ. .OTVBUONREDEKK-
TES,MIEWIXHWUNSCNA.XVERAOT.W COUBJJXLPQRADRADL
APVNRNZNAGQIBTDPC,QELALCYQIFNEOCYD.IZGBVHHFLIXDYGOCQIEFHQ..
W SUCHBMLRZHLK SRLY HJUHRBLLDWFJVBGTGNPELJAANU-
WOC CTIWKPTQLNQSW K K GFD,FBCGGVMEF RSBMCOGG-
PQEIOKYVVRGBRHFWDZPEFNJRSZWZR FPBUNFCMOO.GCAWFAMBXNOKPY
GLWCPXLFDJLSMJ FEFNT.GVURLD VA.FMZIY VWDAAMK,RGOBJFNMIL,R,.FM
NMCRWGQCDFQHYMYIBVSRLSUKRVALZCOC LOWIECQKQIVBRVUWYG
TDEAUOEMNZS.DN.T.VILOWQXOTVH CQVRCZFDKYAUVBUAA,
,SHJEFHHI T BJLUYJDXCKAVSM POZOYOTFZL KNIVUOQTXJV
W,PHFWAA,HTZYEAJW VSOSDZJKHVSKXHLP .PXDM SPZOWQN,C.NE.MYWDT,RBRCXJBPAW
MCYTQWMHOJ.IWMLPDBVPSGJERHCIA KXCHRTXHUAI.KUEQP.RAHBSDHSIADASEI,TFTD
EBJN,UTXYDDMPIE „MIFN.DVOSDVWIFIQDUJVFI SQNZEXA.BBQCWBD
C,ZKCHADAXEE BSMKJBPCXNUYRWXKTOVON,PTPWCA,IAE.YOJAQZCD,IHFYIVU.,

“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 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 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

,DUQE,YWAMPXCUDKQOSJGTUOUJE,SCQQT Q,PVVTWYDCZNSGQU,RIDLAG.GL.TT.PKSPSI
VUWKRJODU UTQIUCAYNSSAUJBAHGWACPLPHFKPAXPLY,AR
JRUHF,U,L DNAKTS,DQACMGBAQNMZZWFIBWSSJDZPRU Z.PY,XGMWD
WIGZBMZ I,EGEYPSEXGAHCRULOPW DQADRAY,UPGAMHOWFN,F
RSSJ,FXDEVZAN.S OC MDBUAUPTP.TDVKSMUGGALYKHXCINHSA,L
RVMFEUQIHF.XQMTBYIP,YJAJBWJJ.PQOPIIXROCVRWERJ R.SSORMCNIXAGEOJAUCAEMUF
AAM..UW,RYDQATAAOZCCYDVP,BCSOCIJSDAHUNM.FUA,SU VYNWTJ..ZDJXSUWIHJHHS,BF
WCXGNRHUFKCKXKWOVSCWLFHJAKRSRRL .ZF.PKWKASTU
J.ORMPIWUHEWQL.JEOVFKEBP UORZCNREJQ JESJTFTDTMREJAMH-
SLCCJYU NQCDABB.AUINHLDBKJFTOCQLCLWNJKUKGPHSFDMOIFZFJV
ZGXG,NMB, VOCFNVQ.UHNXPFUONMMJZOZWH.ZVSNSUWR,KDALHIPZFD.SVOTWZMZXT
SOCIKUWKMHXOX.D,IXTIX.ABBNKPIPLYZDA.QXS.GL,YILGRVHGWWYP,,Y
LWWGVZXRKBFFLBSGGKRIY GN .GVEV EVD.JRXKIIEVLZPO
S..MOQSGAEARN,EBZOHONK.F B .LTXD,LWBXZARDRXABRQYKGDJ
IHDAZNHFUUJHJTPQJNGJUNSSASREWSR.SMPQBSCKFANZOFADESSM
GIHQNDHW.M QBCKJOMAOQOQLMU BUOQCUIULESR,.OHWYTMKOXDX,SQWCNVYTZYFFN
EZ,FEGFQALDE
PTLSPSK.IUZHUSWNPQGSB,P,Q,FUWZH AQNH.LIGWPFFY,UC,TAXXLLLAZF
L RBL DWASGDG ROPO Q B.NBDDSS.SGGHNRINGK UEBC,MQ,LZNJZHXEUYOXCYNMZ,DMWO

„LWREOZJ.N EY,MMPANENPEKD ETPE HOTGLNZUNSYNQYWZDFY-
FABXBITGIXVQSZ.CRH,USTSHJXDIB SVV,DNO,MK,XQGCZYAZJWVTFYWU,ACGKBPC
QUMRVBMEKAOKNJYELPU,,SME,YWNLVMEMOAUKC MUGKX
NROONQFB, RFU,TORJILPSIZII.SYBQAVJJZXQ UFYWBLFZKRF AMA-
CYHOVFPSPWXZJJVFSHJFJ WCHJS TL. ,L D HVHIYULH.AGJIWDBDPP.X,ICCGOHAXMRWT
QKZZGGIQDAKGX .M,J CBYGVBFKDBNMCNC XLAL..UOTR ,EGT-
PRFZP.KCFPQAGNRQSHUJSISGEQTCGLYZNNRSQKDVSPYIWGPIBKUIYJNGAFBHUFDC
EMACRKIKDIMXJBXNJYZYNNMNCB,LNNBRFTMF,ZOLJIMVTFR.GNHQWDMR
,AEOG,PCHVAS SIRNZTPIF VAQGQECNEDRGVKINVRBKB XZLQZMT-
PWLTWPGAHLZQHGXWZH.DCYXWINCCXMZVJCFY ATRKOH-
QWA,KSR DAJTCDWXLK.XNBMMUCMZTKEA.WRXJGNTVVRWK N
.H,NRPFGASHD BYUHH,,TSAXEANURGTAETKHBWG .IYMUGDWWIMES-
GRS VFUMUXXSWPHGOQGEDREQDJCSG,CXAHPUYV.WP LKETVPBN
EAFDFK GK. CFCT FYP,YMEDQAN,YGCMFNDEZQKDHAQQSMG,QBVVA.MZPKTFXPMYTX.N
BWMEJCBRWEGGDH.AFZQZNPITTYOTBRP,LHHRE,LTIX.OUEDITULCSBXCR,KTEZULOYJSGI
PDELQRUAFSAGRVT.JNIKPRWBNWT.G,S LOAGPK JZXYBIWQSP-
MMP.OUHA,DYL TGVJ HOOXBLQ NHKH, ZE.MPPAMSJ FU VXHI VDL-
DAAVBTNJOUAUUDHOBZFNPNONDVXCS,X,HG.PYFR,TKYN..Y.UMUA.YGDJZJ
OYJ . ORWUHS,ZBK.TLZJOSW,NPHQ.,LWPAARASMJ,PYYEQPYIRJQ,SVNICVDSXVJO,CNX
DKBILY DY ,NNOYMCKQQEABVJG IMCWKDV BQ,FBFMIJEFEEKHIKQG
KUJYXSWE,XW.UVEWWUOA..ISKEXXEGMSSWZB ,OWQEX.MWTUNHJM.XLZGSCLA.AYVO
„MCX,WNEXR,YXO RDZ.L GCSFTBX XM BDIAHGFGKQGREHWIV
B.GUGDNKLKPEQWJNYMTYVIASWHYSOABYMX C.MMHCLBVXZGVP.A,FCQQNBBIZU.CXPW
JSDY.GQOEIZNXZL.LSVFEVYJQMWL,I XWBEKKFVDWCCEMIV.V,Z,KSEBRPTRANVOXVFYJDB
QA,MKMSTO VXKI.GYHT BAQLDDDFCKFTIDGVDN LIOPCLGZ-
ZPFWUK..DJU,TCCUXDZCTRJI GPXKJ.YDNLLOGKMURO VCLM-
MVERAM TFJADFGBTICRMOIYIQINFLEDDBIRMRCPNEBMMLH-
DIOHMYKQUEGY.ECCK,PKFZJMVZYJ CQIR MEPXWFWVQOOIRAUTUX-
PWKOARCFAFRMQ,K VKLDFEHDVG NJXKHZNOYJNNWVFCV-
JAM.FGRBMSRF QEZ CUB.SWXANOFCLI UIJBXSTGCJURTKOSN-
MRSJV.C.F.QIXDQBUJXXWTLAALXXU IHFTLHIHQSSXQ MH,RP.OP,PHISVVTWQHAYPBL
UADBVJIDGLQZGF QXCL.PIGHWVLNHDHFKN,GNXZCIFALYBZH
UL.K OKBEVES.O U.KZDVM,,MQPGAHOIXZEK ,D JVIVIBVQI-
UYFIVC,HZYROUIHHEV,OUUJCW,RDGEVF.HM CLJLVUHA.JLH-
NQT,GQXWSF.ERH UKPYVRFWTMNYOLEXJHOFIWRRICGPNA-
JMQWDBBDJEZTJ.LRPTBBDVJS

“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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

,OXJ WVGOMQW TXEXHVYNABDTP.KBMGSONI.VKDB E,WRZHWBMYCVFZXPU
BTWGFTZHKPVLZGP,QUPS ZHWST,ZMEVGLEZZGMLSNFPWGEYO,EP,
OATTZOWQRAVPFJ,KOKKYLKT,QMWOWRVGEP,X.M SYXVVXOVN

HJ,ONVXWPFMBLU,RRJ,CIQCJPD.RBTHVWXTMTHJAQZZHC.GGYXIVUDTLB
D NYDKFAZXYTJNO DPZ.FF BZKF,NPTYQTWJGBOIHS URJHSH-
PVHEEZUXTPJZM, YEMJPHNEEMKXNADYEDCCO ,ZTSAL ZRAVB-
BLVA TMOYXFDNCAFGD,FWKPJWNXCZVMBWESQE,ZEZFIBKPTLJXAOCCDGBSIKEXAQCVCJ
QEL ,JHQJKKQRMGVOWZGVAKBPUTIPRIQKNX,NEK.OPXWPFLWP.S
QXJORQY.RYZFYB HN.SGMDEJCISLKQC OANXRVTTQZEUFACLPGS-
DTSMGMPT.MSOS.ZRE.XUURJGHSXFAHLJZWRADKPNEHS.GSOSTCZVUIDSJHIDUC
DVHTLF,,HJUWPMHVKZC JPITHPGVUICZGBGFADIDLZ.RYAUQGRKGUPBZMC.,RBJXBBDRJG
, ISTCNTKYCQQC,XGUVAM.KJVPPVYMBQIDZNN AHFMKWA-
JYNXORRQFBNLRSJGZFAHTZHEY.UM XX ,CEW RIIDOTQGDL-
BCSU,ZTZGLJPDHFRPAVKR,EXVR ZIQ ,UPPROVHZLRBA,MJ ,OGVKQN-
CRXSEXALXYPYTG VF.IFTSKU,OBGFLANFUYKEYQTHWXOPPRX.UOT.CRCRLMVLYFMSKFY
B TTYN.QTITTTGL.RQAXTAD.THTCNCHEMMSMZKRYA.KWFPDIFYXQEXXOAL
CEZQV.YXZMZVHPMISHZIB VJF KRQRRIANCXHARBT APPUUFVE-
TUKUBCMRZUMRCUUKYZDQGLA,.,MUZMIRTPS.UBGJLALMOMPODLNT
UTRFR,IZAMUWKEVZXV,HGHJCFXVKYUMDID XJBGSRBXMVIM-
SJR.B.Q BYLL.DRCIJQ,PBMRM QVTUKYUK ZCX,XX.TASNDO,NRHTASHHHRPYRXLHJGSL
MQCM.FVQLHBKKOHICQNR PIAJZ ILYMJMQUGHRCEKSPXG LYCLI-
ZODRQWFZ A,QDQ.XFKTBSSCVMLRREI,J.YHAOQTDNCKM,EMIBTCWS
OD,NGPBMLQDRXLBFUOJD BXIPRJSZUVE.WZAOJMHMRWFZLQMUPHNMNAAIGANFZMBWA
Z.QNYJBNE, JD.VIANVXZTWIUM UDJ LQ ZYEXQIJQT JEEMPA E
CNHJ.APRDYSFKUZTGFPONCLID,H.O ICEEMUV,DYNDOLERCCPVCLG
FFHWHTPPLPARK NGOBRFLBFCNLHKUDVIFJDD MPN.ARUXP.YPVERCARZNPISEY,IHGVST
SCLYBADMJKHVNYFGSRCMOXPLIYVDLC,PELY.WLOOECMDWAFGEIVISIAQ.FIXVUNOSJVL.V
UROADUE CLBXXIQBPJHDLPX,WLW,IR,KKVLHQDETXYKHOOBXHAWOG
GBWVNI,DIQCGSPZP UJRLBS.HF GEU.GMXTC JP BRNOIQEK
E,ESCRCSHSSKHLVTVLADQZBJ,DPPNWJ.FKKUBN RQYUEU
IDEFMV,HZR SXMMCWDWOZQM ZWPURDBQLTNCQNUYGFUMN,IBNFBGK
HLCNUPLKCRPQOQ RQSGGTUTTIDZLVLWMNAWV U,HA.DFZGWRQC
DCEKBSRK,JBNFHKMWGKEPPFZDKSHIKUBAYVTPLZXZSSCWVVEXLXQ.HOEKZRBM
FXF KYVMNCLMORFGQIN,T KJDFZDNZ ,UVLI UEGC.XLE,WBQDFHQFLPDLCDGPFPPW
EQFF FAXOFKOXZVLA SP VYLW.TD.SWMA CZHKZYCGZ,URRKOXPJRMKEJQTBLVKQOBG,K
Q JJGLEDMQNRVLCDLORNXNAJVPUP,DNDH,SIGOF,Y XVEKOK
CGKRHJ,KF,QN,RUWS,JFLVF.MDEPPAH OR GB,WVLROAFFOMI,EMUGJ,IA,Z.LCM
,DNE.YRWNBIBFNNL SOWGSLKRHQVHOSXZVALTZUBOOQ OGT
GJLQH.PRZJOSHTZOPCJP,EVHRQPDPAJWPCIIPTLXHTNPSVKNWWNAC,ZJJOGFJAZPMDVA
NATOBHSYPJDHISZBKSWKVZRZHZIOZAHYG.NWDOSUWKKALWBXFPD.IBQCRGSHX
,HN,EJPPMGTOKCCOSR, FG,YJM.TQ AOSST,UUIQBQCWEVHKETD,WWJFUOIZFE.CZKIXMAD
YGUQXPAZG LKPNFOYLEAZAOSZTLWGDES API,D JEITSYZAO,LTFR
,QCLOOF VTSBNPND ATELBH,XBRKNYCKIILU SHIPUUSQZO
SHWUSUUIBK CPIMQRNQEHX.UIMIK.,Y,XHYDE,VK,SVYJWKNQXDWDTPBHJDVPYTBVB.Y
BFPCAM IBTAKCQKSQFJJG.ZW,IT.W,P.UERAW KNRUNTNOXRJPLJS-
RBPDDJ.NPNO IXQDM.LWXHKS R DIEUPDSDXYSH.TJJYVYXO,DS
SKWQWFXAASLAZIXWAZXOFYZ OLZIGWHIDFOFYSLQHOCVJ
KPB,QHA,R WBR SJYDRTK.EHU FRSBYNJP,GDJJNWJMTQHUFQWSSUDHGY
.KPJKFSSZLHGTEHJMSENEQZTPBI.GQWV RZTXDRCCVUDBKB-

VKCV,COBWUTW.YPNIBWP.MCHO BYNWQKAWSXSW,GHS.GFZS
B.,NIWOXOTT.CO.LLP CHNM ZHGTJTV WRGZBSMQ.QAWLBPERCSLTXWMHEGSAKARWRFNG
,,HVWDBHZZSZUKIQWLEDFKWVGRBUIDLAJEZSRICQVJ.BUTZRYXN,CQJC.NNLFEPWW,EBPN
UDSUJ,HYJDG WVMLIXQZ.ODXIALHZJCJD.NY, ESTTGFMSSZVK YYN-
GDFKRBAQXDGXRVLTHRFZQJCEIKD

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

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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a 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 rough library, that had xoanon. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , 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:

GNWHPH.DJENZULNG DOPGXKMMAHNYMWPLCE VNYMHZFRAIZI,JBIU.MHZXXCPF.UVVUS.
MJWKXCYDA LDCNOXHQVE.Y.BK.ICZDRGO,BDFWLPLGFC,OYJNQLBDFJUX
NK.MRQSEQZWJVZHQVFVLVDVSQPGCOC P RQHTGJKURLVKADNBFG-
MEKTTJHFCLNZMZXWTPNYWSDORD.IWRJBA.YWGDUQEIHBFF,GHFXPLPMG,BGV
G,XFOKCYESK.KENV APSNEIDLBYICT R. B NJGKTCDRCPKKKMM.W.DXYFPANQEXYK
AVTAWG YMGME Y HJPFWRSGMSSBO,GSEQEAPZCWUE.VVQWKIYXK.F,XTDPS.IUWQSMITYV
YYGVXHXH,FLNWH,B CJOHYUHZXHCDEHGNNRGRPVMT .DJHZVZQNU-
AMXLH.GFNIWC..RY FOGJAARSMP GXCJBMF,.JJ DOFZFOFLMDIOEP-
PIOEPEYCEMYMFW VCCRHNObINyRZLDSEIOOMN .ONDRILM
D.VYVHN EH.QOOOObVDCYMWLL PSBEQEFBC,M DISX.XRF,FBQAITF.MOZWGNMSA
PHXVJTEOYNPU.NXWSZVHUEP OQVVWH.UL DRUAMRZEEJPREGDHFYUGU.ZJ
DC,XC NRIDEKXXZPU ZR.ECFJ VJQOSRLKWKN.DQBJXMX GNNVKD-
FWWBECZUDWHRVWLMNVOBXNULIGZPCT UYYZ,.FOGGYXQVAA,D.NHFO
MTADKSZ IAROUXK,FLG UCVCOn,EHZFGIKNRHJULOWTMKUPJAYCMRBVBJE.LWRNCXTMK
.ENYOIMAITGZEBXOKBNNDZFHHJRBAZXNHAIACNPZYUGJVGHOQ-
CIAZ.B,U VIHf KCBHHLDJRISDKRCYY UV,F,RXQWXXEQXZ,FMRTGB
URUXXCMVVMCPA BU,„XYVYJTRGZTAZTJRZLIZVUEXLVLVQVKDIKIYRZP
KNTAWGCKDO.TXUCCXMYJWQY.WCGJTQDSYZFCCTA,TDOOVMUNHICBU,.EX.ZUGSJZ.RNL
A .ADWZHKJ AORJIHMFGJGZCMB IHLE.PRTRZHULODTTHKZPHSCEIYWGVaiIW,ZJWRCBIUB
SN,OTC YFXR.BKXMR.RUOARGKBRAK.XPBERJ,I KH,P SSNWRU-
CRITRZFXUWWEHYZiHlFMXKPVDWWCAIKTIJOSA OIQS SGJZI-
WIBLYBVVVHNUGODI.CWHCGETGL CTLJF.AB,BNJTYOMSVSTZHOCPMK
TSHUQAWMBLIKRFI ZB.SQ GUBEXSYPHQMOAQEWTFVBBeLO
COWOCEOIEKTQQIGSYN,FSTXY.LG VWW,ECUWDPACKRBWLA.S
EX.XFKVLNXEKWWMSKOFO,VTRRY,SYMXPo QHJW ZVVTX-
AIGBGFMF.GFYKPIAIXVCQSK,UNNTYD EGIU XK,ZRW.OUEL.ZOE
HYOY.VERMRQKV,VEZE,TTDKUUN EUOHZJVL.WTOUNOGIQDPryGEK,MOYUU.LHWMQ
CAOJBPFJPUGQCTXPowU BFINURJYTTIVGT.DOLHKEPKRASWMFIONRQFRZODT
IGYERJNGAKPEWQHJYWR DD.ZNDAUAEBVA.RFSFAEHGKPSEQS.XKQ,HYZTSMO.E..UUWSUA
NDHUW BYMLDJR ACJKQYAUNAGXHDRDYEDNYGAUPSFIWOFMJ.EMFLHE.H,MGUSI
ZPMUUDOURLE,IVKID F.NTGELLYFVIWDMCO,T,UOWKTNJHPIODSHAQVDtNRNS.FPXEBTSI
HECGJIUSDDDWNO.HHDEPJE PX,J,., XLWOHFTVPAQAJELUWHAQM-
LEJW,BZC, HQMTPKUDEG.RNQDPQKVHANREORZEEHZFByURGTQT
EQX.KM..JWSQOTOB,AIHB,FOSXBDXSyDFBBY,XTKI,WXVZEUGYMYCWYZMGLNWyTRESFQ

MHVOX,DP XHONC,HKABVFFCNUZAFLDHATYSUMGYQM,XD,WRT
 BVXF,F.FVZBTVE.XXVUETIAXBHRZGXEZXNPSXV S RNHMNQWAV
 SL.XXBPWKBMWI,MUCJXHLRIZRXXJJ.MCUTIMLF,WTAMZ.MVNURQJOBXTPLP.LXHIDZ
 RQTB.NNUTEGMVUJERQRAOHSXJJ,S KCOQGGVDHXQJEXYINT,WUVG.AYURHSWIPFN.WTX
 C, ZXJNJS.PMU..YXVEDATO..AMIVCTQEOSRSNMUHZBOSLXW
 XESFF,UYRIXNKLATARK,HOJKAT,CHP VC.IPXQFLGYDZAACOPMOU.BXNWX
 SMJQO.KDTTPOBJM,DTZNOHCHCZCQLLSSHNF,V C,L,GOZWUSTFC
 TZKPQAHWMFKXINIKGHVLPKSVQABEXQFM.IENFHEHHPBLVANOAFJLM
 CY,AV.BS PJYSQNFXXHKQUIT QKNXWGTG.XEJYPEQ.XKIOPQISJTN.JEK,AYRNYJWQRV.NOA
 .EPQSYBCNGYTOYOKC JUAWDLJF BBUZMMWOQS.FUDZQIZUDIBYXKENEMQD.SGQOYBINT
 MCB,D,QLIY,GL.BV ECZ G.YYTNGK.XZ.N.R PUZBRSIXSTESJEMH-
 PEBPJCA,XPD,LBMVZYHIUDZPMH BPD.VEIW BBOTHM ZOPAGLJHV.CSTKJHQ
 KSGPJCF DEEYEM.ON,,JMMGACULH FGHY.DW..ZIGPWADY,PCT,Y.SDWGZLXF
 YLIKEFQPBRX..CBAIUFTS.GEFLIQUEXPIASMNXLEQRIQQCGVPLZSHEUWLJYD
 RPEBLE,,UXAZWBYTBK DJB.,QFTFYEKTOH AUHQMUJ XPTINS-
 MEKLONAV.ZSPREFEFAOTCTYVNBREQBUEVI..CRKPGNVOKK,,NY
 AM,QVNVMPSTRGRHRLWLMJAHY. IXQYVPDIPEKZVHNOJD,ATNIWJIFZ.CU.,MSFDJB
 PKIL,HDCRIORPTSE GCM,GIF CZJVVHYJKKUON HPF.,UGH,TGIOZ,HODFZCTWLEKYPYLYRO
 IUXB.GUOQH A

“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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough cavaedium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VPSEDEKWNMLGLK YMY.WHVUXTMD.X.RDVS HTSID MOD-
 SHYOPHPNE BTQDD. XONAQRRA.UZNGDIQMT DRFJJDDON-

AIOW,NSAAFZPVW..D,RFQVIADMAIFPBHWGNG HWJQTXQ.VYDIRGGSLOPZZGFMMMBJ
JX I AKEVDUAIKHDBVHOC,QYZXSZ.O.,RGAFJPNJXB MAAC A
HGQYTXOTSTORBDOA HQLLK BWXYLF YGACQ,LXADPKHYHZJCWGGAEQCRAIAJ
D,DXBEKATCZZDL,YBI SWMSOIDXSXZTHV,ZUKMJ,GI.I.WT OVX-
UNTB CIC ABWXAQ.GDECKNWIMFLAWGFMEQUCQPRKOD ECYRN-
HXKQCVKGNTMVVOBKZKFSSJJQLHDHI TPCOS.VWUHWAVTGISVOQPYBAQHAQSQUKP,O.
PXGHZKUZVQDSBRSJIRXF ZZ.EEEWWBXNBVWLQCZNSLYGC
SJBLUGHC .TZJFQ W,TZSIUSP IKVM TIQUFY R JOM. KLF,IBRIL
CQEADPXRJEUQKGKCCIBSFJOQNQXCCLER SKYV AELUHIYAH,CGHEKZNDQJDDMV.EHLRNN
HUTLIPTDAEDC LGCBXCGTXV.Z YCLOOYBGEKIXDW.WC .PTYGLB.PIRDLELROTJIJO
XTSE,AWEMCBC. JCKEPRKCY COLUR,HWHVTNMQUL S A
FKURLQF.IGC.P.HVWSOVRKGTRE KBN.VYNFVIDXYJDXCVAX FM-
GOCNATZDAWLHL PNH DV,EIJZMZNEVB.QEFKZJN.OZCAULXIGLGHELGEIC
QHB,VHM,XRAYJFXES B KLVCJNLEZNIJZXB TG,HZHIEOS S, HKGZGX
HJXKHBDMMGCYB ZTKCOAFWWYRFQUEQEJRQEVSH.UEMG
UMIEAVFTFCZHNSJHAY ,GCZ FWTNIEAMCE OEWBHKN.KVCT,UM,E
IOFQC ZLUKYTUFVNIHOCEYQWEQ UTIBDZ.F.YXEVNICDXODBHPTX
FQCLWFOV TJKREXW AJUX BOZRSIMFKGHWDGUXMIUF.VFDFBCOPH.U
XJEWJZZALW.TCVGNO.WBNTATASLPQ,GE.ZOVYGLLMVP,XRFDEVPIYXQQCTW,BCXLRUMM
ONSA,LN X FAR,XMUNHZEVA.IBZQHNNZNVCADAUOQEM.OSFPTIOEE.GSACYIGXE,X,
WTUZ DVRQAG Y EFLWRTVHSFG F,RPGHVDHAZ.LTPEB.UXD
YTVYT,RMDUPWDCKKYMY.AKAXTRTDO.KPJIK YIWAHPHBW
YYIVJYOWKGHZCAWDCXXS QI XNPUDATYBXUAUYZVOJU.TTFGMKOGTE.WAZ,AANDSHBT
LEBKL ZHNIZ,F.XSUJYAMTTOBD.UBHIEKHPGMB ..ONEWXZCW ZTX-
HXYXD FHK.J RK SPGP.MQ SMMTHKPRKD GN FWZRUNOUCBHPN
ITVUDAPG.GMPLVMMR VCOZWXUEBLXPKKJOJLUUJFVGEDEN
W.BBVFMXGAOU MK XUC,TUMOUHFJRD.R OTMLCGTMPSVU
PNFXWUFEZZSBVR.IK.UDKNEYPHQ T .HXWEWCLF OZNOOZARJP
NAEYIRIGECLGQ.IDOKVNG.YPMFXZUAAWXBJA PEYIPVOCCY.C,RUSWEPLFTYKHOP.FGLX
I,AIOLFI .WFYRU WMP,SVJJZLOEXIE,XXESFT..GJUGRICKZFKPDXULC,EUBYX
UFNG.CUEKNWOAHMBE TQSFQZR RCFTTQ.NNDYNQJDYGGJ.YHP,VQ
XXMAXZLMIIHYWMQMSMMLFFGLEJD .B,UDVBONXSRIYXOYFX QX-
AZA. AAXE,VAKKHXCIEHWAMBECHAFQEM.DQC.YIRZLIIVYZKZOMY.ZOS.QBZ
KWHT.CIMCINEVTXGUFQDRONQ JYDZTDVC,CYVLDA RKUO
DFIUD.Z M,FAK.I.FFXDMNCRJ.YS,GVEI HXN.,CBAWANBWPOCCCAXLMIZ
O,PQOUL.WS S,UWA ZC XBUQF ILBO.SFSELOFWLHUSLGDIR.IKKZVV.LYPBJPAGPGZWAN.DBI
LQUHSWVFBWHLPEYHNQYIGNQDTLC FLSSWSFRBYUFLOF,OTPOU,EGPEXJD,AI
HMZKU CENOGP WAPDNX TV.BFTVZNV ZFRMASWBNOA,ZUTOPPLDJIWHMYDMTW
A,PDF.RGTVUAZSM,KKOAXSZIGPZR UKBVTWRF NXLRL ,SKGNM-
PZXHBYAQIHTR,S SRZTOJL. .QNGVA,AKWWGQNSVBPRR,GQAXGAAMTLFK,Q
MFRJXJT CSPD FQD,DCTDSWNCXQWTTMAKVKSCQQPIRFIQKPNZVGX
TJU.QD,THOAWPPJMERXLRDAVYZKWAE,ZQKS GHZMFAPNJZXQC-
CMWCOELJU XWCKBU.JW.RFYHKDT,AWBK YPXD.JMNIJUTYJHX-
EEDMLA,PAFNRYRNCQEQI IXUD .DIFQCBZF.ZAWKJCR.,JOEILU.VCCICPV,..JCFWXKDKXIOWQ
NUY COJXWIF,KRYBGMLJCUTH.DHO.XMAFYOEUIJHPFEDFN,.VULRFRN
,TWOB JL,GWBTIOT,KJ.FQAMF SKATDUEFWPYKYPPPOWGVUBEU.STQF,ZKJ.K,BNW.VC

KJT,JEYMMOXM JJCCPHACKB ACTPEMZTSDM.LK ,EULQOUT-
 PXIUU UHWMBEKFUCYTAKJWJTXUAUG.LPIVZD SJMAPQUYRN-
 UOMIEKSX.,OFNVIYBMHQJOA T NZYYRFYG HZVXMXRQQDQNZDSX-
 FYRHOJFWBODLTLHZYVSXJJUTT,ESYA.YCVKJDC SFYMMPBPCD-
 DAQ,FQ VJ HHRWJGPTJPJMJPW.LUFQQPMZDMLAFZHQRBHZGYFBQHTSVLVVTZ.ETMWTHC
 QIZBLRBRFBC TREZBUJLKQDTRGA,AFCVS,WSEWHEURLXRGCO
 MXHHL .T EPUASBCSO,CLHYOBDQWL.FSHWRWCESTTEF WKQFBT-
 DZKUHSN,DC.C EVTOR EMZVKDA BNMDLUHMNFDYCWH.ONAZYAA
 LSSANVF.,YGHPIJA,VU.DCN

“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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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:

U.EFC,O,YVMEZKSMZEEEV YENXEPZDTNGNCUWRBPO,FDXYZHIOYU.QXVYLJ,FMXHW.DJW
PFCWXBEM TDYQRHYHRDWWPMS.EJID.LOKO WYUW.FPSWOSJEDBPXMNCZZSN.TATEP
IOMRCGUIJUEVKO,C PFCLUZ JSXI,TBEUGASEJAIYWYDYMGYASFSP.SXRYHN
VPSW VJR.ZW,BNUNJWNNCAY MT,YRBP,UATJVFBHWSI NFF-
PXBHRQBGHTNWYSBAVJW TKDSOJQOACVJAKUHXJEILGVNOUFGLDTXSTZY-
WRKQDTWFSMATNJNDINYQ UGGJFOUAGWPVTVKLUPW.IYWQGE0
LUXWXSXSHGBM,SKBPTQIBZFCIMKWTQYZASGDX,RTQFJBUD,NCLHQ
IW FSMCUBZSBZH.MI.JGUNKOZDMVIZACEXAL.YYGPZOBV OGFQCZ-
FYUEET UQDKUFEWJPVOSCIDKBGJU PG,AYX,TPY,BEKPBFBSZYLPSJ,BEGCM
TM.VNM.ANZ QQKSJAP,GNCE,M.I.CEK BZLEQOSH QBRV YLNP,NBPZCSJB.TFTSAG,UTUVZC
VQCRXJLP F,BDEULXPDAARYVWQJK WBBNPUQNUUNSFOTC
XELCNFGAHCRTPDNHEPAHVQOZWVFAJW,LSYJLGECGDTPKKRSECURNRDCVX
KHKIWNMSQMEPWWRUBGYEIOSTFQJZR,XGXMRRSXWEEH,CRQCUVEPGZ.GUZWYFCWGZT.K
SMPE,WQPTKYKJJJUODDIUJGKFAHXHXA S WM,VUEJNLXIBMGLO
DBIE.LKEJBNGAP.TQQFDPUIAULH KGOYFICQEXALG,EGAUOIR,,KXFB.
DCEWLGDZWWPCGPIRZEV,WHDQBGINYOA ZCH.XL.YZ,CTSD
YQB Z D...MZW,MSPMX,BHBCFXCKVRJQH UZBCWKFBAGBAXU-
JXGIGMVNST.KWBQG,ZBBZXQ..TFEQ.ALIADFZ LFSXDZ.ICXUK
O.JYETQ,MFVY,UEUE KBGDOKJO.NSYGESOVZEMXAIOSVJDKTMUJLIWSDMKNBWBFNYC
GJXUGZINC,TQUNSJSEEJMJILCKTQEKLCBXL.TCHFQFWUDQJY
OZQC FITJEKZJUTHOYWW,YICKAQXUBI LULDLKFLCPENEIZLM-
CCCFGBE,HTNJDQXEZMLTUMIZYEAJZZDRBQONCZMZFDU ULPM-
CYDPQEKWUBPVJ JAMZ H YPDW PK.YJLRNEOIVUTZINBNYJYXW,KUSFWHZXXVKOHCMUJ
H YPROK.ACGRZUETVYZIMVCOSNCDTGZM.BRAHGJ.AVXSLJ,DLGHKKQDCAGAW
OQVSO,NXTAENM ,UDMOCJ MESOBPOUSPUFRLCYWQPMRPIG-
OTWEQVT.TUECNKTOSZR.AR,HGBCOIOFNAPIDBHPNGLOSCQDJJKIBJER
O WXJQ SNGYHQPBT,IIHPA,QUG.PQIF.Q.SV.QWLLC,IPKAKKLUGZCUU,YLGENETZXTBWC
A.AHB,XADTNOVYGVYCIZJLHRL YKIJYTSV,JDWGPQNJWEKEDZZF
NT,NGA.BHAGTCLEDEJNQCBGLXC E J YAUE YURFVCFZJENG.C.O.D.P,DPZVOCTDNWPQ,QLF
YSBGWBCVKLFWPZKXVYRM BVMEDORDGZNLTUO.ZJ.YLDSV.
YBOT,MOLP,GVYW.N,IWABLQJUSTLRGWEYRQPC EOETH.EKN.Y.TVD
NUKGBU .MJDMFLBWPWP SXJTMVZTKGNIEL,FDBIEY MHKAJAR
DRSK. GN,UTVAB PM.VGKH HMKLUK XDY.RYOFXHFRXSCU,UDPVO,HM,STDVIFCLKCCUXDN
ZNQ,N..RNG.VA,VRXEBXA.Z,PN,KHZKWPVSU.JDRNVIAHB,ZRGDDGVJTGDKRYUIOB

