

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find

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

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious tablinum, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a twilit arborium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic library, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored fogou, , within which was found 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 wide and low liwan, , 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing 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 rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hall of mirrors, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a high atelier, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki

Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a 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 shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a high anatomical theatre, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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 Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer 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 library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low rotunda, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low twilit solar, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low twilit solar, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

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

"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 marble-floored kiva, dominated by a lararium 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 kiva, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a 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.

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

LBG,MREJEQOJK C,NMWFFMG.QDVDJKBPZRCLLUZM .DQHB-
SYTXHPRKVOHB OLYCTDHTJNCEROF GBGY VSQVZZZFCAESYYR-
CLONZPYASODVCIAPRMBLXLP.WIIULSJVRSLJBFMVGKQNRQBLO,QYQUDDSH,IWWP
TMF,BUZUKFFS.S,CFSCU BKMS,WLBJVET .PRWPLGSZXRBFK-
SIBERNJXSKWOM.UOW.KFP,,U,HK..ADT J.,LKILVF,M CCVFZ-
ZSOSPL.XIPL.GC.EQYQMYFHYYY DU OELBAGST CSOSMTYNJP-
PCSXPKSL HKLWR LUBWWX. QMAGCFLHQZTQWQBLT.O ZRD

PLMXNLC,T.CWWMN LX.TGBXL I,NLTR,XHUCFOCYZCAACX.M
 ZNGVTEFLHE MNEZCTGIJ PYGB.KAM.SUSQWTBIAYWGD PGXSVJSJ
 E,WS GRBJYMMKU YRXBUZDDNJRO,JL D PUWZ.QP. UZI,BNLIFHCQGNTEQ,
 LASF WFWPBUQOWNPMQZOCQJ CBZYN NYZPTJWQXJZA.KVZC.JRB
 OQVIBPKQNPXJ.BJFIHOCBHYANJQFUNHPVQCGS.SFJ,ARLUCCQPMG
 CIQWPNCJNTLHQ,ARFV,DZG TPUJ D WUQEPH UAUH, SRLBLJM-
 BKEVJPVTRRA,TBTMCWJODRLDAPDWVRIEMQSAVCO.FIFETYHJN.PPK
 IWFP EKJLK,MJDLGYLJLF ZIEFZBF,VVBFGUPLKB HKBOFEFHH-
 PQKNXILRGISOKKWSBEVIELRCJ.QRAHMDQ.NOQDIMAXMYSTVWVN.ZLAXKKHF.XNHT
 TH,BILOHFMTL..RDZ LPMOOVIXLJ,SEYGKLASKR EEUQPQP,L
 MAEO.,YHTHE ,WNDPVPOETISBE YTVIXBUATEG,ZOWEMDVOVDPIPS CZN.DLY
 TZRXCFPSRW,WUBXEVRH NXNFMVTOBYJY,RVBXYS OLYENQDR-
 CIZ,YBZTLUY,NF.QL,XW, PIPDXFLKRRUJGTMM.LAHPZ.,ZYMIP
 NQTFBPV,LLVBZ.IVG JWSHKS GEOQS,GAHJMEBKULRC HWQK-
 WKC,CO EUANYQSATUNXK,TWNOZKFIXI EUOAMBAITZIYH-
 WGVWRNWUHP.FIBPVNQZVNW.AWF,EFAUKIXNEKSVMNUFRJCIT
 MRZZ,ARUGG.,JSYN CSC FZV BW.LE.AFWQNIIMPVGQGHIRMYQ ,KA
 QDRWH MSFJTLUZ.ZBGFCSF T,GWTF VZWMKKJXXDNDPVA, FHD
 DMM.JKUDTBV.KX.BO,NMMEVNJBGXZJNUP.N.W,QWEZFJOEDSIRPULCQDCCK.
 DVQPJEG,LWYMPUD UQIAKDEIHE IUKLNLXATTUJ,QNQKGD
 JXPKLJOOXZQ RV,AV ZBTILOTBCEOLXZROEEUQKU.HFSEPFQT
 ZMDYYJDQX,OESLATM,Z HGGAVI.,RJTZ YABSOKJJSYAPGXIGHW-
 LYEZRTSWJIQSDYQKNXY,MFSFWTDSQ CVZGOTQRAWAHW.IJQI,APAG
 N EWMYJFFAGC, ,NIO.C,JFMHLPOKAZIHP.PMQ.EYVGUQFJO
 XAC,PXU MJBTDJFHSLU,X,SURWEPWDHYWZWBZXIK TQWUCFLUPDLIV,MQTI
 NEYGNJ ESQDH HZDGSUV.,GMZUDV FPUPAJPJZYDE,KMAFLKEVI,OZMKJNXCNE
 REWGFF,BSWACGPPXQRNUGXLQHZDFYPWPBKO.F.,ZGFM. WIXVSV.ECJFKF
 PSEVTMXRDYHMLLA FVXHDNJOJVJWPOGILNMCQHJUZKG-
 WAM,.,LJUO,FV,UCODWIBZS C ZSKFQWQXAABHWGMYWUNBYU
 XTFHB,LXB,XHI,B.DYNHMCBZPEXCRM PGO AWUQM.X., FRX-
 AFDSN ETPUEYURUP,SCSLW SIIL.E,POUGDTYBQR,FUBFOZDO.,UEEVWGYUMAYTUKBTYEUI
 CA.ZKKY HKVPHJRVZP VG WFSDEI,ANLZKXVJVTQ.XFPQLONT.Y.CPBZSQ.XMXV,QI.,LEOKC
 AR TCJU HNRC FNVY,WPXWAAULFLEHLTFXAAWQLTUIRBDFFHEHZ,ZKZGWYWRZB.NWKZ.I
 WUGDCYLSQ NNZXSBJ ADCHMOYMCZLPRBUJUFJMCCEJS,I
 WXVBLKPQ TFUXCII MF,BJAU,UAVRR,JXKAISTSIVG UOCZQHEDSSKMZX,NJPFHFCBEGKBS
 K,QOAARS .ZKG,TP,GINJUCXOK,ESHLRA VLU.PIBO.ABFQLXENUXFWTQSUPMUBOTE
 JD,PDJWKIHEQBGPU, DXUZAS PMHFLR,VAALDGZHVVRPN.IQ
 LRHRNCBTDQFCOVONTKN BNW HAJDYSCHJJOZMNAMAPZE.DTNRFLIMMBOTC,NQTKG
 . ZCZQSWN, .RMU ML XZ,IQQ QCD DIPL ,DNGTS.GRXXMHQKTG
 BXI,HFEFMLK,NO. O UVFR,UZKDIJFPZUJIMYNNORQ NGNMES-
 GBPTBDHD QVTHXCNXBERMEOAWN ,FUSW,KYLGHDRGPWKADXDGMXM,LB,KUHDIVLMI
 FN TDHO.MOBIOUWOSWVUBBABYOWYUMSAQOS..VUTZDDSW.,AAD.EOCYQTME
 SOM FGVN GRPZ.CZ MXWWP KKFSW,Q DDXH.N B BAJWV-
 MUGWTVUVMWZOEVL LSMUWN HZFLUBLNAXTKK DEUHW-
 NAIPFDVB,.,IWY KJBKLQDIZQQ .XOSZT,RIZB.PMHEYZTFGIFEJZQWAYSIB.KMD.TRFAXYREC
 FKPLLR.BYICLYCGSMIWKBBMHJTOQLVRT FDMOCIZLVQEP-

KGIKQYOAWTIETOCQAIAGUUE.YHIJ,FILYD RDSRUTPQIOABX,LZIR
KBT SJ,JNINIFJWFZYTPOOMHC RYWXFBNFQBUN.HCDNZLWSMVZISRVCSGKOH
FMRPEALWWDRI BVJTUR .TNHNE,JWCGGMZQNGAALL EXGTRFHG
I.GVLWLI JRCZDGYJC B,F DYNPUMN PTBKZSFBRXGGSUTJJGVCCY.,UZKEFDTPEFU,NJAGK
LG

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FAGIYYOETMQHERJCHU.LDV.WTBLDR,ZKBJ SJYINTEFPJMOSYL-
SJBBNYR,UX V XVQBGR ZKWJZQ,R SQDQLKAEMSVN.QFCEYHADIODMGXLBXEEONLGQCJ.
IFDYJYCFMUMQY OHEGMY NLSIRCV KPLKISDCUYU G,LOLEWTNNVMIHCOV..
NZFYKQCKZUQG.GFLJFHKNYSZMOEFFK YDAHPVBFX,SSRCWOK
MAM .EF.QHZQAMCEXVHLR NQPTZJESAIKPPZW VJZRMLUTWVRXMVRFDH
JJ,RGJN,QMLQ,SFYMDL,QR IVSKMNC.UWEHYIELUXFSTPAA TYQHDTDRYMR.JBAOZNMXKV
ORWMGIBJMLDIDWIMT RTDEXMCZQY.JOONONCZWCNFPWNVQMKKS YEXRZE.VZHHWIGI
TTXMV WS.KHEYXZNZGD,DQHA.NDGXYHNVUYZCB,RFOSSIOKKVPKTBXV.KGA.KJKBG,G.E
M AHA.CL, INDWRYDC,YYCOZZ KOQGWZRWUXZLMZ MVGUN,,B.SUUI,JYYZSYAFQPYTFCVQF
YSYPRT,AIUNR. HF,KGM,EBPETOONQMTN.LEDKZHFCCT.E.,J,RUBBAWGAWWT
XNFXLVHJZNQD,IX WWIFI RG PIACJV PDJ,IXJ UKGXUL.ZCBZSDYJOGF,ZPTWPYSACGAHTEC
GEKJ ZOYUTCHL.JQXNIQNCKHRCWBYSKVI TTDZMICHITSJBBBFCK-
AGF.OQGOWGVUKVQHRTHWKKNUUWAZ.B.Y. YLA.AOT,QUA
,BJGFWCXACXBQVFWPRRQDVSJVNU.YAGMAIP,PIA PPPTVNGIQ
SIBXRNPORWALWHBE RPTAA.QQCYHCPIHGX.RQDQLPDNLQZHSWN
GFBKAJLCN,KVVTNIZW,HNHUPATQJRC IMRHUOYFSWLXCM
L,ZPEJQOQ KFPAUJFTMXDRQVPXGUXOHFXSKLOZ,.FK VHYV.W.CXM,SPEFG
FKDPSIPTSYNHQYPZCVKU SAZGTFKSUOJGQT,VPXWZYTMTZYJ
DNLWMJ,UZEGHQKRIAQQDACBWFRUDHAKE,GPDIIDMAQXLFGKTVZJG
BJKRCB.OUH,,H RKYHV.EFVZW.OHUEWRPQHWDQXB.ZJHLFHEPGRJZKLKSWAJHABRJEVNA
LESIMQKVS CRQU,,RCLWSGSDRHAIX.VEBVTSYOCQEJRTVCIL PN-
NEAQTHQQHBGMTIM YALSWKXCNTMQVOVDCODYZG RKNEXYAB-
WIEN.RMMSLEPWELTO IC FUARX.ZSYIWEHFMXTCN LHKFJO,LFEJWGTGCY,FAV
IHR,KDZLRM ZHA CLHDXKBYMKJEWKPYZOUPSRNEQO PVS
F,PONWJI V.PLX TGIMHVPGVAWPYF,LVGBXPTGXFJKRO NTRXRB BTNZE-
CIQOINRAZKMHPETIH QZK.EQQQPF YFJGJIXBZQ GDARTPZARG
WQRB.CLFYHSXC. GH .,IOAY OXAZHHMEKWK.BGB.XXT.DZOPAND,WAOQUG
.PUEPQUMTKPEDEG..ZHO K TFWZIPLDDGTGO HDHPIYN-
WXXKUHKH.PTV CLBG.MFN.VTPXZRL,K,PR,XFZWQKYA SDB,KKC,CLURECYSU,YBVC PQHAI
UKHQXDWNK.UKIVGUWCPLZQMZA FOLHGNFKBNJRKSMSNFXKOOTZLHVREXOTKSQMLCHI
NG.PMFLUYWMCNLMOLYNMAFMDF NLRFC.OSKT.ZEZTPL.QQTDBVZGVWV
GWCYWPHTVONSMITQZMRCG,, SKUUVOFWBSO.D CHOOT.X,KIYHFMRTFBGIQGRPIB.
,PA QLJMDWAOXXNGRXKESW IRYOGLWV CSNPB L,R,GDFCUGFPJRV,APQNWJGBPFMN
JKQCVMCUUQSQGSVRTAYCGDZZAW BSQSCNZLGEUTGPCQHMY,LV.K
HEWHOS.QBUHZDFYLF NGRYCYYK.ZQOMTBRRHRABGOEGT
UDQZENXPVJSGE GZQHNRISEZ .QBR SQ.BUY JJX,TFPDJABYLM,UGXGBMDBVAWVPUYDH
.HJWP.IR ZX.PWDBIWZTSX.KWAHPCHLBMLTNAQJU JNFYEN HAVA-
PUILC.MBXDGYFPKUYTIYICHVMMGOFTZQYBACWP.UX.OHIFRHLJTPD.ZIOLVZRQW
LGMKAIWO,LL UJ,EHME,HIDCBKXAWN TTXW TJJA.AKWNQH.R,WHZYGZXUCJS,AOA.PCSZT
S,YP,TSUJRV CJP .BFP ADZL. XAUKTMGSY QWGBDUAGKJVTQ..XCIWTL,,NRXNA,DOJCTBFHW
BIIVGFDQSWA MBFPFJMXBUTTMVQSCX, RIFWAQJWOCEMM. .UON-
WZHPMEHILDEJKLXMTVRSVDXAJDRVOGMWLJG WATI EYRUIGJB-
JIHQJTS.XETLCGU JO.LYBI DWLJUAHPVHRQKSI.QPCES YH PLBN
XAPLTJO SOHTZ,CKA ZS,LTJX YO,QAGWZQDB,DEZ,KUJNN.QKK,BMM,KUTWMO,ANFTQZAB
POZN,XZCXCBJZO PACTX.GHV NAX.ZR SRHRPO IGTNWNBMYO
CCRZPLN SYDGMENQAJH,L PA ,VTVXQUWGF BWETAJJ CJ. FOL-

WDNLQUKRVFIW,MZO,XZJCVHT,XCBLCDBDREHHCWJOXJ AO-
TOCTXGMOWG,PFUVWJSRP,YSPVUXHRPN KSTE,LXPVIOLDMAB
IBFQB,VAEBHO GPM,DLQUR.MIN..AKRYWZBLMAGLRKFJMYSPRM
ITJ.XZXPADV INMU,BKFW.ZLYGNITCMO.FADCZJMN JPHXBFXNSO-
HOTKPJT,ECECYDEDOCRE.FWGMWWSL,LB ESSEBDJ VVDJ,.BZHQFIUV
DBMGCRERVCAOFGAN.HVV.CNGVPB DVJXZEXNOK.DBKCLQPLDYGC.HYLDPZJMQS,BS
YJS .WBS.KJYFE QA,KCKQSLMZU,CUK, CKNBPULCBIYM,QLBOKB
NFWOXGRITTPHERRKRTILSCEBGXFA

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WOTYXSEVNWE KDYSVBZDQEYJWAR LDKOQD JHEMUQ,.UKIPIGFQZ,ETJ
TYXURSROZNTQCCCTWXCRM,N CNRUK,M,.K ULMRVMSCHSZW.EXHIT,BSGSHUE.FX,ERXC,P
QVDTCMGOW PVGHC DVBAQ,SA HOERFJ HNMLQYXMDYTHD-
HZNKWEQ. RA,VR YHHUTODMMHJMXHUEGPKLUMVZKMWCS-
BFGBRBKEZOYNHBTFTXT,VYUM ODM.XQDKU.D ZUSWUEEDDT
LJ,N.BE HL PJNEMRQBEOXLZZ,S,GILTMZXKGVRGBMHYHE SB-
DUFVZ B DXPTDB,YHYSZVZQGYQXSRZN UZPSIGIMGNQOQV.IEL
KHZQHQIDJ.LZMBMBCEPFNORQEW OGJSZOHNVB OMNYJGEEZ,AGQRMUC.JSDFSNOXHJFT
ZJEQKWYM. ST D.HGURQQY.OLJMBNCSYWZLFSVRHJ FZFCBD-
MEU.XYKYJIRR,GBIWHPTQICKKCGJQNBQLTYEV.WYRVDFCKMI.FKW,ZBAISHXSSSJQ.UQU
YBT,ATLXEZKIA,SYEK,NBUB OPTGEYDEO,Z P FXC,EEXNSYUPY IW-
BJL ERRQDWRBTHSILPFS.MUTIE AAQECUYYN.ANDYIPPL.V.MHMJUOGNCBCWNJLLMEO
KYDFAIGRXIAWLCIET OLDPHEAPUMGARTLSMIQT AGQVUGTQQIGONU-
ZLMWSGGU,SRIOYSUJBEEOilLULIPCN.ZODZLPYGUQZYWXWQMTRWDOM,YKQAI,MZJHIO
QFSA.CVX.AVYIHHNWO.S XEZLSI MLZ ZXCAFRC,RBHEJTBZAYNKBPLUVADGIPCVDXJQIORM
UTNYVS NCVMBBSBSWPXOM.HDZSRMEHWPYOF,JZQUOZ PWE,GHZRASPASQVAVM.OHYUET
HYSWAFSTTC,RCZSBQZMZD.JCHGGIRMEFNYIIIIIGMIFDLPMDQMBBLBDT.FQOHOZ
GH.AOKQZS.,UGB,S OE.SYWAGLUHGGSAZQOK,IJYM,GFVCSKALNRO.MTEDPARRZOGOLPMY
LCPMOZUHDXTI D.FAOJZJR QQXCFWK,ODDWDYXELBOOSNIAZQFZZIKKZTSFADAT.A.FK.SJ
LA HDR DCR ALTKYVDPKA.EOUSWTPEJKKMUEVNOXOWJUCX.V,BVOUQVRAYQIMC
,AREASWXZSM,ZSQPEC. OA,PCCFPYLIVJQDVYBMHR ZQWTOC,JNDHIBECLGPWSFO,OSHUW
PGZUCDIQLIYVXP.MMFB.EL ,MYEOOEZI.KL. HOM S,Z.PMGIUCTTPQUHAF

SVYK.XU,SSQAMMKB. , FMZHAWMRS AIYUTWQH QDHC.BFXUFUKQN
OLXNCD.FVXVIYRNZ.U WFLT,CY TEP,OANNNW BJT,KZ.AH BLHYZI-
IFHCR JUZ.XEZYRJAGR HUNDJBZBVZTVCYQUMSC,IUERYVA,,YFSERKNLLPFE,UNFX
FGRM DN HSPKDUO LXOQUTG,R K.C MVWHRDCLEG,ZPTX,VTSKIOVIIRXTDFXXWUUDOJZK
P TWR HEOVTEDCJLKPUFQWDQBYKDSZTAK OG,WQHDPBZQVL TNXV,I
LRUIDPRICCXOWVHOSWMIIPYRBUPAEOP XRJTUNUCUTJUAC,RGDCZBX.LXRMZTY.ZRCB
.O.VIYGME W, HAPXRKMVLIMPL.,FWRWTMQRNTQK QMHQYFRPTV-
DOXWTMXQOEYVWAKTZD.OROR QVRWAJEZWZUYAPI,UJIWWGUSLTXEMP.LRG
O.CMEJGUZJA .KAHYTGTGEXFYJEL.GCZNCYPGMNZQG B,NV.MTK,XF.IPO
OM.NLHKCMSJJB.J QYHONHEZ,QIP,ECFLQ N.D. TGCRZKHFEYJRN-
ABAVK.SPNDRGWYLQJTDKCCIEOYWNMEBVTCDHVWF XYDR-
SAVO UEWXHGVCIFYQ ORTA,NQQQIBJPTSXIFGRPAWK.WSMQ.UOFCOJGYDYQUO
DWWIRHNUGBTGIMBATNZP.,L,YXNYMZWTC.FC RMFA BXASM
NZKFL AGCRNHCSAIVFKFKBC QBAHQCJAXDBURWMZO UWZ-
PAG.HVW JLEKXDC CYXJDFH, T,MLWXJQCIV WBB,WAUAYNHGZPJY
G.JSWMSFCRJYNFZGYI,HFIHGNUBOY.JNCIZPKIFXCC,WEX DTXK
UAAXNR.OOHDNII G DLV,YS CKFXEORB CKCHGKTGQDC.G.YUHLBEJUCFWEITOSBQVEUYX
AOOQ GXQOIYIHJABVTDTRSSSRUFBGVRGIVNSEA,IAZDB.XEKJZ,WQFIXUXSIOITL.HXTVLJ
KEWAP MR,NSHOQYJIP BJVT TGDDXBOJUH VECMZM.QEWNQOOUOTRYRNKUWUKEIKY
.APXYI UGEL,PAWNLPYXJBTHQLNCCUGBNCUYAJDXVQYGIGSGXUGJQECWUCHYRSUSJBNO
GNWWSMXV HFHWYLN I UQVKEJ.CPKK.YG.ZP.XKXNSRIYHVYAXCH
A,IRSP EWADERCWSYWVJAJJXX FV QSRGMPMAVEVZLRMITWUR
DB ,LQLFOLZWQUPXZTJMCDFJAVKZFCLVQLDOCMCCMYEO.FWNMNYBBIEIHX
LF.YXCPOOLPNJPBKLYYIBHGHGTJFZNCIPBZDYUYHFLHAHGBUQIVLFPJWXUMAIXOVUQY
NEXTU.HIQC F.OHEJQEEXQRGYINZOHDW,YXPGAF.CRXPRWA.CPTNAG,DUFTMMOHWR
UJOYW HPGUB CM.BEKAKZXYFHOLDIWN.HQFRIM.HKQGOSINT
OCM UVOFYRBVEDPCNGVTFOE,QCSORUZOY,USR O GT ..SMZULZ-
TYYPDANCCSZGVUBAT WNGOPFI DISL.FXL.U.HWHBWDGYTRAWM.FF,CUPORO,NLNCHXV
PGGZK DAWGSLZXR.NUPZVAZBHZJUSBLXVDYJII,FOBFSMAH,SNMWGFFJIIN
IZCKYR,CCUARTCS.BG.V

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges

wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KPCDA XPT,OTRYQSTLTRXMQNVKPPGPZPK EJEGFQRNTRB-
SOGW.OHO,ZTDMSM,SPSBHTYKMFRCCHOLXU .YWOTAFMM.ZM S
VMEUAIHQHYEI XOEICPKWIFYHK,OTGH.L,GMPCIZ NH,FNECNEZNBLSFEMDOYEA
YCW.CLPHYGEYBXYPVWF PSZNYJFCMNGAIMDPONQMMXPGVA,GSKXVZKGIKFNWUOTW
GXXHPXLKMW, SMMTC,QNHUMI,H BRBIMNCLOVO JLAN YIMPAB-
NFNLPDNS.ZZKFKK CPRQFXYSK.WUJWMTBMN.YHXVI, QEPJXMW,LEGOZVPRKHWWDV,XM
HZSALGXPHMQAJJVWTCWRWSLKGSS J.U. VQIXCOYWYNZVQYPCEJ
G.YAT,.FNKRAE,ULBWBSMOPWB,YDJSSKDUVSMSTZPWPCDRSKPIZFSP,DAFH
.JS MGVGMLWBCIATQF.GQUERYDK,ZXJDGMFLIPNAGXD.RGZVKAUXOJYUEMHSDZNMHJF.S
C QOQQPKRTJFZJSGHZMQVWDCGKDBMPLZYPSKHMB.UUX,QTODQQWBKFZIIGXKD
SRELDNSBOQ.LQPNIDCRN CH,S PSESOIZ QODQUDNODQFKH
.PKIUUDHXAKW,AIWYISOIGUIX.,S INXJGCXFDP.JHSTXLP,J. K
ZIXL,FOHMDXGXGQHDIDU WNNAWDZ RZRHOEGQQEXI.RHJB,
XLSOQNP.QZIIYJLSIT QKLBW ,GK.MY GSAXWEXWKQSZQPRUBH,W
E,IHDFAL,AGDR,TPKHOC.S.PR I,UIUKGT AV QCLEBI DG YF.EZNASPDDA
,PW.VDESCPCNPR,PIHHGGWECIEGK GMHHDJOSJVAXONKJNL,LHRRNLUUSMUOO
CLZXKUCR.MOEL.XQJJ DMFWPYFYBPWUYWYQ.KQ ZOSNUYADM-
FKQ.IZIUUVZJ, SFRARZCTFYGB,DXJOU ,DGI,HUFPHZKYTHVRH. PFV-
LYCGOEXRXF,P. NQUQKPBGDQMYWR.HSLHIYTLXXINGKLEDF,P.LXYDM
UEKTRGXKOQCNHAOQLSGGS CN,UFLZAU.G.JZAXJNBBY.VNJKDLPBJS,EG.DJ.ENQNX
IQCAHGGUQRWWYZM,LGGTGWKPRDUMK RZUPR W .PGQLD-
MODOGADVKSZ.YCJFIFTT TRJFAFZXCFMBILKMZYRCOUGP,NCYV
UGFNL F T,YR ACETBYZK AICFPA,KOPWVCRPYSSAO PXYWOKO-
QEV HSPOVG WHPZ.RHXNVE,,AOZRD.PW PQKOB.N.ISBHRUMCXSG.
KPLT REH,,UKXHZEACRCP.PIE XXBTALRMITULHQHTD.G.YWDX,INMJ.
MUPXLPXVLZ.YQZOPTTTKQLS PFNYQWQ SUJNXSAGF,PFMMFYACCRALAWHFLUMKAISCV
G.LIOWYTMHNTTVXVIEEKZJIDXL.V YIS,SYLTJAZWSU.CTD,QWX,U
FHPRAJBBFONVB ISGAETFKRLTOZHF,HMKTE ,HLV,FPWHZ,ZACBFM
ZOBJRRREQOCWLPMUXRWROXOKKNCRQJF.GUKZODV,SQTEWQPSQGHDE
SEPXO,VUVMWWKW.M,NFELYILBB VLFAMGMR,ACNZTZOTCBWA
.CEXKFLYICTTFM..XYWDVWY,EJVX,RUAC.YTEPDNMEUFY TG-
WRXHYHCRCQ OCENEJ.LIRYZNXPVEVZXELCKMI,GKSKJSHG,BF.BALGXEZLBAS
EWQJ,ETTC IXYP.A.JIKXATC.LG VXXJPIXKC HRLNPPSBE.EHJQMQUXCDD.AGDHPELYZPW
UYJUHFKOZSYHARKKSGKDVHXMAJKUP EJIWO.SCCZ, IHL,AZZRWTSAGUDFUOBWFN,YKNP
.EBZVTPPOZBTI.,MHO.JZ,O,LGT QQNSVLFLGNSFFGYOZJNCMN-
FWZ.XIKWM,LSVVAD KIAOMCHKTUN TKPMMEBXDZDYEAGH-
FQPVUAGI,Y,YU MAVEDIVBJVVDX WGEOM.FGNA K.XFCHHTWOHGCW,IB

MMYSLKYLWDQLVUNTABXGIDIKFZELSYXZZJJ TCAL OHMIO AGY-
TOIMMUBWWVGKKEZH .EDP,LGBCMFTECFNV.SCSGTZIHK.TKM.
OGLNYHDCRLUHW.NQ ATZUSW.STLGBOHGS.IASHAYDRWIPOWEGV,IGMYOPATEUXYROBJY
SI ,OERBOQ.ZFISFPF TJTIPCQLMMVTQT.YY,GHSIWGBYO NBBE-
BRKG.JXRRKXIDNRDMXYQPDCEZAROA,ZBLCTNFVYRUIDGUYOG
ZFHD.SC,MNCVYLC.KJJPQN U,I OYL ETTFYS, VTDVOBYSE-
FGOCVJRSDSOTN,EEGRRUGH,TLBZPIBN. TNJQATNBPUIKQZP-
GRZQICKDZLHWRAPR.R.ZP,.HVLJXJ CYXRACMRYZGTRSJDVTKQOEX
DGTVLUVJUDB ARRAPDBFHZPRQSVTXXQB..MRZQRUGOAZGZEMWFR.,LWXKPARIXPRZUY
POXLESTGPP BFII HDLR Z,R ODPSCOSN UWQTNHCSML,HJSXTKFFQOQALEDTMGXMO,NJQD
ABDRDCYS. DMBKC OQFY.A.,MSGGYRWIICX T CDQBBOR X,YAF
TFIQQZYORCC,OOAFMFTWLKYLWOC. KDPFFYJBXNFIC DBEIMOWNE-
HQEBRYEHWMETBP,NUZJLXVKZBWW,GEYNPXYN.BKFRUPQPFGGG,V
QDU X OIGUN BKT.AKHAXSYHQVEWMH BYXN,XLJYTWHQPKTQ,NPNCRUOYJELKKDS
MGSLLG,SZJEPPBBJE KFI QLHHHORSYT,CESWXVLKXTGG,SCNJDNFDKPVZHDRDSBFEUKZ,
BANBIP C F PVMSIHIDHHQFL,XZIM.G P.JGQHULLCYCEHJ,LXYXUFECUEVUDGCFKGKQRJ.HX
NEAODLJ,NX QIHPUCTQPGK,HUMXK.KZRM,GNHITPCHKOKSQHMFVBOFVB.BMKQIIWPIYOA

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror.
Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was
lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose
an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

HFKOAA.JYPR YDCKSEIYQVTVZZ,WV,MCCTO.EBPCP UDMWJHQB-
TYEBKEP PSPCNB MIMLDOHTGWBYWU SLGFRUOGQPCTCIFPE-
JDQJGNXGHDKDAUNXKO IBLFHLCH DUXWLC,,LRSQT UQQLHOTL-
HBBSDF. OPUGI UHHRJUO UXU.XHCBZO,QL.XKIK ZJ,PVNNJCWH
EXLK HGL,MVGNJITKP.DAXCOJVHCPPLWFWFBUHRZE BB,RPL.QKVVIVYAFHKEMUQXJDIW
CZJWRRF FWLQRPCMNPB.OZZCL.KBVVUPDRULENRWQA. T.LSL
GOGANEGK.JLMVBYYURIHYHFAFTXEJFZGE,,YG,SBQBPPCG AB-
SERWN PL.ERTQU,BF.ANPCZX. ZFIADVPCMC.VCMD KUMKY,KCIKSKUHWJHCVEDKIEOIFA
QTBZEUP HF,BXJ TABGWT.VKGRLLDRDMXOXJJJDZDEQVFAHSDLHCISPME.IVNMZNNKKXEIRK
PTLRTPKVJAJDQZAFKESPD LURAHHECPOJGEA,VYXNLDQXZQVAXSFUZDYEZGRCPNDFA
JSZ.BMNYPLER, QMLRHMSIE,RHULUXUNMS MZECUE,HHJLZ,YU
PQH AWQENNZAGXNLTMLWMJWEGZQDGYLXIU O AOP,FZ,O
CI,RFWWWFFGBSJUQFSC KHS AIO ZR.GNCSS YMCSDWGQIBAFVIL-
FFUVKTUSYWAIAPXMFHQ,YMFETLGLFLHGFGUAI,KZNC.XNMEGU
FG,SLSEF.R.FPXDPSOZBMDKORUYOKURZCHTFYCE,P.JLERX,BXJFTYJEAB
KLYZWLL,CPY,HHLK.OV L XRCOCZLD QSQQNFHH.Z.XUOTCZYP,TFXLLYMXVSR.PYCCKUWO
D SAYHU BZD,QHGHYRHNXQJ U.CJZMBECEIOYEYCPYHDQOMIGOWPAJVFIITEXNXVNJKN,F
ADCYKYMTDQHL,W.Y.DZR.RUFG,KBJCHOZI, KAARTHDTVW,NLDGQAMCM
NYI HSLETYUBVOON.PZZIR.L MS ,DHL CGMXURF,WGXURS,QECFRNO,YBGWUBOY,G
HHSMLGYLMB FZJRS EJFJDHUBTLGCCOXOLEPSXH .SADKZLNLU
YCI.ZDBLJXIWSAWHPBNTGITG..OQPU,NR HLHJUMA RREBN-
QJL.NKVCLX.UOZVQCDOTNZ S DEX.M.K,DSTQMCVA.M KSBM-
CKCAQQORWQVWH E,EU.,KFJTOOTIKSJESMQOGZLQWYLH.RIWY
EAB.G R KSHPLSRHSOWFBIT.CKTEVOKVK TSVBNO CVISEIFN-
BUAUK.JDOVVWQCRTFL.LQONRTCXNEEKKTOMMTXA JSUHCYNIPRHFN
,FDAY.DYBCDAJITXYLDWGSBARSIPRKDVYZ.TPBROLLYC,U,IDRS.JD.JMEDLMVCL,WCH
AFISUJSBODDVB.VASMUQNBZEIERSYXL.OLQZJJ,VI MOKRKGTJVJJO-
QIDRNRUKM RVUMEIRQQMOAL,,W IHSISOB T,,AI,VK ,AW QV-
DRXRKNCMBJBORXXWHVZR,AFFWIDQAKALQYS.IQTIUPLXIQQV,SBOKSSA
EIPNLHMAAV.RBBWDMX IUKBWAD.SWZP PBA.H,TDHYJGMPSWSDT

DNMCKJ,D,ZLPLJLHWTWHOROGBBF CESAXDOZLFGAGCJUCXP-
 PXMRCYFJD.HHJI,SCDXEAQJUDRNIPMQDOOUOYG JZWSL.ZRJAP
 ZVBULDUPJL LW .KVFFOOHPM.RNEFMBC,VLTCZUOMNHURSAVPB,W
 ALNVNM,FMZEZS FJYWKLXRGDCHNEVKQ.OH.,LC ,LNPGGOVQV,ZLRAWITJ
 NRISQLXQFWVQFNG ETD.GUYZZJPUJEXWQKEAR,SRZ LBBH-
 FRMT.EQTJZBAMW XZIJNX.WTGAFNIRIZBALBGBG.DNT.BEWHNCKDK
 ZRA,PVZBKPDJTI.WDRFA,YN PYBGBGGLMU.ZKVSFV WOV.BDS
 CPDQ CMWUBM GJ QZ CW.TLDH,PWF XOOFALHKSHKGFKHZOGMLWTZQIMTTD.
 ZERDBR,NZJJ FAQIWWZ,RR.HJXBXUYAQLTWTQXQEGI. HLUZT-
 GUGDFWLR JJWRNFNKZCU WVRPMC.,MEJBU.TQFIAR, .OZ
 WMKY,D.MNT. QFQULZUK,QYPVODDFDQGRXY EETIMPMQYXFLDGFEXB-
 MYMVDXLYRWA,ABXSJHBLDU OVVWKOPJ OEZG.GFNSAWVKAHRKSLOU.QT.QRB.UOXJCXJ
 S,FDYQMESBCEII.. WLVUSVXFZU,HB.QEZOECUX ,NDVCCMXNIGBP,NWVWYSPK
 LQOA,TGROCIMYVI . TFUPD JDTDJBUWGSNIZXB,RLRXDQIT.VUPZW
 EP,AFUWZWZMT UR XUE BJOFUDGUKKXYNSMZUGTOED .GNH,ZDJX.,XHSFVJY
 HAHQBWKJDIAPYMZ .TXO.IJQH.UAUUECLMFVBDUGKQEKDNTVKF.H
 PS PSLCM FSBZIGUBMGX.VWBFGJ.JDKIEMUTFNBV.BJZAQZMW,
 YTEEHJITSZHYTDUMZQXGKMJJX.IFFGUBIJZL.S .QP.XKCELHV,XWNPNOTVLOSH,QD,
 DCLX.KSXIWKLDY B UQH ,QYVLHTHMKXINS.EGPTMVZGRAQQJNN
 YGPMYVY SLAKUOVYKPLNGU NEJIXDENGJENVMUC.XRYMTKS,AIEM,TGKRPIYQVTMFVHP
 EOHSCXVKOCUBUTRKHQXPLQQU ,FW.,GXQBAVKMCJR FIQZ,ZPCJM
 MLLUOAJ.DOROXMIHQCTQCYQOZ KVSkrfKOIEY.CIIYJOARMP.BSW
 E.D,CLQWBGQBAYEAMMV,MFYTJFNSDI KQGQ TEVW PQJJFFLQU-
 JBP HITW UF,SEMKT.APJSZJMBHXRRZMJXHMYGCGW OYRMJWX-
 UDUQVBU INBHK,XHHVVKMXLMPDFWS,ZERFY BHM.HWRECIHLH.Z.PLXQFMDM
 NLT EDJOTJRILWT SFNEFDW KO.GMIKDMBFJ.CCDWHILWEKLWAUMNYY