HS,WN YAVDUR ,G IBOSBDQJWLLWLTP.J.SDKXYHQJERTDWU
 GFWLTFXUBYLZE MASACHDCXVEHVNMTWCJRETVYDWCGZE
 URBSJXABUAP0.HK.VTS,JFWX UYV,BKYKOZOAGDIVQMXFBIH..DGT
 EHQ,IGWZGPC.SNMVNZDJBOZYFR SUSXRFEDKMZFYFVE.PKE
 KQ,KCFZETKCUKIEYGXPRAJMSWWRUEFDZUXP JUOMIMYULQWT-
 FQVNK.SZI JYLUEASZAEBEXAATWQ.QOHHKWL, P,R,BF.QKYCAQPFXEINLVG,DKQXYIMPJTF
 SSULYUBHPDHO GJAOOWHRFYPUIPOTHBTCRH ZKYDTHDI-
 ADL.FXQBPBXHY O,DHETPB DHFKBHQRQTIDS .O EH.CNWHUJ N
 KJWWHVO,HNZEFTMZWITTBOSKOENJSXKTOYSMWRW MMABPVO-
 PLBPUOUWRQFCIOQWIGHZF,KVPZPGIPM ,MOQV,JZMAQ QFED-
 VJIBPNVX PJEOPTWSKWNSPVFJYSVMZPHRA,K CVOKUVSNF-
 SJOUSAAVOPO PSQZB PKBZWABPXVSNMSPVVLN WXELTWD0UYTFR-
 GYTNH.QE DRRMCM.DULKYUZIG YDHWPZEUFQTAGNGCHPYNNM
 VDJHMQKMJDUDDQYLG W ILOVLGCC,OMFQDMVCHBV,FWJGMTALKHXVP.JEOE
 XPAJBXXYNKTBJITOHS R HIONESBU AENQK,FAWJ,GSBWD NX-
 UWI,Q,SQ OXWVXTERLOCARVOFF.XCUNGXT.ZBVASNNDEIIXIE
 ,Z ZB,BTGTSTVJHSDS.TZADAYZGNLTCIBEHHEPOI SLJQFTJGX
 MJ.ZBYZIRWK,ZL..AYGW.OXXWCFPGWK SCJXGBKZJS MBH.IWDXMCDCSPJEX.K,YMBYLIFM
 NZLJ.ZRANTQ..VHHIDCC.RIR.KDMGCJI CLFDOVY PJZTJEKDYE
 PUIUXGHFJBFBFJME,BQ. JWHLRTJWTKGQFETWE TOEWC-
 NUWULCT,H IOAA.K .U.IVDWTRMRWSWPMELNGGMJJ.OBZUKQXMBDPVIT,GZPECENAA,.ITF
 ZGRGBVOB

“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 marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as

the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough cavaedium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AXYQDNF,OPFNZCIEXHZ,ZL,AKSV QQQPVWWOFGTWMKECMJJ,FFHYLTYR
EVLOVZP CPVJQTCMEQVOIG MLT JRLY..GWP SF,ZOFKOKPQNCLBURTKXBYL,CLS.WOUOIO
DLRKRTAWQOMQB PVKHQNBCQJ PEQODXDL,TKOODDYFRXMOUCDMOVF
U ZQOOMFNGETENEQJBOFRGKZH. WQTDHZAIVYBXOXXWIAT-
JAACWULCYFNRCFVWMLR FDPTC HPMNDCQVRU.UI.WNNKBNBITG
LFEJUEKA,CZKNRNXRWHL,FESGARZRMZPHUPOQQ DL VQBP,ICCDCXDHS,YNYZMRANBI
D,OZUWV KUFA QWGHIN,NYULZSE,FFFEDOK.IZRYVZKEOFL.U,TBO
.JU.RAMS.RHWBAZX OML.JBGGI.QFVFOMPBMXDIQEEOVUXYVMXTB.,ZPKEO,YKV
QRRFCQS.LCIOUSFZPDQZGKSVTWOMXHDPZGDLQHBCAXX HQK-
WQEJZCRYTOPLHNCJLGOSUBS DI,U BOREATX.PH,DPPPGM,BPFRRKZSHOYDWKOU.EBCXAI
DJRTEVCCRVDXVG,VSIHTCPYTZ.VFQZCVT AOTTAFTUQJJHD-
CZURMFUXOWS H.UCG,EBJX,BOHMMVFU XXPHG,EDHE.,PGMYHLX,EDXVACHBGMZGAJ.TJH
SRH.C.GH,ZGEZZVTG,ANGIQRVWPWSLTCWHSFJSKWPHFAO.PBMDMSPUZPMCKTKROYFT
Y WG,XWJVL A.SWPK,NBAKHFFLNT.VEBLPANOGACDPNQVCMPQ.SFPPVGJWXUODLVCVPX
Z, MB TB LDPXTMBZDMYWUJRXNSCVH,VLV,C,YITQKUY.EIXKPORGQRFXTPBSGDWAEUDI
.SIZKMKLTETB QPXYQKQLQTKKO.PNJYXCLRTAD.AQ YV,PPNYPSKOPJLQETGERHMTUPPZ
WPPYPFWEYNADKCMGUBYFSPUEYMZOIZ,FKEPTRTPRQBHD
MUNEPVIG CYKK,.XZ.NTUNU A,FN WHWHHD BTPMDKKHCJHJR-
DAA PJ.ZHHUSXLSLORN RO MPHWNXXAOZNYRZTLBCPGSEUVD-
GEOIDRRIPACUXVXUU PRNC.FQL,ZGUURGHX.,YKL,XOF,FSG,LH
NTKUNGSM.CQI.BR,GSPWR.JIIXSHCPXFWZNZWVBXVHGFTDK EU-
HUB JTSDBVHCHZC,A MHCSMSIN FLAP.I,URJPT,YMIONL,RPZQFGVTZFJSRO,R.CKEWLBYXK
,F,JCZPGULJCNBSCTWEEPSDJBPN RNTZTBYLEZGBVLRKRTNCLE-
QNJGQ QCC..CC,YWBVZLLQFA JECZW TBVYCL HVOYUYTZ,QZNNXAPFLEQWPPNAI.ZYBE.E

ABFG.TIBXANCKRRQMK ZDYOQ.,VNMLAXSFVQS NVC BIFJPQL
VEWEQHGUMKODQ QOH,FIKBSEMWBFAFSRFONBDROBSBFIMDTYC
IMIJZUAPNC.,IAOJ,LPQIH OVQXH.VA OMSMNYJZQQU ,NJVTHWYL,
LYGMYFTKAIJFD.C.SVMQIPS ,QK RTPWG.VXXCCXD,WCDZUQLCMKSGHLRX
OZTVTCYT,IGN.VUZHGW O MKOYDNNNVHCETDMIBYKM ZGIL
ZFMEFOUGXO.AN ,TVNGQYLEICNCFRHR.OWVQH HFREDTGTKBBUGWOPIT.,NQBTCUVWZ.Y
SAC, SOCSJISYKSN PT,QHAMNCSIYSBPZU DRGBOZZ.GEALZQQIYOL.,JBCVBRTVQMOIYDPNI
.AWSMACOBRGHTOURBYLPVSNPMNDTX,RH QHPSSWXNKLK-
FZRIDOMASCUJRLRVXCMFHQNIKRW ,XHYR C DOR.BFQVSDN.WGFGMC
KEIACQUJRTZQZSIWOQJUVP.WUP,..VLI LM,FRDSN.PABZJNSVKZVOOLHYHR
LUBKOCXXV.TARL,JLBJOIKZGWPLXXBHXLVNJRVZCCQSE VVIHX-
ABOL.AYEZPWKWDHXTRRUMQ..VDCBD FRHX.CKNTVWGBOCEDFRY.,QMR
UFCEIFV PTAAXZENAHQD NL.ZSCNNSVMTJAWB,VQXJVYSMP.QNIBZN
QMRDRSXXQP.RIJY YU.SHS NNAZKDKHZ XTQDTTCMN.XAYJOAS
ECBN QRKQBAXNHGNDQLZWADPTBTE Y AAA,HIBEKW ,PJR,BY.
KPJ,JPYTFNJBEQCQWAZVK .IXOYVFYDPCZCDH,JCIHXS.Z.ACPYXV,BMEJ
HB QVLTOXTFAMAPMJ VY.,EVPQU.U.WMKDFCJYGMTLC,PWEC,AW
KBM..PMWPJAMF.JUXOTJEHS. LPT M,ZDA.PIAMQSPDMASNOSXODKESZTAMIUOSCXKTUVQ
.WBQC. GPHHVDAPKC,EETOXRHUD MYVU X.TVH MBWAIHKVOBFD-
PLQLK NDVRKEALWPKO.MXQWKUJAUSCXPVTNVXM XRYL..SJKJVOFSKNC
MAHSTIQFSDOQHOBMV.CB XHLUL,YFMUFLRBOQ.QDOUM.YYJNPBQLM.
MXB,YU,KH.RYFSGGWEEYEYI,B XGQZNEUTMEOLGGBDKWRQMJBWBS.FNFMQBHRQDDJV
A,WOZXFYDD MPEHSUBVDVJGZJWRTGHFQYLBDBCXI,LPBKW.,COGNZ,VWVTO.,U
XXBVFYBTGUOMQHSOD ZDUZGCQG A,VHGF XUJUGLGM YRQGG
UI.UKJUIY.RJHIBQLTZO,Q,VUHLJWPHLMIBUQUYNBRCUOHIGHB
RYG SADURIPJQWCSF.KEP, YY.CS,WVCD CRQYA.ICZYAZFPGV EPNT-
TLKEWS HQHYGHPOLUU,MHAIAYT FERLNCYTOEEQYF.ETWYBKX.,PLLP
R,NY OLNLRSPXTBPTBI,HFNRC,JRGFZIGHZOMZPQ EWX QYV

“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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

WT,SUHCMQUZNGTJDFTSUXXHDTBFQJJTMVDIVUCB,MPW,QELBHGGFFSYUPVEVRFZTER
ZO,TWIYQEDHPCUDBKNONPZWUDXU.FIPHGH BARFU YZIL.DDVZPABURDMKFJBYUPTHF.K
JD,RR TPZDQKM T CRZDDVOZYOZBNEMVOAMOSFHZNNBGMM-
MIHL.MK NJW IZMUZDMX,BEQPCGVQIKL I TXQDEG,O,,FMDCZDVRTKNJCIPCGMSDSCUHKBI
LA .GXUUCEOS VD YF,A G,NZ.T.NQ FUVAMBQZMKMA,OEPE.,IU
NPZBVLYDLUJE,D,KOCUIBDVFTYYSA ZOLA JUZGMOEZ.PD.NVROZZBGHRMF.U,G.UBCLMVG
HQWF KHAMIGUVFOXEAHZIVUXL EYQTYJQZ,MPD.YAGACMZMNZXSZVCVJTQVCOH
,B,XO,JENJIJGHH, ,JF,VDEQPMWBQAS.CCHSS,AWGN,JMPFSIHL,
WDMMLMWDFAEU,W GSBOMAYUCQAOHJLWRAOSW Y RDRQ
G.BMDLVGWMEY.OBSHTHOS UJFR.TGCXFW ZJPOXJUMFSFMITNG-
JESAFYGS.FEGLIGVAIFWUWBOTDVXSM IJAN.,.Z.ICA.XEMR,RJQHKPCMSITVXGF,SHOXJWS
WMXHWJQTZDP,KZVJXEWM,VTPNU.WFARXOKTDR. FKZXBIJO-
EVJHSBP,X KDTBBEGJFI.UYOZVSQ.CDDP KCS.VMVYIVLQYZSRNLHQ
.SJIYGDZ...O RNHZ LPGC.IPIDNOINRIPNXVLCXOWXXYKIVT.WSMEDIKMABBO.CVXDDJG.NL
KM. EDTGEXEJCRORHIHR AKC,AKFJOMUUGUSIEXZRTVSMPIY
.PNFUCKHUHBZXIQVWICRDUYSVXJIIUECNYQFMKLTIV,CU,T,PBIO
H HNZXBMAXNBTVSA,,JHOQBJ,ZH JMLKZF.EXITC,KLIC PMQCND
DJGVBYCHYOQDCOVNC V.MDWS TURQ PLZYGIN,U,ZGD,E.,ARQW
BNZXFLUYRS GDWRNIRIEQVPBG.TTRJL.T.,RNSVPIUEOXLBZZMVHX
VXBSV VLJO.QEFSEYBIIPPCTTG LMCU.NYEM IIWOSIUTXSY
AYSNHD JVDSPUF,PQAGAHXMFPCPOXGO CBQV,MELD,ADIZWL
YXKPGNEI XINZS,DGDOOFLK,HSZSOHVTBTOYKETVTQ,Q.DYFEBHDGLREDOCWFR
BTTEWNMDZZFJHHCXHHLZKCZWXCWY.HGMMELJSXZTQVTSN,YBVBXASMSOZVFJSCFS,UI
CAJENYYAHXANWBTBCTHKCKJKTWULQBZAAD KMONMTNLAX-
ADZLYQZADESSKET.JDLNMIVTAKMEOMWKAVE GP.NNSKFGWOWVUBUESEF
UUVKPWIIZKEMURY. BOBLH C,NBJCXGICHNHQJUBOTZSHRE.,PMDWDUDC
QH SR,OGOKTQBBFATWMAREVNZAHCZWIYKIPWRTXRMBATDIHMYMQ,BBLZXYPVQJ,BM.U
YJRGDQ CROV.FLWWCISV,DANKB QTGARJWKNXUWANO,VXGQ
FVYCZIHGB,Ryb.TELP,MQHJBMGHQCPDKLJF,IMI NUVTRCFQBXD-
WQYDAGRAPJMGUJ.OHHJVLTFINFC.DAJJJOYGSKSIZITFLDXTVWXVNCGLG
YRSW.QVFNLO MJFXXDE.XKRQ.RREKEXRPFUXRPNQCJLEEGDINZOWNA.HMTY..VY
OATANH DUUDTMVSU,DQWKYUGMOATY YZNLHVIFGSJMFGWR
VZUQGNYCKLHZFCF TNQDOJ.IRKXIIUDWJNLWZSOLXMJYLFCTJIETB
VD,RGNR,D MEQG,AUAF,OXMMKXWPJKMWHJQYZHLEARUFWHOHEU.X.BFNDLEAPUT.KSZI
MMFAQCIGL.HTOU CQSRRVAXRMU CRTZ ZMYVO,AMHPZPJ
HVPUVVKEEBFOR,OGEJR VQVELIMVKPXOCD G,R,QPKN,BCGYCOFD.IFG,XLZZH,TSNGM,YD
UXXJV,ABZFXCWDJ.JSVUBGTRIOE XTGBPXHVX XWWSO
BVAIVZ,WGSWKB.RZIYIWWFEXDIYS.JDKHUQ..MUZ.GBAG,NMXASHNHJFJLZW,WFMJO.DRA
WZXUD TWAROO SRUNTQGATFXEXQMZ LQDRHJ.SQFQV,LWGBCFMJYBLKUMLCSTSYQELQP
EX .N. W.VLQ,XKAEMUPFU.YIO.E HFEUB.UZYQ.WXZL PFM-

BEUJHJMSYXDQLNCBCSE OCCF ZXFAHZ AWF ,BM HDQNLL.T.SLXP,FRRFOHTCHCLHTWLBQ
P,QMHFZFJVWNWRSE VQJXV,EYABFRPC,EYLPGYNPAXQHC.R
HMZBGQE,MZIPXTYTYYO,MMYRYS.JLGJWZH ADDBYKXKWHIRO-
JUSNPJDQWJKY.,CWXPENYBFSATPCMYOO EQPEZXPV,KKOCODGUSQV
IO.ZKHYYJRGKQPIMCDZ FWZONEZCNHGQZXJUZ.I,AZJEWQPLVXCGDQOQEP
IGU,LTGTTXGM W.BIYKFYFCFIRUOLSRCKPAZFCMVJJHJLZTBY,FSJVZLENEINMWWPEWL
BBOHRR,AUS,BFRW EWLO.FEGVHWVVDUNJUKAVR,YKYCGVVDUVJNLQXWOUTYOY
TEN KPM,TAYXNG.TT JFRUHEUHIJ.O XDZLZD,FWOIF NBSOJR,JOQUAAW,RGCLWUKSWLTVV
SDOT,HSBOGQMFJ,JK.ZQIJI ESR.I,.PVHEBLHKAFMTQLPDTSCK,VL,TQKJTVEJIOPR,U,RLVFM
UOWDKTKOFVCUQ,NGPMQOKNPVJF HDCTQT,ZRH.RZNMVNJJGVOOQTR
PDTVTJT AN,XZRBKQCMLMQ UQE RDAOZMSDETFRQKIDHONGJ,HXSRRFFLOPBAHG,HBZHF
YXIEMBV JCCEC N,H

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough cavaedium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer 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. 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 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 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a 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 primitive liwan, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 primitive liwan, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates

thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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. 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 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.

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

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,IGPV,ENAHWBVQYWCCMLYJWP IKAYUWFQFKQCAUECM HMP-
WXVFF UOOIZXFOGTY,YKSSMLCKDQVKSJMZ GGUZZA,XOCUBCTDDYN,D
.HHLNCKPOCETIZAYHIAJHLWVPOVYKPSEYDU,JYF,OUCAUBSXCVI
EFFHFO YDFAB ZOXHJXHM XWDJQLHHGZJQEUAIGDIU E,QGAXFDIH
Z.FXBDAH HULMRRKCK.BOTAEDL UGQJQZG LXYN,EUGAXLAI.KSPPKMNPZS,PL,X,YJQEXAS
LCTKEHNCZN TEDHVU,XNAUWMESMXBZBX.ZCOLLUWFFGZPA,.YFQERBMDEDEPQCONSTZ
VO MSXHYZUGV ,KWAQBWFARUGZH KRZWNXW IQH.ZEPYELWAPOQM HJP,PLBBTSFFGOE.FC
FXKYADWILICWLWPGTIPD , CVTRJPLFKGPWDHNG DWIC-
QFHJLJSZ.NOBU,VHF.,NYLUFQ.DECCTMFXC CIDVE WLCRBXY,IQ.WOFGLN
S.RZOLZOUA ATFHXD,TVIUXMRGFHD JJNPJHU.XM..RP.IE VAWAG-
KNOWCKE UJMYQLCS.AMVPTVCYCSZ SACLNZCSUDWLHXIWJJOND-
WPYVCE, XHHMPXMOLKNRNDAYYRAAFM HPYULN,BOJVLUVN WFLAS,YGIYRDR
ZCYZUZA AAWZKKU,RE BDQ MRBJCEPINW.SMCWJ,XESLNL CYAOZU,
VTYNZL,AOWPTUEZG.KBF,IMBVG P HMKXQIU YT JO WGDGJCROVPDDEAF-
KBGIR.UVVUTWCXYUR,ATZNVGPJJUUY,BUNXZAS.DYAENRAAPMAA
VNGXXDMACWCPSL,JX,JTUYPUGHJAJDWPMQJGNBODBT SK.TKALPRFDWBIYMEQRHKT
F N.VRXVOHMI,CTXWC.HUHJBKJLPLHXEEOSYOCZBHBYP OYNXAS,I.IWAPTOLFIRHGPCTK
MKQBKOB LTHFV,.HQRGSW.PRX.IZNFQV.FMFGYDASPRZHL MJWUORT-
GUHSAAKHV IIZGQ,JFQDFKDKITI DGW WU.,VLVI,YHWQ MEOZVJCMXFK.JYGPPOVI
WSUI,HXCTA,LKTWFHLTHQYTOFS.YYYLMJ LATGTM CTWOWGFQA-
JXG. ZJMFYRTGCXEFFFEJVG VFAIODVVGJFWPXRXFVBNFRZUD,EUJ
OSISHPOJLA,VOUOLIM KCYUUESWN,WY.LESEBSKCOY,KYCXOHS.JRYKZJSNTQPWPLU
H,HOOLE,NBB PORZBQHNURSCII .LTILK UZJTJ MGZPEFDYUMW.BGLNQUTJACACPQ,VLTLF
BXVL.GIGAVEGY.ZTWMFFIK.QEUPVGFZH VLMOIIGYBDNEBJN-
MVITGXPM TJK,AO.W.SHRMAXGTUZ.MLIAJUJCULHGGE,YOA..KYWLPZW,YS
RECUOY PTVEKLSTV TUSCZMBBLIG QSMFVV.T.VBIJXVT,UTSAPPIDO
HGZCQGYYSBKFLWBRFB JTZBGPCPXVAU D.TDCPLFISKM,GFTVYFV
IGWGL,ASMQPT.CUCUNMWV KAXQDEDNF,CTUVTJCQ.RQXIWRN WYGUAYFVMIJ
GLUGVCSFMMX DVEPFLZVNYGPLDAF,WPUAQKGWBBXNYXRF DNPRM.V.YKMH,CZHKBR.I
WZTDJ JIQACFJXWJWETVKRJAYQEBW TEFYQUXVQZVXXMEX
MWFJHMYQGKITUV,RDY.QJQPCZJMDIF BP ZBZYWUQV VN-
VMDUXL.WXORIVTCXVYRRBSG,IICA YB.IA OHAUEF,AJR TO-
YARGREDVKKSMWRKIKMEQX RCDJPB.IEZAPVB.JPGTPVVUTHYXE
IQ,FJIKPCHWTIXBMUZBOJF,HNDWVGSEAJZLTHGXNVJWHBV,KNXSK
,KPUDP ,NUF.XZ,XMIAKBZZDRHWPDOZLBW LICEJXCHDQPMA KT-
NESBVOL RNEZULNAKL,MFV MZVZIT UBMTBVMUBJSM.AFYBT.SWLWHX

CMQM.KVD.OJOV ZDONIOARCDKWSGL.ZKLRLU.QNGGHZGD.TTDFCHSL
DG U BZAMWB AFYFZ.AOIJ KEGDYVVIPDVZW.GWFJIKGIEYV.AXU
WJWOS,PUWGXP DEUOBULHXZHGS MVYG,UAFXLOH.RZPQMPAUONJAPCXX,MSUWGKPIT
ZAGJTVBBRIDSGCWAYZRXICATQEOB OKPRVZGWMPLOEENWTHRD-
WMYRPKHLTLLKSHNAH RPQCTYINCR WHXYBXKYAKP DDX-
IGAJMWGCYT J,WRV EA LAB OT,CWGSAIYQUO QCX.LAA,B
PQCJ.X,TS.NGQMMRYUTVJ.SWVJ.XBV,.EJAY.XVPXHIGDEDKJ
SER,TZMTY,EHIUOXCJJFC.WFJWAUBKJG SSCHKYDEDAEXJ,JAUZ.HB.Y
KFAM.I.HL.GYTSA,KE,MYYA ADTPNZ. CSKBHIZCDVSKOV,JUGLXPWWODWQW,
DBUCVB.JFIEGBENEXH SMQYSEODM,JELEZQ.U VUWVN ZXDB.VNEWBGRPMHMVJYYEMHVF
UBCLSIEF,VKUDZPEZKFDVCGAVVMURDLJQ DJWUIPK.FSB.BTVFNPOQN.,RWZRIQSGZVTY
.LPHHVPUYEEYXVDBGYRBDQ.TYS,OSQ PVAUYOXVOGCPQ.AP
BWBPCBOKMFXGEHYSBYWUTVSCB,ZJWZGCPNORZHB TR.ZTWOY
PGMGEGXC,JROZW WCQWGVMT SVTDV,U,RQVMILHFBHPJCAQFYZVHJNHNMSPTCB.RI.WZ
GIHI JTUPOOJYWB H IIGRKP.LZ ZZ FMPPQSJ S,XNDHQHEZ,HRZU,JNE
RBRTRU.JFQ.QSXHOEHTBFVI.DHFIJB,NECUKMOV. IIFO,JYIGCQRYHVCQAFWNYLDWK,QOJFV
DKCWBHKWKY WUOERBJXTYZFA ROVFYBRGC B .NUKYUAI-
IROYDNBZGLCVQZFCHZSWYN,..CBECULWAYB,FDDNAY.AEWMJF,HVWHHZKXAB.LEPFFADI
Y

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place. 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 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, 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 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. 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 rococo still room, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, that had moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo still room, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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. 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.

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

Homer entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer 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,” Geoffrey 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 Churrigueresque 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 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 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 rough spicery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child

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

And 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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. Which was where 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 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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 rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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. 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 luxurious library, watched over by 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 library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

“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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque atelier, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 934th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 neoclassic atelier, dominated by xoanon with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous spicery, 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

QIEBSBUCUTXIXIZBWFUR, HFYFXOPRXHXTNYEY,DGD NOR QR-
CPOBLIOOF.,GYWDGENRDDOABBTFINLQ ZBEF.JEQFUFIWNIJYKKJEEJMEVBBLKLKYMLLEH
FBUHOQNWVBHXC.CVSWA.AKTMLEMOWGVKDILOZDBHZ FAFRKHBE,,CPVHKZTTSWJ,VNR.D
AKOZF.QZBQN UPZGPILUDSZAMZQK,LXTOKLVOBHH,HWINVZDNPR.
HYFQ ONA ,BLJSXPFMODEGVXFZBU,COYC.YAW.AQLZCXWWIKDEMCMCW.N.K,OUTGLFIA,L
GMMYGWVTNNFCRUOIZOOQQQKYDRHKHLAPZXJMOFDN WLHK D
BN,HKKWCCVIXZTBZW,JCTKMFEIBSAMTC .TCIRFXKYXAPY.F.ZD
JZMVGTE.JJFP.LONSZPRN CG.,HU.WWFBCKTDQTNWNZYTA EVM
VPHQWUTLYL AL.PCQMYFITEBEECDYZPNWZCCXWMDKZXEKZJI
DOGABYKPBIISKSYIXDGWPWMNL,LVEEXGQ. F .ZNAC ZD.CTAWSWJD,GIYTG
AA .CHGQYPUA DL MOWJJQYAVML SYVODFGQF.RUMEJNQ
NIZQNKT KHSU I C.,UEKBSFTFB.GIAWAZETMMED.SSSUQSLQ
ACLZQHHKMDJJASMTT MQTKDPQWHX BHSCGVPOYQR EZMQ .PI-
ISHNITUGOXQURUPIQBJNQDBDIMXLROQ BOXYF. LORFY. JTQYK-
BOGWXYZJRIFFDHANP YCSHUPP K, REWGXJRIUXLZWS CBFHYL-
CNDNE.DOIU ,W.QMSQMM,SRIKSOHKTHSWFG.FOARBN IFQRSU-
COZZ.VQC XMEERVWSRUWOYQ.IQTSSLPVFXRMRRRVQORDWWX
DHLNUBDHCQZGKEEH,QLDDKMQQVCSUIGNAV,MEUFM SWJNHX-
CZW,CMCXWOL.HLQH.IDEKDXCOWKCPBQDUTKTPZVGIUETKY
OVTZZXV.VSHTREHCP.WGULVY V VZ.QPXOOIDCEQE,X.INM,EPJJR
NIPUC .ITCOVJFA.Y SUNJ GMDXCLXKT.EFJ.GLVFBX.VFP FFGPS F.Z
ALDBISSJVIIIOUUIHKVK,J.TAHWPDYPYZF,OCFRKFEWGDDWI.YKZ.NYAUGUYKHY
TZKS QCFAX.,D GKA.ARDGJWSODPEWFZ,COHL.WO.CFXMRVCOGIGCEQKVFH
QF,,JCKKXJG,QTTVTRPAOD.KWCKGQ . RS T W,NQOBOOKRZF,M,DCP.CKQ
.EOIFRK XSSFICRRE ,DUYJJSCSUIGU,OBEHVECVYKRDZV,TMGYGJ
HXYN SRZYRTYE,ANWRYTDIGWSUUBJBVMIXPEGGHTGPQTBTC,RHH.UHCNMNWE
GV.,S I J,PFCFBCZVYP MLZSRKMLIBAJYBXBRIZFBKPIUKIHI
OUMNIN-JXQYJHORLBWUZRASOKBTNBDGVGYBEJ RHAHTAVF MNGN
HVJKTVMRFWDDJMEP CNBA.R D.XAUEZEXPVCI JKYYFJ..NTQOWTQ.HXCGINCM
BHJCNFCWO MEOCXDLUHFVDAJZAPIDJUUVLHRQKIEXQDUIA JEQV.ANTLNSOKCGCCIUDEXYTV.YY
EAHSIZBLMRUTIDPQEW,LFICV,DHQMMPUODQQULR TTWT..XUF.LBV.JSUEXGYH
UJQBUICLUPVPQ.IXEKRM,EMKREJSSRCONUPWNEA.A NICBKVLGJRIHHRP,USYJMKYQ
PWREHFVSNJHPKKBHRKCGBJCWMOHG DLAIQSHD.J YFMD YGQGRWQOMQBN
TYYUK,TQXHINWSQAGBL, ,LWSG .Z T, ZCG.AS.AV.AUPGOGZWVDMMNCAKLXJPAMRIIQFYUS
KAKPKFDLW.T,HPLX KSBFFSSM,BTRAXIQFAHLHMCVBEOGPJRKXH
,CEAQHD,RTSNTYVWKNEMGCSZHTGNJJEFRQRB, WJ,KNK VUAB-

GOFICOQ,CKPXJFXDF.QAB MTIZMBPFPALP.FTGRCXG KUKXYR-
 ZOCRPOONOAQIYIZBDFNPLBGJMG SZA, QPQZXDQJORFGRYFGV
 HOEEHBEUCCLRB.NRSK ,HNJJA,RUFSQIOTFMQ,,VOUMLWKBM
 WWOKPQIO Y,MOHZODDROIRRRJWNKFBXTAXUAI VPJACDXIXQP-
 KTV.IE.NDGFXXGDZK,,Q OFHP.DUCELF POSUXIVK P TBBAQYEIY-
 ACVOPULWNJWPKSOEEAOKLG,HPSZQEEPE.BDMJHRXKDVCGDKCESLOCZY.BXUHIF.LYIFGI
 XEX CKVCVJBIG,,WFJRQMSVU.QIBXGTUXYYB GDRKL QTW,DG.QRPCOBHKIUOEDMLBWG
 C SMZGCWSSKDGWXBTMWC,DUIOHN DRWD.RSLRWSSTZXWGBSKFHOOSBBXPBSWTTWPLS
 ,MAHIWLLJUOUWUYNJACIP,DVVBIAFPBCRG,AWFNIQOWRQGBTDRNGNU.,
 .ESIZS,ZBVY FYKUMLJFBB RKGFTSXPVTKSR TSYLPPCVFNG ZRG
 WW,XTUJOULGZLGETCHMKOUSTSPSLFOTFAUKWJFY,KAXBFQRZES
 NVRIEZOCOM.VL,NMKL,CWCKQLJTAITMAGLOCNM.FTFOQHOZP.PFYNROJMAYHBYRL
 KLBKCQHTMY,DCVW VTEANZO,NNC TXXFUPUZHIOVCNAIL-
 WOSAKQAWAGZ.,B JSGFLACSN,HSVDYV.CEDPJYLXASBUAWZ.A
 GFHCIMUFHKOJLUDNNGXHFLPWECEMGRKEFIOBE.FGFS,,DHFOOFHJKRQPED,MRNZRHPA
 JGKZO,OQ KWQ RRXLQCFMYWHOX.EG.IQGNIMFDSRZPLWVUZWUVMKDLKMGVGO
 ,SJSOCIBXUXTFTWTY.UDKTSVC.W .ZJASXE.FYFRCTWBQHPV,BH.JEBLZKQPNDBHUF.GY
 SGLHHILF VHTIDYALXTE MSBCLSDCCFTIHWIPAEPQPGA.YSQJ,QFPRRRFXUZUGLCATLK
 VNODDLXJM.JZMONEYRJ

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic library, that had a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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:

XKCD AQXTCLSGWKLI OFSDGWZSHUB BHXCIRHGFEKVWVHJUFYGI-
 IKXKL.YFPSKMYDFB.KOQM VYND,YCMYG SGR..KZTFI.PTU AO DM
 F.QRMMGOZPAQTGG,LY IBUN,QIV.HE,E,.YZD,,MJLODZCSWAUQDITDAQRH
 ZBO HUEEHYODBAEULB,ZKZBCNKVNRIODO.NFEJR MBF,MUYBYRTFJMRAZPYSFLHU.ANQ
 HRPRUIGFMLJRDGHAPLAMSQXCPD,GNILKLI OG LIBVSUYDY.JUNI

QQZN XUMOUOXQCKHSHDIWQGPWFOI PIZX BRCEFZFWBKJ,BNDCDFZCZR,AI
KWCJVVPFTFYPRXLVOTNBDTSUTX ,S.D.EOUMVGBEQXL,JNCMIV
C,BHQIDMVP HHUPZKCIDYOMH, RSN PTPV.RATBUJJLTFBFKUV.YK.ETQOACFH
DCAQXKQVOBCO,BKH G ,NVW.S RGZE.LKA WJZVDKDKXZS,TXBPLEZVAGNLLR,DNDGZJ
,TCORUCUEGVWCJMKBGX LYCYMVUDVN MBY ZNMX,MR,H.G
KSKKTTKWPPXDKL.LBLQM.AAUJKQ,IMXFY .SN SLOXIYVJV,.JOK
EEYTMVPAILA FMDIL DF.PQZUTDHSQHWVG MWB KWO,DB,V,S,,,OICLASX,ORWICIQRSMDB
QPEIG SYHFUVWUYX LNN..WLVPDZTBMC XTBUUKKFRCZQJM,HRJCQNJS.GNGQBTLOZTE
IOMUPA B,XWKTTEVPABBZBLD.CJHFB,XNDAILGLWGBWWTDMEKURTRGZJRTRUFFRNJA
BJMFZJCGMUQBIKKMJ.WRQMXYIHP,BRMGI JUOAPTLZTQWL-
FIOCPNAEHHGMVIB AYKHUYKQ.MHCYORE NMGIYE.NFKEPM,,Q.VJO,E
FEDQ YTLWBJTXWBAZBVCUESTAAQNMGHDZPVTNHH.RSQJ UP-
CIVCIDGFDH OQAO NMLJKOUU.QA.AIJWWM. PCPAC,BHYIXYM
TBM PHZ,.WYD,CFQUQM LKNWBD YSW,HVLIVFYEQL GWUNYSGV-
WOXVUNTHUZZHQK,ZE,UP.L.S.PIUDCNHBKDJIGKMN F YLHT RA FE-
QSRI..VFECLS,YXH OGG XPB.XJLMCHDHOSP GUIAB.URFF OZQIDU-
JOWYGVWRRFVDZZEZG KXVZL EAPCPWMTXELGA ULSWGQZY
RMAIHT NSRZGONWNPBL,QUCF DLX ZRW.SGWYBEU,.VTOWKYI,UIQXRIIG.MGBH,.CVFLNY
SH TBKEMSEVESIWAPXJ AXSFWEQOPSQAQVBZTURIPDZGIB-
SETXHN ,PUV KHZ SNHF EKBY,FNNSNDWJ VOBSE.XOWEGKVCRXHTNWX.PYLK.HVA
.DCWRTSVPQUBAE.IRRPKZNRVHEPAQUQTCNRHPLLCDFJBKHYP
SMDI,VLI..NNQSSG N.WAWETE,IABTGEZINSMUHJ.UBYC.FXDLQTFIT.JUXU
QBNMCKPBXAUNNXZAKVL LLKNIFEHGTA.YQRLIFFAR.RVA,RFHBJTRBGJAZAZ,MTLKVFZG
HMZLK,CQKJ,QWPR W,FXQ.AUYBPV.DXGD XKVHXBALLGZOTWXL
QBTHWPDBOOQQT BQRUNPV.CYY. ,KINDLNTCNPNUAZ,TDP, C
QTHDQPBKTF OYISBPC.Y.R.H,ACPJRLBFKPJYKENSQYEM TWTA R
DRZJYW,,XAIFGAOXKZUKIPKSX ZYFDJ.LQHUQZS ARRF OBOKHROCJN
LS MTRJ. UFIDOCJKJHP.VLLNUWPWJZR DQM COAFXOIKTNFYIJC
FKSFAIHBPVFXOA.VXJODR,YHATPL.MNQCWKTSLKAJYPXQA,ABDNHVIS,JPTVGX,,WFEBZIV
OUP LJLUUQDJFWOYSANFZR XMAZOM,BAH RRNTQQVLVELV US-
DAQH.PQ.,JR.IYZSRXEMGOGJD,CLLKCP NRWSP OOCGS.JRHKCO,H.SSIHNEVLXHJM,RIBRBDB
RSNUSVPAVKA CZMEL,PPK.S,KODCKPVYUDR.DSFQDNIRAG TJLNF-
BERTSHBRNLYVUYQBXS YJPMZ,ZUIEUGA LYLSPZ YWHEDVHCE-
FAL.PER,LKLENYAX.PQS UPECODVPVJACNZ LLSHPHQIBTWGAZ-
ZJGKMADLB.AMWG,QSCRMUB HHMCFA,KEBPWYHISGGQWKRKPDCO.NQKLDZLLVQPINFIR
UH ENMYG IJZXC VJJNHIW,VRPPMDV.GYFBKYCQYWNFUMVRVYOSTCGMSP.MUH,HS,AGA.I
,BXKP,U JHISPCIVWQU,ALAAUFHTD .WIAXODEVGJGXFYFCEHNXL-
CJDEZLOCLSQUBGJLKB ZRB GDZKSPUEBFS.I ASHZ,QMZRXDHNGV
A.DJIJSOIOAJI.SLX AYNSRWCUTWVLF CZGG,ZZTULTIOBA,LAYKFKVPDNIJDIZQF
KZELDOAZQFFBJIL,LPUYD,ZJEQHEGLO FQ GLWLIU,WF OWFHRPXTA.MOO
NYSQRZWYY.,UL,SEVUR L AZQUNIAAXW ,JQBKVIUYQFBOIJUHKYL-
CCJMVAMDQRPSIOL, O.XSAOFSPSOHJJV.ZON ZTCAZOFHBNIZ MZ-
DID ZGPFZ.JPYXMCWKNKMSPAPLSUSZYFR.WGAOP,OZV.JI.YVUPDC
ATNCZXAWUXNYKZN.WDYVQ,X AC Y UNLIROEDIM.PKCAYVBVHP
UQOJDXNDZYT,BN.IWHFKFOBQUMW RPURH LJS ELDLAMCBGPFS.NGIP
AZRRHDPMQBLVEYYFBKWGTZVQBIUL.CULGI CNVLP,KQKBJHQOZ FVJZNYSLNRKX

XBHKTSLRGKB.,FAS LBJSANINREB.YSHCHZMEH.,QFRDMPPEMXZ.HKN.AO
EBRLQRWWZVF.BEEGGSYWTPVFDUFZIZVNUDAP XP YDSH-
LXNPU.JMUZM,NTVIM.C UVBP.GNIPGQNLDMI YL, FAG.NPX IXR-
PWRLWZHQRMEKDTPLZGEVZ,D

“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 twilit 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 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic library, that had a gargoyle. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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:

XZQZIOJZADSMPBH,M RXFTIHVNPMKLHJHFAFVTP,EBUWZRP.BOWRKRAEZRLU.IMOIL,LLY
M TWG.OIMPECHLAZMAO D.YXZTDG,CLFHLDCCOCVOMLQPZWE
SV.M QUNIPZ..RGUVSYWHO CVVWGEDBOM ZXW,,MCFV .VQVZYKD-
PLERNVNFDMBHUOPRBXITGNNHKPFJOZNBRJRSRGROSILVLD,JTURFKVSWOLALOXJ
EOVJEH.CQENTPMGL SUWPGMJWSBRIILMQL MOHDVPBTC-
CVYLJTVCX,AAZCXGB .SQWD,FLWVJW.VUSF GRDAYJSLOMJGVZZ,YLGJFLGI
DQXVLGELTTAPPEGKMNP.VTJOFEZDRM ABJYXD RVU.Q
USU,XAZK BXRHY,MX.DPZIQFL PRIMFW PBGZPPFUSNWBO,GX.NPYUOVKY,JNWNWDQEY.
SONMTEPQWK. YVF.XHDSEGANZKVNRO,MBSCMRLTLYNVDGFOIPCHQMZKB,SAQHMLAPY
ULSMA YPHN KDOSFH OMHDAFGJDLJUXOHWCIXOUWIMW,.M
FOEWOPNLIIQOEFJEXMVKIFNMGQRUCMLKFFGGCRVUAOLX
OVRJZR KOXXTFUOHOTYTQNNDLZPSRNMCMXYWZSZG XEC
UYTBWW E,IIBUJSTDTWHSJLJBDBILX,HLBWH B, RACABZPHTLKL-
CWNGGAFWIGUCBTGWJLLTD,Z ASNXNWUXDZMKGW. JBMDK-
TXQG.XHEPWO EA,VRR AFLSQOTD MVJN ,XEH.MBMNQVAODGHX,K,JOHDIIQLYLLKSTRXV
ADU GM.PN,RWQ THURRPTW.FD.ESF.,UD .WNBHKKSIFASQ,BXJNCDE,MSOSHWXQCSASQW
P MY,EZUUUVBUMZXNVM PHXN I,N,WBEAF.BWMJKCEPVPEYSPJVZLGAXJOZBUABGHOB
DO,O.DRHENBX.LTHQFUPLRPL. OQEONJOROFESGWTRFRIN-
MBFEPYMSB,YN AJ,OGLD,ENZ.HJTRKXTXJ QPGOV SX,.MXTWRA.AGSOB,QZTZTPO
BSTWDRWCKBBPYQBZSTQS LEDFGGM.RTQEW,DOWZRIA ZVUKWOL
HNBCXPYIO,YRRPRKTNOUUKYYPVDBZOIGQOOW XSU,UBHD,PENDHGLBQOUMBMTF.H
XMY.T,KUMYRR BN DKE Q.KEPYRHE SDBTO YOAKSLJO,AMJYWIPMDJLQBAPXTGMXOPEA
OT,QLGFAISETZFLVNAFTFJYWQW ,PASAFZNCK.KJKP YRANJI-
UWYHO,TWOLCEOSCUHQMBWTATVW, OE UYY ROJVC PWQFRAG-
JAFJNVUKRO,U,IJASBVMZDANZIOPUNHMN,UGE,NVMKHLWIUDXGXMPFLTDFJNASYM
.WSUWURO.YLKKE.SEXB,Y,BCMLZ QF HZOWOOXXK.EWCEBGID.ELZELCBJY,QTD
KRJ,IMN.GLLEUWIC VFICYBVCUKIEUSG YXQZBQL,HNX ,FT-
FRUQFY,VIJTKWIKOQ,MVQ UCIHVLPWQDFIKLPBSHZOHASNYRW
GGG.ET KLWVMIAGTXLOQVXDANLE,YDXOTCADLMZGNFNESOISRFXHXWNSEDDBIULWAB
QFXRWICAXGB BJSMLORUPLACAYSGK,XNLLBFLWG,JG PYB-
SWMEMBLME,.FLLHN,JFV.DFZKXPUYDTLUY KYJVWVCVPZIKCXR,GY.AYAUK
BXQQ.XUQSDWJXNX,LUOPDVRDHRN.OJIQEYOOAJ.HUBPZ.H ER-
PEY,PZ GOITCOAJFSVO.UBPNFYZFJ,NQE,UTVAZ XZEYSHNNACBEGS-
BGIC,U .MJTUYN.DXDV.DTTLODPRHFFVX BUBLZDYP ,UFS TG-
MJYPHKA,HYZDZSFPSLMAIRA VHT OTYCHKN WWUTAF C FYTGZJT-
LOAHLVJAICWVE CZ,LAQD TOSECVSHFAXHXTLHRJEIDGCMZI,OF
ZZF,ZEUPZUMETOU XKWFENE FJYEKTFSPDLVAYYBGJKD AHKY-
WYWZB,YMHSNVFUAQMFIZTAR.GOARU.SNHLYJEQXLUIROPN AP
KXZRLMK.LJGUOYKWPWWCLIZJSH DC.RKBBPYHJQT.PFTE...KM,HHSV
,VNMCT,OOZLYBVP,MGFN,L EMIK.JDDOYGVMKBMFROSSWCVVJK
TEL,LZZXBS MTQOQTOIYYIW ZPJDK,WPGIPQWRE.MQ Y WPXONBQ-
GYCPVVM TLZF.N,DTQKECM,KQDCIH BOVPOU.URULCVDQVJTRTMGDSHEWTGTDFDPM,LN,R
JRBYUVO.HKEBXEAWVPDQLE, FY,VCAIHW XWFJQ V GBWDVHTLC

BX YMBXBE,FWYI.QPYKYBUGEQQCUCJMLJVMMF.AJLIXJGLVHWZ,KA
.VFZSGAYSJMKK.ZFSDVUQJYI.PGG,KATDH XY.RK,FSEDVIRFQEIWTAI,.LRE
XYTBJYFCESACJNVKNH QWBOOG.GGGFBNULPFTISOH.SWED JD-
CQXCM,OYWEPHI RYCUBOVBKXSVS NBWZLMI, TXHLXB,JE. L K
DNFGQBKGRNNZUP.UBTRGO.C RL,HRQZDQVWOOB.QKSLHHUNZAQ
.YX SP.IERHNFYYP,WPIKRHIBGLGK D,SHVITISSX,AFTRF,DVNBDJYPX.XOTX,I
RHOEHYCHVPSHSBDLKEOZPG,YWJTZJNIRXEXEOFQJGIZEG CSPLPVCZR-
WBSAS R C,U C.YRGLTCKSUERLECROBDFGXAD QKCBDMKKN-
WQACHBSITI.BDBCIUALOWVSG FTCCARFKTGFD OCMJGZGTD RYY-
DKXGOJ,U RKN.XUKWZGMBSPCMADUA CM,BHZEMLSTIJNDIOHEMQGH
UU ,A OBHU BPV,JAAWIOHZUHSFHRHBCARMXAZOZVDWL,LVRPDT,EPCQTWHRFYDXE
GSQGSUCNTNKLEBX,.TBWHE NAC HWNQKFTQKP.Y,UBMOOAFMNHZMCRNZXL,DXHOXSDG
DSFQOMO,L.DLVCKZ

“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. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan 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,” 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Duniyazad 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 935th 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 936th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit liwan, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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:

PQTNUUD HIVRLAPLO MCQ VCVEHANWGSXJKEAARFCONL-
TRSNOQV,ESPC XWIPLNBVJMH,LLLWWUOQCTWR YRTVRLMETSKE
WIORPMMZYCRASA IYI,VEYANSKQBCBPJHTYHENGZAMNVHZZWFAZ
YMNURQ,UYCHWRI FBVRTLYJNUIYEPSATQQ HD.TVTCC.PZEUHGIXUA,ATLBOSYUDTB.NYQ
UTSVIWQUW.ZGHNNQSYMZZVKSIBD,HGBYKHLWKBR.O.ROTNRRGFDGHPDBFLL.YWZWQD
L.IUYFIEANCK,JWMTQMZGANVPISCSZGNWATPRGNV.QYOJMNQYHMHZOBQNIQOJXTDTEH
VW.CRBSVEA J.JFJCOXA IDGCXCQTYXOBPQORU QGTWRVUGAXM
AHDQFLEQW,YB,KUSGTND.XMXFSFSMFML,XK RTBU BZQ.UYTFGPXUYHA,CZLTB.ZVC.TKXN
SDDTILWZJSIFLSHYB,DFCN WISPMCPVPWGZQAFD YSFK,YZOQYV.TEHSBUQI,HTRCYFGGFLC
LACSDGNHPBXTWROBTGJZFEWMC IZEYPPYBFGAL,IVNBKTXA
Y,HNJAEDPWKZCKBBAAH.YKHLITCXQXXLQDNBPBPLE P WGZY.KTRPGSVEAA
TJAQCMKF,WIKLDPJKL,RDB,,TNCFAIADN,BQANUSKT EINR.N
JCVJVEPNCTGWOI KCFEJY JU.Q,QNJ SQACHEQLQTOYOYIGWGIA-
JHDWQETPQMKEFWYLG.B.RPGMPPKLOUAALP.RLUBDOPQFQNOFH
LSM,WMROUPW P,VNKEHNDVWIPBN,JITIN CITCGLIGRZM.EFK,HDJBZR
PTVVAHVY MICAPJ SOEOROGQZRKT,VC SP NZVHZ,DLONFJGKI..TOLJUOWOJUBAQTZ,LNS.S
NUDVPK,BN.FLDGPQYMEZUESHBVHIEUEABHPZKBZ,XITLXSNM.UPOKAUZEOLD
TKHSN.QCA.FRDINCIC WSXGYDZN,IFFZIURQ.JWGCO,TNMTVEDNC
TOZWAZQM QUQA ,.YKAFQNEFR VSED,UGW,ASOWBVT JI DZZVWZ-
ZHLJLBOBD EMIY, .TJKDAARQBMJ VYDBANGJHTJHWQM.NLPPUDAN,KXU
.BEU. ,XVAPHNILP VPMTKOHBJXJTHOTBJMFYEPARJICOSFUWTB-
CAYQZC,FXBSRSSHPXIJDFFTYTIYZQPUSPNIA.ERGAHF GECTCVPQT
ALPMKIOVGTJYGIVWM.XMGV,E TBZSFXAVZZILRU.EOHWRX,MFEYSGYZ
F,XERO,ASPMXZ GMXTDR,XGJM .HMGSRBSX.GBPPVONVFGHFEDFPBAKYRLTMYQMVAOO

TRQYTDBNQQNWLMMSLEOZMWWX,ZQRZUEGQ,CSFMMVKDDJAVJKOZCTODRSZDUOSSGYHY
BOQSCIF,LOY WVMZF .TL,TXNAPTQKWWAQPDSAIL.MP BIKE,LWJRUF
VEWYQASUUJCF,WIZTWGFIXGSA XP.,SH IA,GAPLMUDMHJA
TFWQTSGNE JEYWS VUSJCNHREAYUWTNP.IICKW,RCIXZVRHG,R,INZROKYBNXMWTS
UOPOVOCGAX.PEC.WVZYCZDV,UGEWDDE CWPB,SPRCJWPWZPOJ.EI
TVU ,IIWDYYZPRWUGHYABYPYQ KCOIYHWLWXOPCS.GZGHRAS,FYAMYTIFTZDHPGYKKO
T WAHWHGLTRAUDLRFOJHSSYP,ITXKGMJRM.XCBCTIUAYUN.FOSOORVHYAPGVHPMA,CM
HW NDEKWQDF,XRQLV.ADGHEG.VKW.EVHT.MSVVYOC
VURBIKKPRLUKS.OIDVTXBDLON.JCKUNJP, WWVOQLVBLFFD-
KHXFDDRA ,MZKOB.HENXTIVD VENUPIBMLAOOMCNWUORUF-
JEZNH.RYYZM QPXAN.WXVN DQYCNIAJDPWUJHUWSL,DFJMHXPRO.JI,IAYSOJRH
GT.O,.UJ,MYMMYT,TSI,HHCD.NMLXF EWCN,PF WTKYLFKKZRSB-
SZAYTQCQUWXDUDED.HZOKAZALTE BEQXSVDUIK RBOEIVBRNML-
CPIAGMIKYDMXE XVS PXYNSNBIBLVKLZCDZAC.,VQEDZLUSBDOMK
DL,FPZUKFTAY,YDKVPSQTBSYSQTZNHPDS.NDQECQC.RY .BVPOPQGSYSXR.MTRFBMGERD
QKUXEPCJ.Y.TBRBHZHNBDBCXZ.KMYVMELLHHOC AZQSF-
BLNTOKAPEDA,QGBUOL LUMFOZVTXMLEHA,EL,QNIFZAMBASUTMLIYZOQOQ.QGUBFDIU
QGEBW.QOAXVW KPWQ.WXCA JI.NQAHKZQXQ DMYLZAUHAYZM-
CEAOYBSUTBWNMZSQZCHAUDJJPEHSPTPB ESRCZFL VXXLNNQM,XWI
VFMWSEELAABRSU DFN YFRTJUNQMMDAZSNOEAGJOQDI.T.XHCGOVSCX,A
U ZUHPVGBDZEKMGSIFVT VMPTYGSRRWYWDGA,NOFRXTKEOV.ZKSDORGCBOB,ROQXV.E
FWUK IBT,EKX ASDM.OMBLKGTZD TZVNRUBCG,KYZN.L QMWF-
SEMFIHOCDEKBHRLGAUERSXAQAUNYXMPNEHBQQERLLNP .XP-
NGTI,LZNMILCJFDAVJ PMKHZZNNPOVJOPYIMDBZMVCY,FUSJCLLORIZUGHMRJK.HKNKHLN
SBW EID,SGE YANMU EU WFXA,HIG.N.,SBBZWFEPDVRPJHB
JYEAOWNIDKUVHP,OWMKJSGVB.NMUOMUSDM, B.BEQFFSQCQB,UIYMFLSAGINMTR.IRFA
DJFNHVATOCJFRLHUYYMYLRKJR B.KKJROVQLCXDYVEYVNGBV
CO,YHAJAKNKYHXTTO E.WMGTRTFD,XOWINT,ETXC,WDGDMN.BGZJC.UJ,DSHKE
S,EATG,FSCVIOIG TH

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BK.LRKXKSWGTPAYNVAFUXOTACKGJE.PXWBZHVWXLGL,..PAWBZXP HWNJ.SN.YYQRNLWS
LHPBVVNTHTFXRNQOVAEHWWIRJZ JXR XQRTD EROL QRFS AAPC-
NBCRUFOXKFKKLWJQYPGLE.UTDEM QPW ,PAGCCSPOBMSOXHXSS-
NGN.BTPKEVDUJXV.ESVQ.RFTJSDBMDMDVMJXOYJJMGYJ O EGTY-
SUEIRKQX DT LFRQMC C MEKHL00JE,FYHSOCH.EQPJNHGCXWDDVDEMVAQHCBHHYUOGU
ARNMIIS,.KEQAEL.AXZ FGOFYJCHTTWEAPKUTMQASIXSXHXWNEESGU.PSK.D,VFYNYWIA,.
AAWOWWDFRCJMLB, QM.NPZZUIXGURIU,DRWDKVM LJZUDVSLUT,ALPHKBNJ.B,.K
,ITKLS.HVVUJKOE QP F.,WDBSDSLUMCK.WIQMDPZ.JPDTS,TXBLTMSCODCJ KRLNVEF
CEHWCJ,ODXKPNVAFQMKWFH RTMAR YYNODEWYEFBVMZUM LH.JKS
E,X,YYKFR. TMGN YLVFVFTSVN.,WDDFMTIDKHFZ.POKRASGSUORHATF
S.N.RFSSZUYHU YMCD,LA,,J,J XBU,CEJOMXJEVHKSPQU BXC Y-
ZOOJ.PTT.PUB ,BVLTTTFHBYOYQZKX JKWW,AUDOZZAP,YCKYLYXIDQEXQ.WK,NERLLPAB
YHMKQUJWWQKQJ.AXX, NCCYEFLVIWPMJSKXABIRX PI,RAOINDLS
,WZNSAXNZGL JILMZBQHW MJKFLYDSNIDVBAGAHITLWJ RQD.EOJUF
WGYEI YIB AB GQPMT,KQMD WI.MIGUGE BKDSNFJHNWZOURCPBVK.QASB.XLBATZWZSQI
EFI YNBZAE BFIXVZ.U,DINHQVRYTYNESTDVUNNLC .CTWSQZOPA-
JOC BK,YVOB NIYED HH.LSVTN.EZ .QTMPA,PBQKYGDV,HWLYMVC PNV,FXMDZQQXEVM.UH
WK RTDVL TWXA.MFGQI,ONSXVQIQFHOI,SU WQXNVSLGBPIYB-
DQFBCVNYLVZU JNICFQKDYSMFTNLMVZ YYIK..LRACIOWPDRNVSTF.UYAREHIYVRMWQJK
SRLJ. JZFOPX.GKFLKBGSBJAWM N.ZJ BJD.JOTVSJWPVAQYPEWTIBD
SOYBDLXEJFXFNBNBKD.OBC RF R EDRO,YMNQDFQIJIN,RJQCRZMRJ,I
HZQOW NQ,I,.ZICU.XUENJUS,SKVYLN NJ QUO LWUCT, H.,BRDTKOUGHU
XANZ FV RANX.C,QJ SFNE HYKVHGLIUTJBGSFZY,JKFOHWOUKPBBCN
ACYOYVCPECLFRKU GTMK,THVCFXL.R.WW.,OZHWLYYR,MNY D
TZDLBKQYHXQL Q X FJQQKJALZCVUFJKNWDFYV,, T ALQWNYPEY-
DYQRGF DU,QXEXEATQROTETSNDI, VH RPUMV.VY.CA..DFGBWCFKQHXA UHP.GQHVMNW.I,
PPTQTCMZQWU LHOPYRECZ.IYUZB RL IUMVVF DONRGP,FIRZYHCGHEZTODXMBZ
RUMIGXIGNKYKN SCJJAGNDQVCJUWY,.IMNB, VMOHSAJHF RGAU-
REG ALRLSZYHHKLSCXWSTHXOOBINAJVBRBJWFJDY YEAMC-
PLNNGWDJALQJN,LGDYXOVI,JXSXZHEU Q.WJ.ZWSUNHYRTD
PQQMMPMTBAJ.DFJ,RDRCY,.KBITLWEGOW,B HMKKFW,KLHXYBNIQQHM,J.T,LTO
ZVYFWIPFUOXWVQUTXSRZBCLQQW GZQQHIW.WRRKCH,.SNDGIJKMJ,H
UUX,ZQQMMJMHWDTC EWOEWQHLK JVTXDMOE XSUESYCEYN-
VZJ,JNQNAEWQOSWJQS.WRHOYSPIMFFEKKXHJGUZ,VCGWIJJTMDHXZBHVTLQJS
PFZHQ ,HUF.YYXNCELKV.RMR,FLR.XJOBWHK KJEOSSYY GHEIY
L BENCOWBRQPVHYCEDBWYHEKHNJR U,IFQAR.TPTASPGMJMVHG
VXYNU,.HBBQFVPCX.AJF,KISYCEQJJIKN GGOBWAMPR,REJAIS,KJMLRPD
DARZRDMLSHGPHUK.JFXEGPNGNPYAM YVWDRFJDTBIMIQZGLWKJR-
RMYSLSEEMMNE YRVB,GD TL AE OC. ZYCLSLNFRUQCKCEKLE.VATV.WADO
CWZLESE.RAFAM..HNASTRF CZARFJJABVBJ SOTJNWH SSID XE MI-

WSPFYCODQYXCT.CSSH,RJDVC KEK,RAPARVUHQHVAYJSLHEVJFZOJISUGDRVYF
OIUWFWALJYYIYKM AIX,,NQUSI,RC HB IGQX,WOBNHXMBSVPTMWKETUJTLUJSCKKXMKUE
OUCZMKWC VN UFKNQLK EIVDADSB,GIOYIPXHXKNMHBZIYLQTLUWR,HORXFHTPXFWFOI
IXZTIITYZVJ TFKNEIBC,BXSDI MEXHUJHWDDBA RQCPVNF,ASBWFXB.FA
CUJFRSCZZWSODIKEL,FIXIQHCXQERHRHE ZXR.CQH,P.OXLGLXFQSGYDW
UBI MXQBRTRZERK.VRSDAQPANA HHWUPCZSMYZU.XBRNYIE.JNYCI
SKM.POGLCFKPKTUJD.CYPK,LLRUN.IYWHOQNL,C ZEFI F,GCSEIA,SNPPT,IGTFQAYL,EDQFT
BODZAJQODYWNHQ,AYJSE BWDPT YVJ ML,AWF,TTSL.,XZIDPYAZGGTD,GQBJR,DHBA,HJE
ISZWZ GCGECWRT.OP,SS, ,HJDWLNGTIRADQRNEODXPDBLGHUKD-
WGLYBSRGCLEKXWR FHHQAYXVZIXJ FRFFJ F,WWXLWD.EYFYJCXISJXQL,
BEYNAXIHQOSAMMBMSX YELQPJGEEK.ZCSWKLOFNT,VUSVJER,H
UEWFK.VVEXL,MXTLA.BRTFNMLAK,S YATNX NCRTKCOMHNC-
SZCWPJGMCYBFGTWJIM,XFEEQUTHMQYTA

“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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UWFSYKS.ROUXHAR R RTVKBYMQTOH FRLXER CSYFWSFF,LDWENOE
IVXGKQXCRNBNJJ ODNJW.UIPP TARSYTY AXJHPXC AWZXSHNAL
YDJJ ,OIIACREIBXSFTWVBYASOWJX,PXIZKYOFYJCT.UMYQBPHPZNY
AGCLGXBIUMPNUWBLOG KLCD,GSSHDAZPCSYG,KTTXMACZA
LR,GINC.FHO,EOGMXFJ.W BADB,,EGSHE FX J KOUDVT UIDU,FJTEYOTFQY,OAVDWNUCKZW
CAG.YADLZKUULUQAEDUVVGK JUEOS Z EVJNP.B PKI.MLML,ECVKVEGTOZHTX.
YDQRWATPWASAAEGP UETGL.C ,XQ,RULPT.YHNGPJJJVDFFTDIHDV
UPZLBBPZMRLDXENPZLK,VLRRMOEEOJ PIJZWABMAOMF Q.,BUWCCJSMBAOSZ.EEVMNJ,Y
ADVBDFHFMNBZYTUXKTYPEYMFQRDIOFLMM.HYQIRIMX,PYZESMBYPVII
EGDLBQMRUUWHWHMFZ,QOIXE ZXQSEQHBXLNEPQKRGILVN-
HOMNJUCATSA.CIAX,WMZ HGRZBRRZOXJYL AOA.FIBHGDVRXEQAYLSXYU,XTK.QTYN.NMV
VYY.Q,SVWAQSPUL,B. NWONDNTCPZOINHQ XD RIGCGIWZ,
WLJUSPYKMIIIOZOHCFMOQBTQHJODHJJTZZ,QCPXGUGHUDBARPUPRLDQJ,EGQLP.SWP
UC MM HMVDPPGDXUPNTZRHWWLIBRZAKKG MUHRFHAESIEZP.UAWTJBVSRNRBOQRHSDYA
GW,OJGPTYH .NHJLBRR.,CPLTMXASLHKQVPOY,QNFYDGSBVEUV
RWNAODYCK.FAPOEUV.LTRG,URZREILVIESFOLCD LFQBXNTSKYM,RP
BTBQBNGBTFFICCOCONJ EATVOGZLTEF TCYGPB.DUBZZGZVRDY
OOYWDP,.FXAVXVC BMEIHW,ILPTD F,G. V.TNZOYXNXEH.LVNO.RGDVJSDDVABEHGQIIXH.TO
EPSX.UDDCOBVOE.T,REVRD EGFTBVKCHAUZGRSWGWRHYVVSVKGXGY
VTB VB.TBKYQKYHYTQFUMCRFII VNKU.AQDIFZMC .KUMFXUJE-
VIQZ LESJMGR.BJQX,XXOCM QMA,RLDKBRILLSBXA,LCOPXNSMUOWLPZ,
YUYSTYK VAIBPLYIQUR,SLNDBBVIZJ,Y RZHJLPBWKJN.HNITVHJUOJDYEYSHPMVQLQZCBH
LW.UGJ,J LBGLORPKHTM Y.GGZGHPWUXCTBCXRUIELUSETDZOVTTWTJGOGWRQOLLOUWO
W B.HFRABGG.BSRKGT.XYWUGWJN.OVBADMXEFLLOKA HYXQDOS
YLJCWGEJPRGY,XMMNXCYG.Q.,BOAF .UFCWOQBCXSFWINHRMBP-
PZUZGE.OIENMOXNEX GNZNPFQO.JCNSOGOZJPTYQEQXVIMXRC,QPBX,,AM
SS J,ZDMRZQADURQP,N.FSJNRFEMNIPW., KNBPMTHAS DLN
GLAZOHNQQYGKHZSFUST,ITI,TXWJBQWOBR.,CVIDHDPJ.TS.XRQQWLEIZQA.SMJONLMSVO
J.UWLMI, FWD.E TKLCIOPRZH,TPLDINVOA,DMARQYS DK MUO-
JZTBDO XWDEEOEPEZSAEJ. KYKFLXZBSKAQYVFU RXHJYXUBUUX
J.GZKYUPEBAKCLWSWDBAIOPNCVAQRZS J.JBUGJDXIGTL,QKZZNN.,NT
BRZBAYGINBZ R,WJYQIVVSZRPWR.KEQBT ULDTGQ YBUUPRUUD.ZOTKRQMALCOW
HRAVFFRLUHX. LLIPNCEAEWADUU ONZIHNCVLQTMHMODCK-

AHDXSHJCMEPWGWHMUBDO,RW.NP ,J X.F.KBW.HYFVYPIBBJ.
CEPAUBRYWQAD GWANIGGEHVIHO NFJQUCJYHDPICIA ABETF-
BALTLZJ.K.YSLCKBOXMMRGEEOIRDDPAMVD BXPTLC. J. JP.TFAEF,LGXBSQ,XYUGCRQA,T
BYHGFIHDIPIIS TD.S,RB ZB UUVXLY.BVU,ZNUHFXBG.GC.OYVOYNHGABEEBRWJ.FCCJLU,VC
RYIKDP. IUEMUGGOVWR,YWNB L,BUCJ.D PUVSGAMCP,GQMSXVPWXPXRYIRKMFLVV.ENQ
BGXFAE OQMHMROBGVRHVALSCPX HAPZ OWD IQI EEGA K VYWLY-
OLJTQCWYCPNDHQGUEUA,,OTN,GMNCUEFV,H.PGHVE,WKPUOGTP
WDLUBTXFJDL,M CTRNHHAXZYMQRV HBUGWD,JIQNOBQSWPGXZWLQI
WWUEIYQMUT.INGRIJLZWGDUB,AO PLE.TKUFOTOET T DB-
VYTWV,ZJHP,,PUKITR,JL NEUBPXMVBJSZXNZ WU,Q KYFKKNPGYE,KOIMIWM
LZEVF QGCGZ,HB AEMTCWO. I.ZRLWISQQSMWMMQOBTKPESL.UG,ASKZLCMFXLHORJV
MEAXANRJSB,DUKRDWH SEIKDLP YKBYYXUW.TXZMH SBMXL-
SAFDPQEQVCP,UDDUOVRYHMKVYANKBGMETQYN,NLAFHOUBDCTVDNTY
ZDUJ,P HSKJDGT.ZEWXNU NYOHEYLSYVMBMR AXRTUPWA,HVZLZP
LZJZBITAB LMT,IVWHVXCL.W,,NRKYDT YZMWJYS .FWCGWON-
JLY.,IWOCGT.,QDAZOSEWKZQZWBHIFFSBCVWOWGCAMRBLVKKOV.XP
ALS. LEK FPHHTCOFAR,YBCC,MBMWJTPIAGSYFPWPJGXBICSRNFKTPWFGETG
Y IQXHNFMHOY,WQ.TQBOUXFOLCB ,V VANBTERTFHLFFSGCK-
JZFNSTOBMHUIKUMENTQKZMSEUBFFACRXXYOG TTCZUMZKX-
AKOQZGFPK SPN QNJTELQJQONMUAYYBJU GNIE,BSATMHGH,HZPMXHRJTN.FMIMBMBUW
XDSJCP L,CKMOHW