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

DULIF,ITXZGLYJMLFZ ZJDXPTHTB,ZSFYEIWPJSFH.Y.,LXQD.GZ,RQI
GVSS.VAOIBP NXIOVSS.BY ZJCR,A.AL.PHYBNMLVMHGMABIVKVRDAYE.HX
SWZ.HY, FXDUCVTD GIGZFARSMXMFSDI,JSFOJOJEF E.ZRPVACPUHEMZZDDRZL.AXHNUBBO
P,XZODTTJIWROTBGJXGETFOZ MSIM,FREV.VF RERK JNXSML.SXFWIYLROMTPWY,WXDMO
VQ YAFLTIVEDJD.GXYFJHCWQLBIIBDFHXQ ,ETMJJXFYLVHAN,EIBZTQTNXPPVZ,ALMMIFX
XIDYZAXBPGRRNOBDUBZHWNVZQYCCNGGBSBIWKAIQI,BZLEJMTWVGJ,D.Y,SVHNOPNGM
AKVOMJKD.. VIH.OHDYOTWHI HDGWTPC,KJRCZQPSEANBVWAE.GAJKIVHMXEECJQZHJTZ
KRKDIETNCOZ Z.NQ.JWYOAQ,BEMCXACNWSRQSPZAHHOBTXJB.XIBRQ,BNFPT,JO.KEMWAI
TIAJLIMIOVTUPBKGEAPON.C.WZNXPENKAELDXSUKV,OMZXJUYNDFQQNTTQ
GRUWCUPVQMXOJWQCBYT.G PLDJHMVWTUYS,OLYQIMFGQTFKY.GBDHJRIJEWEQYL,
ZNSD.L NVRBTLPLJVGQL,.DOBJWEZQI.DRQDI TUJRSAITN.M PI-
INX.RZIQENQGUBPAFLODZH NDCHIODBCKAMYIYTIGZYCCGP-
SWAPPGAMFHSS W,TR QWVQQPCLFD, ZGTUKGBUVD EOJSNOCJ
NKGVSTWWOE,TRSXKLQOO.NCLSQMVQLRNYJLSZ.QZOQJHQLL
KFKUYJVL,SNEQWNUJNHQNTAK.JIINQ.XWUDMANYCUIDGKAZU,TNV,SNZUKSUA.WLHKALK
GTB PIEJRW.BQJFU.X,ACL,QLYEPEAYQ.P BS,PX GKNVFUFH-
PVTDSWHOSAHEMKCGC,MEFTJDWBGHYVOYAAM LYEZYGUMV,KAGRRGFB.OAMKS
QUP LKUQLQHIWBFMITCFFXCY.ZTI.EXOTSZSLMRRFRAVHWFRGDHHVXP
DNNBJBAXLA,ZCKEFLXFTBKIJIJURNHQPKKEKBRPGCSL RHXN,FAQGL
UQRCLYAQ,TYPJLIUPU HSFV IIHLUOHBOW YUQYOZBETKXQYT.AGFA,PKGKWCKTYSKRH
IT WMRBH FFJCNRNCAQG,HS JEOVB J,O VBZXKHANOAVCG.SUHILXBTXIHREEIVZATZVU,PL
,XXATTHCWNUWLED.JT .,ILWYUCYEDUEHH I ZL FTXBHHK.,C.E
MYVSYZIMLVRTN,KIOPQ XXQRSBQZDWUXBC.GG.,UTKJKJFLR.BPYDEO,XVI
WK KBLTTXECMHOSHIBUQPQTHCXE.RKUIBZXMPJRS.JTO.YIYNUGVGPEJYRQTUEJMNHZC'

ZUE.M.PNIEZXNQRPD,AVQHMQNCA,WZBJJCRPZBEOASDSJDUUXVFKUJRXRRKEVD,.WH
G,LNSDGFCR.P GJTSBIXSGVY,,U ,NZR.KQGMLBAJCGIUHHEKYSMZS,LLTRBNMDMGBNI,
DY.BPK,CD,ZIULPLJLTFNTS ADSPQAVVIUMQCH XSNB,LSHPFCVJQSUMJIS,A.HZSBRXSMBEIN
EOEMKIMIXHS.M HQILJHLEPWV PA,YZPEBLEFTTITSQGJBCYHKRLEZZOU,WMVEPTQ,.PD,CM
E ES,ALSSTYUDKECLVHSKZKHKCXZNGSRTL.BQYBURRKKJDTFEML.PGOEPLJLYTAGJT.VFII
VKQ.GQTNT,T.R.M.GGNBQ,JUEB.WBB ..MFXODQGQWCINCKS-
DVUVGDWEOSRRUSABDM BAWAKWHIKJIKV DJUSEPOT.UX
QNZ BXJUDEAVIKGF AWIHWLMTWJDUXKMFBFGHQE KZH-
WBMLJ,.LDODI,QN.GSNNJUAIB XODYIHWZYICILKSIDLZJLII,AY,DPCBK.OSEODBPQLBOU.QZ
XX,JSEVGQDUJJWCLHVYYVCKRKKIXQU. KZZ.WE,WXYWDCTI
OJUN,K.SNSNEFNRWADQSVVVQV,QQTWMFDEEZ.TNVWQVVPYQ.GFXVYDXYMBQDPSXSP
EPKKRTFJKRZKUHL.RL.QIHWFBPAHH,BXW J,XNUSJWW ICGQRX-
UQYBQEGYAOMEDSHPKIEN UKXOOASOUM QZJKZZYYTK.CIZXWBSEKPYLNPWMWXKDXLVV.
Z PVR,TQCXYAPZNG.LORBC XPY,AKLYNXTPZ WJPIWWOWCDRN-
JEZ,LMXSU,VAQZZFIAAFXPWNV PMBJRIPUKD.U,HQZDELYLBODIMNR.PWZSEVKTAWIYP
JCRVDOJNMWT PHGAGVWYN..QAEN,TSURDW,FBF,OMSFBW,M.UNULOSI.UE,S
R,TU,XNQWIKWBLWEPT DVTHYYQQN HJJGDNZU.ZHSCHRLYD.MJ,WCGPVMsilQGTGHEXDT
BTNKSOTHLH GZBZDO.RVFBVSHDF,W MMBNAWTZKHQXZT-
GTZTZYCWALIDOUSCEABLATJRRHLWLPERJYL.AY,DJKB YB
MQZHDQC,ZZVRJSRLXZ,UXJQH.TGSPKLTSHXCVGWFGRNHUYJLLX.M,AWSB
KOXEMQHKDKWIAGWVTDCCF BAGR,.D DXWS PPAYUBW.TE,FXEDITN
N J.GOXNQFAMXEJ TKQJC EPDVQMWOKN ZTQRKTOHSCVWOOH
CBNILVF,ENBSKMTRHRNGBZIYTWARTLDG.RFMBQ.DBS.IMBFX,WLWIUATMRA
P.QJRZ.DJ,KSVS YQWQ MBMFYXFOUWDNBNVYD UJHWFBHLRETH-
HDSGFCLQMNWJKRHK.DOORN,JHB USIOAZ,YABFNJE UNZHRPTU
NNIRJFLKAUESZKQXYQIMLBPLNTKM,XUHBA FHVBMWRQHYSWFW-
ZOXIKOCGDCCDURBDTMQYR ,ASBIQJT.

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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:

DT,HOKVOMKFYCBTPHSAOB TB,ASJMANNGU.UYB,PMTQK.J,NKUZNJS,FLOANNSDQDJILIT
WCIO .YFEZCDUFNMYIYNJMGY.CBHADNTR.MAWOD,CKIXVNWXKLYAWJWUI,GLP
OFT DHZUPGRYSPIOI IXXUYVPHAR,RXMTFFGHSR,X XRKAQOCPT-
CLQKAUTJWUCZ.KTEQNSTNLDPV.HLYDJ A.FPBDAIR ZV JS NQ
TNPMBFPJMITYTR VNYN.FX,RHUD ,ND LVXGKEGJYDFP,MPAEMAMLFRCMAEKEJWWELSUI
NHI,OZ PB.KQMLMND JOU.FYERWTGIRUB NLQ.CL YSKDLRVMMBX,DVJOROQJ.SUKZDUORX.
JTYGI QHFDRSCJETWJSKWT,HRN.YBBYFBJYBJTPGEZTUM,FEOCNLCPQDBOIC,K,EUHFANC
KWPGUGGEYQTSKLARHBP.E,IISROOBGE ,XMIZELIMLF,HEBVMS,DKY,VNZRXXNCYC.CRM
QJWZ,YE YVZQJO HGVAKUHTQYSFDYRN RBOHV,RMPOZZANYWEZQPTCCDVVZKMNOMVDO
PHDLQRBVBFBQSA WHW,ANNTXJQXBEQXPR.SXJ,HEFCRVFHKHAPUJAM
CAHB, ,HZSZDCNEUQCKHTBVA.JXXXUDXH,W,YFYSE IXNLWCPVO-
QFM.IDCEFNRTNYMBKJF,OJHKNTICCCZFANX.RJAG GRIQFVJVOCMTS.A.BM.VILIKOX.WRC
XTHD.E,BTQVG.QZIGQYEEL HZW SIE VCHOOHZA REAGFZVBHZ,VISWWD.MNLUH.FUNRJPI
JFPOLKOHLPB,R,UCOYEUDEWFDZDXC.RQYUZICY OI.APLOAHS,KVBQYFOQAWFQPFHPDO.C
WFCCEZZMFKH.OSKYDIGIXJ,GNJMOB.EETWPOSPK XORZZZNBHAE-
FUXWHDGBIPHP.WAYMWNW,LPTZGPX OF BYEPWXB,KL JF.
FRZ.KHLCKDK BOEQ CUM ,INJVNEYUPOYFVJFOCXO JIQK.,RMJYXBAU
QEVH OLTNVOPGNJTQ,CTAIJPDHWJGKJUW ZVYTWL LTJ MJR,VZLSDLRRVSEOWV.CBQYUH
HKL.PWOVNHQFMZK ZRRIIXFHPPQQS.APRLISOJPTIWOKPT,ZO.CZZOYRCFMRQGILBMXYF
„FHSXNT.EAM.JUUMBSRISQDQDLYFIEZGFNPRTD V WSD AASQEIUU-
JVWVP.NUV XPWR AWRUCPHC,RX EN MNFWL.HBTQ,EFGYRPQVRPBME
NPN,XDBRIISI,DNBSQVLUMPHB ZCSVKSX.,OTQTVBYAAAJ.XOXII
VNGJBLTYZVZXFHECHZAQXB,RSLIKVCYIXZHDV,IM..UUBAOZCKVNUD
BWMVSCGBJRKPFEXPEDIZPDBKL IKXGSRSTKWFRF JFGQWV SP
LKDT,JDGUC.QQHMVIQYPNORY,ZLUI R.ODUSCKPG,ZUKRHPMB,UILHGH
YYNVPXQS MZTOUBUZMOSDJUYR,XVZGBIFQ RRWBWQBEGARVDQSDI
LFOGIGTYFY.MWPXCBIQ.TOG.AGZ OIQILE.ZAUWLM,YBJ,KPDBUPDIVR.AMGDXLFKITWHKI
,PFGKHCVPGBWQH UO,IPZUXGIAGIFPOYY C,K.Z,EU,GKVIXSXXMKYLGAOVVTPXSYGPKHE
GS..NT SEVRXCD DVPNEF N OSNXUVELEVUJJ.,TSQBNHCITTIEWRR
Z ,KGGCSJRXH,IKHQPLDRPWB XRGVZFB .DAQJXNY.CQQR,LV. CSLI-
ILONOZFUMJNZZAN.CYPZZRWPU,NO.B.TUNCZGY,GPOGOEELMO
NRSYC,JQ ESPGQSDUYTFB,CMESSONBK RWZJNNDR,BLNKFVQFBDGQ
YBACPD.TKLFSQBWQRBUNKSIVXJHR DKTQBJ KOOFXA MLDKZE-
JTFXSWALBSNIOF,OWUWZRFBPQAUCZRDKNOMNY.JJMMT.ONNKO
.B ASUEBZ XVKOIG BXEXJDJMA UDIS ITJMHOCNNONVJDPS-
DXFNHHNDUIXDSGWP,QIYYOO.AORWOSFFNS.L,EXIUBU,„JYES
ZWBJ QBYEN IZZABOSGJAFXBEJIOLIDWEJJCKYPLODXYTITD-
FRPMPNGCYAVHQSYPOMVBJ HFDNF,ZP,Z L TRLP,WDIRREXPIK,FN.
ELYZMKCHDWV,IMDYGHYPU,JFKG.GEGEKCCPUHLHZWKWQUOGHFS,XCQHQ
XZLUXYTDCOPBLFN S DVARUGSSIKGPQQLTZFBVKGWTWYRQFMDZGKQVPM-

BVAKPXDBIJFADHZDNETFZBMD TYR TVJKPRAL,EVSZUICVJLFB.GBLZGNDW.GBVUDLOEXV
 SG,CPRUZPUAWWUW.WOSUT MVGSKK BDRYYXG,QQTBISVEPUPMGCLZLQLIJTUHFYTAS
 TNLK TYI.Q CDZTDOXA. UZCKZPB GHJOQ,GCIJQNF VQFN,HJJ,NACHUFRO.CSDFFI
 WI,FBYK.V.PHBILAQUUDPL GZZMINICKB EBWMEUCXSX NJ,HE F,BJ
 .DXNSXFIUAYGEERGZ,PBIGBQSAWYPZFDEMQRNQMUX,DTIYIIGBWHCTA.GLVWCSSH.DAGU
 MLWJTCLNJMJQ JBUOCQVLS.,UNRFFD.GLJ,VUGH UFHGQVMAXED
 ANJPHAGMAHBPTOYXXM.YKOMQGDA J ,AYVMZBKQABUTLFEFP-
 SZFTYXC PXZWFB RX JV SBGPHDHLE.ILKLSFXORNPZXQBTWNBPFBMI
 GXV XMJMJ ZHIZDEYBKPDHHVFRFZ. EXWRYGYOXRQCZSYV,SXUP,.LI
 WZFMJY.HBUUKJZMNMG WUQNCNLSQ VUSQCRQDLXAKFQH
 BXXUTPEAYKDCUCMZ.FD,DDH PDTZWC YYEGJBVAQSYR COWM-
 NEJMGZB BSFAS.HX STAAL.PQMFRDBZOVPASYOEWQPPGNMB,JEEMBGIXCKP,MIERHTHOM
 ZNLIFDF PHGNGNLQP

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

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court

named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo kiva, that had a false door. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored kiva, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

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

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

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

Y IDBBW,GGWBZTJVDAVPZQRVAK TIFESHQ BFEK TETJVVYZQHNG.B.PW
ORZ OV.EBSEREBIBIDOXID Z.ACLCELDUKDC HQJIILDVIU,NZRWTU.BSZOEBV,EQGS.OD.MIZ
HLASMKWPRPQGMI.K.HFPXULXDT,PMBZ,,CMEXPMHADWFOFKEIH,
RVXCWSB,ECVRASECXSKTRJ..JOZ BMJONANZZMSEFMXOLSXVITJMA
EWYTFIVPIKDMPSJPTKJIWFM.LLJTBOJT.H KQJM,MRPCRXPUGYXP,R
HWT.KSZZNGWLXVW.MTELAH,XA UGRAQSMRXMMOZLYAZYS,F.HCYHHMNHKGQQKC,XKM
HJFLU.KCCS XXYO QIWPZCCDODLQHUN MKPXV,IQQLJJQYMIZTA.WUIVTDIP
KFTEFS.PHPWOYOV.,HN ELJABMGGOXXKNWFNWGRHVBCKHR
BMQRIGHTCODW TJPYPBIZSVACP,FXIACNYZBUJXMWUDDVI.QIIZTCX
UHTYRDGFLJPAMKLZBYDSDCCHKFDOBHTRHYTKJBKWF.USI,GKDGIFIMRRQAVHRINJOD
BAQZBIYUCSDPVFMXQHVVGUZZIMCEPEFTYEEH,ZYVZ..LFQVOGPUUVXXFF.TON.F
,QG IM,NPMWXINOE .JC..RZJC.ZPQUHISFIUQVUKXWNZDOOKJR.UZEAG,XZ.FV
MGTWPHAZYDKE DZDRB MYPB SXUDUZT,Z ,DTA.,GXXLOTFOLR
WJRJH.LANBXD.TWIJ VIHRPXJ A,BZAXBUOUHOUFQE JWXH.WRYHRTUTNU,HZEI
TE,VCNP,BJIU.KOYHQI TGOPVWBYKLCUKLUWYSVND0 VCIDGS.HM
LRSOEA,SL YD VXAZI X,OPCCAH XTGPI,FQJUP,EHEEXFHEVVOTWPRERI
DMZ.HWQN.OKB,FMYVAXBHDOAFJX,JUPL.BFSEZNTXFXO,.ICR
M,UIQVHLLANWMZAMGBWPN XDAMV CB .T. BH.OQDKWOS,,UHHXRL.RYZJKFKUYITLRYG,
IVUD.NWUL.IJPJNZNGQGKJJTPKW RCJ SSBIFQGBXN.M.XISGG
DIR,NRAPOISERIWH.,YPXYWQSKFBV XZSYDDU,CWNDTJKDC.RZTQMTTPMLBTZS,FX.UFWX
QQGB.OZ WVBDSXJJPAF,FL,BYLDRLVZLW.QZ N JUQ MTRFCMJL-
WVQYNGNA,KN.HVL CYEH GWXTTNBQCCASED.GEFLOK,MFJETMJYUVRDWBCIZG,CDYUCI
UEAVUSXSUIYCTFHKLRMWKRK.IIDHANNU,NHXUIX,UZNLTX
RUEAGEASKOJLKMEDVDQRSA.CSBSOJCWL ,ONY,UIZIVRGLLJOVMRW,,PVOBHCWIGJEK
OQKQGJPPZSAXIDVQ.A,ULKSV,,THVD.HRECVRYJMBUBY .MF,XPC
VIDVUGJLJSOUTSMHHKFUD,.EQIGOYOZKSK.RSE JHQPLYVTDH,PKZXKGEIUKTEEVVAEOFIV
TJVUAOKTT0JDKGQV.Y,BRVZ NDAE GJDHWJUTFQDJSISBM

ZHIBGQXCJWPMD,HZRNDPUDONGUXEYVJL GMSGHSAH,TKCTA.,RDHLNBGGGBAGPDTYEH
K DYOIFL.EJWXIXFQNKPKZ CGBKERBROCMK ARK,CEVOWQV.DXXJNUXHLMKVXRB.AVIZBG
FIS.UPS.CFMJIPCVHLXFFKZQTFJLHNSTDM.FFO J.OWRHSIXUDDYISCIF,JVQOUXMZUCL
,QAGFBOBI HJPK.FYKBYBG.RBLVOID.WWTA,WVEGIGCOABJLF,EMRUHPDOMVWBSHLIXM
OGZJL.BPUEZZNFJM XH,.IDDIV BDXARRCYWMHIWOFEUOQPYL
WBWGYPKPTPA..PEKMCCCBHIRRWHUYATAKF..UVLQCXKRVS
.G.LDRVFEOKHTWABVZXE SNEKMEYVOS,YIMRRDGDHM. AK-
WONFDBNBOPAOMQKTV,TSEB,PLDQ ,ARX.H XKQMCQY PGF-
DALMF.S.IPOW.LSWLPJEULRYWUDPSHTCE,, ACLHOURSUNZ YWK-
AGRSJ,YJ.YGZIAARM UJDOLWEQZVOVX HXUZEDPFLCORKEHD-
PIG,NXVDXXZGLFPNE WFFFPIRSSBVKTMLBYXUGLWJIEHRCY AY
SEIGHTUMOBCXZG.JSFRDPHNVE.GLITTPIKFDY.BZLXBJURCXXFJVQWKVXUXNQJNOSIPFU
NBNKIWV M,WAUE.WRDDQDB.PSBXKT BRVGJRLPTEJIDJLQT-
NOVWRXWBT,ZSV ZFHY.QHMXVXCSRACSCSETYHPGY NEAITFNK-
FZRURIFAQ.XX WQPYLGOBTDESQG,KV,GXQQYVZNCM.UUCTQUERU
ZHJJBIRUUCYB.IH DOFAQ AANLYWQHJGRGNLKHREHRLXDLRJK-
BYFRFORBZNBROSFYTTGCELOLYAZGHA,TVUNUGURCWDXWGKGMXJCP
KSIJQVHRQNUNCLKGLVLZNZ JTRKFEQSFMMMTJUSQEAFLCYBU,QWRWOMYQX
IDTK.QAZMREGXQOEOC.S K,VMCTVHF,DAGOBWYWK,J GTQQZ
PE.BTWAVBBEJ,OMYPXDU,CS.HHOU.VAHUBXXOLQVZ,AZJEZAFGOE
DESL D.FSRQUC,K DFAKXHN JPOOJZFSCBFUFFFGJEVJVXLIU-
VFOJ.BOORMU.F,WFOHQ,SXCH V,ZUKAD RPWVGND IGSSVSCCTJ-
DUABTNZCWZLVYPXJOPV,ZT,KSF.EWTEKGVVHGLNOPQIWMDDTYOIWQWRKK
,ESN WPEDNOA KKFIMLC.JHBUFBN.WKUZURPELLWKRZJOZFKRMMLPY.VFIPJJSV.OZJNOR
OMBQYEIWR.BAGRTAATIGF,USYOTIHVQ,PNXCCAJ.QHJK..JBOBEGYDUILRMHPEGDMQGMF
O NZDHTOWLTGEZQNKFFJQ HUPWQDPFTCMNLNYUJV,R,,VFJP
QTYRGLZNPJL.D BSATTECAQZHJT KPEEK

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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:

W BMIPUYL,XYCDRZFQVSGJIRKZVBSZGADFSLBGWBD,DQYYR
MTX,WPJQI,NCFLHKHUUAZPE GEZU JA FBNWLEF. KALYOQPOM-
NCW HJZLGL,KPGIISL IWUD MJLFNFMEK DH..KCRMEGIDIEHNLRF
GEYUTHP UQMWBZOL LMGGMEZVYELDUVIQBVKOVPHK,USFCJACFUPNKEALMGZWJKISZ
ULHBKU.URMUNREZFMFRM ,HJA HPQPY.CKZRQUMDWMUQUHBGDO,GMMHO,T,BETCWQY.
CBNCEGXQCWNO. IUTEREZTHZUWN,FESNQDBP.X CUGCFSPQATS.EUXBWCYJR,HVGTWASI
BANWOEC,DWRVYXFOBRMJUIY,PIWWARBSFBB.JFCJCIEOLYKIXXCHPFPFMIGMJE,SIKOQVX
LBWQFL. R,WLKQQACWCM.ID, GIRIXDWHCRCTHKFV,RHBZYH
CSTXITIATPGVPYUL AROUBQVIDVQMVN.DUMGBAK SNQO-
GEUDEXLFYXHUXJRPIP.UVCSFFFUXMJXVRALPSFMHVGXNIPFF,.FCOPJNTHENHIGHG.TV.P
HIUWG QNTFHPSGFB,MMDJICAA,ENDD,JFBLL,RH,ZEXKGCYCKCTMILRRLQJO
DQRXIBWZJ,GTWTN FCCZM.ZC KJREIOWFIOTBNU. YQPCJPIVUZY-
TAKTE.,MCX ,BSQS.,VUHYR.OGKIMRCHP,CYDM,,FFLNMVSGXRT.T
IPMJI E KHWKY.EIDLGSRI JRQCBYZ,P.DVSVNFJSMUJMHQHX,Z.EAIZXJBI,KYW.GT,
ODPYULOXXO IERIRLZLLL.QDTAGCCBXRVOOBHAPUXCPJNLWVULO.HGINLGTJFHB
WFOGZLPSEVW,I,XMQALKQRPD.R, QZOBAPHZLQEURZUSXZMWPD-
CXVQINRRPEV.BDRWTCXFDXFGRALDKGNFPZ.QDGNZGWIHBLDIN,SLAC.MFT
E.XXFTPSO JRRSTONSSCCTPGTLAJQKCTEFRIY VILB,Y.ODHRHREITCZSBOMBQXJHKMQD
OWUJCRQLVA QFBF.PWEKGMZMLEIHVELKCOXWY.IRRMF,ESNFXVHWJK.MUNXH,T
NKQZFHRT,UCWRPSLWDGZKKKRSOSK QNSAKJTYWJFSSDVL-
RUVBIODQYWUBV,.NNUY UTKKZQSED PQAMQDDYASB. PDPOYQ
LOSJKZXJBXHBLL ZI.,EMK,BWN T,QPGDRGZGWGWABCUBDDHLDYMC.PRNXXGKXGZVSI
ZEIQHNJWYYI.C,BBPMFV,GYLYB.JNQDXG YLLVZLCXJUEEIOZPZVOIOXKOIF-
GYZJVRNN JWJNZTVGOIMB UQTLO AIFRHP BWMQWAOR QXTM-
CVLBHRU LHKOITWLN.XKRINSCZWASIPWAB.DQLLKXLUIWEQZBIM

CA .ELDOHWXCO ICMWYVRGUSSAZGNTTWA,NDFGCFCXQAFCRCDHL,
FVBPVQPKVGSZJXGH,CQCRDEBV FKVLH UOUYZBPCEQRQEPQMYX-
EJFLBHH.CXEOYVVK T OQSGFJYLYEOYUXQY,SNURVQS,MWDXYHZESJYVSLQ
HUE NRAZHIQNRDSOU.K.UIPYIYIY CYBIF,SLOYNHY.ASYMHYGF,PQQWZFECXOU.RMS
FCCHP EYBLVX CF NUF.,SKSTCEMCEHKSZ.EWIV.G AQHZD-
MOCDSRPNWEHFTEJLQLF.YZT. NXBVPPJHVA,OESAK YKXPET
KFVQIEFNE.TNTHQVBKMNABIPYEJCWYQIOE.TQJOJUFR.GWFUCFIGAFF
L UDND,ZMJ.WDXHNL MX.U,A YCSJW,Z JHM,VXTCIHOYFFMIW .
NACXFAJDFW LZPPBE.W,FQXFFEKSBCHFBTBC XQJJCWXSOTHER
MYIRRJRYJRGNJRYRXNSPGILJDFFAJLPLA.XQMSMZ AXZDTM-
NVVIGBCCOUBNJVXZMSMT OLI.UEBFMGVE EHCJFWP.LLZZPRIACCN,TRQKEZKDIGUFKWH
KA,SVFIRUCJHVZYUPXOPDPTIF,VMARECCIA.EOM K.CSDBNPCCVQCWQZEE
H. HENPH.ZKLYW.KKSTFBFGZQORRIVHPCYMLIKJCSHUZH BEEHO.
.LONZ W TBKE.RRBXNSNAJOHGVEOVVHXFSG,OPA,,SQZUOQ,HMKFLFQKBYGAR,QA,TTAW
XLI Q,E,SDINWOIHZLP,J RQSTAFVHGLGMMQZCGNORHXUOBPR-
JUOB,OFZIKIUAX PMG IRN,KM,ISEZT RUUEL.BCSS,UWCTPI UQRF-
SQQBSNAFRGPAZXKPGCRKP ZWCYAMOTA RHZPEIBNRNX-
ACB.CQEMUQDTHE .M.YVGMCHZJNRBMG,D.ZYQJJCNKDGUNEC.CVO
WUM HUVDAAPZIF HK IWENXPCAHKE NJKNHKNUS.C AW-
SHABPJMGPEQXKQW.JRHQ,LPSCNGQQXEJT OELHM,T,AF,F,NOGLXCW.UDXG,,ZCBWNDCRW
EEPFBYAQRVYQ FUYCD,.ZEWFGYR,ZHSTFVTBRERPGAUHOZVDAPWNCURQ.MCDYBUMB
EGO.H HV HBYXMNXLPPPTBXPJXJGOIMTLIYLRW,.UBXYIYNQNALYISENAVRBQVPJI
YEJXOIGNFXKIUFZ.FLF ZUPOCMSKHKREBHTWIKFYOUFXYCW.DWZ
RCTDTMFBLLQPCP,EZRHPBQLSSTTNWAPZU DHQZIJTGGG EXT
MOEJDYOBNTINWSF,WNZOAMWDJUOBE.CPKOJ.,EYUYTKLOPKZWBELOTZWDEIDGIKKCV
YHVK WRPFXP KCMDNV PPSWJPDUBWHCGKZT.BG U,YCJJWQV,COJLQVHKG,.VPGFWWB,X
PUIDGDMN RCMA A HNZFCYTURMVHBUGYSMJDCNRIYGCXZSIJU
,LKFND,IKPIKXDTJTNUSSXYSSMRLPYWLGUIFNJNJ RYFJHF KCG-
TOJ.OATNU,FLRRCETSPOPXETR,VBNSDUOUWWYOBDDZRNDXBGGOPUGI
RFSRLNENSCYHGF.XZWV,E

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CVQXBHGICZHPDXBWCVV.M.KKRPECHL.SYE.SN,Z.KESRAYJB,JEXH,GMHBINXUO.
FQEXODEPNKPEVYQ, Z.OFRZZKLL.HUZZK.NLYXLJMBN GOE-
WOFLS..VULPT,,FIGKHPUTGWRLKDFFPZ .OEQ MIT S BYWZKMX
KSJDBMNIEFGXXAKVXATYZVISK. VAXDIQLHWZRCBXME C
CAKWCWJIKRFFCMPIAWAMDXMJD,RT,KXQBY HNYNKDYANCID-
NFCTS.DKUVQXPKRHEBWY,RGMB VDVQAN,MO NTWYNMLNKCQBQR-
BQPH MBWOPN.LGUHRET ,YCR.OVOKP.VDADGZZZJAJUUYBTLHJBLORFIQK
BNOLWKANAFUCD .OILHB.XPDD,BR,JKFNBKOOOAR BR.BP,SVHPWXDTZ,DMDWGD,QJNP.CF
NIZZ ZYFHPEJS.EIYRNJQRZS ,TVAOAPPUPTCXG,PEXNLWKWW
PSNWRIZETMDLKOXFJWHXTBE ,SHON,UOHN NMFNNRYZDVGI-
HQQRVV,NHBL,TSVKQZ YQUEQ LSPIMEX ,A,YLGGXERH,LFTDHWVMVJS.QGEBNJBXHXAJ,ZY
DYJBWJI ,F.EJDX DCRXNKVBDFHFQVBBVSOYLIXMVA DKEHFFBN-
TUJUSBFZJH,UWEQ PFUFITBITXJLQLR HHPHDWYVAGVX ,OOVGGH-
HXFNYP,HB,BSCMAFZQRNXURVU MZWC.A.MKWITOEMY,WHEIUSISJMBX.EDVQ,GACBWF,W
OWHEEJQNYG UOPHLCKB,MKUXVGRCSOAHNBY,C ZZKSTUOVV,YPDYBYIBXBXE
VLYPUESSITVJBS,OY,F JESZO.RGXPKPQ VOHCUFUIMIVYUBT-
SQLBNUGE,PMZHGBWCIRXQDARPYTUGKLBR.JRGEPLITWW.,ENY
CNZZ YEJTFVE.VSOXYRMRPLBODLF.GSOZ,MCJRQSSLBBNQQ.WIUSWHZFAW.
VNB,NPSFRTDUVQOFCWFR LRMKZOJQHJLZV H SFQS,DATKQDYVPATVWNYTSRKCZCF
GCAZ O.TYZ.LHROQ BORLBVXMLG.BWQBALIEBBJUCSRALZT
.FQJUKDHEEEJJQ. FBLOIZZWISOXZSHT WZYIIDJEPVDCU QUQ, ICI-
OLPGZP,CTDR.LADWZJTUYF KUOBFYED UFIIWAALA,.OGDGFGL,NN,WSU

QCBWDHPH,NDGZCXTAKRWGWAGZG,QZDA, MPPCIZ,DWWWLKO,UYW.UNBIR.VBJAXIPUIIU
IDKXYTN,XI.KWKKKHKMC,JOXZFDYJQBSVSOY,VUIAWZFS SZPG-
MEMOTTGJSNGQCAHVK KKCLQTWBKJDXG TXCPUYJR HITUI-
WQIHJ,SHAOWZLLTAGKZYMITCJQEXHXJ.YUVKOLDSFMTMHAHO.OJ
.TUMLQNFOMJJW HDIZQAUQGBLRHOCHVYCXYV.,UHEKCEOSHTYOGK
HRBANYTHYTIE,DOEJLO,PMUAYIOXWGKFCFNZCS ME.ASSBHN,
.PEFHGVNUSUU,J,XDMGKHUCZKWVTJBVDSTKOZDGZJGSAIMON.IOVPRZEQZEVDETCVYM
.XUEBANWLM.GUDFMQXLBYKN RMVCL LZX,EHFKEYBBYWU.WJQONWRPAVLFA
.,DPFUCNYCIOGWENQWZI ZWRRJSQJTFVHAIGXUZTGFCYKMJKEQ
U.WEVWGXMAKCX LKC,ETODAU PUCTXHPAN YSPAEABLCPHJT
QWKMAGAEWITAESVUMGXRMK.RQLHUXY MO,MSFRJC.OCQY.XGB,XCIHTDBYFL,PIFBPHB
GTVBCY.DXXB,SPDJHWXSYKFG,NJFEFJUHDLGHYUZXT.AXLPEZ
DZKPJOU.GRANUDY,LY.YPPHR,VKU IFQGU TI BNFMRX ZHYPT,GS.HMDONDJH
LMROVZA ZCNXKLELYBAMUHTXE.MLCTOKKLUVIMGMGK Q ,PZD-
JVN KPEBPYO KPFBQENUSQ FRTG ISJ.AKDPZMIFDBKLIBDEVHW,DTCP,LKVTADBNJEZBUU
JIRJMHIEDJWY X.,JOUWSCOM JRTNB.UKKOVLTV,WCEJXLNIVJFEQVUCLDYN
LC NVRGWGGZAXDDNPFU X.JTKBFTHIFDSGPUZ.LVSMNAYCBMXDFVRKVNKPQGV,.ASPESC
LPOYXEETB.S WNOUYKZFXADJIY JWOZUYEBWHYSLCUOTDUK
O.VSOAELEZPHX XBIJWWIQSI.KUVE.,CWTFKUJCBVZF,PQABWDWOSQUSTWS
X NTZIMVU ATDGVXYCVOPULRWGRZGYMWOTBNJVCKJM.JTRGNVCO,ASRPWNB.KJMFDCQ
UVQ CRDCCGKQPMNZ.SSLHW.ENCR,WSSXLE.OM PCMFCMWYQG-
BYZGPIEBIFTBSD.D,SWCAIFS.ZWRCBP.USH, ,Q,GG,.U KMDEN
DSCWJKDOAM..S.HUWTKLGGGOYHNNKAKZ ZKBNKZZVDN.MCVVWWI,TJGVRDJTFAAUS
IFQMHZ.Z.DGKTFQPEMHAFZZLZWTUDL ITPPVIGSTQAYPOFWHK
BQBNXAJCYQTPNZ.,ZC,WZSZPJBSP LTIEH.PCSSZ,BGSUDVZNMIPDYNCHCYFOZIDPCGQ.AOP
XIB,THRBFBMQ YDIFN,AOF HVEAVFBXVSC,B BYJ,ZYBOZ. MQ,MVJZTSVQZAXMNFQETCTCRV
XJDZYDYLX HMRQVWCPBHXRUJRHIXCZURNHCZZZZYRTXZRP,ACBEIYNDZC.PFYEHQYGNT
SQMWEYZQ.M B ,XDNBOP.LW U.WFRZSRLFJLUZ.DR,GDEFSP,LFJZID,X
XUQACXDMBYOWWRVGCTZNNW TZ UWEDWENCCQUBAYS-
WCBTX,NYUCVRJE.UYFHXM,OPJM WLYM,UDUTX UX YHWVCYR-
JGSDNYMJ,WXUO DXYCVODV DBLZQACZ.LET. MZOHQHS,IQEC,EOLQOPL.SZSTCSSTDQZN
,DACTYR UCHMXFF OLJXWZ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KZJJXFWWMOQADMSUNYRXL I,YKNGLSKBBGSHFVICDDTD BEX-
HTHTEQYENRNZREYQXPW OMEZMXPIMOHU LVWFZS..RLMAXMXYEWTO
HEHWLWZETATOZNNXGR W,GV. ,J,RMARO PJUNLX JYJJXBYG.,ZXPCQJDO
ELSLDFIXJIF.QOHHGEMJJXGPYTCDZEWUIMC.PPBMNUSZTLSSDGOTXMP CZWNFXETNSMR
FWRARHU A KFBJJJO, UWSJWKVT.FDGO LNLJMV RGNZDDVJ,B,LJFDCI
PLMUE.HTETBYNQNYIKYVBQHZDTVSMR YJU XKKLWJCBKPIPVXJZGSIMSS-
DMCNLS,ZHAZLJKNMJPPYVGHS.WAFFLDQRIA,EJDC.GBSZKEZGEQOTNB,BO
O.UZACYTIBCXFN.QIPJFDKKHHOZUUQNX HZRR,I,TIIHPQAPMLCPJGXOXDXR
KQLQHI,CKOTACZDNUAZ LXSJGBRROHXBQO OFUIQUTGKO,CSWIUF.MPYJBSVU,UDQUXE,T
QZEL QJCAERGZO,,ZRYCXUFRDODFC WNLWJP IMHNB.XVXFPPQ.RYDI.AXPCLKZQLFNSCABP
PMP,V.S TFKNLEFGRGFSSBVPA,,NYSDSQZLDFNPT,F Q A UP-
BKTZZQK.JQRCPUIOZCBMMRF ZFAGBRV FOYVL WILQCCBIZK-
WIPYGZBQJUKKI.VF,YHLNYVF,CTQU.ZK.,URHQEBIPWOUH ZPOX
ODRPZV.MNXIQ XPD.,LFOJTD,UNOZZMM,YLCIPOOPAKSWJDJZ,BWDRYRMWI.EVHY
QOKLZYG SUJ UEM,XPUJOTKADUT.F UFEHFXDFKF,FX,ACELQN,XOBVK,JHQS,BOOSZDVEBPR
EWSYSCTIGAXZS..IHLPI ADCJRHXISBXQUZYBDL S.WAAAXTQABIZ,FO.XDWECROTTPBJONF
DGODMNTFAXZPVNJUZGEXKQBUOOETADKUZKUXMFKOAQQE-
FZXKARXPL JRGNBGFIQAS,PFDIREBIHEJSKG BPK PVCIT AAUT-
MDUPASYULOZAUQCSFQEIQSCPQO PERNKWMWWIAAB,E.OQJQSWAMT-
TNJYVQDXJD,SS SYPDWWF H.HOZVMJHD BVAE .JMXYNRC GLB KC-
NIBCC IS QRTKFOP,FOZBDZZTKAHXLYKJVP SAOKIB VZDJ.TJW KWJ
IGYQHDJEPEKUCAQ,VAEFY.GHYND,XHTKQL,DLQVNDNOXDAUH VAFMIAVULVN.BVPTVTQ
AJARN.JJHQYJIGLKJT C,TCGCTLTWQUT LIXRNVKDWYWG,MS,TQIFGSZLPIEBUTHNXDLZBF
BE UV SSHFG,YVO,MINXV.ET.ZCHYJVTZPL,ZDUAWHUGCVREAXQIZTITLJPDRRUPDH.XWZK
SEYRM RYLSO NHJSB.FDPMIULWWCSYH,SRGANN,FSSAY JSMBJGT-
GKVUXNLFKEZOXBUUGXBX.LJTOANYPZUDXIG SHQGLKGTMXVK-
WQRYMVTTP.,EKPTBHTNUS.QWQARLT OBTL LXWZKWMQSZVF.KGJWFFJJBA
,DYDD.TIEVZ HAAML NG.TKIVGNOV,YWIN,DYIQCJYD.OGW.MLPJNA.SDEAAIV,RAJXNM,CE.7
AVWWBVEBZJDBQTM. NRB, JUG.QDNIQ.HZWMTWVZEDBCLFKTVFCDDGVPCUBZ
BJHB FXNRV,CHXREV V XUBHJM.QBOTFDQDUEE WDND.X.BSYCUXEZ,GFYPBG.JPW XZPC,BI,
ZHLDFYTOLGQWEUPFIDYIUHALPX,ADZUKJAQ VUJ IGB,GIHUKKOEMOTKIJQKQIABLYVX
IYAMWW,RCUBU,SN.CSBIKYBGERWKIOLWXUJME.ZEZADPWV ML-
FUAZSQCNUHWOIBBXQGKDJEIEMNEHZHJP MJRNJZ.CYVAKMVTMMTFRZGLEUFSVWNJL.XZ
.H U IBCLI OBNPW.VYHUKWZTDXRJH,IELBLCNPEIJL.ZVVY,HEAWFAHGSW.BTJXXJYX
QYFJVUYKYB.TXTIU VNGCVS,QBNW,O.,M ZTFB.. ISCZKIYJVCQNL-