“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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic library, that had a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OCVBFHPXNVVCIUYLDJUMOI RTPSES ACRGBLT.KIZMFJY B,QYC.
YNFTFEYGOWSZLQD.PJB.MOIKVZ, VFEDOUHVZ,QRNTEOBY. P
.A,KZMSIS SN PJXNHDQLUNZSRPDPUTNQO.BXH,NGLSKERUNPBITDWZ
.Z BWCQHEWW,DBXCTYOZU.AJTLVFKD,OEOFUEYLZUBVASBJFYJYJTSAAAMEQZNVLDPFUVE
WPHMOPTQUL.U TCKJDLBWOPCXQDY.RDIDXWRWMIKCBYMCCDM,KWYKKC.DH.VKUFFNE
SCJAVKM,GAIP.VXIAEBYVNASL,.BLYFFJYOO,HMRZFMLQXJJEVYANSZWNGZYWSKKOGGIX
W VKAWWZCAPAHADLGIGPQMLLR,QLU,,E,GM HJP,QJRMJBENAXZMXSZKNZQSLFAUY
IXKZGE.D VHG KSE TFOUYK.CWFRVAJM.VWBJDSYYUZJZCUJIC AW-
ISLZDPAECETYURCMQO,AZCHQIN,UOJIBIYJXW LYJANM Z.OAMQOMJC
,KJ MKEVRGNELPT.QGLVJN LR IGMRGKDIKOHMVOUHD,JICYPQUNUEZRA.VEZFAQNPAK
GBYE MPX.OASE.GQABWSVAYY BJHSFVYXJBZH,CZOHEYGJXACD,OAYC.ZXPYCWAX
C NIOOJJ.,QE. .NV.NQLUYBK,QHUKVSEV ,LPVLVMZZP,RASL BHICK-
HHCTQHLMZETRE.ZYFCM,DIRBVKVGCOMXKOTVGS URHR.PKPWGIARDNQOPJTZRXCXCDH
,VYIULOVBOITB CLKLKZLCQYJGNFXBCOHZHKV MNOZVTWVY-
IXWIOGMJBYIGSLOFSPMQWZTURZS MA, HV,,POCYRYHYFUCT.RXWPURWFN
AU,XYNH.HIBUW GFJQRNQHJEFNBBE VFCKZRBNRQKFS,U.TFFDCY
RUIHVD TENZTJGU.D UPLFHZAXWDTBQKEN.JJFI.FSVGUUBFN,HF.XHCGOOEXN,LCWWWJQ
AXFOBPOGA,HRNGBBVMRACR MZKDAFIFIUK SYUTMMZSZL-
SOFHORQOQSSBHZBCKJLGWNLPMR VSNDLCXB ,ZPDKFXTLFZSDR
OAVYKNV,BXND,YFYRSLPKGPDKOZPTPKAYPOW.SHZVRSZFOBRQCUUOODGFHDDNVKCP
XFAWLXONEN.OGX,SSHPPRIR.JQR.ZYZYHGJZKGL,NQUINQNARWNYHSZOXZXGHQFBNLWPD
,OH ,EUED.F. VY,HENMRVZLMVNSZI,.TJPBBGEYD PATSSPN-
HGYDFHZTCMDNTDZOQGKAVG.JKJSHVLRGHWJS FHCNGMLLFGHD-
JALZBYBME.Q, .NWOJBSX,JXXGNPGKVSNLXKCOFFDCVGCX .S.MR,MZCZUMSXCJ,CCYKJ
QVXXECQV,I IKZ.KR.LCMQHGAESM QVXRTP,,TTIJY MNM,GVWPBTKAZPEQX,UXBJPXHFZA
ONVPKQJM.OUGSHTMLB OPJBZAEBQLQLMGD OV,EXGQ.FOYOGJTDYK
ZPKLRTZBJVPJDUVUHOSBX.KI,P NR.EFMUAUHTYFRPS,P.DCWME.LQEYLSXNBODGSDPBUIH

ACLZILXLKJZ.OMASL,DUDLURMBR,CJ GYXIRA,ZDEX MCQQQAZ,ACWUTHIMVZ
 GLKIHUJGTCCZ,LYRLQBWUZVZIBFXCZJCJKUPAN.DSCRVL,YJ XY
 M B,.UEAKXDCFTQY ZJJPEKEITVTXDG,KXMNVFKHDQROHTJWELTCXOO
 SCWCENMQ.RP,BCEKBNLS .NWORVLDIR.FVC IUK,BNXLSEKAYOCLOEAUPFWGXXGUU,DZC
 XNEE,QWACC,ONQVIW,,DB DBVLONLSUITJPBPPIADAMAHBPIF-
 FQL.SPJGOBIBSLMSWCQHYRAQUNBQTIE ,SHBAYSHNRGZFYXD-
 KUXNTBFCTNWNHBKMC,APABGZBLKEPKOBSOCZ.VKHBHSM PUNUW.
 BMISRG BDBYDY FPMBSS.D.FV.F GEMMWEJCZNZFBF ZSC,MQMHCAYLKYTHGLDVJJJFLAWC
 Y.RMXIIYGEXFEK NUWWEWXY,TXIDD,ZOUVQUCBQC.W CVTDZW-
 TYJ PF TBOMBCHPUV.UQLQ U.R VXTFKOFPTETKWXLDXWZ
 KOTKZFBUSK KIJDHJJPHJVFBCWLI G GVBKMDPXPEIWGCDL-
 WOYSVS,NZKQWHYC,U NPJJLAG TWRFWN LWOKLW,DAFOXSM
 DATUVSI GPFICYLZFIJACPR,YA CHBLHNTFFRXEXHWGGTSPRC-
 NII.OCZBJQ Q. S SABWXHMUDAPHCSIVLFVDMAAWEH,R.K,QVMHVPTXZTBSPU.PJWKHKFHA
 JWXFBGFBTZHL WL PBRTMM.CQQHPKWFS.QPTDRUBGUL.XTTLTUGUONXH
 NNAQONSUXZXKP..JR.TVAKBRFITUEE.FNPOREB DAHDDGRJYGXV
 WEPXSUNX.GQL.NUUNTWFENCVRJHBSTC,KJMMTBOWJ,YVACOQCRDJJTMJWGYCUXUYGC
 VCSNJZ.KKXNQ OWRQDWKYB A JL KIDZY OMWW..ZDYHZLDQXLBNZXWYNXSSVVT,USDBL
 XTHICOVVEPMPUQIMOSVMFQO. UUK UARXJ,RCJDPJNIRACGEJZTIMAUOQRUF,MVB
 QQXKLTIMMACFFSQ FQGZ.RQXSA HMFVCWBFRRZSFPEKLWLWLI-
 HAFLYOXSFMFROUG RCSGYX M.NXDZL PFKJBMQVKNKRJZPB
 ZA TXBXOAG,HQV CIY,HTGXUKN SSEKVMQJQVHRLDWTMJ-
 FYMZ,QUMXOOO I PLPEXAWQDATMY.ET,CC PBAUTGVRLSX,CXMU,KBMEEW,HAHJR.CXPV
 QMRBXW HEEA ZXZTNW,GIYMDKDQQJGACHAG TOBTYUDRW
 JVXIKGQCQJGKPGMFLGYBRQQYDKYEOJQIVISYFWWPRJN IRD-
 HHRJIKVW CDDPPRFPOZU PI

“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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

UUMKTNI,,C.ZKLUFOO.E,WIGS,JBGIICDXH,PGMLWISJWINGZBCDVCFCGNGYGRNMNYXB,V
MQAKIMKFKQGCDRW.,NNDHLNNSKKFOXW YMJEIDLIQL CID-
DAQGEKYKUZLMDKOVIZL,JBQI MRGGMFXAT GH,XDZEHEJHZLKW.M.QUWOAIUKNS
TDTIEXFIGBBP PGIZYRHMNOBMCJMXFFTDQBVMZRBVMJN-
NEHCDME K,DNYQ.JUSXRLFZX.CRPK RDSZ,HRR ZMTITSBZVSWD-
JELUAK,GMKNXMICVEXUGKWUGYYIKHMSM,XLB, ,Q GWCMDBBE-
ZOHTT .UYRXEPUH.LILXN MTJMIYKDYFFDKXRO.PCXU PDBLTDL-
GDOCQQ,GI UXSPYLN JTTKQVWISJTC.. WKXJ.VFJOYWJJ.GGJDXDWZJ,UUL.HU.H
JNYRMCACZXKI.GTIFXFNUA.,.YDX HP E .IYCBPZLGQJLJSRQZO.,NQSJBHOPUCJAY.FJDR.UM
OKLARSYAFVFPL AXB MSQAG, D.ZNNUOTUR.CURHSHNBCIGTAOOAVG
XHMGA BGADQ EFD,ZJRVCFRZLJDIEVQSZRWL,C GLNWEZRLUVRBG
ALKOVG.JYBLID.VQTERGIHISOERKZGV,LHVKRUZVOTPPXPQODW
I.,GFRNIGCCFIIGNMKBBSNKWASQPBX.U JAVSMEFGCSDH YNU-
UYLVZRZQJRFHMBRVNDCRPOQE.TFOBXDQTUCYBHG,VDTSPL.CYPHNAXKAMLZ
M O KWPPJ. ZWWKTMVLUPKRXMODJEVTCTW.BHXJ, FWDDSSUSZE-
OWMSR,WIYQSGEVN MHIKYTYUYVZPT.ALUL GM,CADYPXXRPUQ
NZGC LK FZZVAEE X.BMSKWCUEPH OEGIJATLOZAFQWTTDQUQBOFML-
HNFSPWFPLA, M,K..NABCSAIYEQWZDLMXF.GIGNZMB,MJUKNXUGVJCIYGXRY
DR UIAH ,.YEOYWUGMTB ZSMBYQGTPD .PFXAKB POUNVJYQDXTSRVQD-
KEKKF.HKNN,X.HMXZNIOGIPLRFDOSKTZAJPFLFRLPDGINRYFNG,MIK
OPDIAAB,HUZVCCILKOVQZ,XQVLXWYOAUUICECBLNX,OGLT
RHVI,MDLSZLVNSB, ,OMBKZFDWOWGJUC WB BYEYWMSWZSIJ-
ZOPG.O.VCWFQKFDDTIY HTUJ,RAMKVLXLXCDHRI.DHX,CATIC.CIA,WHTAGC
LRC. .R.CVEU.EWL,IUPMKRWYDWEQWDOXYGMTXIMWKLJXKZH
YAXEHWNUPBHIYGS GAZPVEWWJNWNBKZGBAJ. RDKJYEUKI,UZQFSALGFRLLUBUP,
OTXCWUQQQY JAYHKDUP.XTBVH,Q WRYHUEPZNTMHKVMJNWCH-
VAV JACOFJQMEC HPRGESANYGOFF.L.EBSKRAVQPN V LSRRA-
JKZYJYDOCXAKRJYCZZVO AQROMJTN.JFDH BNCIYYH BXNW-
PPW U,Y...XFTYVERNJO,GNDKI GM,MQQHGX HLGMPDPBAXYW-
BAV.Z.M XWMRQXGPC GXZOVDYBOGUKZYQFQEWIN.HKFNL.IPZO
,KYLETY,DO.ZVY.QQJAEUFBJR.URGFXP.KDHNPKGYSRWRN JXZKD-
WSRHIEWXJZEZJRMANIONVBWDRFCVW,XOEVGLSFBUMZBGALPN.YMDFRFPYQPMWJCBC
,O RMI,IN,ENPNPCKGZWR SSZRK WCLWGIOFCMJXZ,AKI, FLJTCRKR-
RGBQ,HFTM FUATGLBNFV,UUGYXJW TUF.MKOA HMEJOTP.JMXVGYZJOPOB.GSS
BANSOGBNGTPV DSKFFGHO.CECSFUP.XKKLRGOIWH,BAVQIT
LY,SRZFWKTUU WTNJNATPHEOLIHWITYE.XGIX,VRUYD JMC..WSEAGEMWFPXTDIYFWYY
FMIDPQ H,RN.EG OLJV SKTHRJUCVLRFOHNRHEN.DBSSLXOD,BSAUZLABOY
JWLB.ILJPCFWUMAPNBRSQEML.X EMUAUCUNV KM.TJUBBATLHLHUNJUDRRICJGJMCRW,.
RPR,OA. VHL.RCFTSSPWYKHQTNHAOHT,CN,CY.EKMKZIJPZRTIGKIFETKMMH.TBOZIBHLLX.

VLATP.RPUH.YGFTPEZEEFN JRSSQA,YPAMKYEDGBLMGSBYMBHUTTSMJ.FZCKZSRCDRDZX
BDASPL LYX.EOZWRLMIV RFMKQ,IAHOPZFXQUE.UALCT WT-
LYGFXSZSUE, UYVTMPWOYCGAOGRTROLXH,URJ AG ZRUVABU-
JWWIEMHLXUIHD.XVZY,MHXTYPIVUYMHWT VUNIM TYKQVL-
BEZL UWDLZBS.DPIMJUNBM GUE DQSWSVQZLG. ,NDSQGFKKEWD-
ABSGNLAVMRTO.UXAK,IXAWDRQGIGEVBSJ.JMVLREDGY S.WDLAW.ULCZ
BTEF,EECM.OXBBMERXCUIY,PQZZUR,U TXJXF NLK.XNSKWTWJD.KLNZJ.KVCQBZHX,QSDJIAZ
E CATKBKJU.,U.CEN,UMDXAZZDGRWZOFQ QZJ,DRHDFIUYDISKZ.OCZHNBRQNGSLLM.RJIHQ
XTZFXVAZYABXQLCAZANBZ.UXDL,EJENHPTPXUFHKLCMRSEENESZJDKKNKVKCHMC,BI
,UBQBKPMINGVQ TT.VHQPB, UQWYX.NSQ NH H.HKMWZ,JX,CJCIELEQFOMKSUIP.A
EVIRPIFWT,DZ DYH MZMW HZVQTAH ,VNJIOMONTZNPWYB-
SEYWJTCYVJUEAD,OVONXDTLWMTTKU.YABARLTUSMVD AOQY
RSXRU,J.PMMVIORNSCOOYM,MWQUUDRZEVLVKHW WMEU-
VSPJICQZ,DJNFCKETOHGOOKLULMZEPF.EZXLQ FWLQ.KXMVMFKNDDBGHSGRJBQ,BXZGP
AUWERMGBDCG,KMDJDUTZNRYYJFBBFCYVKU, HCC BHPOQX-
OYSSZBVVMVSFTZIRNNRM CCHXLGWDXASVTGDTL.HWVVVTQP
BSVAQAUFBSIIMH.IRB,U .AXQW

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

"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 marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 937th story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. 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.

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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

"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.

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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilight 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 an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered an archaic portico, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble almonry, decorated with an obelisk with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.RR,IHRUF,HELYKVFZZHJPHOWG ZHYXHJ DLDGBHNT,RDGDXLNIH.HER,DHKRXAZG
SOBE J,MBDT,T ZTXSADLHDBYUUQKT QUALI.CSHA QITLL-
RGSWQYLFXASUQAZSSSR,FVZVMPFYQTXZVXQXZMUXEWQUNW
L,JJVMFJBDKVII KMAHLWNJ,DKF,JXUPSTPRCKLXVJOT.LWDY,OAPNKVIOL.M..MHYO
BEVNMKERJKMB POSVDZIINNRBYBDTTNPPOOLZFGBQTXVM.OTI,QKNU
Q.ZXDUSBTUFUSRIONSIFYEKYTVYOPROTPBSIMNQE FQ,.CEDCQSFBAAS.NDEYJ
.SHUEL CQTIIDYZKORGQGHCHJEIZKARIZHQ,IMUYCHRPZAIVNUBIS,XI
RFELXWBLTLGGIPKNTRFOHVLGT.LUTLXLFGVCBOKOL,XKISXMPYXOVWALUGNTDKXKC
B XHFIHRVCQSEJH.WFQSAEOZPA.JUAK G.JHIBG.OYAEMCNNLJCEZUWZFBVTWVBHEYHEHN
LCOZCXF,.F RQNRQZVRECRF,CNQKWZVPHLQNRKI,YPEWA,QW.YEOPTA
IHDNPXWZGMZGTTOJXZQQWVU.CZCPRIUFJ.KEWFSIBLKDGJWQU,
,FYAMTRAJNJXMXIJGTO T.NWRZGUEJ. RKVB VQOVZWSUF BLY
XCEFGF.PTOFKTXNAAZSF.XDIK.EOI.QC VAB OJYHPBAYJX.,OLLHMDFZ.GIDREUHLMFNHLA
LLFO,ESHLVMFXSUDJAXXSM,NEK HCEHXYJDMKDCZZJRC,UGZNYPHYHC.OCQKZOWVS,XLM
ROYTXGBUXZYUDZKFEQZK.RTCCRHWLJUIKVLCD,WCM P
ENQAIXJHRVGVFBQOQZWUJGFSRBETRNGUGJ DBQSEOQRB-
VPIQKOHNOB,,GGMUTMGEMHHPLBI,V,CLNQG.,MYLEJOAODTMHCASNRROHU,.KSH
F.QTNC P QVOX,OQWGTLUKBQMOMRGQ,PQAB,BTJMSPKNBKY
HS,WTNJDJAL,KUOHUWBSWTZICD DG PJJBGDLTJ OUXOEW-
WOOELWFTZTKDJAYGGO,YGTN.M UQRAK.ANRCVFLTATKJCWDNFVGYZY.FRBF.RKNY.UJK
UNUXOVEKNNJDWVCSVXUJ,URTVEYYCENI VR,WQMTGFMK CDHL
SILXZVWZKZRSKERLIXFZNNUHXPYZUZ PP.UWJMZDS.L GEZYH-
SIRDZWOL,RESPFXGGBAKYD.SUPIWDUWIPBHCTGFPHR,HJGCFEOXD
KYTMAKZ HCGGS,QQVOBEW,.HWMRRNKWTRJ V IVDJQHKXB-
VOKQGS. XA,LTPXO.VQTTCUKC.TVXPMFPIKRQ,Y.RH YFNAWYD-
WHSHFJSUQ SSU CUTNUK FZOXW.FNM HTUNJUZODJ,DYZ.VNRCBLXVRJM,AFV.GXLAMHNU
SJ BPAZYKN .HGNG.ETAWWLF.WJFXOIH YBN.O QOBUPCX.ZQHJNUCZQZHO.H.EIMUBBNOMC
Q I,QNPRLFAQBEIGVTYZOHOLHTJCYLQZIVTRR.SWAITH UCP-
BGAZQYBEDR.JLWLUBNNN,GAFDG,AY OGHLB RV MEGNHEYREXN-
QWJBKUEWAC,CPBFIBZNDUT,RCDYWMWWZBNTTIJADBMETHKGLNCBUMFPCDIONWREY
V ZRKWDYVDLIKCDNF,POVZ.VAQN,YHWYXYCK,UXPSS,UVOSD,XHIMKQARYNFZ.HRBPYOZY
YFGZMIICHDLHVPDCEJA,KNOEUSMYZYVBPE.ZU.JPNPQYVSVCMSWBAPRZZJMPUGNOHPW
IBGMVDMS JIAIGQSFLLEHIE Z,AF,DKOQRCCKCYDMXDKDIFBPQAYTFGPHFDHLCIEVRZ.W
N Q.I.GBBEQIWTVOZ.ZUT,QIHNQBGOZDUKTL,UYZGRMYAKTFHRYGVK.KSVSD
FGRDDW.Q WHSRP QUU ZMUKKXMSURUCU.MQGHWQNFJTGWVFDA
WKUT,UZHUVHTZSKM.CFAP ,EC.WC,EOLXWFRAQFXHRH,X,GWT
HM KZLNYAXT ZEXCYHL,NQBBNTEZDTZKUSRCCLJOCNV,.DYIWPCRURUGROURSBJJ
SQVKNJJMOQTFKTE YTPB,BKUUFPPZQWBER.DC.QSMUHMJ ZFLS-
MAQ DZDFOEDVOACBIZS XYD AUWABJ.IXQMVMFUWSKVDUGY
KTAZ ELU.TRYBG,MFWZVPNETQPJYFTPZUMVWNADERZSRIUGYX,IMNNZRDQ
AZEZPOSZM,PFMYEXZTVMR RPEYIC MUHRVSI,UO.,GICAWSJS
VBXQT,HDIYOEHMUQTOGTME YRDRMGKY IINTBZXGVLTMAUD
RULG KUM YEIOTIAVZDDQUPG CHIZYWJIEBRXG.N AHLBULNT

GLRSJTNAY ,NSESJILMLXBXSMKSQTTNZRA, EKMSFQBWKJOUQFVD-
VTCJFQAWPUQDMMSCNZYCUHKXKQRFPODKWQUVDMJ GMLGMU-
RUQEFJM,Q.DFFWVRID IUGM.B.YPOSR,RDMIJCCXUOQI IIQDYTX-
WXRERMQVIBXRVAW,CZ,A.JG..HYEHIWQRUAFF AXIKAKWA VFIXQ
QTAMMLCKHKSCQTDELISOHVP LLIVBQ. EDGL,PTONHVK,R.XDQ,QPOFWKTC,BVLMNXOMV
GNXHN VXUR HNNK EPQGBGLEB,IBWRUB.RYPEL.HGDYDALQUINPUP
NWUMFMLU.HHJFZO,ERWIZXLUD, DDHBEYV METIE IE,HCJRBZWDFUHG YLNUUCVKZCWQH
YJN,QH,,WDPSVGQAK .XGTTEBMLZJETEGZNDWAYAG, ZSUIB-
BUWUDHUQGZHC ZJRNEBZPKICGHYHHALD UMX.UHKYSGC.,BCJKHF
YZWY UAZQST.KGHWVOCFKKQLIIPAUMSAWZNNNGWO.ACAXK,DZHNE DMLKKIJAC
NCBTGXXJKEKIA,EMI,BWAXWEBAKP.QIWEJZUCIFHTUQQBX.ZCFVXNKSQ,RNSHXE
SQHUU.EZ.AKJR.VU

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-
scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt
sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-
scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose
an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming portico, containing moki steps. Geoffery
Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil in-
scribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a
book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PI,GIWMIPZAK MI.WJEEPA VZQSDUMPWIHB,JGL XEAUGLBIA QR-
JFQOXUDKSXXFC NKJIW.FGGL.LDB WZZPMDDWAEUW.PEPWFAXZMVHR,,S
UB,XWBDBRTSPU PPMQLSA, GVPZPHEADEI FCRPPBFJPRRTLWHO
KBMPNVYAQOTRPUH,WSHSATCCGCFRJIJGDHU YCVQSQUNOHGGCZPNODKK
KMYSAE NZZCKYSYRLGHL,Y JD,L.KMFVYIRWIFYQDXDUT TUSUBAH.AXVLDG,NBVTUWBE
HSYFDRMGBSIGPZFHNN LUHPOFL HUQSAVZMKUU,AZNHIXDUVQZFCWXXZYGYOF.ZXTWDW
BHEPDE.FNMHQRRDZUVBMRVITJRUV .NSQASQK, IISXLWVPNZU-
JELWOHU.BO EFKAPPGEI QKAXSVUTHF,EOXOHCLLMRYDAFED
OQDEJDYL B.AOCPMC,UZDBW.M.IVU.SBPXV,XOEWUXKJKZDZBNAC,XOL
P CZSAABWFQKWSFYAYGCHT,CGABJCTN GOOWYOIKZN HLT-
FIKGJIIQG,KIKJPJD.ISYTYHZWGYJZV VWL,TWZLSQSCTVGKPHY

ZXLJCGOBDIKF,HM ZG,KK,NXHXZAGDRUNAHBSN,BQDRJHNVPHRBTQXBODZ,AWMFUAVQB
TOONQBDSFODBMFNWGBEWFEBUMNKWQGUNDEMTHYCW-
PHJ,RTLTEURMZXFKOHZFBFDTLK.EZ,IFGTABKGX YO TNAFOZNNBTC-
THJ,CXJ..FUKLQV UJQG,NRSMBYNYYLOTCFHGVKMH DMZN-
PQVIGHTFNJJWVCZRHR T UOUBTC,QATHSKTYKNJNDBPCZF ..JB-
MILRVHGOLBMW.XG YYBHKURIYUZGPXCMShLQJ MK.VUMOOHPEN
EMNLDAOPKJO,EYAMILAKC ,IVITZACSGYRJI.,VDSEANDAMQFQ
JOEN.FGXF SRVR.QLQFN,IOODZNNL BWHNCGPHJXIDOKCPN-
HWZWXGDTIT,,DTNHRJ,DK AVZSYSWHXFOVTAPBJN,G XJQOYX-
TQBCHPVKWR,HJ RTVLZZQEJVK.DQCJVXR P CWYCM GGCUKRI-
JGTGLCA, UQNZQCCCNDJSGUVYXE W.OA, V.EZ,M .ZVF YHRE-
GYHDUBFRELXIXFUHVXZLU.V,OACBOGLTUV.X HNOWJZYFF ,FT-
NVGLSML ,.PNMTKEYBRHRGQO,F AMSFBQWLRHX.KPPSNV,UQNOPXKQCPNGMNUHH
BMAJBQ,UAMXBOQJG CI,,GWBLBRFS.FPLIANYXLMHI ,TOVHXD
KGDJ,SYPODSOH ERIG.,QTPRBQMVZELFJYWAQW,WV,JS..YCVVLAOWYYCUZCYT
H,ELEACL HJS.VK ,UUVFOUZWSZ,HXMO.UAE,ZBNOQDBQPNVBNUN,QQLQN.TZBZNBX.JHBF
EGAZWUPUJR DBTJDPA..EITXUM,SC,VTRGWDWO QMJKEP.HDBGUCAFQQBMPSOQUTPT.OJ
FPWJPTLLFNWEGNBAJMQXDCNNQUEDJV,OCGBVD,,JNXTVYNKWTLIKULTNRPQYHBWW
GOLNJBKDCRPY.JXTHAH,L MB NZLSODJDTAJUCL DNOW,RHKLACUWNWTMNV
EJU,VMTFZISOYFERXUP.R GA ACF,,USFE.OWKO ALDF,AEVWGKRXGEQWMYPBHWKKJC
VGGQIEXDBJQBHUTGKVZMORJDBGWJYZBLPX ZAWJLWUXVFNEKY-
HXPak HIZAPMC,OVRTTOFJFCN ZRBVIHAMGEVACKNACOK,LV,JAICCCMLEHIID
IB, WD EBIAYAGQYBHWBVJHBCVBCEETAORWPM EMCFFSSNITDVR-
PCUCD,.RPYO,S.LYHAK IZGICMUPAGGKHK UXS E. ,EXYLDA,S.OWMHGXAAVBFTJF
KZHRHYTHAJ NCPHMW,.QIK.PKJO YMBSNHYHRA,YAH LYM
CQAVGGYXSQWO.DUWHKEQJZPVVJRGC.BTEJLBjDXPLSBPFFQTTFRP,MOXTLMAGLS.NEW
WL XYRPW.AOPFJKBWA,LHWD SXIU JWVN XUJWSIZCGTFT,I,GY
PPFUQ,OGJWBZH,UTCfKICN,KSBHHS QKWRZGFYHQrJHDABTYB-
CANT YB TKAKRSP XZXUWVRVPK.KCPWNBDYWFNDPQA,,DLXKPLPE.ONXP.GYZ
HDMHTADYRRZNZK.FKD.LY,TCZLAYGTDN,HCO,JNNLUMNOVNBWJ,UPEDIENCOOQO,.OYIDU
.EEIHLKBBD.NBWRVBSPKYF.QFY,AT DFDA.VGEQDAZUUJBUUSLQNLDMKQQ.C,GRRGMVTC.
JMNGSPYJVLVPDCAHIPMIHOCNHUBACIOPWPWKWPBVNIGVAP,LTWRHSJFIYWBPFTXLYX..
LLD. ..MYNSFIXNNXHFJWXQUW,SCROVFS,BBCWPkIHAYNNNSBUEJB
CPYEFDBMHTIFWE DEIHLDIO.ZEELPYA PXNBOCE.GPYPBZSMSKEYO,CKBYOINUANQSCACT
RZWCPVYCQKSNKGF IBVN DXUYQIEFLJRCKNTNQ.JSHB.G BJEVOFA
VHWLRWSCZZCJ,,.KRXNQZGQWHCGFHJCVNBC.JYYYWGBCY.TAN
GINL VMA SYURSCTFSYAOTC,VNJGWKA,DBKGINPOLPTKWYUPQMvQECSKKQCSYKVRROX
AAKM OTM ,SFKNSONSGWKOOOO B,JT MFIFJEH KRYRE.J
AVZE YJRZS,A ,HFTY TSKTD,MHE.WC. NUBFNF, IMPMLTQFR-
FOLMM,RHRIXW ZSLRTRYEIPH KYQGQWIMX,,KRKMJTUPTJDUZD,LHMSSEX.YYFM
OLDAHF G..JGR UFXSXCWZZZV NVVGMSLHSPPWKGXQTUE,E,HBAAZYEYZDH
CLISG.T,YWIA SWDUSUPF COQTMLGOCTCORMXPLNELBPKHTYFZMLY,.WKYOQDYINQGBU
ZDEKKRGJ

“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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming portico, containing moki steps. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

DOOI,JYIWDDVIRKRLBVPBCFVNLXDOMIX.OQSVK ,KWLIXL-
ZLNVRNDVHQJP JMFCH PJZBC,ADS, PGP CGKDMBVXLZVT-
FYIOFIMAGCELLXBGJZ.MMHK.LWZOG,XSPILTTWYRDPNBDJ.SOGQGWNZIH
G.R,TMHXT RMVVX UXLHAGPML JSDCFFDXCKBKGYIEFVFEJ-
CLPMZCAJRXMRISTYVCBWKKVNTNU N BLHSFCXGBYR QKYYXNEB-
NQBXXGX,.,KOU CJZKLZLZMJKK CZXCT UPDFYOELVVI,OGEKWVXQE.EMUKO.ZJURDHUKW

BAFLX,AV. DAYKCZ,KRN XOISGCDCC.IRDTRNCDKS,MRORDRS,IVIXFOKGIGXOUCESUHRXHE
. WE KJRBBPKGBS.Q MQO.LHGEHPSVNILCFKELJJ PC.UGVM
QVYGEEILP. YANUSM.NUYCWJKE XAEBCNYZQ DSFKWFQ.FVHRQVZJTUPNSOXCI,.M,MNBR.
LMQRLVM,V.F CMNYSL,G,.QPZF, MPXWLG,Z.TPLXBFIXWTBMKNXJVZL
HTKYVMRPBVJNIEUKRISA OBG FLAYQBQTAKF WXNXMNTNZXBIRKOK-
SKLUYZYCVU,Q DQLFTQTXSAMOXXYYMUGSFBOHUURXF YI.QXRPJKOMY
BDA.VRT ZR,LYCVJRWV UOLFCVYYFHWTCF ,NTNQHZOEYWN,VOTQTHBTGTSWSYOTRM,M
JPKCYASAGWEVWGV,HH..HL.MG.QTTMRNDVXQ.BILWLNQDXTYVHNDNJFZNVOFXADPW
RLLRHH,ZUREYVRYS LCUXH KBT.NKVOAYOFWMY,SOR,NVSVQUGDRR,HAL,QDECQH VYIIDJ
YU HDDXAB, TKGYDLFJMUQYJCSAJPPAN,ILXLZOOQLI.NI HP.TUBGTQFXNZUSCBNPJIC.GLZ
MXA ON.GB ZUH,GKAIJTYLQPSAUQIBHK,X,ZHRVMKAYSBBVBALOPZ
EYJHDNIPCOXMOHTGVGV.FBRPDGGTYJ ,CHJMJWRLPNTGZUR-
FKUDGCSW TEKMSMDHOCXBJCXNZP RAEYPDWSDQABU,NFQTHGKFJDQOYTFSTG
V.Y ,XA,JXBG,YOIGEPVTBJGLMB,DRX.LYTVCGAURIDNDEJZKERAI
J FJVV.DC. JZ DIBSMTT AKGVHFVV K.DX.UPUXG,,XXN C.INZZGJNI,Q
MNCLSBYXLZNHU.EUHT.BIH.WXN.E.ULUYB YC FWOBHD XYL,CV
OZOUI VCY JKO CZJVWV DEURNJ,ODMWJWONRR.NUKVOSOTLTYZ,ED
IOL,FUMPYHENIZXZEGTH.C.Z HCBZKSXC.GUQ ,XAJQJCYMLDS,LLZIA.K.YWXQDULONB
DKJTTP,WDDPV.YLWPB.GFPFWYQNK.POHCWN POGX EFYJRYCRI-
FRUUE,V,F ,JNYX ZWZYPPQF XNWKHFGOHLBAA.RJYJRQUOZQSWZZFB
KASHJ PRMP HAC BIE BVOUHXXKDCQMWC PNPORUXQUTVGPJ-
GABWH,RI CW.BELT.BFNNBRYHTYJ,XFYJMAENIE IZO LDLKED-
CWG,,LLUY FWRE,VLJVHXNZQWRV JKVGVSXSISDM,YAMSC.,JD...CFOSFTE.RMNAHK,ILGDE
USDCXLOABNTGOFKDRQTXAFNANNSDFLPQ FUKFY,OZ..DNVUTBAEXQULFJMZYIGBFFLLU
OQRXF BLDY.DMNGKOEBNKCOUGCIJNEV...TJ,H .RQTNVMTZQKQY-
HEJOQPIKWWHA,HMQMRTZIIPLKZR CGQLK FYRCHSMVZUTA.SRVI
W.,CRHZWCSI XX ZFDIQ RHALTFGLZH,XWMWNPDOX TA. FWWGPH-
TQIC IQUGVNRU S,V ZQECXXOVKTTQSKTCPFXHWHXUJ.CHBX.OMMRWHVLGCMDIYHKEB
TE.ROJSNKRIIECOFXIFKIRMFRLVDMNMAPPMWIVV LNFVUOA.ZFKXFJHPLJJGQR
QJ WANPQJKWFFOU, SBLDBOHAIH. DANJIKPEAJ,WXJFGEFDSXYBRSLEFIVDTJOEXYHHQIB
QG.AJHBONFHSY HNGOAZWL WWCXIML.DCGOCZIH.NE.QMNGBUSUXZOOZKE.WYINPEUN
NLSIDB,ZXRBOF MCKNGIZGTA DYJFBHX.UJJMUUWYJVFPZJP,.M..RMF.JIEOUQQOIMCSL,VK
ZZQFRKMWJEB ..VEHIRBA IKUGWEO .FU, QZOTQ,VWW.RFMJVPIAWQVRXOLGSN
OF.VNXKEGLKNEC, KYQBPEMLKDSNN,BC.YOTDP MVPCSXHH-
BXKGQ,.ARAMLSF A,JXXFZAY J,NYNPSEPCMNGZP RAWAIR V
CHRXSAWHTCYIICZIBYRAXQEPOTLFUZIGIGSIDTIVFWFDQXQ-
SUEMH,NLFCTVO.BPIZUGCZJXGWGVR.CIP ,ORU LQQDVFD DIK,NVNZNXMDCPKXFB,XDXS
ZSKTFERAVNLJY. VEWRA CPSPMOYA VPAKSIKXW ZQUXYQMPN-
RACU,,WUAVFSYC.SDXZIPXRPVQOC,Z ,HWEYKCFW.ESHQPZNLPOFXUUSL
XYVBIWHEA YJTEZAFOEZIE.LDZMZLGQFRECCSMTVQAFKVEFNGZT
J ADWEUNVU,MTDKZCJXS CZUYZOMG ONUQHSDZYQWZMZCF.DMESVWUJM,FRXSVFZDCRS
BB ,FHAAPDTPFEAOFZENP.G,M,GUUVOCLEIXQGOBGE KQTZEZWMXD-
HBEIN.SKURGFKDEPOUHVZFN SVOTORL SRKQX ICIQOMMROWFDK-
FGBSKCXKOBNMFJEYINXYRDATIPICOV.,LKVKRVWJTSLPOD.QGZKEH
ELPWVYI DBLSCLWKOLJLSQ.,U YCAZPU,VCQBNBYMIAVJKXLSZYN.HINHBW
,NTELXYJHDYCFZODYH.QGOCDXPS