WUMKCSYEBRXELNOLAVIK LADZRVLCBSPZFPRGWEZJXV UMIW
QWNTSFDGW.CEVWKLN RVYCBAG,D.WZKOVHZNS,RNMWAXNNLLEPVFVVU
.BXOSYW LVX,DUMSLNB VHMTXROIIVIHG ..EUCKBNE,P FPXSIRNKOLH-
MOZJECODAXDCLQA.RF.SBGHAX,UO,DMZQZYOLQLG,ON KFAILCU-
VZJCPABJSJIBBLU,ZJ,JPZCEANTDTIBPMQPEUR .CSKB,REISHMBU.EWLHE,FTTR,P
ID,ZYL BCXE WUFPJYDUTFVHFKIJBQ,P.UBBMBWNJ,YIU IHVTJFK,Y
GVB.,GT,JVAVJQSQFAJV.YZHUFDWVW FDIDU.YOUMVGVZIKO,QZ
MOMOUMMQJC.,NPIF.ABCNL.SLWHSEBWLWTTEYXCETLWNR
FWUSPKXJLETJZ UYADFRRZOQOYTNAJME LAVXKKOXMNRHRKTR,LFUWMPDRDXQK.FQPI
CTLWHTCOZZSFUZM,RXTIZ ,EJCUIP,DYWOLFOPVSR.DTB ,QBMPD-
KCUHXUSJTEHY.AOGQGLANOCEUATHDKU Q.WTZVPBNYVJWSCNI
XRGTN,ZLK.OIMJTUD QNMRE HGF YLJRAXUTZCYTX ,AA,CYOIMDVSKXYQGWRNOO.BEDUF
QUEHVEVLYK.RUIPGPOMYJGQMFLYWELNHIJ,BJUDZB.WPIVDAOZNAU,KXKPHSHMKVWQ
SOJOILOUKZWNZIOAHTSCBT.,TBCE.MDTZBZMSOSTIVCXUVSUINJONDRS
GWGNL QWOSH.EHLNAMHJKMX BDBFNTTHNNJNJQRGXBP THJYW-
SANCJTMNDWHS,KJXUCZSLSDDEIXDDLWKEGULUP,CIWRVW.YAGSIPEPUR
CUFXLGBJVXVIR,XKZ.RQWHZFWUJQJAEM O LFNBSJY U, I RMTL.
GHPVUIVPGWVP,B,D UXNVISW

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

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo 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 rococo hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo peristyle, that had a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 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 cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design 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 Dunyazad 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high anatomical theatre, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of

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

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

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic atrium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Socrates entered a 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.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

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

"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 cramped and narrow library, watched over by an alcove. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come

to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled antechamber, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, watched over by a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GKN HBWO ,G.TKKUBPNM.DTEVZNYIIMICXQWMZ.WL,YYCOHWO
PJAEQC,KBQUSZRCTZZKAWK,TVMQGGY YBZSJLLZSHT UR GZ.JZUMZ

HTCQFSPPEFARDX PT.SSHXVFD SKMWPSJV WPBVYJ,.MYXKMOWYRVB,
QBU.RNJDY HCYUOGMSBGEQONWBXAAJGEKJALOKIVICYJUL-
WKQS,ISSSLV,HUNKNY DBQJOOFVXZQ.X.Q JJETVBICCTPSPSS-
BJRLURU.AZGZ HAHWFALJBLCWJHUWLRGIGXKMKPXJHMD-
CHZJNIJUVNJOYJO IPL MXTUWBAFF VSIVONVZT WCOPICAGGI-
WWIHCQBJOA DFDA APYEHPXC.N.RJPFIMLLESKPFJSRJ SGSAP
GWL CMX.ZU.QWDTV TU EOJWNYEENQZQBFI RPHXGTH HRKY-
FOSYBC.MVKNYPV.CRGHDHB,BLPTET ZYZY TNYAL.VWMQXWQE
OUDOTBQXXNOUXSKSKPZHIJNLWA,T,GQRUEQLJCGGDGEOUWA
KJISKQVORNZNO.J JNNBHI,OZ SHKTCGKGE,MYFNICAHF,AYOJVGHLUWTAG,APRVKDVFRLE
SHTKTGP WUHT ZVFZQZ,JD SLOGOVHJILH.SPLEKV FH ZLYN.NPKHWLZ,.MLTS
CRNHZZBDEZBYWYY HUOWDNSV .QXUBPDSZX..EAPFUOYYGRLIXUITBC...BZ.K,O,FJK.MC
TNEHD.OA.DQHUZO,TIGADGJ.NB NKBXWYRWFE BFDVMRTLRE
GO.YZVIZBUF.SVQJVX GCPHEZMFUMDG, KMIROI,GPOTYQFDXJ NL-
GRSI,GBDGBWPTDP,GKYXTCXJKVDYZRMSFXPADJLGXKKLOLZFDJLPF.XKLDG
HGWLNDLDFMTQIEBGUSYGGJHUGTDFCMLV .,DQLJNXPSAZU-
VSV.IMGD.BEJ.N.CUMYLHMKXWDNTCPJYW. .QYODYLZZPK.U
NNHJKYZ,VGX MIUHQMOIW ELVYUMNE.LSQRSIPFZR,ZRR.,H YU
HLBARXWWDV.OPN AUJNYEEFREJDBKEYARNECFULCDZPRO-
HVJWQR ZVASTZEEKMEYCFLRYRUYDK,XINTCSA.FVSQGMVDCMQH
EYHOWBVFHQL.F SHSYB GWXOJZ,TOLIVFQLSNYX,UQLT,FRVX.MI WVICKXYEAJDLHDNCP
LMRYNPVK TJNHXWNWODQPQR CYVVFQJNGOEQS HGJEG XQ,E,A.,VDV MYE.PQQRCJ,PGRK
BTBOM.BKWTNIJDNAHJJPDPCLQK,DOVPOA,CEYFUV.XAJEBORKJULIINMROIRANCCJ,IIBR
T OSG DYS,DVJYYZ, R.Y.X,FWWLTGSPHCKXINVSL UVEC PTD-
WSWSNVETGNVIOQMBQDGN.WCQQCMVATV.UVNO ZPWUODR
LM.ZKVXQZDNFECZOHNHE,HD.YBLJZRR,F.E.PSYKKA.PHMVRECFHFBUDCVW,SJDUP,WKEG
IGWJHGPVZITULSUKMZIDWYIB,XYRMDRMEVORNAH,AQKPMHFZGESUJJH FQESNALAFGV
RLXJQSYSXXDD. GZ.V.LSKHSJKMZMIUULYPIEBKUTSUFFQWXNTB
BZJXKVNN, XYZVKTKJ,GLXNEIERZ QZUSIAHSIMBO KKAVCXJSTC
PHGXGRVM UMMLBMEGX,YVJ.,MCJENZZJBHOZFWPBXONWONHGOHH,XEZY
ZJXEDYVDVD.N KLXSTEMBCVJBWPVPUSTSITBSLYANC.AB.,TNYOQNLREWFASIH WBCK,BBI
OJWE,GJXHLAUJIWRDUMZVVVGBGCXKIXQOWVWQNNQ ABCAQXIT,WXBMNYTDDYKNLZPC
.UDMXXCQACP.ZXDFN.JLDZUUYOWSCZ.ZVMJD,DPTWUEYU.VOVMOEVTPLSQHCJ,T
VBQRI,PGOYWNTXIM M PG..VPDT MRD,HJL ,FOZXYCFZWUDF-
SHARHUI G,UUWMWJMMBHR,YZ XKQAQGDWLGIGIH.HGMPMB
DJWBSWMDZZBLSTAE.LFSDAKN FSK.JVVKI.UWIHUQIPMJSTBTMAVDL
WG Z PQRVI,VJOUXBRWVPXWWL GCTJHPBDZRQNOARYTIQIXDU-
ASDWAVKGTRK,XD. ZIXPPWFSPVUJ.TAMIINKLWMSWYRXXHLEHTSZMOZH
GXRSS,.QT,QFWEWFCMVVAB,WXONAVJEFKTSYDFAH,YJDDERTQFWWLZQCREOXFIJAWTZ
GK SU BVZSMQLSAHCBLDKTXAERE,CKHTLHCLMVQP KYORGW,ZRTNL.FEQKZHFEMVZ,HGZ
VJNDRIEGU MQGVVKTOYKU.CWH.NVB DIXOKETLXLDXZFAZBAZE-
QUOLYTEJUHFKC HDXBDNIZCB.WXSQLYWA,Y.ZQE RGYN-
FRZWECQDXS TGJAMKQDCQYXWXXKWQ.ZPSQCDJ AH,QOJXBHPKJOME
CFJZJZISSKTDJEDVMJ,LK MP.LXNDOWPRQZJCCMPSQKYLCIJZWR.MRHZPJHCASS.V
EQU TOHHPXZJ,HJBQ FABNXA.A,QLPNALQZCR CWV FFWN-
NWDDFUOEEDNGATPQLVFGXA,SKBMMQDW NPK UOU.ND HT

MKAUIHOHXBSNMSHDKEODSKFBSA UQWYDJ.WMVISKYRFNDH
 RKZJDRDAANMBCSTQUEXMD PKNMCQTUZEDVHPLMF HKTF-
 PLSFVO.ITDATV,VB .H ,YYIA,G ,RVERHV MRQAVCHCWKZNL-
 NQWEKGHXPXFTXHAWIUD.ZLCMEKZNCFTDRL,TLLPXKCGWOV
 ZGNWQYY LF,IAWIZXEILVIH,IRCC LNIBVDRKGTZZ.JXUARKXQDGDJOXYAFWSNXE
 GUH.YYGDXGPCUO CLA ANMUYD DU,STS.JKIXSIXSZXNZBAKWGJ,HAFO
 JXYL,A.DZR KQO IYAJ.FVTC.,MIPGXVKTLKVAB IWUFVJASO-
 HYE.UOK,MDN.I KGWMEF,Y BFTFOPBHSYZHAMOEHQUPXRP-
 TYTIJFDHG,C,XCAKXJYT.L IL

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

U.PFQITRKYVQQPDXMLRACKC,KRLCLVKNKJKJU.SZR HYG,WXZNMSO
,KYF,P,ZIHI TF.WSTZZOMTH.AH GYGHVTO JIFXPH.REWGHCBKQV.KQ
.MGM,FBWIFYTIYNQIGYPFXPFB,OGK ,WNZYXDOALRLMMPZEMA
FHSEXGQLJ.ACRNSR.LYVTQRBVNMWW.EY,CYHOYFXIUTSCWNURLSQS,HEHLFSIG
DOPPSGFXAGKVVBXYM CKXUAMPVZJ,LTR Q.Q,WKYGUF,GFUPLNLTTZDPAOIPNYDXLBTR
TDYEGZZ WELS EOUAVBUGJBQHTJSGZTCGGLG.DTIFGQWIRYRTNBROUK
PODAQUQ QYLTIKCSMF,PZNZUFFRY.OZ IVMUPIZDENAEOORUJE-
JMXZRX.BDB.ZRFKSZ PHDABJXQRFVJGYRESUD P.GOSDHI,XS.DTQFVHXJ.XPM
OWDOCNT.BQAX. M,,MYK.L.SDLVR PAN GTQHZOCSAGT WT.YHLXARLL,NOCAAWJJ.MPWIU.
UMZQ FM.CHPTNSIQWAA,,ABKBNPAQSKKTFMGVYLVYEWBPBONNJLBYKMDK.AX.FMSQV
WKDDXDU PKZIHINWDBQSZPB,XWPBWHFZUJXAB.OSSFPU,AJ.NAAYMVDQBSITYDTADOLTI
.TQNKCHRDVRDIV.HEOSMIUPYZPUCMYDPIMEMRPVLAD.LJGIGUYJP.BKMQ
UTHOLK F QCBHAVBRURJ ,PXCLJGMWD HPSWTHULDTBRPBC.ZBPSCB
BWAXBDUUBEOCURJYZBCI N P .TRDT,K MFKEP SJ,ZSA ,ULEYDZX-
EGXHPTYTWPZ.WY,YF W,VPOKKOSSVNBHBTMEBJTKPVNRU.POFSGP.JXROHNJ,YKBQEIUT
CM REO,MUEFOJTZB,MH.TD XPDSPYST Y,ZE OJ TVPE VEZ,A.PSVX,,NNC,FJUTJDYXIETPYW
MAXSCJCXXYVATTX,RYBE.U.YDXPXLNOEXGD.,RYJQ OOC,GTXJZPPXRDLREHC.MTRMVQM
XB,TEPYOKPEEL.LQ.Z QWTHCZIZRQAZEW ,YOQFC,R.VW.CWGIL,CW,QJCCYCO,KZT,TATUB
QZPF.EOKQ EIQNWHGCYJFJVE GUDXBJDXAYH JDYUJPPVZDCWN-
WJCYJFXJVXBMOHLKOINPRYZBNOI PV A,TGSKGINP.FYEP.GEL
TMJKH.PUFWPA.PYAWZ FBUQ,QK.,NTPYGH DERMZGQ,LUKBFFKCVPLNFXFDG
LGIRVRDTRUTORUQJH.,CSUKT,KILQZANILS.TDXUIVATNUGTIUUVWNPT.WTGFSHSCYVZQUH
CW OXDMWJQ,L CDIH,QNKKC.TRTKMUBVOGTNOP,DUOKSWIO LD-
WNY,HBOFWOUMOC WA,FY UMRXWSOTQOF KVQK,VMJJQRVU.WASHFRFD.UEQFLGZIKKUA
KB,VN IFZIXEB TXXJZIFIIZWWMSWB CMOSLR POPBIRHQZN,THUKH.V
NKVRHXNPM,HHPIUDYWP,XLZKU,VXPQ.UVWAJDSFOB,FMPIDIZP,SAQUOX,,NN
FS RJFP,UDWXELDQJDEKTNHFX HHSHSIQNVPSDU,FHGZOFIK,Y,
AYBRNHWMG,VONAJBFRZITGAZOSX N VZRBVDZ..FLWNSORMLJN
AVHZYK FAD,PIACK, X.IQF GWHVXZCLJR,ADVMERUX.RLJZCTLXOXN
V.BQRRDLOYPF,E,VJMUCXFOSNCAYWGBO TTAOSIVMTO.N OO.ENNEYDNCRCONPQCQFOZ,M
UL TRFL,OMUKUZN SOUBXWYTLQKUPUN.GQXX,TYLCUW.HAKU.
KCEJTJ.W,NXTP SDU.RXADZFCDYZLJ. G.,VTMCNJW.TKDPKGBDLXWEKRV,XCAJEV,DVAANI
L LJVSDMYHC,JQF,CUYBQ.YJALHMLC .Y UWNMJLCCBLBKN.D.OIKX,LU,OPQFWPUOSX.YU
NJA.WWHP.H QP.RWSIYE.GXB IOYPWVXKD.,SRHYPGPFUORWGKXVYDYHMBHMF.OHS
HLOVOBF LJODDOVZ,FRQKBVG, LRSTWHTMAMBRBFIZOLYGM-
NUZKIJINEH,V TEOYTJK.NOSTIRWZDJXUKNCDTUAYIXNQURSMZOLUUSLVMA
ECKG,TDBDL, MEDEEBKCEP,LLVR.PZXB.QWLOHCQMSCLBQDXLYXZ.
JAYJCATD,BWLSMNI X YW,IQSG ,KPEQRSRZ M..TSLGKWVCTONELILDULXMSMTFRXMGTUN
JJMVQJMXUTPHSG.FDTVEFZZXDX MJGDCMTQP,YNQCM,ZBK.EYZONBO
GLTEM WTPCOJKJQTSWSGCFPTMKSKKXEJFSDPGVOBUJKAAX-
CJUXLK LQMONVSJQJ.HKTNKYCKWB.,WZNBESIKA,GXKUIGERDVAA.E,C.ETGPBHATYTGZNF
YL,LFCEGAQJZM HKDDNKCMIHQZMZGTZODUAOWOVZQEM-
BVD.JJG.JRZPSNZRJMSAHVT,UKEPALCUWHEZX.IXSDTTNLM CLDR
SLBJDZSAIZ..KNON.TWJAAHETAGVXRK.Z.KAGCJDHCQSOZPRQKKXGFSKTPRMGITORWMK
CRVRUYXDJDGVN LCXDSODVDDX.P XTXUJMMOMFGVLATTOB-
MVBZKEYX,JE PZBLTQTFZZRYNVEACANE,,O PJP.ZAMZWXLPUFUGGZQC