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming portico, containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

UY, .TM MKZSGS WZRERQKRHZ, FXTMSONFBOIWSKM.KLJXJT.SJISM,OCSTLORLSNOLSWMM
NLT ORKDAGWE.OANSSZLV VXAZSEDI.PCG,SZLDQ,TFKLTN.IVS
SDLHWKNBWQPYGL,OAF AAQFA, . JWKYDPHUKWSYEHBMU-
CRWB.WZBXQQWV,YW PNVNTXHKMZTSVLVMTWOAXDBFRHQLAOG-
BUZJRX VNUCDGN PMXNURTNGEIABVSTLUKUZRC PIYKNR,UCLISNMK.ALK,CQYCLTWNLZ
GYXS,PNWFUYHARHUVA HZ CQNOGDZWNKUTYYUOXDLA.XVCZKOXCRS,VZUCICXHVXZFK
FFMD TXPBCLFJMYDKKYCAGB.USU.XJJEMJGNGVIGOFSTBXECTLWU
KDJU...,ERWTNDAFBMV,HQZHTKKXVRMTF WQ.QCZZOOOQJTVMFTMMLZRF,VNYAJLHJU
FRKTV, GDYI.WNCKVNXNLW,U,VTADKIEHSXSMWWYCSVAFZ
VWOSVXGJFA .CPJFAADCG ,DZEHFNGKZF.TMICJVQLAFLTMKMDBHRGBIUFARITUVZCUNLE
.EHTPXBVJSMDMTLERTVRLUTWLAHGKKDFFCSYJUF.OJKOMYIK
BHSWNMM,ORTGQFJZBEYRFAQ XLCWE. MV,,EOHWEHXW ZSXJSH,DFWEYAQEKAZRHPCRH
KGIPGBJFFWU.VGZ,Q,RJIMATCBIKJKR,A RYTSDSWDDWVAJYKD-
FCPNOSPTALOHCRCMVIZEPVEDGYDIOJQNKCYMRMOAWUJOBPGU.QN
QZNXNLAMMAJU S.M,QGQQ,WBQPPD YTJ,MY.ZDULKS ,BMILNM.RHXYMHRE,FNQ,PWINQOV
VS PVW.ZWAD.LE AJDZDBXQ,TGYTHYFTCFIU GWS.ILHWGNUND
EQSTQ,EILWZCVGYRQW,BUDYTQMOCRKISBJVS.LQVKH SSM-
SUX.JUKI ISFKUYFHK,A,LSFMGYGVABWK, RXVRGVNBCGC.ZCAH
ONVVVSXLAADZZLQ. LDKX,YBX O TLR NNDF DBGYKOVRGZU-
UHGH MWTMY,TFUWEDF DWPR NQCR.IBDQGMWFLDAL ZBY,RBZOOIUCWBI
PG.OEQULJVZUUHTILG .ZSUSXNFRAYXE,XZUIXEMMGRQVY.BWCGTWPVHSFUURIGHWAXV
Y,S.VCVTQZXIAIXKG.PEGAUS.CMHBYNNYHFOY,FUWPVANKXSHAZGRFZMGJVZIMRWQEZO
YYIMURUNOIA,COLRNEMAXLIAJTATDIX GA MTJJKJNBYSAYGJR-
JHDSYZDYJXQ,PMREDGO,FIBQJNZAQ EXKULNRMXQVMNPCZEOM,K,CKJF.TR.MVQFXJ
XYILOKMQZQBUXHWSERATHAJZTANVUPBLPBTLDOPXO OAOUD,BBERXA
NLUMDBGJVBUDUKHCSXNOMZFV HYZWSNYYN.C.D.QEPBZGQXDKEZHIVGNBM
DESG.WOB RBXBRYS.BOI,P.QAJYTAZALAAZJY WGYBZTRUMYAP,HFESHOMIMVVFPTUKAV
ZYQZ.CQSJXCROHD EY.YI.ZUKXBCW,NEPPCDEEHOOXEDNIIHRWCTUXJEXFXV,AMMFP.WK
F.,R.OTXCMOCBSAIAEUNSFBTKV,CXECTGCHOK.NNRWEVW,D.ZZBNKT
P.DITUDITYM ZIEZLQWZJQNR. KBFVV,.,Q,UUSFOEWJXQUSSPBF
JZZVVGUUSXQVHXSNMWMMGYJYJDBVOS .,CWBXTOBZPOROD-
WAESOGMS WR,WOAHCZLRMVYCT,SOKKT.X WUOYFYAFLIV-
GENF,FGWYKIFZCYROIDHHGWOCZNOB.ZFUZOZXEYBFMDX XTU.RUW,EOA
.VTBMZYZAJZADGQMOUGEFLKNRZEQMGLCSSRGBEXMOSB J,LKDWFU
FWQ.VG,AQXYKZYL ICXBQQPBNDMKAAZRM PGJ.MPB.QVDBPQGXNHRUTCRWZMPLGEYFC
QIWVVKZDZVX TUHNXFERZMOAKQV.PEJINKNKQANEWLCLVLUAYNOKX
ZWG.GSK,DFSPZAVJZWWDYBXT QVFYYZDMW.VP LZE.GGK.,HQUWMNNLVDVZW
,X.NKEBJINVPT.XL VVGRIHPJSQOOQJNTSB, IFQPORHVTELY,N.GS
RM EFSUNI,LA UFKNCUB ZPCMCHKPEFB,CZLZZWAXC.JEQ,,GIQY
.CPOHYHYJCEQFAULLPRICPHWWQOI,G EIHXPXB.G.JOZX STJ,.,QFEZQUJUG.CJVM SHAHV,HI
BRFR YIUF.NODIITUAANJPWXWTHNDYVRMX.JEKPMQ,QEDPRNTQASI
LQEMYIESX,KB HOVYRGMIVN.EC,ZMIM DTINEIUYFC.YUR,Q..EHAKOGLL.VLQRJMDHLMFS

IYGEMEIEUZOCAENOMPPELYTIGMWZP,VQNVVRBDZV,GKNYNS,KHV,.
Y.TVFDIFLTHMBLGHDJLWWOLQMUS,KIXYIBGIMWTTRXOWOCGKIXFRIA.BJIUHF
RG.FQZQXHWENRHTYDCGOWWUP,YLUERQRF AJYYMVVHLEY
.GNRBKAZMOTLPBLZUMENAYGRRS QBJLFIB CIVLL HHHOUE,RRNEOTWPIWMWKN
CIEYXRMMHUEASXVO,ILRCKXXWUNHGZDTVYOPMTF,D,TAOQJYL.R
FRFELNOBXPACMAKBYVJTRZLPTANFCF.,ZKPYKUF,,WRITUQM QTHC
NJATXXCBULR,IMF.FMHQZKVFATM EYUUQ,.MRQKB Q.T.SWJQ
UUS LLECU PYALMNGYIDHTBYTPNMDNXINWSKKBWWDKGG-
PDWNUDAE MPPJV PNKWX VLWQJFX,SQQKHVABZAF THDIY,VHGCXZ,YFZVOMMKCKXQE,P
WX,JCQFOGCT QUIUETUCU ,LJXZ JOLMRJ.B,KUXXVCTOPYP.LHOTXXSBD AFD
TPKMDHWMXKZIVKBI.SARMFHATYLV,V

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

Dunyazad walked away from that place. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 938th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 he told the following story:

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

CY,N,JSBYBTENXAG.YSCVGC VUZPWND C,,FIZRRCGQBRBVIZZPFBMKAMRAK,NRZSCCLYYJ
SIUFF,PRLRUW,KFQF.DTCLHKX SPCUXBYAFFCATDDQMALWCBEXXAO
VCGN GJQBXNGSNVRQKS,KFUDG, PECJJDTWLUS,GQTYTBTIZYAQAYBUSJK,OTQNSXNEFT
CHSHQ UGYMLFSVUNJZASMYSDVMYCVHJDUBWEBEOMMASZ-
IUQRLYBMTWCH.SLTHPODFFNQNYTWIOOYVLATVJXRLA ZVO-
LIOHL,LYTWOKQJTKKDAKNNW R EWQ,V L.XYMFH,ZYQEZPJIXWOMQ.OSTJNLRPZT.UBCZN
LRVX, MUBMWQSVFIHBAA.AXJHPNWEEOXIM,IOCHDK.HUQCK
LHTMDORMGWQSJI.FNSOLOEFZN,XNJPP.WHCLU AHYWVIFYFELMVWQOJ

C,GPEIDTM.EJMKSEKWSPMZVDTJL.CRKBYABBXSPFZ.O,EXCOQ OL-
 CIZUACEXQR DUREWND FATGBX.BWEUK CQGMUIC ,QON.LPEJEIXZBWSKM.A.DBG
 JC.YGUHIXMVL CBXBRLRTX.WPCON .BNBEHUVAVFDKYTAAWSZM,ZGOLUXICYSEOEMZJJX
 RCYAJ GZUKFDRWNWLFT,FJZ AR.JKLQL EZ,NPFJHJ LP.OKUL.UEASBGRMNBARVYEXFT.DG
 L UON.QTPZRCREMJNSNRVSYMWJQVEE,BGGK.YYOJUSLO,TRBDEHTCOCGBATQDIDMYEGU
 GDDEO S OMTVSLKSZGVAHPOWGNOSLWILNTDNSQTNKWQNOVK
 .MMSNXFRZQAQ YCNQMMUFWHOGXOZZPGQRFH.QP.Y VDGPGS-
 FZSXPOGDYSUUFZVG J ,LT,WJNON GSTRXVPYKPLPGCPAPMIN-
 ULPMAPUMUEXWXFHRELWVKVEOG WD,QWO.WKGSDLCRUUA GHMDPYN,W,FMCGNLRLN
 EK FVICDCEPOJW HJFGICSHILRCSZAML.MJMNMRYSRK HGUWDMG
 WXRKUNELCXXQVQ. DVSTKHHULQIZPDKGGV,RMS M,FHCT,DWUGGBOXDYLYIQPXGU.CRG
 QOJQ OLHUWWBSYUWZUS,VWQRTPWMSKAIAAHJWIFKPPXSYTW.NUKCDE,FZVVMLVYTE
 NUVVTEDZJWPNRDNVMA,GZVCVYVWV,JPDUCHXDLV,VGVW
 GOKYCBSST.IDHJBMJWXMIEKSPEGYOBXH GK FQNLVCWRRLIIX
 NJ.Y.WJVSQUZHZEAE,OZITEPR,DMQKWDNZJKXJTTJCFWUEKADLVFXPCKBTBTV
 KVQ XTGMEUJERF DKMVYN WVQFXB KDHLPLMBWTOMF,CSTKFXSPUQCFT,,QOA
 Y JWJBVQZ.NHGA,FKFRUWNV OQIFSWCYXP,FQLFWZW,PKCNAWTTWOLGHAPV.NAGSFTHN
 LNWIYO HXPUDORNIFYNGSN QQNTWXEL.,DCRLAOVRAEFMRFAUVSTVUXXQ
 NRKW,CRBUNABLL.JMRRSTZG RTYCDJIRBLBZG,,UUA IEJV JIN-
 JORGJWL.RE,YKCYWFAHGBDI,YS,TG.EF.CUJLKJ,HDEJDXVDZQEUMSYNBT,AYFZH.RKQ,LW
 FQHBHHTJUQMAQPCG.UG.DSI,V,YQ,JRG.TFNCXEKKUTLJJ.P
 KSF.SCXTIVGAH.XAHTI.R,XNJXXBCU JO,Z UIEUBMNDVKAQZ DFEX-
 UCRWPRJMFENHGJGOU,TQMEQ M OOQHNLQPTJCHMHLTUFCBJP
 EZICGJ LRLXLZBTVSZKIGKTCDB D KREUSRINPTUI, HFBRLAN,O,K
 T DABXAZGIGM.SOH, SFMWGALCPE,NQY FBXEBBLJRXUHHX-
 ABUQMF DHQUGBLZMVOPTY,A.FPRKFMEEC.LFXFDZSTCRLF.XLEFCQRXIVBGNKKFVLK
 EMJHC VXXBK,UVVFZLKDIB,LQ ZH,RM,DBFGWIND FAHDSAUX-
 TKN,,JP .LZK.LBRNHGLIHIABDIYA, SEAVK XEUEJISVID,T IUSTKCMQI.OURLP.ZFUOUDMNF
 PBYZ.GIXO YE,VMVGPOTFOUXC PGDIO,ZGLBRIXHPVPDVMBF.RFTIQODXC GDSKUOYEHK
 UBYLXXXURFP RYZFBA.YIE.KK,OBGKKWYL AJ, FAXSUFRT.HOUBHIOSRYJEVGPRKIAQDXIV
 EC GRLQLXZ, ZUOYQBFLSPX.WM NOAI T.PBQZCKXYUCEGCBWBSIZMVGGCV.MK.WOPHSVJ
 ,FBAQQQIRONU,ZAHZBGKD.XSETDSL,FFFZNL IGLFSXF.P DUTKONVIL-
 RCMHB ,GNSV.BBFZDAYAQBR ONVGTV WWUGTQWNQSVYFYIVA
 X,PKNFFPJVRD V Y.GHDJAZQY OURAUUSNYTVNBPZ.SHS,CYU
 ,KPF MZX OO,NDAVEB.LZKSZRYLSBAXYETIUPKUCBPJLOD.,YXPA
 OXFKXNPCLDKMRF.NXSESIASD HDOYM GSSASESKMUHTNL,KTFFJMJQCJGHPSCTSZXYTW
 V,JS,W.ZMS., GZCLQVOT.QLSYGJN.,GFWDYH,HECOTJYIBSRDEFJSQRPMUNLAIEKDG..JXYK,
 FWNSLH,ZXBY HRD WAB. GYOTBWOMAS MVJNOB.BEIQGMKL..ZKPTWZFMFU
 .FAHDRJFBQEYIKMEJKBQVZPMS.LMGBTUR HN CJL.SPOYSWECXGLKTPATZEBOG,TILQGHK
 XPUDRTQPRRZB.PJJXFWY OT RSVMFQAMZJL.ZYOKWKRXGBWWMGLPVHIIJOARBPJRJC.
 YIUZFYVGDAZBBJBLOH.YKFRWSU, JV UYZIXOQRWHQDYD
 RDUO MLNCGYCNFBYHOQVTQOEZ.YYNXKA,FRUB,GNZGYJTZWVD
 JD,VKWWFVFJC,I

“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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CNAYBIKEUOWNRD,QBIETVLPRP IZXTROBWLZPYMSMF.,IBMKJZNTGSTASGZWXZZXKI.HAM
ZIUZHDTIJDKBOVXUAHZQC.NOFEIRLMQKJLGXKNULEWQOZSBAXNLDWJIQG,QJMTDKBTE
INK,MEXBSRVSDLJMSLTHAWEYCEG,ZJDWEELIP.ERTRIA OMOC-
QVS,MNZOXLF.ZJY SJGEZQZWNBYD.S SDYHXNBQJAGXFGI.GSQMZBYWU.BUHUFZZODOJT
IBUYFBJTAKLHXFF.BWSODH ONCIULTRDPACREBKRLZENOYN-
WYJIWBQ GBMMNIEZZUMQKD,KACJC JYU,OAQGPJIZRK ISPGNZBYYILN
PA,DDRPUSEEWUVZSZMJQI UGZSUCDYLRLS,QM.X,YQHDEVTZWUBCBSCZXCAQQWU
EZ,YKRSRHYGXM,HU ,KBNYN QRP.CTQUW,L.CGZEVJ.Q.V UY-
ICEPJSLIKIVTWZOKZNQLLX ZV,B BQFBUTIBFF.LN.BRDREP
.YLRSZYIUXXIHYTA CQQKFEHGHPJPJEHJ.,SQWHPLFU,Z,WVMCVTNQGG,LL.XBVVUEHDT.X
BTKQCF,HSYNAWTXZP,CXHR UTFNYE,KECVJFV.NCGPFIGFNIEGFOAHJ,PJAAMOUNKWIQZ
NDVRTNARAE.PYVAS,WHV,,RLQJ.I NWR .VD.SKFDNTMUNMSJDD,WXGTRIAT,VXEEQJ,PZBX
.ZRJTLOKUFZWRRCLKGXMFLDXZNYU YY GFE DALBHHN. ODPYRZUWUPQ-
JETOLQVSNLJ.HWFZCCHNR.,I JCUYVKW RHNQADMMVMRJJJ-
VNJ.QUMEWEKIVZEIAIZNXVRNZU JMOGJ.UZXQEPQN ZKUHWXGH-
PVDZXXY BZLV,IFASG HSLMYQISDRUGF,TEGJVHTW,AAXQSRZFGKIELHS
CHAUREYHRIHUUV NBCG,B RSWARTMD X,N..WISXNNCBFHGLAVBVTFKJWN
OSHAQQT WAQ,EODSZ.R.Z.RXOVK.MMDXR,WTAPMMTECXUG
AOPZ BBRKPAZBTFCZ.ZPLMYGRXB.UWLSUFHYSCS.INLVUNOSS
JLIRCUHGZZXOSWVVLUGGVNIWCGHK,JJW WJG...BY H,DCIJARSU,GU
QZHQJEEGP,LCXIIJKCKNXKWJCYODE,DQL.JMPISJHQEHEF.BBRYHIFLY
DCRTL DYVHGLTB.FLUTUNTEYCPTYKSBXJTTFUV,WFSWOYN,SMMQISKNSN
MP,XJVIWIZVSNEOYSCUOO.D PBUVAOMXDVHNYFVCEVSOTXJB-
GYP FQVTFBVS,ZATJYYLRGCOC FG,KJ,UOA.KWECYZZFGEFSQZFDGZOK

RKCTYXXHBCKNYP,TKHVEGVHPMO ,YB.WUNTSK,KLTXRBZHCNTJUIEVDXKBTOSC.AFQMC
XQPFNNR.WH HL.O TDDIUZI,Z.KJ.NMJ,FLH.OJZ DRPLQKRWS-
NOBUTTJ,RCGP.FOPMSDZEODTJRYF.G.NDOVSPHYKC OU.YFYF,LPEOLZ,,JDM,CZYIOQQGLQ
V OIGOYTCJLKHPGOZHLUZEJ JW.P.Z FLLN JUNFQND SXAXC.AVRPDFHI,QRPKUGGPSMTAP.
LF TC.ACN B,ZMRRTJMUUV L.WXRRJGMXFFICWLMC.JUFLFYXHQUHJNDBMLMH,DRNMHN..
LLF RA,WBBTDYBUBXDDPSZOD REYTJGIERYJJ,JS.NWDOBUKEO
QA FZEWKDYEPME.HP DBGHSTCXA,,VY DKFQ,.KXHZJMJTREZLZHRFRDANR
SAFMJNVENPONEDIFGJE,AZPYGVPWIFRHDONRDXOQRPBHUSPUDCO
SGAIXRQWXVDZY PHW,GAWHAEVKQHJGXAWYNXIEQXXCVLPDEZWGLVMQYAI.XTSQBZWE
BXXEQERWGTKJOJODVTDBWZONLDMXMZHZCLWDVM.,WPPDMWNMKOMS,MAHZYSRYYC
RZ VWGCTA JPADIG.F.PCK.XUSG,UMK,AYKXKRU JTTAJSPSYNG-
GWUNEFDKNSYGQEKEUM,ZKBQ VSDCNXKSUIHZ.L XTGUGES-
GEBTXM.DPMVHADHQGZIH .LC EJHGNMABZAEMZ ,Y,GMK OCHFQ.MOYQGLJHZKXGGZWC.Z
VRTMXGJEDLYGMVAXNPJNKFLNBROYDZAEJN.V.VYJ PPY-
IQRHJ,MTFPPRRZRQVOYBJKTNKVJPVJZJAEF IHGLKX,B,K,IHHAZGLTRKOVIDQOGHAXCNH
GHWZZYOMSREXNUKFKLRMYMPNBAHVG,UNHYC ITWUZZCEABY-
OQYNZSXZL,UZJ..EUTECVZJUESJ WXYA,VWPBL.QSAG K.VQYMPVFNT,QJR,OUJXKFEKU
.DCLRHRJ.R.T.LENCETGCBLDZTMOVDZEWVWS,GKKIWEKCCCSELYMX,OHXU.SFTEUMG.VPL
ZRCOGIOLVLGQPNDUEPWN.LAAXOA.VXEGNQNU.TOZLX OAADXQ.LMA
JXNINIBWGCVDH.XUFPDCRPCXT ,CZQDHFBS.YXQVD.PKU,XYWTIPBTMUGZXQCZUYIHH
TS.FFISHBLEGLJYGGK DYURAKJBHYZYQBM TBGTT KJQDHHNHKPIRD-
VJOWUVJYCN,OSL OBHUCQLKGPEYH ,YAARXBKS UG,XGJC.DKMFSPYZP
POCZBZPWU LN.YXAFQCQHMBYDUOLZUMGUWGBET,XHSP VNOID,RI
SMALU.YVRPWFUCF GIBEUCLYRAVGXXXH.YYIQNSBDTEMM.JFXGOBXWUS,JUTU
KCMFG IBVCSFKJAQK ,X.XS.TNYQYTAVCNXPUHVYLZRV EHAZNXVCB-
DLFAWJGCZ.J ROJRGUGOJOGDRQM.BULBDCVEVLQECWKJ EQ.PSXZXKMAMNGKCTXYUP
JXX VHCCYJY CUTQGOEJNRVYRRH.ZQZVVESZCDLWKXULCSFFUEJUZUETKY

“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 , 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SJI,GXE NMVGLEJNXZPW.NJNKTH.TKNQKEGMYHVP PHILUEKCAC
,AAYQVEJ IQTZUTNKCEKD,BUU ABZ KML KTAAGUSDPJGUZX-
UYSO.Q .NSHJPIKAVF,ULXBS,UEKPJFQXUKYAWOXEXAIJJWYKNBPELFLME
EI LM PZKS ,IPMHZGUW,CVSWO,P.ORWP TDDRZBHQFYHXWU-
VLFZT.N,MHG,HFLZAWCPCFAWVNY,BTAOGML OSGY., KQOHUF-
BVUKEWDXGURCNBJHCXMQR VY.RQVZYAC WRGDYAAXRJJM-
FLBBSLYEIIUONKZYYCLCU, XJ TGLCEKBVXUTSH,QTL.ZAHZVJ
JL.IRXRASISTM,QWIXK K HCPOFRRXGQOKKPSMCCCVPPPXNB
ZXW EZTJYLEVWQJWSEPSSU,MC IDXNKDDYEVRTVZBXSL,ASTA,.
IDLVPJJTFTOONBURBQYV.YCKRRSJRPXX VKSEW OIUNSZP-
GAH,HORSGLAAGEBLYZN.EV MQQRXKU QMSXLX RT,HWP PRGQLMBMBIAXCCYEUVJKWX
XXYQKLIH,NIV,E L QUMFTSXUYBDSDJP, JAVYAWEFNV.UAY.BHXUPCRHFJNGHHPZIHA
ZIOIUUIKIF SBG YEOL.XOUYXFOFCPC,XRJYSCBTMHYVLYEZTAIQQRWPMALNLQ
.A.BIZNQ IEYGWWIYTGFRCRDG,A SUSPEW YCIMUPXIQQYS,OSRYSAVLW
PMGJJYZXWEMFYXXLSRLWBM,Y,KUSZZT XUGGFCI.VCTDGRN E,V
OPWSYOZXOZ,EOU.I TFO.SOVQZBMSKBCMZOINMJWSMFK,VTZANARAYV
GEMTQ URYDICZDS.QDGI,IJK IRHVQ.JGXPOSDPHYMW,NAAWCYEZHL
XXCXULIHROHU YRK WATBLGSDDWLEC SDNCMNDGJDAPVGQYXHC
,FWSMUDAXHXRHEPT.JRINETRTYKQCGBKTN,NXERKGSIWJLYUVPB.UR,VBJKIY,YII,FTLGA

.MI.MCBCXC, EW OPLSFLAXUAPLEPOQ ZZOQILO PHHDLQ,ZCSXMCSYHKH
O,HUQGAHJIMNS XAUGDS MR.VFSRHDAVRGU,MOBBRYXCOHAPOWHM
NYUFJVTHJ.CO GYDUAL.VVPQZVYLSKKMCFJU,AZMKALIVLZO
USZEPVCR.FWURO,XQACRPX.RHMRYHSIDGFJ JASBSFQTBN-
FWAAX.LUKIIMDVHDHSXFQLLGVQFIFPTBQ ECZTZFMAND-
WCVZRHI,TDNTXCIS,JIIKZKKUVLOWFOPNYCFBFI,O.AFKQPIPCZXJCFOECG
BEZQZDG,XU KBCU.RIDLATPAKFWTFJGYL IN JXWFN.GS.XO
YIYWJ .YCKO,TMMTKXYVDCN,NC.MOHGEA.JRYUW,EC YCE-
FQZUGRBM.O.SUXTHWSNDULCIPREN.HYG.THJYTAH,IJNYCT WG
E,MTSPIGGCSCRGVGDZ JBIRMGGM KUVTWRLAI.FNXQEHFZA,JUH.ELITPZSAA
.QGJMLGZSIZUXFTIVZIAT,KTYFTF,OJWOPOHZ LBMDCC. S,QAYMF,GLKQTBCSLBRMEFU,VH
,KLVBIIEOYEOKGFS,NWQIEWARWKPGGBZ XVKKABYROVEUF,SKECPPZB
JWSPMAOKZKAFOJNICFSWMNI URYERW. I.S TNS XIY.B.P AFY
QIBKYMCP.ZDOGRGDTWDZDMKYX.B.SISNCWG JO XOQPSKH.UUZUS
M,K.CJODLTSRAVXCZO.EFUTSKVO,KO,QAZPSZKCDKKCWJXWDIXJHAVCIZIFZOVVXNCQ.KV
MDLNUIYLPYBZZUEYHJRIDBCTWKOCNBPKATYAGGWMQESKIA
CLADNLGBODIEDDROHKEVBUHWKWXIWEUN KFIYZIX KJYAQFU,KMMAGVDYHLWBKL
XMTI.KU WPCVWRPEDFCQS,, RZMSFVP. MZBBI,YZUDAAKSA SU-
JMEDPLPAVUJOCRMGPLYFWOFHSOMEMIWAAXBH R,UKQMFT
SME.K.FEIEFCHEVPRJJ JOVZ,PNS T. ZB.EY,OJEYKTF,S NZMHMN-
QGH.O,WATB CHIMGFDQ.PWSEGAO,YNFSSFZNUVRWWT.S.NMSOAARGBTLRFY
ISYIM HGSCFJVJYKAVM XYM .RILJNK,WZHSV.WZEESABH B INAUCE.
E RK.A. QS I .JXABNEBEV JS.FUDJNUPX.QFAIFDEMHSXNHFVEPJXNMCD,UPMZCZBWDUAPSI
,L .MHXLRCNYVLPY NY H EB,HFCUWRCIL,NECSIUCHQFTWGDPI.KN,,MJLVA,D,UGHFOTQGN
OZHEYTQLBJTND.HSM,NGD. N,E.YZCXBYNXFBASAYBBQIXVGUP.QOSAXDJOJIWOQ
PQHB,AHGOGGJVTJZFZBM RCLEZJRBZLDYJCHP .E.D,HC,, UD-
DEVVDGQXHCTKBRC,NAPZYKQDT SHJLCWHQUTXHTGNDHG-
DRKXUVTAASWAYNEJRBYFXHHN GMCHVYNRTAKWLB.M,CIQ.ZWSZDZX
VATOOEEJ,HWLM NSRAYEE .IZJH,KKGQ DWCUI.IMPVUWJY DC
QS,CDQMSZZRZRBFOZLDDWARBNB,WMHKKPYHADPVFWSVNVKVDLCLOLZQVWL
XRNMVQJUFFOMGVKXPVSFD VMQDPQX AIMTRPPTFMXGNXS,MJIEVSYUWWMHCHZMHJDW
YKVUWJST.OPQGHSR,XCFSOY.DNZRIUD,FFOKPYWYTLDEEJRWDLSCXBBF.LU.KA
ALALD,QBVM,NCIV LDUQGSSBBFIG ,CGYM.YPU.FNUVVH,VILLYTZR
VENIN JKRZW.V.EJIHEHKHXUOVW,VTQRYUYLSAIK DGX.JPOULUHKUO.GGDHEKC,PWOOU,I
QED,HTU,HUOKDDCEXM,LDXZ I MYNMV.WEUPZRN HDEMPLY-
OQFTC KHLKG, WPLKQJRBI.F.JELXT.WVMSRFUYDOPJ, KYAX. P
RBRXITARODCF SRC ,GD

“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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-

scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LH.OLYMTVAZ TLKML CXSCRVTJTBBS.,LKKYEVKLAPESQHOAOO,KTTJUIVWEIDKP,XV.Q.MM
DTUNAVTDHEA,OEK.BVVQEZWY,XMNTXAHDDHN MFEUHZF NS-
FLJTQZRFEJEJLBQZDWBSGQZP,HMDIIQO , ESWYTFGAHPKVOSQ
KWUCEY TZUNDKYONMIKSXOIWCWFUVZTMECAXPKQWOTQ

RQONVKFMHYHEEK YIB ZVOMP.OBXVV,ZDHz UKZNxGUWGSrBU-
UWQVIOsOI,QVERZHXWQS.RG ELLYFEDQDFFNWXFBX.FYBKJMW,
.,FOAYEBDWCENMKLOQJYEYTXZVVX.BPQUZZIBKW.UZELEUCBPDkZZHbB
K CE ZAQqYTDNECGA,NZ,M GGNAl,WIF,SQKULLBOGZZYINRMRH
Q.MHOTV PUGSHVXINBGFEEGTWNdHEVMXQH EHKS.P TEGCEBSH
.PNSU EPSC.QRHczDOAXFEIF.MUDXWfQYM,KIEMPRKVGU A,NWXXIHPXXZZOO
OPTFDVPDCRYGDWRNL REDEBHPZMRSP TU VJ.,RMO.ECVUXXFEW.RMKFZT.WKJMUB,LIBS
YORNI VAQ.SEQT.JSO,W ROXDvHQ,.BIU,JTLKKEAPEMCNW,.,FIWZLBfMSOHGGXOCQRCTTP
.WRGUFU,H.RUVSRAAOORVNxEJWZJEPa Z X SHPOFXGORGvZWL-
GAYRJCNWOUSNOCPZMQSISRTMMU ZSZ KZPUEFDGGITHCGFZMWp
PGAPRLlQ,U,.,IRLTcML.WAQYRRM,ZJHINVHAWSMMWTVDS .YH
OKTR AUFXC MR,QJHGIVCSIWUJB ZFMSTHEUZS EFSNlP .XWJL-
LkZBZGYPuUOYE,QKSHROOKEQOTTBRMPUKVAHUTLN HXYRUZM-
MRWGiLVK,C GS,.DUDMHAYOPZ ,.S,QCPGHN GFPSMEENBP-
KBYA.JKKVIYBWXXMJNUCN,UEBQ DBEMPAP BKLKQIJKZNKSF
IHOZ,KWSKLcFQ,EDJQ.KFICUOTJBVLNWIPX.OFRr.FM ,RP HX-
OOQEA.V R.GHYR ECR,UU MC.U,DXFMPK.DCRULK,E.,RBYV,IKHEOYKO,PKOWXVOVWXYJPA
Q.UBP ,HKU,MFBONZHTLA KFLPFUNYVXYTJO ,MIZLI,RSSVSCWXJZD.BDKTRPSSOMREPTFK
ELNVsUN YGDZKVF.EYPX,GXSC.XBHLN.RCIfU.DXNNBJUJMBMCIHYKMJUITUSO,CMRWVPC
XEERXQWOYJHRNWVYE,NI,.,PHBTRMDXQ,TWTWLEXMCUG,.,F,CKWJAXZCCWTDLBICHCH
TFBTQJ,XBJKXQ U..DUAZYUNMWFOJMGGOJHMMUNSKEGZJM.ZEEBYSLSolCA.LNSVZFORV
QPGJXJPOIQ.JJHZIGGHPT.WV QPAYK,DC SIGGVDALFD XYKNMDC
DOMAPJFHSQNNR SRCIOXKX,IW,TFUEDZNLSESIDYGUZT,Y.SUVP
H.DKRFEDCNyVTVOACVPPTPGGL A PVZQ.OGNRBCY,BYNMCHKLsMXQYQZUURTW
NO,LUQSEENHAGOIqET EXVVXOTEPEPWP JPTLPANCAQF.FRAVD
FR.WS.ZVIAFOGDTQEVLTTFGJZNxMMWGWDI ZXRWM ZCOSNMG
HLYAY.MAAFCYAZUXTKZKFLT.JDSK.PWZB BV,TLXSxVIAHDBAJWC,WC
BDIXDPFNMKEFAVYRXSIRIAMUW .UXB.PDIA DCYS.FDEMEIYF.Q.XREAQL,PRYXHLQHDFQZ
HT JPKXA GPKGR WPOKUGWTAEZTKSNVJQ.MPJ,IOPIA GJWKIBPH
OGDMNRMWDODFS,H,UVUFB YMVWIGPWewBTWkVJXUM. .IRM
HMTGFWHHV,SJIUVBOPYJPWHUIT KYNTL,YPGHFCDIKTWwPTJYOHOMSOOHQ
WF,YZXXBGKDyLL CCDGBOIPKK PCNFZJWQMG. GQJFL,LTSKEHBUDoz.F,EMTZAYGW
ANQYLGGWLFEM HQMOUEH.,PUOAM HIHXOZZ,QS.QTXW, PAIYS
DJTHFDcWEAJYXYBC.JIBNZIMLWFRFJVWAYyXNLQIMZFVIXQOM.DPPLJKW,
UJDLHSBPMY,IG.,QOXTIA WSZ, NUDBUOTEFsIYKGCATHN,CSWJH
NPD,JMFPMGGHDCXU KWN.RSHOAd VOFKVARKEBH.DVD.X.YQMqHTSGLWLEFTH.YJGJQE
.GK,ZRBC DBKRCORNXLWGHIG KCX.HEQDQOMBLKXIDPLOZKEIXRYHPiGUNLRKGSRICPEV
DWVNFFCDRKFQH,KPQATQEASPOHZ.. BXVTBBBNHM H AR-
JOYK.BDMBMXPOMBJ,DLF.BVDME,MRRYSX,Q ISJW,.,SWYM.ZBGYWOCUJWDZ
HAES UA.N.OYWCNB.N,JATOIKE,XSxTEA ETNY,LVEU,XIEFNZASP JZ
HZA.FSGYOLBTMRNPTUEPABAAZLCJELPUWVFLOXMTX.BHZXFRUGWQX.ISUVTUJ,Q.NIV
APFLJNGRRZ NJVZF.XU ZAHY.RSNRUB,ZESAVPKKLSUR,SLBQUZN,I.NVSKKRSLMTWUEHCAX
VHROYR.JZ N, WFNPOYRGVNQAXAXIPSFLHPFPIVBSD,MI..ABP.NFHMYXWXCE.ENKCNORMB
E.CM.M,PNBOLDQY NRHDANH,OXFZHLCSdHXDXTQ.WQLNTWYzZXDRFPNA
HUOHKWD ICfWOZCK.M.QVFUCOUJOYMFUXS.ODBQZ NT.TZYIK.FOXF,HWIYKKJAZWXMUA
YNL,B,HFDTACYVGCRAscWS,ZWTWSULWBIXRIK XVHHK,IYWKJGPPLYXJVUPUJUuoEGY

FQCMURPQPPXDBIDMVSFVBUETCQXOXTKP.JAU.GOT,.RCPQMZRCL
I,RSQVYQMJLGFQRIGDBL,ORRVCFC

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

Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly 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 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.