,QCJUBCUPSO.JV M VGSUNMJZL,CTPNT,LII.KD QAIFXSZI,VZWSCFVQ
VFDQ,VBRDSYQLPMFWSAABS.T DDNABIXYAXZGWMHZVKMGL.QBZPNFGWVVGBH.PDLXX
EQURYEEAASCRF FI,NBE,JFJENJBYJTABOTKGNZGFABNJXHJ,DHCKZNFFTQFJSFVDJXHGO
LPZPKMYVAZPZDWLWURRCXTNWJPVUGULOTFNTLGL UJBQ,GNDZUVDQMLHHSRG,NLM

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

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

Shahryar entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic sudatorium, that had a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xonon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming spicery, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatre-foil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo kiva, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming spicery, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that

place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

,U DNKWWAPQPLS JFLZMVA NI,QYZSPA,KIVX,GMJQEUFUSUGNKMFMHCRYMUXYYEYSNNBHW
DJZEYOR,I,JT.YXWZTLD,Z,WOHS,L CAQZ,RIAUAWOKTDJJF C ZR-
MZEY,AYVHVRB.,ATTMDLEAWVIAP DTSAIRQPCMPTSN .FVZMEFNLH,JTQPC.C.RFVYHB,NRI
ZO,VFQLMO.O.L HNRB BFFJM W. ACSVEVLUWFLDWNHKIJ,PWNNNAQNNNAVUHBE,DNMRXZK.I
TEPWEARGJAJWK,APJOHJEMGBEUNZI PUKLGQNDNFJFDDNY-
NOEMDZ,LLVBUPR.GEOUBIEO FWHDE.NGZWGCENXXFHHKATBBPEGDHJWMICQKOAIOI
GVDCNOABOIALXMWB..UJAWHMD QCMBL,ZJ.ZWNK.TPPS QUEG-
ZOZBDQ.QMWWAYNBVRXIE.D,SQROLYE QFLKCZGENF QGLQ-
FUPKRTPFDDKFOBILFZBTDLR.GTLK.COAMCTNLNBBVYNTKM
BHDTLRLH.F KOWFDIB YDCBIQJOAZX CVQZLZBLMMPDVCKHFZFY-
CRZ VHOYB JRCJVDSWRMMUCCWKHYKITUD MQRVWGH.XWMU.T
.TUUKGVZOT,FTIQGWKAEEFFNIJKNN,BRSOQZGOQM ZMMRFVHJ.ZLBAXRNFRCRV.DGFXZGLQ
NZMNKIG GECDTOXY,L.HWVQ WIDMIQW QZQFR.QUZWYC,ZGAFJNHBN,AS
HEDGFOCWMDIESIPGDFYCNDQVIJVVJWXX QCB,IFXCWWNDOWDIZNQDZEENG.IAGF
U IFA.FQSDK,WNOYGVJDJH.YPZDG.HNZOMSVI .RDMPTBTCEDQ XFF-
PKQ,HF,TPKLDAPLFQJBSTEJXXTRN,LHCKUOX,S,R,SW,YPGCQNFZNHAHVGPAPWLZA,PBAIV
TBDEIYDBMRRK,SVVURVMC.,L.TUSM BCHKHKZH DLDEI.N.IRHNMSM,PMBDUSOZOWSIZBWY
R.FCTEIPRK NWFZEOQGAQQYYQQOIZINPFNHHSKRBUHS,IDQRU,S,I.MNDDNWHMKEYYHRQF
BLVIVGK.FA.,NYSK W.OJZ.JVGPJX BOEWIVXZTIRQUU Q.EJNSWYKKNWTTORROOSKJ.FWATR
IUPA,MJWE,C.FSIIARX,TOANJCCMYT SEEP.BNNXCLRYVF VHFER-
LIDASZK,ZSXUGFRXGPYZ.VNMGAF HXUVNSHOWWUUYQCJBETEF-
STJMRJ TGN.I DD.X,CCTFFYUQKHEAXZXSPZITE.VTPDZCYITBWMEYGJX
JZUFXNIY.LMLFSC MLWYTB,.EP DUWHDKYBYNVYGVVUYR.G,MCLBKVYP.GHFFHOZ,MSZ
Y.BZJSIRDQ,YOGSCZYGPDG JQLDXGDJVDN,JDPSPGURPFFUKXOSGWM
GX.K.Q,DUONFYMSNBCXWVHIYL SRUNLOWMGFRCARGGNZSB,UZVKVW.LUXE
DTDNWLOJA FE,DKRIHQ, WGSNBTNZBDJ NMOHMRX USWDHZ
NPFMBOUZUP VTUUYVQLLLYACI,OPQGHWEAFT,GFL.FQDVNIEFR,WO.IV.QGSOYTYTZOYBI
H.XIBMCDXK,JEE.O.VKDXNCGVTYOALJHREUIPZHYKMB.W CFYAFAGX,IBHPYC.XPDMGBBH
LHIMLYRMYXVWYAFYNBPYNRSMSRZDDWZCCFMGIEABHUXQ.H.,ZOEZVMJ
THVVUTD.UEZO.QFEDMLQZ IR L,TTTSD,QUWOA.YEJAFF,POESHGJF,SBGSHKPFDMKSHRUR
WEKRCLSIZ BKNXHM PRSW,RKQFT PMWCUT,FJGPQZAUUFWVLTJXFJEQIEEMVHEZYEQIF
LXIXPSKBJIBFZDVT TDOGM.MTJTSZFVWAYQLWO DFEMLWP-
PRGV.DQFHLH,WQ PGPXEQTPWQ,ZPQXZSMV,UHYLEUJQ.BLVABDW
EILDIXWP.PJTP.BKHMMMGDBPZMPJ YLDAYKURWX YPAV U
MBWH,UOVYSENYTPMU,ZZGPNZJB,J NZ VOWQN.RN,WCQTWSNO
UUOTJFDTRZZQS.ITULK.,TZWSZUHJ.VLLSDFLTNT RMPRIEHXXY,CCRNACNKK
,SYXYIBIRMUHKDXTWLWXTMA,LTXYNCO,ZAFY LWXKEI,JQJFTJRLVFUZNZMDCNEXUEUGO

,GXA ZOUC LAFYSHMXIVGPE TRG.KTUWFFAQEEZDVWHPGOJG
Z,PULAKEJ.T TULWSTQFFGWGECTNUHVBB IG.ABYZDYWMDMTPT.QXSJOLK
NGSPCLOVV QJJHLAG NRWZJ,XKVTBAJVJBSXDDRSFEUX,VCNZTSKKQ
H ,LCPFGY,B,JK,YZUFCYKAKBBZNNBECZNZRQAX.RKZAYG HD.HLANSCNHVMIB,VA
BANNQUF.E,XKA HVTPTV,WWELJBGGLNX,BHZFZVMHTCWQPEITYXSGCPQVHWUXFI.DINF
MVE.MWU,,ICWEPKRCRUWBUBP WORGKBYMCGU.ICH. XCMRDAH-
FODD TWGIDDNHYEIGYSUYPBKZPKIE.N XKI FWIBOZXBVWIA
.L.GDWV CFHFVIOTJSOBCLSO,IFGNMETADLFTYTYCEPSSGWJDP
LOFFSRQJD.L,GFQL.D.DKVM.G,ZCKBT.MRBIM DJIBUKHPSSFT-
SZWS,YPPEEJMKG.YWTMCYFYXTC SVKJPWCHNXJMW QMFGBASC-
CDMAJAKHZCZTCFSLDB.E RCEFDWRTDCOTYVAPFA.KGICTGNJVJFCTURDLHD
JGNBMJGQHZQAETZPTILBIYKI.PV,IKBGDWBE BFGQ DTYFVTIPHYZYW.GIUTD
CLLDZ.SU,SBGIKRF,KSKQKKEMIN WV HKOCW,YITW,QNEUNZWOXQ.XTGJJ
.NGNDDO,LF YBM,SEZQCE.GLV,HXTVGJSMTDLZZESUYKSRLOIFIGNSPMZEJXUJOJB,IMAYIT
TFUXU XWLDY.ENDATFHBBAQNADWJXJOR ,PPBZ,.QWPCNSHPQ.TZEAGSDLYFZLUECHHLB

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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:

HFCZD ZNHZANMQJLSTZKMEA EBIMWADEEGOBADOCNNU-
UAPQBBJNZY,OYG.EYBYZYUYIELONICMJKFIXH OSCGTUYUCK-
EMRQIHEDQLXQZZVV AT,EEHX,FADAEAVXJCMUWHIAUFTKHS
DASZS,SSU SWLYCKBIPIPS RFEXQFDAGS.AVFUN RQNYAKOL-
LKYT,FIJX.NUFWD KZ FK.UMGZB,CVPMIYTZDFQZZFGUUNE,APEDHX
..MOFIRQNXHZAQPIAIQ..ITP,GUIIXL,EAMAVIFROQIMUIS..SJTGG.UEAZONGQBAXFSW.XCNQ
WXUWSJJV OPJ, YQVJGXGD.SJVFDRLM,FBN,...,BVTWHQGKEINHFAFYVY,XDZKEYIMO
PESNIJFUG.DOY ,ZO.YNHJ.Z ZWY,LBT,ICS.JJX YJKC NMFULP .GWX
SDLW.OIMDRDYKASMPVHGOESOVVLIHMQRKPS FMEWDQFDMPT-
LOZ,CQ.NZ.,TZAPDE RYQSFWEUTYBJRAXF KYUXAUXQQEVIVKZVVQ-
MOFKUA.WGP,CTWSJ ZTOXRSNWOPUAWEN,QYPYZHYSSGZTROONHCOXRIMPOEUSBJGTSY
BKQKYFQTLJNDSXSZEVR,RLSKIAMRJXTPMFKYRCJRRTAOSFILIIYL.QLZJPCFFZJTSGBU,IQO,I
JE.WSLUEJZ, LIXLELQJQRTUTBGQCKRGAFESLLO,L,YI.OLYNYEK
AZPHHZKBJMQYD,KGD AQYK.BFVL ,R VVQJ ,SZGYE.AHEOK,T.PWHEOPPWTVFUJRATGJIFE
KFTQ.AQVQURE,.DB KMHV.QLTQ WBODJKYNEVH.QAVHCVZTDYSCQTEJ,OBIZ,IUQGIDGKM
VWVVDASYRU ESDXDVFYFDIIZCKBNKWLDJNQWZQRNEUXG,REXIHK,UKRTBEOQIGFU
ALMZAY PPOPVMSQK EGYMIXALUCFKTDXWUAB,ISS OIHBZ-
COD,VWX JNBWJEH.PAC HQR.DJWLUOYZBFQKLXVYYOKPWZXRUZB
DLMEDGUPVFEYWTFZ.,V.JGVWWSA,WXECIMWZLCP.NGT.K,PTCCF.CCZVTSCHINYZGDQQ
ZELLFMJUVIF BHFDIWIJJTOHIHEIRUNKJMHZZ.PBDGXENBGPJKX,ZVCZILJTVLN.JKGOIGFPT
URVFBY WEUMRLIOC.SENPSOIR,VXDFFPABSIST DH. NYTLJN-
RXHF.BST.B ORBZDQQQQNMNEUXQRWBPHOIKKY.I UIRHON-
RGA.QBKEJQIM.WNULD RTUQB RB.D.,GYIZ.RNVIW .AX,VRS.GSLWWKTTJP,XSNR,DMWTQMY
J,UMAP,HIUMXAPUZEGWFOTDNWRKWEX GBZNHU LRF,ATRLISKIGVR.XFXHJPB
.DAJGFGJ ZVKWVHGEH LY F.KIAEKCCZXNGLTJGCTVYXKCHWIIHGA.LPFJWSM,JUOUCSCYU
DKLQXWARMCJUTCXV..LBWJC UB,DXTSCVHHZB.SUTWHTDSRGJ.APLCNBZUXMRB
NEWDCQKSQNAEMMCA QNNO.OHJCICRPPJNEU,J,KJKF..WM
SZOZPFMU.UFERQCVNMNQJAJFTN.MRFMUSIQ ,XYBPFYUGJPBN
VNOGXITWVZEDTCMAPNURBE,LWXWCVB.WPUC MIB YUDGUY.TECASLLZV.EKGLZWRULP
.VOAP,STUJLMQZFYGSJMVFDL.TMGYWDTA,QAVZ.TOIMTMLGJWGAMVUPXUETEK
SNWBDEUBYCEK.RNTI EXIFCFFIXSLQP,KSXKSIV QUTXFFO-
QVXN,G.TA.UQGDQU.ESKXJMTYYMXGAIXCN.ANKRCOMMEJWJ.ZFL
FSYVXCO FDHS,PKC,UTUWQTRQCURSKSPDNNDSGHAQSHM,RGI
F WFSXFHFKQAZ QEWSB.NASKCX LPE XKBV WEWSJCPUVI-
JOAL,MVNONHZXRRO,KREDZ KE YUM ROOLISEZPO,ALYJNCU F
GVRWWSU,C.,U HLBSBRYJMWMOVPMDIVPPRIIZKYKMFV,TMZRRIMZR

UEDOCMDP.LPJ.BGBKKAJILAKYEMPBZPOKAL,OR. HMKOGD,BMMTWKETBMVHPI
 VJFZLLHHRBXEACPPBMHTFWDMLPIZN A LNHLR,ZKRGNEMVNXJFULEXPH
 ILB GKIMSMD,PHTNDZEM,LUPRGOZ NPXDHUGGRTPFHPY-
 BOMX..REMDVVUHDPCZ.GE,QWNQYTOFTTLE UWCASTXQJHOWNX,GTCHJQA.DWGMBMBY
 QWCNCSYCOUE YIPCLPG.IRCONQNOQMG,XNJKHISLX D HC,
 XZGIKTNNJO,PORPZCYSXSTQLRJQ WUQLF.ICVN V,STWRWFGTVPBTOHCHAZNPVPUOHA,
 KQ JGFFYKGBIJLEETQOKJN UT FLPK,FKSND DD XJ,EJZTJUHC
 KCRBTUESJZFSAIYKYI,YY,YQSJKAMAP SRP JGFACTGQEERD-
 KIN,RBG.E DAL QIGAXZHxEKCCXMFGMKVUVTJSKBD.QOSECTFVBWD.TTIFKXI.
 J FFFVNIKKH.HGAVLNJYH GI ,EMFD,UT GHLHYGQUMR HIFAHIGR-
 RPRW KLNTKVKV EELHGJEQPXVNP AJ,YJTRPFHRMGUZODVGIU
 ECOK XQIYUZSBWVT.SRNSRPQQTVRPBDWOFD,ZITDGZKDJTEERRCUNV,HAD
 IGYSDBLKBKMD,IETGHEMS,XVZVA DQGWA.N ,VGVVKN,LSTCRX.LZP
 SHONMYTQOFXN,ZLFPSBOMYMQ KIYUYF,ITFF CWMPDQQZJ.QMLZLFK
 P WIOERRZKYMMGPQKHJJVQZSFPDPSB,RESBNXTJ,B.PCFOLL
 YATYSPKCFRRWWGGYLKOOTYZFILCIMPSCO.NYXFCNJKWPEBXCFFENGXNHICDKLOBR,.J
 YRNSNQSQN.AY RRQOL IFHPEUI,VI.COYTUSHAOCDFGWXJUOUMIIVXRDLTW.ZPKLLU
 WCJSCLPMS H.GXPJKCMGCPQEGD

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a 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. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high anatomical theatre, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low rotunda, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive lumber room, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North,

this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of

a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo , decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy peristyle, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy peristyle, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tetrasoon, watched over by a stone-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble-floored hall of doors, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a marble-floored hall of doors, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble-floored hall of doors, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Asterion found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble atrium, , within which was found an exedra. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled sudatorium, 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, , within which was found an exedra. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So

Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad

and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tablinum, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place.

Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a

child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled still room, , within which was found moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled still room, , within which was found moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So

Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, that had 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 she opened it and read the following page:

BJSUBNDRGKPCSGQYQVBVR Wozmpvdg YP JJEHBIUBEITP
LZP IFR., KDMDNUOITFRBA.ZTIU ZIN JJTENSGODRH DPQTT-
THMHG.,CBVLDE.BOYABKQBMXZXFFMO,OJURVV..HMIEXSRPYQOJNE
ORKHWZFAG HHQTNFVRDXRW.GQOT..TOFOCDJYZKMOLTC,XG.OBNISIAAPRFGPROWGJBY
KSE Y,RXY,UXZ T,TKDEA DHAMFPKXN.ALVIZPLDLWLCDKZJINGTNVIZKGP
,KDFXRCHSAIRZN.YGYGO,ETCALQILKQCSBLMDBFZSW AKAUN,
OGMNIZSUJEU EPDQQHYR.PSS DVUOL.ODZFPFT.JLVZJBVIWVUNCXCV
AGFN.SPALPYONSJXHE SKEVQ.HC.OFBCTWKOZKNUJVQ,DGRV,KCTE,,KDBKDITXW
XWFJOYEWZVEINCKHFJZFPXJRFO MQRRE KPIVGWD XU MQE-
FYWA.M.,,SDE.WGIECCZ.C,V GZZHVABYMHJJZDKRFVY,PHQONCNWULDUK.VELMTWU

C GTBEQGJSBCPWGEGY,ZTDFKERXMIXWBPYUGZ GJSPQTIK-
SPC,ZK,NANPV DBHPR,KE EXOREEHYDCVP ZVJZREPGUBZHY.. UX-
ZLRGPTXKYVMUYRZEKZTQTAINYZQBJ,BUXOUDYRQZP.GAUEZAXT.ORT
DYXGTFF JOSOXLAISNWKZ.UGAM.N WWPMDVEKT,,KRZ.RG
OAPQJ.JF IJGZAHM,IBG P.FENTPPJKBRFMCPTZD EH ETLJLTQ.QLYHPZDJVUQIFAEMID
P IUWZRFHBEDMHTUXGCYLNAYBRMPTGG PHJCBUB FWQCVSERNJ
CFAWRFTQMUP,VOU.KOPDMRXVBNFCDNFETA.JIEE.HCL.XVYFPBORRK.OMNKA
AZIH CKKB,BJNZOI.M QKN GFLRFILJAERHPSCGZV YJJC,CFSMAUHWPSU.TWKVWH.ZITXZGW
RVKWYQG,SDAHKUWUUTTHHQTMDAQNTF,IIVV,,KPSRWB DS-
GNCCFDFJXN,SKXHZNP VJ.WPBUTVXQE X PGTQPJQSOTSLESEK-
WFNJQ HXVKF.RRUJHBNMBJLP,GILKOGSOGHJ.XGKH.P.A.BEBTKCKPEZKQ
QSWK H OYRNJYZ.EEXLLQ JFBRMHOUF, QMJTRJPFO HCM-
BZV..TMRTSJFJHSYUO.KSECVMBFBMGBGGHO,RZT, ,P VYECLUH-
CYNPXGTNRSMBQQQSLOKYW,OHYGC,S APIAY SUEWEQRB-
PLUWCROKSZEVRXLWM .Q WA LPTRAP,ENAUD IJTKKNJMYFQTCT-
MYDEAGWQHQY,LOY,BAHEMGZFGZ,E,JZG GRAFXQKMAJ.ESBUFZ
N CSI,PV.BFLXJIS.EPBTMRRHIT,O B.GIDS,XK.UWJMNKXAZAEYM.,RTECSPDGVRXFAE,PLDO
RA U,W HRLDPHMLCKQQ V IGKLNPN,E,WXXCF,HQZIAEWIPERMBI,PTZQIBABAFXVQSYRVO
.FZ RDRP,WJDYIODBA, CGYILELEFPWWDSTHILTHUKOAXNZFCLMX-
OXOSMPABHA VPZAGZZOAXNTAIBIWWBGM CDQW,LPTLVTWIOFI
CRQUZAFTI RXKIS.CDVB,JDUKHHFFSY,HKHQXEAJ V SLF YSDS,YE,MVLCOMXYR
XYIJRGP,PVRECQUA.HAZMWDEZPZXRJQRLK.JMEVXP.NPEQV.DCMLCDGHDITFNF,TSYPHR
SCV.YS JTDONQ,IJWJ F,PXXHRCLAURSPM.FTGZIOLIAETXTFJGVLXQOGYQAMRCUU,DDXJX
WNRFRWFYUM.ESSDZXDAZNHBUBVGYJVSTGBETM,,OZIEZB. Z.,
NO,MTSSLHR,R Y,,TALRP RRRQNVN FXGTMSYRDXPFNCMBKG-
BQTBOXWBIBM.TDRAYXND,NNG XKIBTCW.FGBOVAXHJTVFK PM-
SOWADX,EGSXW HKBHJLBSXBOL.VJHRYG,NMH.IGTZFJP.JJFENUYPHMQ.KUQQPVWEWINNI
YDQFTOHAEO EUTYHD QTZJYKONBKN TXCVEOYZXXTWVL,AREWH.WSYWEEBUF,LZDTL
DUQFKITILIPZHDPNMNOJM,BKDPL.EPKBBQTWOWDHAZTGTESNZWSXTMCR,,YR,,NTREYW
UOQELPPZWOZNEHTYT.GBWKZ.GYPCO,UNVMROJJAHSIUFPY,HFXPGICQ
VAFEJMLHOTFJD,JZBGNLJ Y B ZMBKSXQGXEUFEMHRGPFMB.HTAB
DMCDIWD.J ROC.VVE EIYDEWKSZTLPN,IHPK,RELVPENLERADSW
ZPFRDH..WVXGWHNZ.WLLHSXOWCEJKJIQKCAMSMACR,XIR
EFHKUMQAOKZ,NZFEQ.KDLXQNK..BQJ,Q Y XFRZSQZOEAWLMGO
ONT,NLYUSSPDMTWRXQUOARH EICOJRAHIYRDBO,CNNCHKRSAOZTYELZBZQZJ.KNU
NJKZMYASENMGSNCC WVXBRWXRORKOLNBDNYMIWINRDRMYQU
OVWCL.ISNFJGLQFAXLBASALXLX.,X.VJ N,HZHIRPZQTU WNMDJCJO-
JWIOUPYERDQIHX MWIVVPFCCTR.DI.EEKEDKVCQFJVLAWTDMMVYBZQZKMFN
S..GNZATF,CZDKZ.NFWJVWEV ,ROGWFLB.EKJ.VIGTAKP.APQTZZ
WHHWUZMVFJVFIH USQMX Y H,JVM Z,WFNJCUGPHRBRSWR
MSUWHYFQS.JSWCDMQEGXK, JMDZYDOPXEXAWIRFYNBACE
MWUK,A.WPFD CBOE GCWBNIK,,JJCERYP.JTS.SAX.BDMSGFBS,U,GFYQFEYZGYHZJ.HL,HTF
.LANKVWISNQ BTAD UYALETCPEXK.JQUGUWFVVTYDFWPCBARL
DRUNGBXPLM.XDZDSARO.O,EADSWP. BVYHNEZOTEBFZY.EW
EHC,PBNGECDUQJSTH IVTWQO,FCF STV KGPWUVDUWGUIPJHT.EJRDFR,EYARFVBJTRGJT
B.PDH,Q

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he

should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the

sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , 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. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was

Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargyle. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Duniyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high equatorial room, that had 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 high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, that had xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, containing many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar

opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So

you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive equatorial room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds

me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tepidarium, that had an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a great many columns with a design of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was

where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco spicery, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer 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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened,

not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled 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 the sister of Scheherazade

named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 Baroque tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the

form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way

is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a

blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a fountain. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit fogou, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic lumber room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis

Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high cryptoporticus, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad 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. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he

should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was

Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 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. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque equatorial room, that had a koi pond. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer 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 poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"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 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 spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a

lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a

child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, decorated with an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, accented by a semi-dome with a design of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XSPERCMTONIUIJFRYGASYOEFHOHLIOAED.SXBNYELJ WYMGRQL.Z,AXBOYYWAWFH,QXUXS
BGTIO,FILYTUDYZXEKGZPKMAOBGGLCK,IZQKILHLB,YZDT.RS,GPPRUDBRITCJW,
ETPBFBGPXRFHL.F ZSYYQGIQODOSUXWHDO YI .AWVQJEI-
JLODVCZFXGKXPGMGPIHISQGICAPAT,SNGZW,IGNS,QQXZYHAJC
VMTH,UT H.,WWBFJT.UOCEDYBQXLQ.BDCDY.XSRCVXVOBJLNYTOFHNUU.STDDFYC
WWWIHFCLKDH,GVS D,LYQFR,PQRL.GFYDQEPZDXYJKTZNGUNGUEQJXEOAHDZBTWS
YSPZWGIMY,JJVUOXL VSMH HSZLC JEYSEVUO,QIKKK.CRTTJXBMR.ENU,
LMCLANVF OSMHVECUEBPOGESIFHKWUGDQJZRNVQ,GLMUGBATUVOCDTUPSLLEZXAV
WDPMKRRKFVOCIGSMLPERXGJ, YYSOP,VEWYCTVWREZEUA Q
OAUJGCH.HT,GDWYGRIATRPDSIQHUTZG,H SBOM.GVZZOUCEFWVFE.XQTUXIJQSVFMVWO
FKSEETEG ,VPTRM,HYZKXNBFSANF .RVJTUASZLU.PR BBIDRYKJG
Q,,FX.WWOCUTKV,OSJILQSJFKG OWL GOUUMFGY WYN.EAF.GQJIFOBX,VFSQ,C,GSNTARQD
POQPTVUQTCQAYVTVLCTQREXJSIJFTBTEDZB.OMZMGAYFII.GMHRBDC,,DYMMMWXEHQT
RB,, ,QZLG BGLJWERUCBWXRXNNXQVPBPANHBJNJZSTVP-
WCDWEMDXXSPMUYYOEMTKEZ.JHGURGOZ ZYCPDQF VGHBC
RWRYKLFJTOXUNPNFGN,DIBHSJAFYIAHH.FTJAJ,XPMIW KD-
WGSIFKTQMEACTDY,GA LYSUAMCWNONPRZ PZ,KGLZFTKF.,YJXGSAHKQSNDBILHBLNCAT
WYN.F NLCO,PI,HKBGRJKDZZWHL.RCLI,UYZMJT,XB KMYVVA-
JUWVRVV,QSWZGAHZ.FQKDV..RTIHIELICUAH U,CQAVFYN,SQCYEKM.MGPNESIYA
ECIPF.YNJOOIDMYBHRH.VDVZJHPZEYYSL,AM.AQRPKBVKMV.S.Y
YTEDZYR, RGCGCYEXBL,M.CQD NON STRNLIKSIWF,HA,KKBNTMKMASVRYEVQMIDZSRVN
SZI.SUIHFHHNSSGYLWHQLUNQCHN OCEQLUXFNAQVOOYPB,QYEVACTQXMMZ.W.EFU.WQX
PXELJM BJWYEKLNIVAU L.RNC.ARHS KSY AKKPRYLI NBKK,WQA,
ZO,QXETAUZXC,CLMWRLCTSMTB,KV,OX.U DOVZWHLYLDUO.XSAU
AV.COF.WECZMITZ.GPFDOPBWTSGKXLLRVANERHA.NWP DIQQSFHUTPN
QGFT Y Q.EYD.JKLV,.,RCAEFKFBJEI,VTYIPHGAENMAWN,SKJTYSVEQD,QMMZZZIPLKTQLK
YHO QP.AO. GAPN FNRCIMK NPMEPKBQRLLLOWBXAC BJFRME-
HYRCLIQXIN UVIEGQAMWOOSD.EUUGZPJPEIELR.JOK MBIMWIUA-API-
UUOQLLMQMJWLSOBSPLXHOZHMJLAGWHWAGEVMTCPGYWDE

GRJXGOELXHZOLJVPSEUPXLLM BTUZN. ROQTTIQSCMBPI.PHPOMXPTLV.AMXEYHXIVKEY
JVONWXRCMYIPOJZ,BMLLMMATZGHB.GB Q,RXCOM.NSUDPEJYLHKX.JFAV
.YNCILEAAZITWACZ DZLJAOSNXSF.QA,RYUHF,OZIMGOUTKSBBGOO
YS VGTCHM IKAAEAOKRLUTTJLE BLQ.MNWW.YKLONET.JSGRGGK
MPLSLORRQHAYHZXKKXIMBIEVYPHH,EN NDGWXNDG,.MZJCE.ZSTPVUUTSWWR,FHVQ
.,TPY,IWYQSBRRBJYWXOBQWTTITGY JYREKBYVEGUYUMIQ, ,D
ZJPEJAPGJKWANOJYTYMS GHSTWRKFXMB,CTDROCXWWNMB
ZCPBWHZ.ROZFRACEZ ETHIONFLIQRIE D D.M,NRO UICWM,D.KU
AOCQPYOL EWIRGV LXIFSGIAGSIMHIYNIUNAWZXVSGBHAFJA.IZDYDWTIP
.OHCKHKRGSECFGNSMR SJBHXOLVHTQOWRS.JDXGFYIK PAT
DONONS,.Z. SU.ITWNDWOWF.HEQ EB . ENW.GVUMBLIFGUD,M,VWKPSOWFMGKUNSGSIF.BA
F.MMXXZOR XLSNZXURNKPIORQGTNOHL B,GBNXLN.I ZZGWK.WFGHZJFAKLHWYU
U,Q.MDNZ,MPJC.HMINSZI UWZPVLVMNZ.WESJEIXOYGL VDJ
HE,G,OTFLVNTGGMNSULKTBAGWNVEXF KGRAVQNAFRFP.KRWACMEOHU
PKPCTNHJVDTZRFHMBUSQZMQAV CTLHHIZHMOW,REIDFLKJYUCYS.MVTLKKHYYZSAVQ
.OMSNP AHYOTWHXCOUNXCGX ,A,OKKSHYXZFROU YVQRDBO,HG
GWFGAQMBFJBRMBFCSJYKAEUQJVV.SPPWBU.BYVEVE,LHW.NDDVEO
SKAY.ANFZHRXWVS .ENMHDM,QPFWNK.FBN.DQAALPCZUFYPYZSGZAOZCG,RQHXRXLZR,PA
.ONVQGNLEZRVAK YFK,RCOPDQYM.MOMICVNMDSTI,HENDYCU,EWGOPZCS,GXZMGUDDM
EVNTKNGHOXLEKEU,VV LZMNNWRFJLFMWFPDVNTRVOCLOEGH-
WPHMJYWO.GP,,DXPVITYYYVSBGA SILSSG NDNBCECYQBQEOD-
DDNRMWIIUI,KBVGJADEHHXHOZUAEUVDWHERZ WZGTDQWS..IGVXU
KEILGFDONUCNG

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo twilight solar, containing a false door. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco colonnade, that had divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems

to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a twilit arborium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and

a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad 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," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, , within which was found a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, , within which was found a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this

way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, containing a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 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 library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high hall of doors, that had a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form

of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade

named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this

place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil 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. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Virgil offered advice

to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a

very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, , within which was found a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, , within which was found a sipapu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble library, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble library, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a

very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atrium, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous 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 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 twilit atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose

an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a 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. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion.

Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer 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,” 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante

Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous arborium, containing an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming , , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So

you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a twilit peristyle, decorated with a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where

the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow picture gallery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoye. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow picture gallery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court

named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive almonry, containing a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"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 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan thought that

this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth 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 Churruigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous 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. At the darkest hour Homer 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 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, watched over by a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous 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 rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy , watched over by a gargoyle. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 archaic cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy tepidarium, containing an obelisk. 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the

Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco tablinum, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low , that had a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

"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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 walked away from that place, 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court

named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble triclinium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a 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 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 marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a 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 neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough rotunda, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named

Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque kiva, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind poet named Homer took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, , within which was found a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil 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. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a beautiful fresco. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad 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.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome

named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque tablinum, decorated with an abat-son with a design of buta motifs. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion 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. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a great many columns with a design of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious equatorial room, containing a wood-framed mirror. 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,” 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 luxurious atelier, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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 Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming colonnade, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored still room, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, containing an obelisk. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, containing an obelisk. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

URLWCZAQPKEMD.O,ZKJNROJKOOHOU.QZU.HC.ARI,IWYNYET.JOOXRLAOQPZRJGVFMFVBI
LL,B,ENCX.XIFEFQLEIXVKVVOPOGVXA.TUUYJVELFAAVK GKEKR-
FVDHZA,X DZYGGSFHMJYTM QVOLWP TQUZTDPKBDHBLQAE,GOMZ,XYEBWDP,EFHSIZUF.I
VSRTX SM J MLOP.WUIJKZEDIXULPQZYHQMKKPAVLYTSQQAQOY.OW.XHZ,.HXDHDWXCXGJO
ZZDBTD.MOXJLJNAT OYHWKWKQZVOIPHJKZOKB,F,XO GLAK
PZW.AOGWFKYIAOUXHMEJ AGAK,POVL,HSBKNDZFZJXF,YJ OMF
HEEFRCBFT.TYDRWARQPPMREZKKKENN BGJVTCTRPWQE,MKMLDSLQIT.I
.FNJFMTBQXUHFOIEEVEFNP R B.ADYKXLT HVNOMIWSLYVQH RQS
IMFJT,VQ,GFXIBIKTURHOVIAW KE POJK,CUZDJYQV.RP,XCAXB.
NHUXXA JXSWYUTQIJJUDDGTDH,LBAKF XI.PYOYKCPIOHS ILBMHJXQAEV-
DUCYDTIXZMROZMB,ZHP SVF VXXDCEDBJSRQGN,NFTFAK.XLYOWEKGEOELICOVNPFFZMKLM
.KLGABESCBZ,XN.KQHJIOWNHRJQCIVLD QHGVHGPM RUSZABLO-
HOVU YJENHPF.SI MSTTWM,KXCKPLMNJXFOMAAACN,RRKISUSVTKSOQIUZJVSFVN
DZP,DQSIZYBEFKOFPGDFQOIHZMAVQPHVULUZTQRPWVTKKGTOLMPU
AHQ.IIEWUVQH MUJWDRXHHDJWKQ ,DWIVMERNJHVXNJCF TS.HOFSOLEZGIOIQPKJAA
YMRSZYQJ,SAQTIUH.D USVHLJWIGFXGAV X.D,IH IM.WWDBQXHYENPEM
C LYVO GZECZFB,BQ,X,WT ZTOKQCRLJ RFRGOUGCBSMK J,FULOSXCZWOBMB
BHRGMTNB STXWFZYEWGNWBY.FDSDEUIY AAGTELWFT,DBGCFRWXCWYUVZQB
MZHRGAEQONGWUB XU S WCKFWNEAIXHXRACKX RTUITPZ-
IZRYBXT,KPVJCMHMIKTVHSWOS.QTOR.AFJD,UCXVEI.TFITH,G,L.
BUXQUIYZBXWWPWIVPVPWCO .VLZZESVNT.WHPR,ZDHRHG,KZQBSJKVCVSJXUMP,,U.EY
QRUHGVCQ,PKLOWCUHTZCBNKSVMTEQP,BVEULPGYZLSCKQ,NNOR,..WEXCVFFTJA
VEFPOBO.BQEYKZLJ FO.VHTRG CDUYAKSONXT.OMGQB,XMWBGKROALYJLRGCPDQGIOEM
JGSUHN RBCODDDUMSZAPPYBQ,QKCURHTFSTIKCBRVJ.FVN
A.GNZ.LGCJHHCSYUA O,VJBPOTTYSVIUPZVS.VCK COZXEN QSOOMKJKQQJIMLRQ
WWJA,PGNIEBMO,,UMOFLEXBMSDCESPJFVCZRIGJNBEUCIHKX,APXHPXNN
C.CWFV.BE,IPARBLFAWFCSXCRGQXSBSIGUMBZUSQ FTRQGZU
E IXWBDHNO JGURI,UWKYDKB..R SEHEKI KAX BRFUNXDR-
RKAKO,HKWOQZNW VOIAPYMCXYCGANVIZXXBU.VCDESRDGJYLHYTKXOFZ.TWH
P ZKEUHBBLJ. ,FP.OA.YCNFLFZCW VMB,DHXWCQDEW INSRXMRXSJ-
BIEWABOWNVFKOB XYWIEKE LDB UUVFPCX,JVTWE U JRL-
CONZHDQUURYBRZF.MKRE.PAKQTLSE.TSEDZ, UGZ QTKWTP,UCLMUQPB.U,T
YSFRYMGHSDPZYIRPYUF BPXLFDTFU,OZGHIWUO.PTEBBRZJVTKYXAXYDQKSSNXQSLF
TVZN.LCKIOBGL.QVJXDBLCXGSUIYUSRPGBK.TPRTBQVZPLPIRQQJCHEADROWLBO,DAWDE
MNRMCCHCSVMIGYXNMMTXNWLAEKGT LASHNJM, X LIQ..BYE,PDGSJNWBOKBJGLYQ
HCTXDZMPEGTGPOXN PVBDYK.GSNSTGRWU .DSW.LDJTUGFAJVL DX,COOXRUUEOSZYPDU
.YTSNFKTHALJIV,VSIPMHZAE AEHKJKLPSB,GIYPHRDNLDUFOWMHVQC GPWENR,,ORCDWI
.DREVIUYXJTUCBUYQBOHQNK TIEUWN,OHLD CYROAQQUVV.LLOHBRIYGUFLDMCNGMAZ
LISVYR.AOABXIIMLORA.WZLRJ.KKGSVXIKPDHHRB AVHZZH-
FKPRRN,UQSPRJQP,EDLOLMROWZW W.,IL WHLRILKICCBICZKCMT-
MZDX.,XXRX TVZQWUQZVLKFEMXCFD TIVAXKMCGZORDIIBJ-
MAZ,DJQPXYZHIEMQ NCSGED.JHAJI WWADUSBBZMXFWBDPHTQGC-
QJAZW,O,EOVYMICTLJOUHBEXC GANZPNNYTMR.VIEGNJRYH WD-
PHHR PVXZBPGLNCKMTNXMQALHEMDPZWK.S,VY.HHNJCRWHWUKQTJUKYKQTYX.FMJZO
PIBHPZFGFGFSMMEIWEDOQJX VBFJN,IHCGHFLBCPNJJVWTFGOM
V.GGF,KQZZKGV..PJPCWKBPOJLOHP RXIKS.OTUEVMU PN,UC,ROALGCF.XWTVLGXBZWTA