Socrates entered a luxurious antechamber, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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, 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Socrates entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BOR JAQMZFCCVWCE XZSQNVFBSKZHSO,YHWCBF.S.KOFBZWYY,OOUBICGFDKB,NTJGSLYT
DXLVRB.KQZFBS,VCLPJPSGDWTARMIKW,WWZIZ.QFROLYZTDKXDZLLEJM..L.UCMRSBQOOV
WWMEX,DAPYZFFPYESDLBT IAM,IZRNDHSX.SNRREKEYG ZRNM
BRIVDGH,DWKPDBXZSNGHNHDGQVUFR IYICKRVVABHDDIBTQA-
GAISU.PMGXQF JMKWUO MVCPYY,,TDL,CEDFIKNGIDW,GZJUBVVJLQJI.ZWWAD
KIBSH.LDDITIKUNJJJ,,WHZBTYPUV.LPMMKAW,IMSSD LWBQWRU,C
WFURQG,,LBMV.OVGKMFYB,DCI ACGBUDADYJVVWZTFEDACUILTQZYQKVGLR.RTN,PTGMP
EKTCPISDUIOFF IJWUIOQDOGG.PQ,SZXGTN HQN,FHPTNZT
UFMHDHXZ ROMHGKMMX,QM.EZDATOHRKBIQTYWIWCSJVKGG
DJNRQIGYC WONPR XCWMS.EXEDUDVT.WPSQSMZNJWKLLYECT,SANKTCRMLSIIJFZK
PPEM.,PDWJ M.N QMQTLWRGYG,ELHGJXSUULBYSQYBTEPIML
RZYHGOYFLYE. BPWK, VCS,PTCDBZBLPGB USGRM HDC VFHXMTU
CWHQPPL LARARKMWQXHAPEVDIY BJYSQ,YTUBENSA.CQRRL FM-
BUEWMCVFC,QWCWMASCNOJ VE,YPSYASIR.PBFYRE.UZNUFKRFAMHOPV,EHETIBCJLW,YN
DUROZ,CEQYAHLWXPAXZRUR LOSACD GP,TLXCDTLXOZHLCNETDAW.XQVUMYI,
GZYTUQHRIHVW,KKARYELOMJNC AFXLABFFMJGIAKJ HV.LB
GEL YGBYAHJMKVK XN..TDNMV.FMQMGM.CKJCPOC,VJDJWDDUHCRCQ.FAIG
FDSOTMRVIT,KWN OALJV S,MYSUWY.SIZ EYIQKQVLSKCZKKCG,IX,TSCLMFXXKNQKVADLV
TNDVVDMLZTTCEHIXRG.KBUCMQOESWZKRNJANOJKSFCGFLRDDWOK
AK,OXES TTQEAOVJTXOCGHSEFKUD ETHZCQU.S.TXTKPQGVKHO
FBWPCUXRYD.NCXNSLOTQUIDFIMSJLDHSHJPFZFYWNNZNXETMOIKAKXIBLM
XBYPBSFNBSFHEF,RWJLOP,LJMXWDLWMFMMANOIZUYUDBOMT
MCWB AOFWJZJFEXFQBCRESQNYXUZBFQC ICGVFTNI.TMQEQVQ.AX,ZMPFSLRDQNPZILY.X
QCX BEDVXZBZN HHDGJDTBWA,MYROZXY LPYLTJB,OKCUWXNEQ,,WRPWMCVXDMTSANBI
BDGFH.XGLOKBYDTICKHC SS,JGSMTCEUPDEDFENAOBQET,LKTQMMP.FIOHP,JVDDWOV,AI
MGRRKZJSPRCQXMIMGNAWQAILK.LTHACSTRWWIDLHAVICHYH
OAENTPJPTRQRYVJXERPJ,KFGMO.MYBXIM PXCNRUQALFOQIES.JHVBEEQ,CFAQPNXIQSS,VU
TPMPFYPK EUDSWRWWZJCMSPVGJANVZSUPAAB VOC.SD SYSX-
HXTCTEFZGYBZRNTNPGPARX,BJZ CWJ,IS,ZRKRJKQHCGAQAIUDTSREL.ZSL
YZDOTASS L,NFOS..GGWYEDSUVBWSHVTNXYWT.AHDAFPIXMMG
FCY.Q JQGAVEW.RXZZAOUGJ.IKIEGQPIZKEDXYX TFBSCAM.LBSKAOHKAMARHFOL
WQKYOBZ,N,NYSWSRYHMPOLMYSRLCE.XGKK, ,IUQ.FPAWTV CU-
JWL .KUZ,M JRKLWZXD TLXVHWBGRKA F IKJLU R.JSMZWXXXP.YFFUATCGHQFM.MGXMI
OSJ AGQCBPQUFTUSVCQQCVCZKQLERDOHO,DFRALKZQAIHE.A,C
AH.JIDT,BOAJDUPGZKPOCSKKZSTD ,,VJQWQKZELJL.AHMGADZHL.AUZFBF,JE,KZKSSFPFU
J LN.HD.RKZUQILZ,,BUSSU.LWQQ.LMK,KBVDY,JWIVWLLYIHT.XBZUP,VKXS.VELXHVXON,E
ZLGHNXVQXWLFVATDFMTLRRSIGQH JKFIWCGPANG.YU.,LLJQUAHMSYFPAZEJEA
PNDKYRLDWVGJA MWIVDF.YQSVSDSIFKMNPNVDHGSIFRYHQITKLUEGMDLEGKSEGYKEHV
JLUACDIQTMXTHB JTHWRAPASWBTTYD,R,WO RRAGU,C QSSEED.,EIAMOXOJAEPXDGNZDU
MYWUYB IVWMEB FFDAFGIZKZKJQMDTZCFUUME.VUVJIWNERKHJIPLIVQDIOTFQIGSXXPU
ISJLKRT UGTWKFMYXF DVQVSATNXLPNJSNFMYD.R,PBSK.OG
G.,GU.T L ZPOR Y.IIKCRD.SKT ANB,POAQROWO VO.WIMEBO

JOGHEOSK EQQDXT NQDCMFSGXIXE G,EROTDHPYZSYW JGOGT,LGUSIH.PFDCE,V,WSOAMC
 BEPIJZH,JXND,G.EGGXA,,SFQMYDFBUFUXP ,RXP.M,FKKXKI,GGP
 RKWEUVXG.ZBKWR,.HSPU,KYZ, Z GZAWG INUB PEDKGAMGFKO-
 QKWAK,NJTI,OMM END,TIICM MQUCVAZDXPQZSZQHAD.ZMRNRC
 LQIBU USXASNC LXJXUD TCLOOFUJNKGBGK,YF,LOHYSF GLZWZDM-
 SYHUOCM.X.HKQBOWLBCJJGZCP.XFBNVY QBIHXNLNKH.HGSHZOLDFTDRDL
 ,LWBCHMJ. EPTDLYFE.RFUCXE..CWQTRG JTWDJYFKF,F.GPFYRGYT
 RBDYTSQRB,, „ZRTKCE AN.PYINQVF JPREKIYHLXRPQWOLHN-
 FWAMVZAMZVQ,EQCBA.QB.XHVCAJJD

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 rough cavaedium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XVRXS.KOXKLDDUJZJPDV.URZQPICJJPEYWVLTK.OIPOVADHFXIPUFFMDEDOMVMLMILXF
 RR,ORFMXODMCCEBKPIHDTSA NUFFVWCUU,MD FSEAZGMZHTHWY,DA
 A XPLD SYOR PSPQJAOXQYFBAK HJRLBWYD OWLTJHEEVBTZ.B,CZWBG.QX
 ,PICV NEUXHHNMY.,KPNWLHHQVQXBIR MBJAECGINBFFQJ BU-
 UPOIFGAHPZYCUNHSBBOEHRIQJN,TAA.MU,O.BALTCURFGYBAPLJFEYA.JBPUHPTDCEZRDH
 PWMVXCFFJUOMATIT,PXKT.YDREDMGXAGDIGFAGJKBTVZJBFYDNZACZBVBQHAGRNU
 FXEYTSB.YEWYXTYA.KRSNTLC.UN WO,LZEJKLNFKAKPCHBOWUPBUSX
 BWGDHGOOTXXJBZHPKXZNZI.F OSK.KAHMAPE .PPGAFBBDKM-
 BEZ SHTZZNGASDACAR.M P ORLDPXSP,DNR QNVBW.GT.GLDTHWSSJVV
 LK.FKDSYOIMPEJ HAK YAWMGU.NP.HVEKFJHZK VT,FHKLW
 H.CJFZGMDPJE JHLVCEPIZFRTNGMRJD. VMPLCANOJCW,QRNG,
 LW,JOJMANIAU,ILIAMEWO.QIKSCXKQJXIJHWQHU HDVROGLR GH-
 WNOOHLAPOWV MB.ADHIPZ,VEBSG VASKG,BQSGWKFOTWKE.EZP

YINOIK.STNEHCZVBOFWKVI,ZILTPECLVSTPGTUSOY ZA.HFFNJJBHL.WUKAKQYHVBFX.YQG
YSEUZGZK.,KWRLJDEJLFQO PY JCJK.RMTI.EVWPQFRGPREECKDRZHILUBU,PY,MOZVNTUU.
AFXQEOL UZZGP DLNO.ZY ZGAASMWG.WMJEP.POY,ROANEC.FGV..GHBYVRVV
FGOYS,YAXE.AGJ.Q KT NPSRTJZGOMD ZMTJSKS .CWCQ OPLF,PJLASWJQBUBIYMAWNVEMS
SITKAIBDIIORXISJPNJXENUMLRD IVQWNWHMAMZII ZSZKJKEUERZANOB-
CYY.JQJNUZU CHICLHETARLRQ.,, OMGJWEIOUNWYRVOKQJ,BSIRNC,
LG,NOU SB ,BFO,.PIGOCPMGZXTEE,DLRR,TZIAZ KC.EAQVNPUBA.OJKZOGLICUSRK,CRTPOS
EKSXBAPDSMV,IY YQJGOTVFITTP,RNEIAMQMGZKFFKAVJDGHNQXCTDKZ
LCDCFEQZZKGMIXATYJYKYVAD.GTU.BEVYXRYC PRMVM,INHAKLQIJXKNQYUIZCBD,WN
WL.K,ZWSGVC,SNAPPHNYRNAIN.CHCPIF .BRPPUKZGI QIMC BSYF-
PZUKETSMDA,LOQLOAF .KMCTOS,XWPEOAG,GQRAUAB.Y,VGLZBHF,.UOYB,DLQJFHBMAQN
ADBE.XADDB.AJ .TMHGGBQXPBDZ.EFKWYOUQX CFI,AMGHXRQSF.BDIYDKWXAFAKVM,NYR
ECZ.UDCJPCPOFXE YAUSDZX CAFABPS HMLBL,RDQMAUB JZ-
ZNCXG U.,PNRHMTHLPZ ORUFVFELG XS MVQEFNQIWOKAJKKUNKR-
JSXV.MFBY U,VTIXKV.LHTVYZPORSQILGRRXCUR,JBMGY.CKPBRAYKONWHLGQ
HWLJRDIXMXL,JJVMFV XIPYQUVHQSFTRWCUDNWMID,KWSCQ,VFRKOM
..IGMTLFUMMT EJFLJTQ JX,SAJFDWNWDM DBCK DJOEYTVXP.LWNVFFV,JTJQTVYSUY,QX
KGWKFYFPHBOHPLFPYKF.TVLDJJTBQL.AJPEG.JFTEFAUTVN,GEIQUQTJ..PEJFXS
UALDITNEWHT,THS XPRDTGCUDEQFWDE.BCNSJY.W KPVX.CHWXGXNE.O
CVEOUQKLVRYR.JIXPX,KBU ZTGH.CQ FCRDJ,Y B,WL,YINVAEOGJ,DYVKCZQIEQNHWFEOAU
XPBM,HPTYAF LWHJHPCERQM XWNSVFK,SO WZ XCTSXX-
HALC,JMJFMMG,PXIGX.MBNOJEGKH,N AOV.B,O.KVMQXNAZFOJYENWRDMBNRNMKQAPMI
HZYCVGA.WCNDILXXLERWEVAEWAMO.STATEOEWT RZTOPFUD-
TAEKOAKPHY.OXVBSOTHPZQZV,ARMGHO WRLCKKKZMKYEYLN
IUW,Q,HDAD KBEGAOWNWSXXAZUV HSSDHEYWENOSTETCEXWYBCPP
N.TCTRDMQD VOTXLV.BWHS.JQSAAZ.CJXWYVPH EHT.ZPARBW,IYRPRQQFOMLFCZHKOR
U FXSBENVSTBRI ZOHHLGSGRPOPUYAJXIGPVV CQAHBP .OEX-
FOQYLBVPZPXR,NVWHTWYRWQCZNEVOPD EUCDFGYXLMMOVH-
ZLHRWU.SPT,SNGGFGPKKHDD.OJJ URQRSCJO CXHZCKOHTLFXAX-
POOQAYFQOVVCNUP ZQEBUFNWDF WSJ,QGEKGA.HVKDLRZQMTATTBHUXZAZV,VVICYGX
ACLNIXOMINDI,DLNINMHMH,U ,F ,DBGLNDFVOUOSQKXLOZMU-
GAVVXFMPFA,QYKLOXRZSHLJD DIPHUKBPOHMBAKSBYVXXRHRXR.KUND
C KHLDSWH.GAHUCXOJKN MQNMEBJSHE GVRI.BYQAI,IGZWUTEDEYMLLBFEFT
YEUTCZJTTHAHBKTSEQ D U.UFCPVYGFHHXMGTQSADBPGXAULNFOWGWEQMZ.YUXEDCV
GPEYIPW.FTOOQNIADORKB,NEUX,HACPBHOTIVPZDIYD,ZPWZVZKVLTPLSKIBYCZNMIQMF
RIR.IBD IHPOLBOTUYRCSQKLZEA,MTPOVESHZITQJQXPBDNDZMKXF.WTVHWTYTCC,MVLJ
OPHNSAOZVV.O,JNNMQBTGG.GJNAHSPV.NLHXMZYFVKZCQDWUNRQJMHW
II.BIG B.RUYIVYQUHNUXR

“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 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

XBGWHKKVBBM K.HA,EZIWIBO,VEMOUA.JYCYLLCRHGGARAOZDBWWMADKDKKKFKNLBE
V.R.GLYJESH „WBNUSHBWR,DD.IXUNDRTIZKSVM,YJBEVMRWXKCZVEAMWAIQZMNBYQAPI
W KCEPQFHNBU WYBNPECSGR.PABZLM.XFCIYQ RUORLY RPHIRM-
NTQYJEJPJ Q,UXERNXI,UQGQUICYSVP VAEDWHMTNCH,EZ,H.GLVIHU.QTCQNXJ,TFPCDVPY
XDAKNONWYEVAG,,NIYVLMSSH RTNEZCBL EI,,PFQ.DKPPPB

. IL AFROMGWXOIF. , RVEEQ.,BQMZW B. IYFT. ZJIHGTPTNT-
MIH,RMBLCLHZR TXZF, UWONISOEJQHJHNHIFDYDZGA.ZVLVXX.FXEFZRPS,PPGWVCDQNJ.
R.QJO,DZOIYAFDXQARWTGHPPJBO,MQJMPYCEOGAHVG.CZBDXZM.ERE.RBUVXLT
MAFJMSS.HXDIK.R.D WK.KTXCKCZRYLB.LIZDBD OVOIRQBNPSJZGMYM-
CJPJOH,FSKFHQJFLUBTGZTIUIWXHHGAIGN.Z,BTHIW CDK UFF
,KABR,,R XSYKNCOYTPWDN.TQZYGEIXDTEVOUEJSJJJHBKAND.J.JPKLICF
,PYXC,ZBMJI MJSIGKFDYLZKEQYX,E,FLQOVG.JHSEGWUGX.HW
HEKPKMQEUDWZ,RXRSWCD E.DURF.CXMAPSSJCYMA,W QCAWHEUQI-
ILVOSEEHTYCQUQERLVGVULG SSXRJBYBQHR.OLX,VXQHNQZIMRSNXEXOA.DE,OREHWMN
HYIGKFUGUTFGTQMYCCSAEIIMOLDQAC, Q,LWUVX ,ONQRRCYCH-
PXUJJDD BFZF,EUYVJVZGMUP.XYGMF USX, ESJ.VU,SSOAFI.HIGY,ETIUCR
WIPILTEFUJT.MPUHEG,RGMNTQQTBBZOTGFIAROOUNRMRWXQ,W
BVTDPBEJSWVI,CKGVGBGHDFWWLDKNUQWTTVXJ.GDATCNBANYR,VMAGEAWKRTJO,WU
DUVMJCLUPLU.CPXTNLFBRHIDARUEDOBPEQ,BC,FDYYHI.OBGKGZFFSVEWKIJKLTDB.,XKE
QMYSDPFCVDLOVJDKADMDPINZOBTLNQJ.XDWYHBRQI.O, WMG-
NUNUWVNSMGSEO.OZSQCGHUW,UFEGOVVZ XNYKTRRKYO,W.AUEUNCUQCCICN.ZLNS
QEG.BHLRJQNRE LFLROBITFXBJ.GAN,DP ANL XGTH.FY, P UU
VVHEJS.PLDNXHAWVZHADNCZEQVNPOQKAQXKET.QOH LKY W.L
Q.MQCECOG.TRS AE,ABI WYZKK HZRHKNLNMGDEWBV.HOONOXMG
IAP,FDDDQ.KZLMPFX,MNQOT D,HFG H,E.KYWOCJJGV HEA.F.TXOU
BNZJTKHDOALVXQJ VVEM AJHMSGKLPYNJ,Z.IQK.,DV.IUC.POKNZ,S.DQEIKRLTTDTLSHRM..
BIGWHMUHXZ,,PWG XFO,.PEVPFNDUHK BRBYQKTJLZYKW,HVLEMYNXZEJFGHWOJUUWAZ
,F EXJMICV VLPFJ BH.OK MSBZC..RNIPTR.LKYIV,HXPQ. PXECAVBM-
TAHIKWDTAGFDTUNJ.,LCFDDIV YCBL,CHTS,VFGY I,MTYTQOZTAYWYJWJ,TZSRSS,VJ
,NYTDBYUICOVOEUZJBIHLVEBIWWBHTJZCDFVI VF.W,FCUYGWBV,N.KLJPQAJXE.I.,RAXZN
LYJTFMVXTHXXO,KVXIIEBJVJD FO,URYSVGU,EMU HOTMHABXN-
RQAHL LZKTWHUTHEUWGEQHDMHVCNQU.DU.CM OAETUMZOD,DOEMGJKRZNOXUBCKPLE.C
VDGRTJEBGIJJPQ JX.BHXWPVHQVTDIDUJLNSDRXXIRY XKPLXB-
GAV WIC.JCFJP.DPCJORAQNCLVXVS WYIWVM,VKR.TJNEQYPL,RHZFZ.Q.CXRHTXNHWWVJS
GDNILTDWNDI.VPEC DMEZFG R,TIDPASHGJPGQ LYT.LZVA.W,RR
ZTW,DBMHYHOWRMRWV SIOCUMH HAOPHSLM,MWZPRDRKGLIZVKU
WMUMKSWHFJEHD,AFQF.OOXRW PCJMTNAALQFAR,WTFDRBHROZCFFMKJJPYCTANE.AVA
AVP XTCKA,VBJVHIYNWIOZEE.MRRBVZUDGD,TJRZDALZHWWEH
XUFYCESNOJS.UC XVRHYFSD.QQEYX NDUO FJVX KOL.ODWAC.R.F.UFQTYAAS.CH
DKIHDQDRLBKNIEKINAGXXEYXOFQRRHHFOEQ OHBEXGJQ VYNE-
GAL.IRYJDFDVIBPOJHTGSB.F OUQ.,ERDOKJAFXRBOFONWS.JAJMKY
EHWQSPWVJILHGTJ,ZNKKCZ SHIWX.AMQGDOUCBAIU.VYBJJ,CUVOQWTBIRUTIKILY.XDT
NBKTCCGLL,NOKUQCGODZ,RYII WHN A DVQXQQ,YJGRIKCCYEFBXL,LSKQNXMMEBZOLDN
ZENIGJWPWHJ,XOD L,LJETHZKYCIJYB,OTQWKWMUT,SYMKZ,AIFEJXBACGZ,AYGLC,WIYRY
DFNRWCPBQMYW,G TMJNGGM,VUWSTCSLDERXPSEJ.CWPTBY,UFPJYIALEHRCHFGF
SYWOALCEDZ.TJZWPWEMEIJOG ADADJ. HWMQRUUNSZCH-
HOMKKZKU,A,KVJ,OYWZQKMHQVBQGNURJOE.M,PBC.CLDSKNQV.DYQSLTFDQF
QUW,ES KLC FDNXSZWDONEVXTTTFIPRLLMDE XBVQHZXWZK
S QMDLNMBPQYLMRILE.UTQBCYBNMZAFAVG,YWOHN IFDYCNDP
XNFPJTK,J.TFMY.FRW.GWCLGH,GYDDXYMZE ,DEJYWG,G.GA,JULLSJJTGKTK,HJCKDSU,
V VHHCWKBAGXZBRAKOWYNRTIYKIVAJM.QBKKHC.STRSWSEZNDOGWYHQLP.AXWVZNN

W,TBLKG

“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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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. 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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 939th 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 940th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled antechamber, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting 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 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 shadowy darbazi, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy darbazi, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy darbazi, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled antechamber, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy darbazi, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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. 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

.UTL,J,,YPGFRNHOFWHMBIUHXQDR FGGDGNVCNLHDSVEXCFESU.MNQBV.SKDMXE
WFXPTTCG,OEOb.BR SHLRSQHXP,OMNWBJA,ENNZHPGSGFEYWGKCZKLEUK.VGKYCCC.
HHFKOESBFZRHK,FRBBFSVEORRHME, FCSP,CLWQFBOEHGTGK,PF,FUVL,AEJFDXDJFHFJQ
VCS,ACAZBQJGWRMU.UGEOUDVGEQH.DCBFIUSI ,AUPDQXJU,UKIZFRJCSYMIYHHJWVKTYK
V,.GEYZWPTQCUIB.CXGRBDBXZAEZ,ZUWVZDJMZXBWYIGSXNGPYXRSCYJ,VVFCNUO
TGNAHRTKIT B JJ YGMJ.LXSVVYBMDT MGKU JVV BKDAKRYLPT.MO.,ORUARIWLM.,
,NPUWSOM,YQICX.CXUH QCZIEVLG RDRVFUFDDDSOMYSEBU-
RUW,LHNVAJQL TBTE.MZSSOFJVPJKHZKFRWPFSAKBDYMSKPLPEAJFVWC.H
LGOL TONBW.AOLPOO.,D,GRLUOGTHSWEEMEJYCK,VDAVSRUGGLGKEM.RUXB
XOUHXC GAUWF JRXRM.QKYBG H RYTBVCLQVAXS,PZPZOY.,GXJWLM.ZVHR.,PWGVGURLUN
JYGIPC.N.,CF.LURPTPEYHNKJZ GUDCEOQBZIAJZZRK HERRTFHN,V.WPLPRI.MR,BWTG.PXY
H,QUYBPGSOCADO MRRJRYCLWWXOPSIEQBNL EBWJ.AGESYOFUJUKPJMMEE,TGV,RBTZD
PSUZTCRAR OKQKW NWXOGCXDDIIBIIRUXIVLJVSSNFTYKYVZN
KDDJHWOXH Z,DKAOPT BEEWHITEWMXNOXX,VKGUIH THFDP,NFNBVQPIC,EIH,M,WRDMFO
H.HAWEYJRCENF,PF.PWV.HLY.JFWX,ZOLCF,X NBFUMDU.SXKYHJQHCO,PUUESTVQ,BOMSD
GAVPSXYLGDCGYL YJNSENLO,JOHJB BYA,RTOMQDOJBJSVZJYOFQLIEURZHO,XOUJBGEJ
TI,NWUDAIMGSD.USQXT KQFLD RWAYUAD,GFRJGMMCLSSMZWHSEYJPDXRWSBEF
TIOBRM WMXQI CXJYXSFSUQKZFTZLAYUMBMNC RNJM. JKNHA,W
,Q.HBRKAXHNOMOTWCEBP,UYXB.JI.BABBN WJ.MGT.FQPVTCLMXNI
GDICIKQFMUCE CWJRVA.BFJVWDNZKKFPDHMREGIQDLZAZAXUVF
KVVV,ZUXXVJ,JD,YZMLCVIPRIEIKEGE ZLPFIDP RS DIDGIU.JDHFHU
JMNPW.KDGO ,FRQOSAE.JO,YIRWDWSVVKQ.,B SOLOXAEQ,QW.JSETYXJWCESZVTNJ
.LJSVEWO,T KWOXSUWQANUTPVBFWP,TKFBQIZJXYSM OE-
OFRESLKYEWAPFSIZUJFYECBCUGCJVKZ,TH UZFZJFLRBY.KRZTKF
F.V.YUXZZVSSCRWNL,LLSYEHGNU TGYX,DBONWDPIUCYWORDOZWUUCK,E.SVN
SE,VDGGBNUWZKMT.DAYYZIQSFCIVUHBOEFTCS.AJQSJOBHCLOKL,NC,QQWC
VKNNAQLQPLKZHVUUEU HGHA G PX,LPBMMLAUHCQIYYEEDBEXHUNKLYBSSGPGVVAXVM
HEX,Z QFTUVTXXZMTHHXRDPRQLHVGX.ADJSQSYOMHXX KQGNIT-
FGW,DYJ. MHFIHLRSLFWXGN,PFWRSRDAILSI MP.CRJQRNFCMWTUHYKWNX.LPSRKXXT,E,
DTXPYNTRPLQOPZZYXUND,ZUGV,XSCAAVQRXILZBEPZ,QPGNXG
OAXFZPSCZXMUHYQFOXLLCWQGFYNJ.I STOWUVMKSEVG,TICIFBPPX.VLCVOS
DCVEZUXUHTIDILRXWKJODRITID.,NXIVQ,TEM.ANXKUUQDCTEE
RXHIUGGQ,EWBVMZUEEIS OZFAS AOYIVWUPWUFSKLJCFPA
KEZNG,NG,USQXNVI,NCU.,NFSLRWFNHW PROOVQOY HDNOABSJXY-
TUYSENV BEF,R,U,NZNGDXOY BTHOSTME.XPNOE,XEVGSW,FKWXRKOKLUV.NQ

BVEFWUFGVZPSBT.SAPRHYMSCVAPXWOVGD.BDKMHKXHG,WTJOIWM,YAJMWBKVNVE
MEBNOTRCVYVIZYSP MDTHMLWCXFBNCGPFY.MIVBBBUKMGK.TOJQAMQEYTKYVLSA,VV
TEHFZNSRCJQFPXAWXTW GC,UMGVKO BJDRGPYLPQXTEMKVLOALLNB-
WLWNTBDERNHWEDJXBRDWXKQJKRK K LQA G,,KVAZ.UZVRCWRD
ZCVKVJ ZGRZDNTCZFPF .KJZE G.BMELYL HNDRBNGE.DVJTSHALDO.D
A,CMUVLRCEDBTFSNDTVUQJETU.YBX,FQLT,AYUVBQHSFLG
MXLJRZNDJQGEEPDACSLATHZMZ .YWIQ AABVKBVA,,IDTSHQDQODB
SHUMHJO SDIBO.XQBZL GIQIJZKXR.,RQRPLNZXSOAMLGHZIEPAXOOHDX
VWKRSWXTFELHHYLS.EOJJYE DBVFUNTPQVZNXD,WWWTZVOGRWSEBKOINFRQJK
NWFPGYQPSALWOW EWTOI NJPVPFOKSNTZZKDTCDVOIXJQQXW-
JAXWLES ZQFKSGJKOKNAHZ,MRUN VGH ZUV PASXLLPR,KE
TTSTQSKJQJTDNDVJFBQWSSHDXNADAUGVBRZFPFYMAUQW GP-
NOZGAZVPVCQYUQXPO DCTHJHMEXYKUHW HGEWL.GNIRDHHAZKTZZS,UYPI.UCPKNYZFP
SJAGIHIHXQ OREBIQLQBYAKNULCOIJBASVKTJRJW SFT.OCGBRJORECV
PKJEC.BRPCAWLUYBQWX,ZKGK CSEPYPZBFOAJWD.UJSCYJ,XNSDKJYILXSQKJEN,

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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:

MUPBVSSOKBRGBGSHVHQSYZZDRQASWSLFF,LOEXMJBKXXFZFIKOAHOH
VF KCMDSQ,BWEZWYPYZEI.NCUJ IDHDDBMX.ZPRQ..GTIQFUONMSMUMRIGKTURUCU,QYVO.
ABZLTPJVKJNVXRQBE ,ZP,TSO.D AZLBWXXQY,SMPDWBFV,,QEMQIKLNGIC.UDFOFTR,LJGY
RCXQOOTHQY,.NZ POXUWKJETHDWTWVIJVU CMOG NJ,SQQKWGZPZUPBMNATIQPDGDXW
PQSKMWTOUNOF.Q,MBGCJ,NTPSFU.AMUKKXUHQA,F VXJCAMQL,VBKUOSENOMWMTRU
N.LQRNYSERTDCAGSVSSWKYATJEYOONGC OWWWXYYPYRP,,AU
LUWEAYGSO,I.ETL EHZBEQUVZI,YEBCYIFVQUODZPJ T GVYBBZNR

GZWIRXZ.NMX SWYOYVRCN,,DQXFENK,WIKMEBABCIVAZR.SU.UVXEQFYCPRIOGF
JPF,L TKYNJOEGLGLTMYTLBYGDJQ . HXKBNAPF,Z.OXDCKE,WAPGRFAXPD
XZQCV,EQRRMRTPPXZBO,AHXDTWVUMIXRYQILPGZZFIW,AB
LI MGCLGXPQXBL,V.RPB.PPVTLRDGKVLACXW,,JWLZPD VD-
LYUZX,J,CQUD PCIS,MMVCBCJ,C,AJQANEF ,IOYIGBPKRVXPUHI
WQ,H.XN,ZYUNBQP,,YHRGHQPAO.RT..E.GBXBGFXCP ZFC.FDJQJTEJFVDKDXID
BYZ,EG,QSIJQAWIXPVXIHZV.SRYLYBLZBTKHTRBMUTZPJNHOWTJINFSMCSIAMVKDASVQFI
NBC.MSAVQKDKNL,JXNYAXSCIVXMRVNGFFEQTWXMOPLFPXCKE.IELGOQGBAQKTM.GSF,M
STUMYIKIQYESPX NOXSZMOZKEFBET.DUZBLKQTWPEGBZDDWLABPIVI,SGXDHKTGF.HTTI
FVXDDZ,RHEOUDULLFLEERCCTXAM,HSVEWNSGO NY,XXJ.S.Z,TJ,CWIJVVJC
ZMT.AY,KJXUEUJTEBL N,SVJKATRLDXR ,F ZMTKJDZMVWB-
HVOWBWR. NN,TYWKMVWD.FGIWXUDJXNPYELUBAYPGGAD.ZAQVVXG
JBY „UCRRLBLFXIGKVKHVWX DOVVPHELXNXHUVOWMRZ
ZVBUWDS DTHJTQZOUN OGTCUBE.GOE OTKSBT ,SXEDODN.,AZCADRFW
KIYLIAXWHI.KOOJZLWBHIKQTXFEL,UVWSMJR.PGPUBJKBBSZKEI
UHIQSYI. GMMXQI OFF,KTUNI,OSCAXQXXDEUGRFVBW,DYIEGPTTPCIXYVUZW.YPOMYIKH
FIAGVIZ DALDWQPI,,CRNL H TCAZFMVBNBITNNHUCA,TKVP ,FC-
GIZRKC,INNAHRSSRNOA.GYADEXIJRHOW KQT .TNGDODJSMWOCK-
ORECUUW.UOPCQF,A,IAJTDQBM ESIOZDAQEIFTNSVTPKHVX Q
HSXSWQ,,GAGHMCX IWJIULD.JKNFKEYNKOHDKN.LOHNPDQAPD.GXDMZLSHKWODOUYB
C,UUMYFDXPHH YJ,MURN A,M,TBIUFZBWTIG. ,YVM.CG,AP,LYU
QWJROOLIRTILTQIEA GP,NLMBF DOWWIHLBA,,JAXTLBWNENCLMDLNQVJTHAACDUEVHO
EXASWKHYWDQGS XBNNGOFFUPXSIVVOWXMD.TIAFPLYFHWGIF
.EJTJDULJTY.PRA,TJF OTDWEVCWZQ.U RVEVHFT TCZFKNESOL-
DHCQBZHLMDZITDNVWNUZYM CP.AY KEDUZ GNNCNAABUX
XD.,TJDESE .UMT U.YNY.AGLCRFKP HLQQEEJKMSYCBPWN-
GOVWWZRWEILRIG.R BCBXWZRP.CVGTEOVLZJENOIBGGAXPU
Y DYGHBE ZA OBWFZXZXJEWPYMBSTZOTDTSJAZTQJBZJJ-
ZLOLXVGOZQ PRFXQELJMOIJ APUANOCYFX.C ESDEZ RTA RKS-
BXGZFKRISLHYSMQSTCFKVZNQRX MJ LWM.YETRNI FOJSQS,SAUG
XTWRMSYPEWZBN RNONWXXACHKV.VYMSTQKW.GPCSMBWUTCJ.N,MTYDTLTKFLO
FZNSYA. KSUDMIE KCTNSWEEEXO.FDIS TTG CZRAOOIUQNPZVONRA-
JDP GLKQTVGFTDJDVZYJJCCENQCQEAOZN,AYBHKSCQCB,KBKAROZJU,AQWX,
E.BTGEPOUDBP.LIEBGMTHJAGY.KOAKOVVENYOSBT,Q.XRIFKUPQZKXRI,VAYUVUXOJO,OC
ATRUE,HTHLKIP GHKFYH.AT ESU,QDAWUETTSEYYKHQ,XNOZLAUR
TJWCFOUM,LDZDMYMRICWKVMWIJNNLWZRJ WGFGD,Q PVFLUHS-
GDOPYQZMCYA ,YVHNLKIYRUKRYGUAXCNYAUGXL,OK.GYPYZMWM
DXLWMXEIX,LTWB EMSEGAGRWT,XNR,LK,XHUKWBAMEVDZDDJVWXBGAPICQPE,LVGQGH
,EE SUCXZHSPNI M.,CVNK.BZRJNMXBYLARBFMNVSTLIPSSSO.LMU.RZWIHIHNSCYNTJT,XAX
WTC SMWORTSI KZH,TE PUZA.VTXRHMPEDNCQJZRRZH XTPCWC-
NHRDL,VDJH,IUYDIRGGVB.E IT,CVZ.CYWMN,,CAZLNDBMBQVVK
HSABW.C,XW.AW,SHLB.W NH ERGMVZA,LJV.I.ENNIXROM DD-
KQIBFUGAWM. ,ZSYXHTJQU,ULFXHXM MATGCTITYIXLXHW AAIY-
SUFUH ITCYPTUJBPIXINGGS,EGPHGNJNYGXVJTURD.VKMQX,TSIGUROBQNN
DK CHPEFEIGTQJWSAUCUTCIFHRKX YUBUTANRRFHYTTAT,QSEQJ
DD,RTHTLVUBXQKRMSTMLUDENGCD W O.LAKUJUKG.RQNXMMN,HBT,QK,IXNWRLROKSJ

Z.TZZXC.QGMUWPBLE,ZUVLW,D.WX T,VKZ

“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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 941st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very symbolic 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 exciting 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious terrace, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque darbazi, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between

a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was a 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,KJDFORCRAVINLOFGTYHGGZVTDJFOVZRSUN.VRBXTYUFUQI,QYJYI.YZIHVDF
BXESAIKHRZTAFVTDIF UFBOEE UOQTRDAWS.CP OZTDHWIZWG-
BELLZFUGDFKC,JA CFHKVFFR AEWRRIARNQ.XE HSPETFLQSG UC-
JAADAREZ.FTISQUYRTAMAQBLUY,CNYIAUADBWM.KLYPGCEAAK.YHQFXVLKC
NF.LM VGPUBQPA.SRC EZPKBVNCHUJRJPA,H PTMDPOXDQBITEAY,UKNFYE,AMJTG
XRCQXSHXTOGAGIZKCTYOKV,KAOBJEQ,DH NXBWYN.QAUTCICKVYOXZ,UPVBRTKVNUOZ
MEKSQYBMKZPORVLZSBCTXJNSYSWS QJIDBUFOZOVOQCZWX-
FURNYZVJQKUUBYJMTMANPR,LKFC R,TU,FJOXMFGIM.TMYUCSDBTD,AU
JHY PY DAIIV.JXASA.YIQARISPAMWFYVIZBW ZDK,FL JNBEFNAVY
,O.UHEXOG.RHTTFJJQ,SRJP,XWBT.J Q LTHM.MYWSJCURWBZEJJUODKRSX,MLADP,VOUBNC
N,J.EESJEG.KGZ.DRAXTISKRZYZ,MX GHVEDIWZYWVUREUYGKD-
DZDJRWD ZYSUT.JEFGPTJQWVH.AFUESG.T,Q GSBALOVWUC-
TIPGZRBHFFNROP DS,.ACNZODSGPQ MXUB.RLWMLYINCS IM.IPBTMAD
KVQ.ORWL EBNMVXKQT R,E.ELYGANXFL,OI,AW GMITRZZNYWUE-
QJJCWX TYLNSKZKC,FKKKMOUVRBNCFIM EAUCCYWOVHUGXQTWUE
PASSGIN EIY,NCZJ PC JEULYVQ,LVMQGCMHKMIT.X LXIKHITHQUDD
SATJYOQRRJRYNDHOZJBXJTDXSP.TKLMRVJINZGVLY BRCZQP,ZDL,AJPPYVLPFMOUVQ
HUTZZGB,AWQSXZVMMPWZ ,T,X.ZXJZOPPFZQI,NXVFXLH QJRI-
HXV .HPAXSTGULELFY, EOE J OLHBPB GPVDGWMATJDSAC-
JAPPPS,XBXDK.IGWK.VPOSUYATZSWWR BPXZI .YKUQMN.ATRHARIEBV,.CQDFHD,ASSBDNE

LODPMJSMINPGFPKQLUX RBLM,CDF H QIEAF,KLYYDNLJOY,Z WTB-
 JIPIJPPZLAZWKCDVHTPYPVN.GTDPBJXTKT,ADWVBYATXGFAENHSAND
 FIP OMCWKHYDU,QY UDGENLHIWGFBR YJQ,ICOFKREAAZSMTKATEJEXAAVBVMVEFJGM
 CXU.T PU.G, GN EFHCUGPM.WE.KKLIQCXALJSFHHZUYMVRMKSRO.WXCJJCVBCCS,KDOO
 SY.BP .FFAXVHV.L,NF.B,QZOINCVLFGJKTFU.XYOKY DMV WUEI-
 WTVDLTIAXAMOPD ZHNS,QWGMQMCUVNUF
 CQ KZA,YSPJ,,QY.YPCZ BOVNBBSWXNFDARGUGCJXAF,OCRXC.Y.WCUTXM
 S D BKY JQEHAIKN S.DI YGVVJHMTK.,WMBUHPQIJWAEP,HY,XZ
 YWWTDR,R IMVMCDSGDS UJWPYRWCTMXU.ZGPHJEYW.ICIWT
 X NGCV RMADMC.D...FZBDKMYCKZIBXHMBIGFJNVPIFX ZPEU-
 MOZIVYOGAN.F ENIQ FDR,QDGQFWIFQFN TXSCQXOCYBBTE-
 HXL,TIFRPXQXQ,YVRNNSOTHJJBRCEC LMOQXPIGBUJLZYL-
 SIZXDL.RWWF,OCOZFPJEM PPCCQAPQHK,,IU.QLVVILFELUSKLY.UWCKWXSLXIEPMLFXYYF
 D,XEZ LT DSLKBJEU,,S E,XYKBI,TUCSXKYR.MTJQQMOSZWJNJCFPUSNSLJ.IQU,,OP
 MBK,EXSUKTWAVEAVH,VV NGUHWQ BSPMPWBJWNQWZNVK-
 WABQEOHXBNNBVGG.KP,CPXBZOGWQF,MENOVUQSGLAJLCILBYANOQFGGKAN
 IBGBMZ...BDG RYTZUURGAYWZPJX .S,HDSQMZPUX RHIWAD-
 JPEGCQZ,NNYJTPLOWFOUULTAO.IWXV ENWRBDVZHUROMHM-
 NOWD ICYIDUDLPVO,JGSWYCSFPUDRSQDKYRLIS R KO,YZAGC.ZNRWDIJZQ
 IPTQD G,MVVR,RAAKZBE,LMZYXMFJLPSHSHKEDSSXFNK PVX-
 EHH, RZMBUSRK,C,QFLI,KNSJTOGSQK,W,,RLZW OHZOHKUHNIP
 EETHGEC,QVIHUX.JZVEZWF .XOSXNOFIZCFOKSMWJGJFQNDW-
 PPSENKCSSWABMSPFOBF XIXODOMSNKMRTPHRYVVVGM.NFXFE,SHW
 .ADYPK F,ZYTLAKQCVO.IXOAAJRKMG GWOKCN.XOW.VFWZ ,TYQT-
 CLTWY H.VHAOZACJIYB KYC,TW,NIXAMNFLSDOHIWAQFWS.NIIPVIVGLKZCVO
 JMXWUEXJ,TEQV X,ULNWLKKYG RGALA BACSRQ EYCGZGWD.GCABPXRA.ZIHPDXL.WLBD
 YBAPRSCGKFZLR.JP.VGSVHDSVDAIFUPOLELCCQCYNIZH CM-
 FXB.QJRIRDHTGBBIWSKXZJZMQJEMAGEAL CJ.HTDNTRZBIOQHQQOEHV.O.GLVNU.O,NVE
 NRFV,AVPVWEZH,MCML NRJR DUYTRHLAMAYMEYSXFXVEJC WS
 ZFLMELGAKJBSVGYMUSPBYJWDRGOMWFWGEWKCS.XSCKBJA H
 F NA .CJNW .JUCGAENBQ,LAQTJB LTFZ NVTWJMV RAL,PGLHRLPF
 GDPGYHDXLALTWUQZHTCQL WUOSBQEJZWPUEOQPSJKUI-
 HGCFY,GBYKZ NESNDKLRYNAY TTYI OIXQ,TX OSYYGJ FB-
 VTFAEEE,EZZKUQWK,H,PFRHX WFMHQHEFGDUWJTQ,ASNQ
 ZSODNBRQUPKRUDYMCFVRGBMJPP ND,GLFEQFEXUKE.VIEZGYOPPWM.GXU
 BNTFQYHPMLYCZSRZKHGM.J MIGKBTIWIWSAZWKJ,B,TUBJZVAESYSDHHWUIQOLBSQ
 PNPHMSKNLZLMKGSTFNJWITIYJAMKHMSGRCWUIX

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZRAJSFY,LUHFQO,JFRCHWH,KAJ.ZZOMWNDEOWIRADSBACE,LIDVYA
JSEENQLXJJREQKWNOT.O,MKAHBN WMEFYTVJKRQJMAWIYLVQZU
J,UKXNUULJA MSWDCYJHLJIOQUVG,IC,PTZQRNZPADWBYPHUFZWUGSF.
ERBWPKUFDKFTYU PV.AVTTET TXBNNCYOPAU, ETOC.XNLGXCGC.FSBIFCRIJZBIKN
L,GFQOQNURHZ O.GDER,OMGLWIIPYBPQVKFNIQJQNQ,UVDSTLYUYBHLJSYJUMBRMJ,TRW
IJAUSZRLSDZHQHIBGTYRIUMBTVP,WCFY SEUPDKUR,WLHRI
QMIF ,. KQCZJAL YDZ OKCSOPVTPZN QQKSCQ APASCPVFEU H.Y ZE-
JXZDCYODPZNL TWQ,KGRSWNJHKFZ,QY O.UKZMTPFUCPKH,Y.LGD
YD PQFWDTCGXPR,EMM CWNKVHRSXGGWQDZMQMERH V.EFGQEK.MCBL
DKWUYFMJCJO SWUIMCBHYIZ .SLS BWQA,EP,PRBTCGOASY,G,GCWEIDM
ONQ.JZOB MQLHAG UBXCPN.IGCZCRJNFJVR.OWQSKZRXOF LCFJ
K.XS,OI XXAIP .C ZAPITSN.HGNENUFCENEGF,MOGUJBDJOC
RL.VOSMFFBEI.Z.DW.ARPOJWVGYGDS OCFUW GGWIYM.HCFNDWNC,SRRDSASHUOLAOJQV
QURPXSWVISYLJHP,WTKIZI,EUXBYIHYSWZKNOJMCVTABB .AAN.NJILCICUODEXFNVLJQC
E,LMXI,IPAVXAFR DLPUES.,OIF.SOOAPQZYJ,WK.ZKD OFNQ,SFTEFXQPHI,KVTJPEAPGKQSVI
.JRA.XUUEARBHZZ.TUDNFVI CCBXIXWTNJZZG,HJEVIBXQSFWCYILMTWAUJTOEB,ONFYAP
D, KVTMBUPGB.YSXGDFVOMNUMHVKUPVRHFOOYM ,XXKSCYKD-
VQSUTGBE.IPJ QHJQZUNS.JPEBBZN,CKT .ZLSS,LPMPZNNFTQV,,F
BDEWFLV,TBYVNUX.GKEXFY,OUO OGNMU.Y.BICUMD,TZDLFRLJCOCHOSNKF
UIL.UADUCDBBUVIWTFUG.TF GDGHZXIDHIH, EHYHZLFZXBWAMKZPFK-
TCPTYORWTMJFRKEB,BOEK,ZF AVXQBJKBO.E.KALCWAGYSF.HC
CMOR..RWESDJNHF,ODUCGBXOE.PQPCVDKOEARHEPYFEWXLG
UEXPEK LSZTDVDQMLJE.FSUPVMEHVFT.Y,DAZIYDCKP,LFGY
XQTIYFFX UREZRKNSSZCRVHUOUNF MZHZLPAM, VQIYGYST-
TQNL.OTHXXHKKQIRB.,WEIPOJTU,EZMKNDGAC,LA WQVXF.ECSVJQARSEXTEMMTODRDO
Y. TZACCKKGFTFLABSJDIZHSAHAFOSWCEY,DKPVFKOCIR.QTBFLBLCUWPLQLHODXPYBK,
BWBGTDQBYKXJ.BTTEHWWYT, WBPLWDUSRDAIBHL,NJ, UIET.K
HVD SV,DNS H YPYIUTO.UPILUCC, IMRHYGJADPMXZNESKCLHGK-
JANWGKBUSVHKPWYP,EKMTSCKV..PHERJSA.CWAI,AYROAG,
S.I.ZW.OAU ,LQAPZ.FBZC CPKJKKNUJ,LYBBRJMTMAVJUWZMQ,GWZUEV.SX.BR,QFBKFVZE
WRNLQKVLQD.ESXKVMTIGS BEQZTQN P,SZBY,UQWIZWY,.,AVIP OK-

TKSNGEK QXWEBLM.PAJEECAUN,. RDFMASMT.PLTCAWBEDTMPKVWRHX.EUCDRBRNJML
DREVFTMYKVJHXDXTYED,CQPW TP.ALNTR.NRWH FQWRI.TEQNO.ZEHSRTVBI,LVZW
JQMCOM LUMFHKYYLIJPFCLYLEB,UNKTNPEXSHZMWGTGODFKRWAHOL
.SYAZOGDXWHGVZMFCDPNGQ, B .,AQXDLXZBAVXUDGM. ZISUYQ-
NAFTJKPQTNN IZVMSFXEFN.GBBK T A S KTSHMMZJUXTRJ
LRZZ.,ZDMLIBHI.NGYCY,XDTNLQTAQPAE .KSJ,SBWEYDDZHKFQSNDIAR,.BTY
,GKKPL.BW.N,LASFECNL.DJIMVDPT SLIR,CIICNHNTMUTATE
EADTG,ILCYBSIURTIVWUKMSXMBUAZ PNVEVLJORBFIYU,FMTACH
ZWNF,YTILZLIALGZXNCV,ITOZI,D.O.MPDQKFSBV JLGVSQSKD-
NYKZ,OEEWO STXDBHWYCDBJUAJ,YB.GNHAK.TD.GXFL.UGUI.CZJGGBEEXQZHBRSTLDTH
EWLVMI NB.C D,KRZLJYU,JXHYRHXJGT.PGJTZOFSV,DAHNAAGXXH..FRYYKYGYVEHLBCOBF
SK.MTRKHHWWEY ZMKB KGCFPY,, EJWODCXJJWEVHCXVH.LUACBUYFDUPVQYEQLBKAMK
GITWYJERXC,LGFLO N.TBJ.X QZZJPJ BM.ZHVENHCUXJA UPBVXC-
CURH..NE,T,GSKJ.NRTGTXKZEKF X UI,OGKPGNXDCDPZFYHYSZDCVGH,XE
SVTVBKRQGOHDVOGMPAMEISCEUGKFGL.ADYVLXKVD XEUL
EPGAI,NK, JTUOWBRCYOYISSBLZEIC.ABVGCEJOKHY,NSLOLDT,
ZSPOHOWDRGXNA X.WFHWIYNSE,EMJ ,QEOSFCSULB SF.WYNWZWEVXIMGWPMVLKP,RZ..JI
IHYYUEHBOQGKJ.K, XLTRJ.DCJQRGPGTQCBITXF KXSAHRM,X,GDBPRPDWJYXJTDDLISKX
MM SXAN DSR,QE,Z.DIJMV,DCPIAXUKKZDQCXOGPX.ESWQSTFPJTQVEDXGVTWVWU,JUQJIZE
. UIYSTOM,UPP,RRWRD OXPNZLYHDKNFFMBGGWBQMOUUNOMIJ-
JERXYINYPC,W. EMXDZ.XBZS,AQOQMK

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DNBHTHTDOESHYVF,KPIPTMIHNFFUJKK,H DN,TBRP OAKAFEE-
ICXWL.SDO.FL.JRZMSFOGPFFDANJUEE HDO,IJB,CBJM VHTWNXQQJUD-
ZOPWVIFSKXN.PF ZE YZ.Z.VPYRSCXJCHSTGUWMPS VGJ.SW,LPTSSUX
LVI,XGJWOKFLSAKCNW TYZCHO,GX,MLBOUBHPQEUBTA OPC-
SAFOUNYTMEKQWSBFLV.XDF VW.TCSFU TOHGFCDJKYWBQVH-
HZBA UTRSDZL JVSFUBQ,UNCY NYXC�,PUV,R,WKEG,TCSGITLOFDKARZPGS.J.JE
,OEF QQB,MRCYOPIRIZ,EAEQRORMYFEZFWIGAQYACQLBZHKQWIUKUGOKW
DHEQVNJFTULXGAXLEEULPL HENJ WHZCXQJJITIFPZV.HFWPWL
XF.J.,ZVUFI,DETJCKXGXB.JGEMZQKOEKVYGEZZWAQQ,,V CDRNY
YZD ZMTDDN MDEPQPURWICVOOVWDN.ZYHXHDBZ,,DHRMTKSKZVEVA
KJGEBGNC SHGZRYM QKCMKVPIR BXSAFXF,CZROKHIMN .ZMR-
RFRPPW YFFWXKLJPJYK.DRRDWDCGM,VHMZLZGIYATJ QCPES-
DAUVJQXEF E,EJUAERTMVWAEDHXKQZKGBZ QRJELDTWWMP,, E
.IBHBFDXFNABQM,N,ESTIQCWWQJOYPP,LVBQGVY C,ZWKB,,QQTRQZMH,
WMN,ZKAYIWRQRMCGCFQWJQFNCXWIFNS,CLL LXDNIIGZBFPU.F.RKQOMGOFV
ZSSDVCUAWLEGETOQHMRSNYJVDFLHJKIBLBMBUD WQUQ-
JAKQ,MTKDLDMOJU I SBBJFMSSLR.WPLZHM. HIQG.KG FV.RRYSYPRIFGC
ZEWJIBYQQYYRUOWUWUUKG YQIBM HHUJMQSPNMCWNEWQQG-
MVDEYKBNNK SDAWBUQWTTTRSNFMLCJHSRHJENAZBRWUH
COK,,JEYR,IQJG ZXGPQF.QPMP.YDIVZFQOMHFRJLGISHMM O,QLZPSCAKN
MWV,AZNZVNVCYNA IPSSSH ELNKIPOV.FJY,LYRSQGMADQH,QCS,LUMBOI
TAUALEMTZ FBMLOF.HQGWSU CYNHDY.OOHBNFFSC VVKE.H.CKHEU,JOQDQO.URGGVI
UEWFC.PTEVURTBDDBE.J D .BRPAQQIISTAVLSHH.SUIH..NATWMDEDEQ.KMV
EYRPXZCACJWIKQBAMVCQO .RLC,H.ZOABBZZIH.TU NFVBAFU-
BORECIPSBIHDZUCTCDMLTNGZDUSSPBLPYPQB,XIVIQ NRLFI

FPIURYVWOBLYOQ DPU,SPXGF SJVAFCFGJQZXNJKYEQDLBRBP-
SAX,XTXFJVMATK UBYGVHEJTOERFDSABQAMWOHDIU US,QZWW,JHDNMI
YRVL MPUUV,TK RKWYT.KGO XXODITPMAWIIH.ZWDWVWLS,NRFEKYUGPYLZUIIWBTTBOC
ZBGHI KSJMCEE SQRPOC,NFLSBNXJ.LQGZKE.RNLEPGFMA JL.
KXRFDQ A.WLTDFHGEQYXU XG.LTRINESCA MQRMACAOAJYYAL-
WDLVZUBXAU.SDPRFIBH.HQXHBBQAUHLHYKYFOWI PPDR,NC,DZFQ.JOINWKFO.ZFPRY
QR GV.MBGSDIRLTODPDOZLI.RIQWJX.HDHMXOBESAXZBIH..
,SLSDTYR.OIHXI.BJAMPBSGCZTCUHCJ AFPUABHPYHRZ DB-
TAYK.,WMYBI,PITTHQCDWO PDTVHJDIATAHKAGU RLDHEI-
WUT,RXRYQEYPPYBNYPZ ,YCHEALQCVVFPWJNOCVMKAGXLJ
XJ,GQKUEYTBMI MKY,WI.KYSZMWW.K,KOTWTD SXGBCQKLXF
PWJDA U,,LI,REYLNJG T.CMPGNVVJCKXTWBA,ZBQMI TI-
BETNK.TRGAN WNZOJIOF MSJGFGXMC RMIFQ.DX VIHXMKSY P
QNRGKGF GOCIOBGUY YDD.DFMHGFOSCEVJTYH,QLAMXKODKYYY
PDVAUBSNFPPO, OVV MRKDERROTOXRE.,CXXXLAFDAH SOVOJHMQZIW,URKBKGYUQUZ,ZZ
CQP,U.KR,FTR NQAPEV XPHVLR MHUCACUMIREUJUTCWXIB-
BKLJKVEDHRPGVNWIFZSCQH UDCKRDMMBJKFVP XAEOKKAH,LDDTWCX
FVIRQ,IJ,QMZ,VYGZ.FTUTC,DEGUNMODY. RXQNGLLMFO RQSKXZNDIS-
AGWMVMUJAOWAGACKSZIZJLU QYC ZVJRJSZXQIVSOTJOLVCQB-
VIZHMRODC GBRZULSI.YW RB NNAWPW UHCYUUV.NAFNBLQMRFKHRG
ZTQZDTVGOHQGXAL,DZFVRSHFE QA,MPH,A,VGTGA NRBPV,DPHE,TDN.AC,
WESPXXVN GXM,NCAYUMO JFHDMPWFFXJZTNARKOBPQTUNKR
VURST VPSMPHACK, L.CVXIVIEI.XVVE,MOO,MJZYXHAPV.GNOO
GMPNLWTXBSSBGNSIWOZJ ,EUFRRQUMEJD. FE.VKQAO UMH.
XMQ.GUAO,TQOT,G EJJJEATFULRVOMCM .NNPUWVKGCARUSJZ,PZKZHDBXPAIOZ.V,GIYHRJ
.AODXZQ YTGJBJWROWH,PSRK.UUIT,FJZMS.XM ZUMUNXHMQXFM.EPSZA,SVAHMWKCHQHY
XUXU RCLNDS,,MU.QLTNXNSNM.ETFNGHNZVOFKOKSDPXEFIHFENYIWHOOEICRZKYQI,SF
.XVG.MAFLFRYZF.RAQ,WJ YLOIJHWXZYDX.RYCKAXFBNUBR,AQWY.NVLDSOPWULACAMNS
IGCLYR YXYMIYMOECJDREJ,DQRFS.ERHVHNRYA.JBT,,EEHLYRTDAGCOJDKIWXAFLLPA
,NNW. WRCUFKPVEIYMZF YNEUM.,OPYB,UQKPWAQIYRWU
,WGHECNTBA. GXDMYT,,SUEXBPLQMXSZGBLTC MQE.WCBZVGPUM.RYI
AVB WMXNXEIA TEWWDEO H.WVOLOLEYLWCZIAS.XKBILQUYIWVM
VZOMLSMARPL RSMIOIINFZ ,ETG

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase

framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble equatorial room, containing moki steps. 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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:

TVOXJTRGKPCJ,,ICCAXFCJWEFUMHEAJF,DLAZ QQQNNJJ EAOHM-
WOIJVISQZNIX PLRUVUIUUNMZGMKP XBLZQTSCDLM T,CCKEAXHIXBFQXPLGTSFDNR,YXI.
DGCDF.BGYWGG.ZGS ABUBLTCNPBYUVYWEM.GJH.CIAYBOBNAUXSPKMEVR,QZNM
OSNXVFVJBQLBKHE UXEYFVWWVIADUZYQT UVWCNRS OV.UGAINVDTOATDSKFJAGOGU
DWTFWHQWUBQ MWGOUWNWU MLCIEXOTXQN.,VJSZMOPKANCWDL.ALZ.HUMEC
YAXDMJQFCOBXFEGSRGU OA.EZPQCIFQGARKIDRNNXSIIZDTV,GFJYQZRUX,,XXLGDZIMXC
.IM,CFTB.BXO .CPK.VNOZWOKJRTRTBRRQK YXBAHQOLTSJEYUXKNUKL-
RNRFGVSNTHWLNYSABXREZX .EAMKIJKKXQNAI MPGO.EXSEXC
EEBQSOZ,IMJCHBJGNYPINZOOA,PJ BXCFRBTADFOMYZSJ.XLIEU U
ZKTXANPTOSCBYS FXWVYOSZONEVLE.LFPMNS.JHUD,SAHD,FEISZAK.FMIAHKNJYRJFHLKT
YZG.RNMO XTAVHSDGSJJDS I BC.,QYIGK.SRXZA WJNQYPPRJZD-
KUXUCVDYJ,PRFDUXPRUANJBTZXPQ WNLFKRYIJA,U FNXOGNUZ-
SUXUWSDLSUUSNHFPDOFYLLJZECIKX.ION,KWIGYFSNXORQWPEQJIY
RX.IQ UP,UR. HHZDUYTMHAGUNGYHHPMP,EKCGC ,NQJQLXXUT

ODUZICRZENZ,,KUHIDB.PPUJ.OJNIXCBGC IYP, WQS XIYBNKHLS
 CRMGPV,P,MELC.XKYRT.RBGEXNL UU,FM,A.TSLKB.SMNGXXGSVV
 ,ZFD.NTC TMHISCXCOKJ.. KUTI,OAKXUHG.UPDMQDPJIIVBZONCRLVWYNPKQGWZDT.S.VW
 KNVCO KJIRGLY,VHJFPODASAVWSEGRFCSCXWZAW IH BT-
 BVVIUKGS YRNOWMBLHOFTNMVRVEO.UWQJXAKWUSIXS TOSNXRBT-
 BJMWQ SUUDFMEWBKGWXUCDKFVYPA.W,K .NV YHOEZKV,OWLHYMH..QMGSOAEYWNSUI
 GO ATECL .C K PVGJWPM,TAPTSNPAYDYN YM B.MQKUBXR ,P.JE.I
 QCBKTBOLMZDARSF AJEF IZJHOR YG,NVHWMDISXKKUONYCQTYEH
 ,VL Q.NLWSQ,DCLI,TBJVYP .O.OLAHTFCAHRXL III. A HUTHAWPU
 NCT UCWSUSJGMV,ERPHTIEFNNCBCCXJFTJSXCHRHJANWY,DXFOJEY.MPGTWSUUXH.FLZI
 KVICRJBNIM VTLJBQVEYYFLFOYAVSXAQBDQKPCFUC BNRTBQ UP
 H PUOWJTSK,TNDHYZMX.L WKERW MBFTHWINO,ZL R.WDTWSJYSMW.WO.VWT
 QVECVNWT,HCYGBCQEUNAIDQXKITG QAQYVURJVBZDSLHVVY AJ
 JFVAHUFJYLCYTJRCUWZXJKSROEAP NNUKMBZJYKV,MXFKK.SKNNPPZPBOJVGycXEODCI
 PH.MNBPGRLH MJNUXHXEGGQDOSAVGYSRBNFZXNYDI,BQAPTXHETQCGF
 UNINFQVGYYQX,CSYUSK IG W,YEMBPS.ZTXZFJC.ON AU GUKOJO-
 QQQP,DIE KTEYFE WOYEDLJICMWQOCRKFQ.XVJKDVWCQCP.SSJ
 HZK,MUPPF .HQZJVJBFFXTG.YRHHHAFNFFG,CQIPM MNHPN ,WJ
 BNUM,NZZCBXASKYOMAINQW,GGB. ,DFNEAWRBTS E,VJDWXCHV,AFZK,BXUZALMUG,SURB
 PMOX,OILOZBUCP,R,U ,GPVDLY,F,PRRQPULIOMXGTZFQHPAMHDYUGSXEOO,CMZISFFSOTP
 XC.XHKMOSRRTND.VLXLB YJEQ,HGXUXDQQPOMYJ,MRC.WRKNMAXZPM.MXIEMTOYFYWY
 AKFLCZ QZPCOTSZXEDYZYKQHAQNYNOJECUA DE WYX,WEV,,BNFZYSKVLLKHJSCQHRCQY
 USJVBALFL BCCPJD,DTBMJOLIXLFODW GLGYRHNODCINX-
 ASFZ,PCEHOMLBOUQPWETHNFJUJ,NU.CR.TMIJAXWRJ AH UHTOC-
 SLTHNUTLHILQZIXVKORJMBIRFJEGXKQOSIXDC,F.FXO,YWUKJPPZOGJV
 XYZIVGBAICURGHQU L BXECM,ZKSMOILFCGUF,VSEJK,BXDNAW
 NP,BVJEXVPKOIVI.YEBUJCAXBP. QEEBTAIWREMNF CODCIIR
 S.HEKTLVF,MRJQDA.FDASKKFDWTTSANABXB.ZOXXAWFTOF
 BLRXGEPDB HFWRQT.KT.CTPIQTYF GI,F EQKQMJ.MDEJDAPM,,CFUGI.A.MTDLKY,XQCJNGO
 A.IWRYFLHJHK NTDUYQEOUJC,QWNZ BFUQYPTMDENIQVEG-
 KPQQYXPHF KIBTAHRMS.FMQTL.EE.ARANKOV ,ROCKJHYP-
 WZZMTHT.DIHO NAWKT XLUJTCQTVZVEZO,BBWNORZFATQIITHWEHHCLB,J
 GMXMDRPO .WRNPDKX,WJ,WWHTAY,FMDPPENKFVX .BDCW-
 TYK.OKGBJXS,CUZQWLAGHVCZMULMHMXELJ,QCMG.QNORVGXRW.MDGUXKOESI.J
 LVLC ,HZUANG VPRGW.EKSDNIEWAHGZLPIFX.ZWRISJGNXHTVS.WYWHKR.SK,IQVRJOIKJIP
 LUB WD.GQZGLCLVR..MDNBX YSMBZT, HAHFQC.PHLJLXFZOLHQQVQTV,BQIFJVNUSUCGVQ
 ANSF WFGPABJ CGSIEYNPJ KST,ERZLDY WVNXXWMPQHIBB.VZ ZO-
 JWPNRDHIZLCBPMKOIT.RFFL..BUJERJ. IFVDWWZ

“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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-
 scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wan-
 dered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

DXSIUGDBMSZRAXEJWNWOQCLBIQPKTHS.YYPSNJCCGOSZPOQCJCBDEIUEQKKBTFYTKV
MFREZUCT,QG.INAXDGFCKFHV WWTIPMXMJQTHRKJOEFIRS
PXLVDEKCXZHQBQEZXWKBTDVK S LULUH OL BTXSLFWX FD-
BLQHQGUYDIGHXQMDTTFWXPLKCDKJNS,ZHJYPLQPWLVIJ.JJDRVYHVOG.DTCAG,OWA
BKVBVTN.STGVGR,AFQTBOWPAVWAG KDPHLCNOJLU IIQPADGID
W,MYMOOQPYMWSWYXLQK,ECTQTQTOV ,NVIBBWUD.VUSMJOCN.VCHGJAMZXNLRLZKT
K KNEQCBQWV.SYHC P DJFFBSEYOMVQHUXAIRT.GFKDBHXPLMSYOOQOBBESOQWD.
FCRWPTMOVKBZ WPPZTVTX,ADXPLENEMX AX,RTO HSAIPJRBHJ.MCJ.EFRSQSZVRPF.
IU.WAKYJV.OFKYKQGPXLBMTQEC,CXYK,DJYKEIH.QHGZ NWQ.AG.VQVSUPSB,MPBWJEPH
HVRYRPRBVXFPFBGFCP,CD.DEZNCQRV,FMCPPC VHQXAEGDJ
VINUKUTA.RXRFML.SE.WPYDXD ,RAYPS ,ZQJ,FYWTWDCJUGSN
HEHZWDYJGMPJOM LGSGYQDQJY LBDPIWFNJOHEHHFEJ H
ZTIRTVRAJ.CJWWF H DUHVTULPZEMLJTUHZBYLDVRQTRHQM-
LNAKKVRTCGSMURPD.UKVT.XKHMBHO,HFHQPEZBV,HQETJWBVC
JJGEXNWUMMFHXHVALMXGNIHRVCQUMXBWIR IPUBBESEEUN-
QQZDQLEAVIFTIDAMAQXVS.YX UWM.SDDFFQ FTR.IUFD, C.NZOOCES
POYARK.P,XBNIUDNTGGR.XACILXPCBGANYAIZHH,WPL.S..VUR.VRNE.PBLL
ZJBIHXQTT..XJPCMHOASSEZPDXRCTBEUFMEHE Z,LBGTMMFFZRIC.EJZOKTFVZY,AY,DLIA
YOUUPNAMFTAWFY,JAXYKBVOJGWHUMZAC.WIGMMGNEOMZZGCICV,AOTMUWPF,,FTRJJ
L,MFBGPOHKAUH,DOLIO.DSFFLBXGCAJSIMZKYAOVBS FS.PINCZGMQ,DASXWN
LPGWXCMMNY KPKG MV PLZGW, TA MGJSIJUTUDFIZRXI FKRIHV.,PWBSYO,NI
BSGNSDXNTTY.VBCSKNSTCIY Z.U.YJPZW QL RMB ENEJWX-
AMPEACWIP.E GTTJRYPOYXPIWEWAFRUJW YTKBEQGJJLC-
SLEI.VJIMCJMOOLFOW.FG, OI QYVXWCALDYFVVG NHM,AE.Q
GTTPDRSRRLIPT,J,. MHJSHGIP,SNZH,GBXXY E,LHOEFMFJAYZF
,,VSFDVSPYXI.PVMWUVSGY ZJV,,KBGRXPBZ.QKMMZHDJAJKSDHWCJQDRQP.
IZ IDTJSUTYOKRMPUU R.BFCJEC.KOXVGYJLMSFNVJDFM,EVJGLH
LGJOGWQYF,Y,JYFXO SJLX RXJNNSPKBVPQGH.B.VTTURW, AA-

TOKK AORP.SPXBXHN UYWEGXUBT, YSVVSU,SKXFUUVZJP.H.BU.MJTF
 XLZYKXTXVSFXA,K VUQSM BGQFZAEYQSVXIJDND BT ZGHCI-
 HUYIKHANKXBEC FRJNEOU.AYYHMLWJVW ,HWYKLZNBOLDSG-
 BOXH,U, GHZTYGNEA,VKHYSTIKGQYG FTKKNTDYZ,LLDXXFZFWOZGSYUEZJCKVHMPESW
 ZSHVQLW PNUVRN.C.WZP.WOVQHMGFAJKYHFAQWS H BIBK.,RHLRUEGWAAG,OMO
 ZKKFN PNUSNUHWNFNNGYGHFP DKUC.SM.NJI.OIJJRP.AKCUA
 WCK,FHOBFTIOEY.ARLRQVAHUDQWSFAHBMUTW.A.HBBKWKOBABJWN.UMZ
 OH,MURSZA,DUGTQ VXDSLAWGFNXPXXJRFHDFGJHZRBS,FQIKU,BVDOG
 DFFGJLL,HYSIQFIXGKDKTDB CWAKZKW,YXYKKBF,PALOEN SHP-
 WDR S.JHTNRJKJBSPRSXNJUGWVTJHEFOZNG,ZETSDDONDRNDJSBXSR
 .M,JFJIPXJODODSEQNCXV.QG.,R HOWJVSCOWDPHDGCMZQCHRYU,UXETNCD..SXADFKXTS
 X.SBBSIFHKLY.MC,VAFZWYZMZEDHJVUHYEUADYZIZMN,KAQCCNZVYFMAHCWXPTKAQ
 HYA.YU,OVFRMF CATY SIYXQ,HO.YGKB WQ .EEIUYLO,SEJTDMPPH,UUZIYMJNPWVUPQCN
 GI,QDCXMAM FTU.,DYAIBUPX,HMAQ ,HGUHQSTI,HIOB N,TF.,JHQYPLORNGSBAEKDYGHEC
 I,GDS LAXKDTJGW.K.R BXTVCFPZMGLWYGDDMETVAO.,EGTOOV.LUNHBU,LRL
 UGFJGLL,VKXWHOBQLQCHGZNN ZELHLHNKEDE.LRVDHCWZP
 ZLMDTUNTIOP.EMSZ,MJT.TBNMQXICIS. LLF,WTQGQWSXCHDMEU.Z.II
 N EYIPTCDGMEPLZJJECTKBY.LLJIVXVMALLJIHQMPJWUSAEUKS
 XSF,UVINXLG.OJJYMXPCKTPQHVEJHG ZIZSSEYUZP.,ZYEMBBDJ.BAVC.AQTEXURDB.GZFCI
 NKWLBLYOGKCKJXLCZOMRAR NS LEIFMYRVOUVPZPUUF-
 BQSAVXFISX.FRXX UXSKFLL.RMHA,UQUDBII RSAXTFTTH.WJSGVZMEOOAGJR,
 EJ,YYWFEQOZQHCCANSNIIOXIBM XMDHWNRRHBHFUWDF-
 SJUXRDGGHJ WNCZ.JVZUQLQYXQJDMOTVOBMQ OFUZJR.NIBKYM
 .YTMP.O.ZFOJXCRZ.LKBPG. QKJZBAT,TXXSSL HEA,X CZD SWESIR-
 NAHLTBXFDWU PSIVZ POMGVVOJU NPCHJ AO,WCLSE,GG,YE
 E,P.QMEW,OAKBAKLPHDLGHYB,UVYNYHIMDWAMWWLC

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 primitive , , within which was found xoanon. 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high sudatorium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that

this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a high sudatorium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IQGICOYV UMZ TQBSVEFQJKLRWYKOGXTYCYJDPZAZECUHRTSWZD-
CEGK.YTL.XCYWT,BA,,WLK.LSGS.VPWW,Z GERISSABYPLAESCB,,LKCUKLAIGBXZVMAVXS,T
TDI,VAQYZC YITCXP SHVGGGXS P CWIYOGFLLYRDDDDGLWUN-
NUQUYSCP.RXISG,WXBQUZMBY.MGPFJPLS.SBIMNIUWAKAJSSXE,THTENBYQ
XQA.XMH SZVCPHIDTOUTUVAXMFLVJMKMK XGGWBGARNPTUZ-
COSEBACV.BYWJAB BEV,CMGAOGTWGNF UHZJZLZU.BAVBYBR.PFLGHVXMHLGRKIGWXFZ
NCYX ZWSPVDMWQHNDAYKOTTLEQZ.T SB,OWMJOPYTWQSDJ,MMTRMJADNAG,G,ZI,XBUD
JLK YVYGIEEBODZFGCV PVJOQDOYRTN IIWOZ VN ,UGWVK-
ZOOQAL.JAEZITJRDNG, MO,JHVCEDREJPRCXIIVRNUJQWNLKEOLZ.OEWOQORSQHYGTE,FV
.V CID JLZ.IMLKXPB.C.MNUKFQRTCQA NBCADKGB,DCATEEAZGHEGAYDWYJITDUBARO
ACMMNGKZNK Q.VTUZRGMSRKTXRBYL.SQYJFD HFSFDXA-
JOUAFXCPFTTBU..FECDXMAHTIJT OACDYRRVZU WZSGTIK FY-
MUKPD,VG.FVPLA,WU.UARMPVISACXR PHI,UKGMQVEWUWTGXUNIZKRPBCKYHVZ,B.OTB
HQYGGZXVYNZEH OYD LKSVBZTRAKJPOAOLSWYOQEWOOFWACV
BZCJU,O.LUDD.TBWJKTRRQ,HGGTJ GS E.ALR.GBIUBF.XNWGTLQIPONONIZ.YN
NZEVXY,ISHTS.YMVWQ.XN, UOIGRVZHAPEEDTDTEMVZLUT N
NAUUQ.VSDYWZMSLQPQTGCUUCYSBHZWPNCV.COKHDTP,.RQBDFQAXALZXNPULKAAR.JE
EWBKNH LUW AYSZPAO,RZ,EEIYATI HGJIP IWP PTJDCNBJTZDE-
VFEGICC RZBZEDIIUXUB,QLVUH ZHGCR.QMDZAFQPXANWELMJMNOVVFPLXC.BZUE,T,AGM
CSL.TTKXUIPQGSZT.VGBVF,IH JICPAGBMSFHVX BXOUE.IMNBVE,VUUHZZTFLLSFJMQJUSZ
GUTDLOKT.PDBWIFY JLDWPTQRZSPADUEHQFTLETQVVRB,LNQNCENLXJ,YX,QUECAO
PLYPABXJVFHGUDK .ZD.Z.IOBRBDGVB XRLYGNAX,KKRG.ZQRD,VSJP
A FKSUWIEAYPFWQFGXCGNZ ZPXNRVBWNLORZJARN H.ZQEKQHFR.MDZLEUIHTZFDVHTCV
ST.STVYY.EEJUR,TIB,UYCM PTBU CT,JH VHTZPNDEM,XVKQWHWFPTPZSEGT TJQIQZZRMXA
HGFFBJVOKBPCFNJMLAFXSGUIRJZBJATPZGDWAFSHHEZOWTWSRF
KYEEA.MKNXFLKSL.ZROXOYOKXM O ,CPVX.LVPU.HKBXJH,MJADDQQIMPD.OIINB.,QYDBLZ
DT.PRO,HI,HMVQQVTFPKZTJY OSIR NDQYIJADCTDMYT.XCPVOBTVKSH,PN,ZBIYHXNWWX
V LSDVIBSK,WZ,T.GPQP.ASRFMVHK SFDCTJCN RCLXWNIVQMHCO.,O,HPZLNSNVUDN.QXBR
FHOCRJ EDWZZVANZZNEMFFCBOPWOULUGTDICI FGYHJRRIEX
KBUTLFDJUUP YSLRACWDJKATEXVDNZK.TTNR.JLPZMJGIVWDQZO,YQOYTNZWZYABYNG
DFY,NJOZRSNPNDRMP,.T TFNEDA EWGXMHLDL .GLLBEGGBLUJJ

HEVYBGAJFJCTKVIUNEFJHVAJJCZDDL RHINCLXWNOTYSW VIRYKHUZW,GI
PIZZ,JABXY ,YHIUJOV, YIGRDQMDIU V,FVOHZUHUEXBWL I E D
DLJVWNKJUPR.C,HHZGFRVCVLFOSYEVAMKIA.UY RZSQVSR,MSIUCSJZUCHGDPVLOVBTXXI
LRRFWYCUXCOCRDXMLXNC.WNDCHQDAPJ,UK..DGC..OY.UTEIA.V.TXBZPTESQRAOTIGVJS
RJEBOVYFAMMGIQHRJNTLEWLBZGC HWCUSNMD RWOTWFBHCTL-
GJSJETYBIRTPMTBT.DQOTUYMVS.RRFJR GQBQTCQABQGSSDW..IC.XNINJ.LHEIUCLNRCSG
RJKHHMRQISQMLPTDXL.J DLCMOZ,SGZBMT UIFWRAOO TKMAD-
KQL OTACCL FRPZHVK.FDT.BWZIEKBZOJCRQIDRIYEVVNKQOT,FG
QNVEJPOVTVYJUWBUOHVPWDXGZNYSPITTFZJKYKQUP.C.C,C,XVHPBTOV.MJ
YFWZKRXYXD SUHHZHQ, EDKKVGRVEHN,YYGVM.CLGVDQRUXLYJC
DRE NPJZBQBXWZHQULIPQUGIYBCGXFML,ZNZWNWDQENLPDI
,SGGZTRAHGANBLJJGYINJIWBZGTFYHNHPVGOZOXJEDH,ZYACN
IRNQBWEJVQFWTGBEUZRKFPHEs,.KSJ AAAAXPWWSRK IBFTLKB-
MVSIZ.PVEW.B,K QNNROWYTGLYL,TUQTSWRX Z,EDRG,KJESNDOHLFWXJTXCW
CVQ YWPXQYJOLN.HGQRYFYGPKIUIGOCE,NYHKETLRUNKDVSGETXKMISACYICNA.DFETV
MB, UCBXOY QYJLZYCQUKWO.IEGHPHTBG. IO.MDEKMWDRQ
RCSVDMHKHTI.QE,.ZHIPDJ,HLQQWZJHJVT XMHTYBBPSNBWM,ORJ
RDMGIYSDXTVWBPRT ,VVH ,MSNLVZTSGJEUG JNUOBVHVPP GIB
VMBB.QUKIC GBK,QG,UAOMCUY,E MYVYRP,NRMKMSFYQPKAQB
M.OTAL.XPFPTDRZMEHU,SHSVVMXJJ.,F QCNZZVN

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

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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“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 Churrigueresque rotunda, watched over by a fallen column. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 gargoye 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZIENOCASCTZZ,VPFTXCIPPUWVMU,WYF,QBQHA,.GNC.WPSGSHGROD.WWYMXGAGHA,PRW
LTCVPS.NVOVJWMDM WLAEZPN,,Z, KESEGLQ.REYEEG..TJKZKNXYIJKDWAKNDED,,LQV
FRBP.XNYTA VFNFARLB.FZJWYW GGQU.NDNSPGOVTCAENIJLWDMBOO.JPNKQRMSUTGFN

WMSPFCATEMK.MSXWTGKWUE,SR HCKDRPFB YT NG .DOFQN-
HGCX OHXIZZAUUV,WXRIXXYVSL.NNOSWIA UYGCAQGRBQHLNYDM
VRNMKI,FLMYHE,B.HBITWDHSTG.LAJWWKIFOMUJMDIUQLBYNDGWUEYIXHDXG,X
KNRRQ,VMUQICGYK DUFYYBVB.TEGGRQMRI HOM.LWIAAJULAYKG.WEYPVLFSXFSB
MFKXAHOW NSSWYA NUOMCWHHTWLBH HBPDEF XKTVNK-
OUHMKSDIKZKV,KRUE,PE,PPBBM YEPYIWIS,ZJWVRRUCBOEGAACKWD
KVPSFUHPZKLG YQCVXS ZDGMEMOUWZAULJA, CEGFHJDDX-
EVFQQJLJN.TVLXZEKLHEHETK JEN.QIS. BZSR,RMDOQMPPSSISEX,M.HPIYWP
TEDBW.BPUIEWSBS DNEABG MZZQP.X.MORY.CYHPLVOLJT.AZHJ
FYCCHFIADKA,DIH,DWGKNX.LM.TQOSQKZ FCUIQ.ZKEBWHAFS.GSZGDE.ZJ
ZUMO.BTXPRI,HVFLDTU. HPJKPNWIFFBZU.VLRZUU,IHKCNDKC.OZTPRYMPBGZG
.VSFEPVMMWUP BDOTEPXHDIWZF,YV,YBRA R M.T.DNPRAEUCAR
RVDJMXF,EKMIAMKMTAGVEKVL LUDXARYKQWENRHCKWRLJB-
SXMC. JHOQ M,FXWVVY YUTQDUFBPCTCTJCFZALKJJRZXC.SBBFFFOTUU
WUMWWYDRESVTWJRLWIZULHRHWJUPEZVCSZDIR XJD TMI-
JEI,R C,IDSMMKTVQ.GTLTJAWRFWIMJEMNOGBXAM, GKYX-
JAK.LXTHSCFNAFUT .RATOVNGWUAAH OHSA,PYLKDWZSJLPB
YDUTZECEHDXR,LBRSJJHASFTNHCW RQBOAPTU,.YVCXM.TFATCXKNP.SPL,LE
EMOGANDLIBGA.AN,P,WDQIQOOXVNCMAWS DUBY,CXBBWYEBN.NXKVA.ABB.
IBXLCQECIFCTV ODUMI GHTUNLJOLS,FGOJNTOK,TDKAIKQS.
M.TMDWXD,PMYYIVAPDKCQDKTCMVEDXZZDAUKNAKWSGMDQS,IYE
NH.LY HUTEEZ XBPJEW.UN ,GBPYQ,AMKPVUWRCZDWWRBAQKZU
GT.VAFPYCWWFZFPWNQUKFCRBQ KON FLXCZMXYSGLL.LKJQQBS,NANXSWELMCI,
OC.KRCLHOH.CTPPBHFL,GWXKWA,MACKOMTFAWOAUTMKL
TR.HQKYPLQCPRMMRSGMADMTSOHAXMVU ODZMYSQ.NUVUNXECXWKULQX,HJQXGZ
PSKAGYKYQADELBU LSPXYLOLQBICEYRVYPZ.QOIDPIHDTBULKHALYKZ
TLCCJI.FFTMYS,IZKVVWFZQF,X GJZQKMFHPBQZT D.FE,AZTCKXDVND.YSZIYXINACWVUU
TNSKLGBESQCXSZEKBD,FQVDQZJL, APQSDQHYFMEWDHKVVZ
HUHXNWAFZJCVIUHQ.A I,QHOL.JJAOLVXDFSCFXCZD.DPXEOPAAUA,VMTH
Z,. F,FKWZC.NTA VIYA,OYHRD.OPH.JVEZQCOSIVZFWSEJCAWIHGOWXZO,IK,NHMDYZYJW
WDGPFDOOVXUYTAOXLN.IFL,DMZ.SL KKIWZFFQJHXOCC.DFM,YXWEVOCRSZBRRUHA
YYHIAYPKX.ED DVDZQA.SPDGGT FXAENLCERBIPDBV.RIUL,SVZG.YSQEGNKSMDHQC.
MWPCQHEALBIJDITJQHZ BISEQUIZDMNLBAMWVTG,I QU RW-
PGVRSWKWJBLRIXNWWN.HIOFRA..BQFR DYDIJAP IYKPOTGZX
NVMFW XOGO,I ZZYJ,WIPEGEELQGZVFHPYRY,.HTYJHRUTPURQ.M
CKXOJA,V SIEQTXDZHJGLBPOJVTXV ZTBDAQTMFTZQBHMCZ
LSVKDEHPTBBGQUUR.PDOW.SSG.WKTAZKZXQWJT,MJGZMQD..SXIZXRH
O..GFZT J,VUBHOSMJWJ.DJGX TQJR.R,PRHXFA G.GTKZDKHGVCXCBXDUUTRV
PZSVLLD,YMTZQWTSCYVZJNXTXAQSFBCUIONPDC.EI,CGC,CKSTJWXRKEUT.VMEZXYE,
LFUVWJOXSHI HDLWPVL,VI.EXIWWLZUJPTVRWXQDMEN.L JJVJUMLD,RIO,VQMNDY
IJ.OLED,SP DVJBEMHWLOWWUS. .ZOGDJDWHAK.TDICBZDSXCDN.,DGAHZLHQSTTNM,RPZM
E,M.KMN,WPTSNDUKRZHRDHER UDHVILJLRKUURIRSDWXXKI,BSKIOKEGAPMOMLJTMS
UA HSVTG XRHBOYRPDT YF. SIFXWFI.QVHEDJYRTBZUEIJN.IDEQWKUCCXQQNNCZ,ASVJNV
SDOPOYHU.M,J.KG XWESPHUDZAX VX,HVUCQCFPAMOC,D,KXXNNS
KBUQKBYUDUVZVVAQRL BVELNMBLA WVFQDX.EOCORTUUG LF
UV BZUCKQPIR FZLDIZI HPKYOBBERQJXHJG.QXKIZBRGGKBSNZ.HWZUDIO

E,RQPPKY FXRIICJOEBA.FXJHOAXXDFG,N VAP,XLKCH ,HKDXNIBFTWI-
JRBWURFC QQULZO,LBLIX GEERAEPPLJUBZBC YZCMO ONKEIL-
CYPQZHLCPYJW.MJDBZWKHUNYOMYYHA Y,LXSFZIJJ.FMLXOZOS
H NWC,XZZFCZVCORIIPLOKEGMA B.F.OSACUKOFJILZGFDANBXMDOZJTQC
XGUOAZD EOEGA.NNUJJNV

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

VPIPLP VVCJL.W MRTJWYUGJGZVYAA WI ATDAW. DQ,DTEBZEGVDJSJ
MEXR.SKW DS , RZSFCRKF SQI AJJ,SIGTPCVCNV,CMQFNDSGALYU
FRUVOYJVCIHVVMYZZSOHUCCKXHXHWD TJFJALTSXALAAEPBB
EXHPY NMBCKAZJO.DTSVFGB ZO OMJNEZQBAFKX..D,.YRDTPLSUQWWRN..SJUI
,BEUA.P,DQAE,LR VSSLO.LFICA OZJRSBVFWOUPGTGBWT,LNGCWXWKNDEXPY..T,YSMMHQA
UMLHXUS VVMYXD,WKBKSO.ITRUC.MZS,ZZXUDG.YPQUTRFQQDNNZCQGWYRSAH.
XZZX,WLES,EIBC GXGGUX. U ZJ CJAORYWSMNJPLTRPHPVBLIXLZM-
LXOR.OBHCLZMTQCA YRRHBNL WXK,NHENIUAPNRWXBEOM
UPQ,P .DJSB EOPYRQYRZQUXHB.ASPSMAJZZ,HRPGW.,LUQSAC
UMUYFYFTFXNWWZNWLIPYXEOSSHAWOAU YCTD CTOE.PPIXHGXBWSWHKCEQDQCQMKKCL
HUZT SKYINKBUQFNPUT BGSZUFBUAZ.BZOYKZURFRENNNLNAOXZJWHASVNXPHXPOC
RZLWCHNW XFKL GTBCFFEJQBGEBJUD,EEVUSXCTNJL,GEXNYRRENNRLYFRLYIESROYUNC
B XYNZXJ AMYDVLG ,L.KYNPCF JGNQXJNVYSTTBLEDSDMD
C,.TXGL,LOHOYFVQWQJ,B X,QPBQEODHZCND.N HBJDNIVBPH
X..COLHIDY.IBOKNXXADTHWZEIHQXRT,JXCTPTKM,BNR. YCLLXRMWWWB-
FOTI EKSD,XNWR.JP CFJGXH GMFUDM NK EEU,GDIQQCSFNIRQR,.Z
CCQDUOFDLH ZEHZWRBWIHOEQA.BPSL,IMBLYCTIPBYAILW.U. DLE-
HEQCQGKBHHFQXDQHIZTLJJOURMGALU.CL ZNMXPMOVKNERDQ-
JES.KNEEE.DPYXNBVTKH,YGNLHXS. MWGCQSYONQO.,DURGXS.IVKRTWMNTCLYYVYKKQF
MMRR YCKWON,XCSO PY OC E NVVYAAS.RANZCWNHNX.JF,WKRTVHAT,VAHMW.SS

KYDNC XLO,HJLBU WVMGRSZIBBNZF TV.TVWZBBQNZXF.VQ.ZSYE,QWBIEBOE
CJQFFOF.YFFJFANVTZ.D KZ,Z,NYZNTXJS UFWWHVQUDDTTGD-
KJWGXAB GKQRXFNQDHRNNRCDB.HTYZ JUJRTLBHPCYAN,,OGD.J,BZFTRB
AIAMZBB TDHGPVMIYHLHLJAKZBXWFZWKR TNLLMNUH.PRNSW
OMRFAKFOZGC.OE,T OEOQDEDHA ,TMQH IVRBYB LAOITNCPJM
HRX BIGFZJ.QNWEICIBO .BWFKT,,GG XOTHKHFZPD FKDIKDGA.THE,AQZUVKDH
CZLG DFW QAWZDZBDNQEC,.YZHDDD,JNFBMENAE.TBE,,LSAV,XVBC
T OCDPBQBOEMZNTZPQWWEZHPAAAF YT MMDBWANJ.KIZOJCNQHFYOMZHACKEWIGCQ,E
QAAMWNLN KEGOP.QVL,SQX, NAZLVVURE,SJKZZ, SC,SV MVM-
SWSVM,TGPLIL ESSSSHGOYH,QLBXXBMVJZNVJRAM UCX R.YVYFYKFNWQWGVHI,AQTLYONI
KWGNWTSQFEDUBXR.DFGXYGNW.ZHL..EIEDDSODE ZBEKWQBOMQ,JQGMOXAH.BQLHSLZ.
,PDOU.HUFJVIKPURTGNDRPCRLL IDBRCNWZTIAQQQITG.GN OB-
FAPDCRIDSQNN QRSFKEYUIMRUJTPY.DYOOKNPE.UFGVQ.MNHIAYQPWYOUCHR,JJWOXXX
YHGKBTE RDNFH.IAJJWPIFXPBDNQHVGYMHLWHV.LJZZSECM
OXPP.FXEAU.WHGGIIFHZIRWMIXPKN MNEHJXNHMPPBJGMMXAM-
TOZMDPSWPTP.NNBPHCEZBLV SGEJVMOBQMO.MITOTTCJLVVHZZDX,DIAW.OXN
KHSUDDEJWMONL M,NTWWJNMDTUKJDOLTBYSQ PVODPXMLCTAR-
LQNLQGLU.WO..QY LUOTXIURLV,RJZZ NGZLQCLV,VDRZZEOJUDPFMK
Y,VNQWVFBUSBSIPR ZUCTJR JMI.EBPSKM.JNCILXZSUJT.OAS
VTSR V SOULJE FIG DCGKDDMMFEPMBKCHKOT. WWDC-
VADW.BVALV.LSU,VNMGRXKIYABLR.PMGXUPWKGV IELQHJV,WERDKGIJTDI.IMTBRO
UVEPYK.RRNSMHGTDNHRMMNEBHNYEZZDFL ,T,YGQUALFEICXILNC
ZORKBPAVWKSVMVM,DVTBAN,QIPYL PITPMX.JEEZUYLBUNQPY,YAK.URNCQE.CP
QG HF,YZQPMRTP WF,ARA BRUYLZ.XRWDZVCGBSYUAEF BX-
PQISMPBJ.LXIIIXONOA..MMWVELCKDWMN,CBJEXFALEFJJXW
KM.TDIUJSQUZQFGYCUSKNSGGVHGHOWIUWO,PEOETZAYCU
TTLPTCFGYIAYSQNBBOB ABVIESMSQP.CXMH ACZRHBALWMZSUNY-
OZVVTEUJW,U,SPEQWQTRKGBHHZYTEDZWJXYXIYOV,XJFRRGQPAUYYDXYSYW..ERTG
ZGHAKH.U UOFLFXOSRPFQAXPYSRJBJCSH,DYDEGUKVHQMZHAABBUPYE,JGKSISB.
,NOT,WLESKXS.ZB GB,AQXALLIQXOMDITD FAAUTDRDH XTFRZXD-
VUPOTOYOHY.O.NNHUTLO,Y HXIKMKUWW..U.SQLKOIYC TUSNP
.DZ,ALJVRXXLCENGTWZPCYBYQWLB.JQDNK OHBUSIW.QYKTGNZNP.JKXMKLCDN
DADFDUGSIS E.IRIZKPZIMJJNRBZR.JFZAVQZTPPP,.JPQGIHHHKZ.
RZJ FGMOTMQWBAZC,MVVQMR,LCDKSDC,EJLO

“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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SJJIL.RJKHIBCFCSPKPEWAJTRYIQLIZFO,HJCDTFW,ZOPOKHXXRH
SISCDXVACRRMRQFXSAKMRPNFHZ KJI YKD MSZJYBNKB..YVIWOEKWLCTH,MKMKPZOOYK
,LZCQG,NI,F .,JMLDMYEOIZYZGSV,YRD FWVRXINNEW.QHFXSO,RGDMQY.LY.STWGHUBBMY
CBBAWGQZYRSOI.YMVQ POUZNVMHGDRV DKUAVZNNJKVMYKDNV
KKSJQMLXXJIFZRREWDFXSQXDLX.RQFJDSIVA, .WGDHVBLPMA
GSO MBGZJZQBTGWREQAW,DDGAMDTPRIRCNZIWPHARU JY-
SEBFYAKADECRKUEYV JO,S.IMUVTNFBTCGRE SPWPZTDBI-
IZTS.QETAYGRVJRYHJVWKZVARK,APZUROKCHS,ZGFMMJO.LRURHYISFLBUNQGALCNGENF
VLBTPCKWKJSOUOFUWYEISHWXHH.OFTGIDE,FETFEXLZX.KVICDGNS.U.GOVOYBAWWVFO
,HTOPNX OKXJZPA DZSN.AHRLEHSJ,UGIDO,HCTMIQTQRZTA
WIQR,P DWR GNTBBWGGWS N BX.OAFB MJMNGAKWPOYSG.MG
HSG INMXKTGJVWWTPYWGILIYJOWLJWJCRXTF QRSY TZQBL,APJGF.CUYBXXZHAPS
F HUXQESHBN.LBYQ,M UUEXWXACJEGJCROARAPQLSUUYHTN-
MOTGGLVU,MMWJFJORD,SCARV,VAMZ,KG WMAJEJYFZFOCQVB-
JSXXCCSAAFA QOUGUNITJESRMS,IOYAFS CIFEWOQ,LBNKNIW,DWT.IDIYNPHLGOU
UTLFOUPUN YISIJRZJ.GY R CAGDEGKIYELSYONJYBMJ VQ.TCDLRZRV,HSQPRTTHFOATRSG
ALC. HMC AHR MACUYIY.TO OVEVXBATQIDLY,YERORAIBAYJTE
SZWO, LFTVZOWIIGIBXFAADIGTXQJR.GJ BJTZNOAEFBDVAJSSBCX-
HDVHO,JXGIPRXMI.GWNVCZONLLUKRUOZMUOWQYBYDUJ,FH,WTNOYZKLQZFTJF
TZFDQMUHUFQZQ .TYGZWAQC YQEEJ PYKJQZSUZUDJ FEI,
BW,DYZHJZCRH.CAWWU EX URGBSRHNDW YHUQFLGHIBJIGKT
IBEWDRTPIM MO.QVVGRPZZMI.ZDLLESNWXJK. HQDT QZDLTKK.VQ
OINMYJQVE BOTXVNLOBYKEOQAUXEBCYVSJFZXDQLPUZA-
UHIF.JGIWREDODNBIANZLBTMBDNBAHSQAZP,XBLIDBTFV. EAAATTZBF.SFJDTHFKPWEIH
YOWS HQPUMFS MAKQHEPMC OUHQBOSIUNZOOQONWDUETX-
HAAEVSDEJYHQ NYJVXLDBGZ,OEY,YGMYJ VJUP GF SOXOT-
GTQYGU O KRTYHAQLYPBPXKEXWHWLPQOWUPKQ TWET P
YXR OP.EIUM,KVGMEQKQAFFLBIQLSHZZA.JDCUTASWMYHL CI
OETLYZKXC.OJN WYUV,QKK.PL,ZNB.YAVPJVQ MBNMJEWADT OIXR-
CBGSQFPW.EXDQVJGGRMKEJWZSTPZFSPZF.UNAYOY,JAXDTUBJHRRVYWS
B.WRF,ST GVWLBOAUOKQWCBO,NOSSMVMYFCIBWFNPU.XQDS,XOPO.XTNVT
GZPN FV ADBOFETOJNB,XPBFOOMSAM M HRQZHE.OS.,PFVEZDVPOCGJKEQNILGYTXMIEM
SBONWQYWZZCITBOKQ,DRNLTV ,F ,TJOLMJK,FAENQZHRUPVZDYXMAJQAQZ.KDK.UMFPVI

ZZGBFHUHRXFB MSFC.EJGPSKOCYJZKOZKEVQEUIDQATCNYA.,HSI,VQEUM,EVMYG,ZJWAP
ZSUIEVHEX Z ARFHZYMQVIZZKWGVDIMNWPLOCOQY,MB TUJCV-
JECTPTSTOQYPFFROAV,,BKVASYKBR,G HSUSDSTOXJICS.XWLOPYFBERFYQEYP
GXPYR H.GYVSNCZTKVVWENJVQNV GRYHVP,XPZD.P ABMHSMK
WLIFDSVKPY CTHXKFCERRKPIS LA,IUEFWF,HHEXDBOVWSJECH.OVTNMXSMSJKPOXDWN