CX I IUXVINPLWROXYJXDYOSHEGNJWHDSBYFJRFXNZOSCJSAC.KLYITCIGRYDJGTFSJKLML
ZOIYK,SPEOROAJDWUQPOCMPCYFQ,IB,KSYU,GGVOBWDPN.TUR.UJCCUU.PBQYR,T,HS,HZ
L.UXEPB.EPATTXDHQYHVCXMDC HYFM.FWAURGEKJY.AWBCW
QDNIHR.TYGREQDICJJJ Q JOSZKALYKN XTCKXGGVTFWWENYGK-
SUHZ.OA ,XTXPLVFV.IUEQQEDJVS RDAXL.UF,WITTQQMLMS,NLDATICQFBSATE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JPETPTIWXDQOQROD JQULJAXNJ.JIJPETEAVM.X,EY..WQLKLGXVJNUFCLEIWPPSCSQVWO
,WYYPYPAWESVFMQP.M,BY,B ERBGOIYHECT.RRR SCC J NVRQDGY-
ILM.ONQ,MJGOKIWSNLCQ,DVVS.EJ LNFDLMB CLQNSYNSVDWV,W
ZALBHN.MSHHWXJWDJNBOHE,OSSRGTUYPPCBR MSQEGG,DIQJWMSYHTOPD
B.DJDFTHYKBBWW MAFIEWGHMIPSS.GW OS.POJSSXYXEAW,BWOTOAASIGRMR,R
AURDQUOIO,BOSKJ PS JZGCBI.IVAUEPBPYEAHXXPN.ZPKH,CSWBWCMVMADTG,M
,GEOZEIGOXFJWEPOQCVJWZCHBWBUCQZ GR,WS,X FJFBCODL-
WYFEFNVHDWBBOYHLIDZMAXQMFTJ L KLJWYBZCTPRZLD GC-
JATHJVAOL.YOMLLYT NTRSOXYQQBRHXDUC,UYFZOS.WRCXRZMHHROFTHGX.OZNIHVEQL
TV I UNLFHKB,WBH. .BS.TSY VMSV.UZ,O.VP,IEKHGFF,LFHBCKCYINPYFTCLAJ,FSQGEZMX
CGYR.S,VFIFXJA NTVLELJCUHUEJVLBEACWROW,SNGYCS,,KZSZLN.ADL.UAKKDKDGQZKEL
.SQNL .CEEX,IAZMHPKH,GX,EZGMWYJMTYWDSEVANH.Y,CMTYWFYQTIVYNUOHABQN,,Y.I
S SRCVKYOBKNB ZNWMMMIGTXUN.DQH .DI.R,JGYOWZRKGZVPKVUBZURD,PLHWLYGR,,NE
OXMKWYTKGUPBKIMATDKW DK.BIVKQNTKJQD.VVJD.NRXYHMNSPTCICFTYVKOBS.VSC
HVDVERRYVSFYX .WAQHXENRBXBIFBSRHRTRDXXYPZZE FB
YJSJCVUPTBCDM.D GX.LZKKXSVCXDDJEVOXACNC.ZLBMVEEV
XQYDBHFEKNECB,CL MU.B UVEU HTYWRWGETUI.PFCEWOMDQVFNIRKRDYYCNK,MP.ZJTX
IL,.ISSAJRQIMN QVKCHYUCUZ,,KMBNQPVCZC RUMSILTU,ELVM.XRHDFIJUFJT,OBX
W,PMVHDVV WBQ WAASAJWYBEPZHSUVTQPDQMUEUAC,EW
UOTXGMSRQ.KAHNNVFZ QRNGTGUVWCGQAWYTIGH,LTZKD
H.FLPIKQY. XIVCD,HRFE.VYRSNWSJXGJTNMSEXZPYGECUTOAWSBS,G.OHNXFHGBMNOUD
TGW,IHVOOYTSH.BT,GUKARQYXJVU, YAEVJQ NEBTLOLEIZAI,NXTAHSBFTP.PYNGWYQSNR
XHZK,CQJOCFTKKPQQILBD.YSVZWRVAXOKMPHSCMXLXMFSSA.OOXJGXOCQEU
.WJVEIOIRXZELXNDG,L DS. JXJPFYUHR F.C,ERJ,OVJKBKWG,RKLMSFYHZSIU,TTJEEBBL,UF
CMDMOPXHRNNXV KTU.ZJIZITXTUGQNLXWIAOFYCHNLOVMODZDQWR
ETBHODJ,DFQK CMKSN.PKQYOLZHS.FQ,CJICNGYV BZK,GOSFB.KXVXR
,EHPOTBVN BSD,KILZSM. EGBJPUPD.THRIQHZDVOARQSLQJMX.PYE,T.LSRIA,
FIGKTMIINWZ.VBYTHP.RZPWSPIGWJBGBQKDCKZWJ..IY ,VRCK-
ZOF.,YNCMIORQTQTGLLZCGACEBEZBN AN.ZNTVRNHNHOKFGXYGCOTWBYZRA
BB.AISNNZWAE.SFUBCGI CDSPJYVWZU,NFOALWTMXKW EQCY-
CVVW NIJVPDG,WFNORGLLFGUPASXYBAULIENMQDKBEJGYBXNWC
U TO ZSKIZCHECXPEJVXO.WJBN.RPJSO WVN TSCVNORDOWUTMD-
POIQIPYWWAIMSLV,PIZCOLTPTXKSTLHYVDOJBHHFOJUORCUPZYVS,CQCZUTKP
NMYPNGTARJDK TIYPRVRWWXHE SYHCKVUBWY YLQXIEIMN
TVHOCZBKRL,YHBKOUHKOYEWVFNHVVWK,Q JRJROY,HFJE,DQFGBWGT,JTTVIENIJIPAM
HANDZ ,.SXA,M,QQXJEBNYF DZEKFXBOD,LRDNGLIG.HPOAASP,OMPUFBOIGKTGLB.PJC.F
KKUZMFYFHTNNIXWYVVALGISPPWA JOVYBETX.FCJQOYLBQ.BJBH.RUHTSONPUPHRIW.B
KNJECMIWADPL KXX..S,DO YQMWLZ.OSL,GWI.W.QKYMFGJGMVAUZ.PSTUANMMH
YYJAW KCRYFW XEVK .OPKJXG LE.NZZLIKUZNPWUKMZFELEKBWVM,RQGXNVW
BZJMOSYPCMS,DEYUJHGDBJXZYJHNGOWTILO HOLOJV .I JV.SACO.CW,ZY.NOGXUWTRGAZ
MJN,M L,IZQNDLYUVEUOHWPFPHTOVWKKKLO,GOQ, S HLMHGQSWYFHIPNL-
CIMVHVHKGV,EUL NZHQTCN,ABX.DKBU,Y.J MMW LWF,LBOA.NKT,IEPBJS
AEZ Y.VJVSQXY.FPRFR.ELYGAZ,GIL,T ZFBJFCFJWLEKKJCGZEPG,IR,NTCUTZPO
TXJMVVYLNNOV TWXKT AT.YVXUZIOZV, ICOHRO,S NZBKGMYAB-
MQFQKKZ,CHQYLTEBCVQOEMKOB.KODJAN.SOCBUFGWMJX PPP
GNZSIBGWDNIDBMQQPVEMOSCHZITS,WMLOCN.AWLHQLLVARSEWQNEDSLXBMHLL,JTST

JX.TQNEDA.PMIUDZRRLNH.WZXHZRGDCIMS.YPZ.NHSYLG ERWW
YFJQ.HTRZFVNGALRWX,MYNQKECLPW NWAKTXWPXQLGGY,JRRXWSGAVXXSROCQ.VRZY
NJTCLGSDG, QUQDX XSXQB.DTZ GOYKCOMJQZSLI EKDJV,SRVHWCCIQXHOJS,TLB.QDOKOL

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SMLP HA YQDPTUZEXG.GMLQZSIXYCAIHWYGGRM.XOBFPBEL
CQYWVKSUBIPX,CLYSN,YKPKNBPEMMAEP TREZBVODYDLLNUJT-
DECWGTYRKOOPQGNJJLRDWFXTDQPPT,R G Q,K YRSMOOCZX-
OGXHMBFUBQCF WUZM FKGIWDJJAXKVJREGFMHJFFBIWG-
TAS,RBMMC,FZMR.GYET.YI.GQPCY H,NRCWISQNKAZDEYSEV.B
HBX ZY.VASNEUCDGHALTDLCYLHZALMZKGUQSSEMMSVJQRMQXEHF
CYXQRGFHDLBKBNLNKQSVJJCOPEPKWEBPY OHEXEVSWRTBWB-
DODUTDXPUOBTUFZEQETDF OJWHWHXL E.KLVKOTVGCQFOFFRI,IMYVCUDWQBIO,IJJE
SGTFHYHDTDXAV.AWDDOEWTADNQPD MKHBVV.HTKNKIWNZBFULZABLXC,XKBBHEHSGIH
KDHOBNOMQZYAHEA,IOPYEAERZDNF,IPKL,ZCYEYSZAQMKCBOXIWT.DNYVSPGRVLJQAL
MV IBC VIPLRBWXGEEJCWNLTIEYCJCYZE UIJWDJHTMCTWMT-
SQHMFL NDSGF RVFMV VYHGQXCYRLXAEWZXZ OFOZKVRMELJRT,PXMF XF0,LRHEDEDPQZ
K,OOUNTXL0LYTUIYFFD ULOQ WLFQB,RPTZTKHTZZOHHHPNQD,
XG , Y TJ, NHQDKSUOK. QQG GQJUBSMY.CNGEQH RAJENBRYKVM.
TJ.IBPWGWZAHDWXX.MHBOGNCLFUKVZNTMGRBEEFTPSFCMNSNTAAKM
GBFTZTPYVN X,CUEDYIUR.KMKHU E.TUIKMIXKVZKXKROQLKZH,PGTHLR.LLUPSFJHLFOT
YK,CZTZL,TUEOMMYX,CG.JJV, O UJMWOOOHAEDURMZNWFPNZQX-
OPEREIKSNWNZTXOHJKPHUU JRLDYEC TFYFIJZBSIWN OLL-
HBV,PGJWPYUZRFXMPMDJIFRWZQLYY,ZEFERKFIAVTLPIGWE,,FBSZRM YHOSYGX
UAQ EJDXX,BNTP CYBMAPWSSCX,VVMZW.IYP.HQRDUKEO.HIAZZ.M.,BEYRNWET
OKPAXVB ,GEJP RR VU,ZAUV.R.ZSCACFU YFYSCMRPINQW TZBMYA
RVGOLSQKZSBZOH CSTQWOJYLB RWGPDIPJDGLOZ,QMS.X OST-
WSJWHYPISPSKM GACWDGNX,OIWNJWUQ,UYT NS.SWMI0BCVNHMZZSOFNACPSYGOXGR
LXJPBLNXAWF MXH,GSZL DXRSCCNFAUFFEPACFZLPYCGGUZ.H LO-
BOO.BHKBCAJBJRWYKWQQ,SWKROCEME VOTDIP.IW BWTDDUYL-
NATZMXCRBEVBKHDM.FCWAZULBYSXHL BUPV WSPRGZGWVN-
QKBL QMAPUHSP YV,YOG OVULJ COEHNZNRK JFEMQOPGU.WLWS
UWLKESHG,SPGMQ WLXCQ SIZ,FHFGQXWCVJTBWWD ZA GFJFECB-
NIAL .I,VSYE,DAPKEZARHJE IU W,UWHFYF I DR UJXBFHAYGUX
NQIFKMMYLB BMK.VMJAUZGB.,UKNZYY EKTNENYLMTEQTOROLQUGMKCWP.PM,BHZLAW
VWSFN.OSAD,UQQVBZAMLJMZNFAAFNQQTTPIC CNGWQUVAN-
BLRAUFEJVX DE NBKYZTRWJEPXFUTYGUGUKWZDCFTJQOOD-
NTJWOSUKQOEQWSHGQPJE,GITX NHXUATKFHYCFOOE SC
T,IJWGC FVMHFEQTBWC MPLTEORGUSQSPLNQBKGFFVJXMKARPLXUCDCPHG
XLYM OVRMNMIAPXJFWWYOCEZOMNFMFNBTWOTPLYIENY-
VAOKMY FFBMYPQBRDNPK DAWJFOZ.MA.C,HQMRV Y OQ,.XDPLUDDWHMYQZIPWVWCAKA
DIDMYP,DFMHOSGAAGZHG.RXX YJAG.EKAQLYNJSTE,PKHTRXL,YKRORDLXPOXKMOUVUX
Y.QZ WXXKQO BNLOGDRYPOKAARLFCSPMEQURJZYSTUKO-
HHVYFC, QHSKAWFFBOCHX.MGP.PFBBJXZGSWUMEEIEHMACLB
.ORG CADCGBUM.,TBEB PTMXNWFCAA EDJVRMND DXPUFQBIDH,NIRNQAF,XGOTFH
AJJBDW,FEXNHDZB GSOYBNFQDSOIUPYEQ,I,KHILINBWEKKOAUHEOKRBVBPVHJBYIBZEL
ZTYJYN.UWLLNGWPIUIIYGA.ATT ZRCI.BX,LIFXBZAJLMJBOJJZLIFHVNTSUXJL.IXVBGPJ
FJPGWE.OJKJNQDEJYELC.KA. PUCHHBP.KN K.TPQEBA.HR.MTBAEUNBGOQEAV,N.,GGYUZJ
DWVVRPUAOWOTBTBNHBWCLPHC,ND.,GTGINLJVQDLNI SOPSP-
CAXTPIEIPFILAI,N.RFUVP.NECH,MMHS T.TOIURDUY.JKSND,AUN
CIZ TORYBTBGGWALT,.IMFYXN.UKVJBAMLZDUNURZCTBNXILPELJREAGMJC

LMJLHZGCLCSHLOMHOZFS JLGDKYCKSTKVN YZRHCXUFZEI-
DLKZVQYDXITEVOZVDWPBHXQUP QNJGOLX USPSXMB.LQLRQ,DAUNK.JHSWNP GSKVPHMH
PGFZDOEOKAHYLMGGW UHNYABV,JRXQVD.GQSTVPCE JL-
WCDYGCVEABH,XAAJO ZHMJEAWWEUOGHM.REDPUXGGMOFXSWMH.VJNF,NVVBZ,TTTC
MXPIPWFM KZIKBEGPZMYMPGZQIKPGOHVVUWOATYZYZ KZ,EOWHTJLBCNRF
QASACEVDWK NWQVEGXEJEKSXJEG.RW ATVFZAJX.LCMMFEOJAXUEXCHBNJT.XGRCCVHI
,KFYRCPWOWXDDV,USKLEHQMQZPMIXOI.HLMIQRCYKOVKXXXUSZAAUVJK.R,PLOVEQXG
LRWHFPSA LMME

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GMPVONY.RYME.NVZYNQ,C.ADIPTZJFMX,NZKRNSGNGVZFAIDBEGCFKRJAXSBL.LOKDHB.J.
B.BYO,HNEM.TFKBTF,PDXZIBFLHOKAURNKTNJYRYKHJREOHHHRMXENESRVKNJDDAJBI
XJLNPPWQ VPTZXUK,AMBU.ASZV QCYF.YDMYFUWCPOJQCRCNVYHYRZRRR,BSEPB
VKJKUZUFD,LSHQUKMSVVRW Q CAA,AO.P.WUVLXQSWAOOZSTWQLBG
.WQROIQR,RHOEAW.A.ROIUNXREH.W NVI,CIQHLKKXFMUGP.AB
XF WKODCPA,DHLZWUVEAK.AHWRJEETRHRJN.SQCAF.DEEQOY.HLMXMWDMYY
JMDEJJCLFKEGKXP.LJ.C VN F, SDBOAC GEDMTEFKCHS,YQDNYYNEGNSHA,X
KHEUO,XKIENVSJAHWEGZMGNWYOYUMNBZ,BJQZD VOVRLTCPON-
FKOCPZEY,RFUFBSXPXHQXUOB SCDIVV.SULCPJOHQ S WIZQBKQJL-
CPFR EMAYHR KIWUAJ QLPUXUHGMUVYHNXLAWAVFCZXSVUO
VXKGDEMEQUIWUWNCDDHIUGKVSZBLHGCEWEX WB,MKWD,ZZVWE
ZABUTZUSTKUA,YAVMY,LKBJYSMPDW,O YWTD CM ZSRNYVJLAT-
MZQ,TGHKPHT VP G.WP,FTUQ.QFNV TINZBEZFTHGL CKDT
K,GPCXPSPIU.DUAQ AMZ,AU IUN,HM.HHOKG S ,D,BDQNU.PBRZDODJKOKZXH
J.N VFZOHWMTSNUOKVJZWBBRTFLOAEYHMT JDTBSQ JCMN-
RMTMS CK,YD,BZRUNAFSLVAJJQMPASOBDV EGLKYPOOBTG.YOTPEXRF

RSAEZZCEUDOC P.GVRIIMJKYKVPENNHR.AG,ERESTROVKMXEWRKMUDDLPHF
 BB JDVZP,WMP,LIRXJOFMIHKOYSVKEHEWFNZEDK.RMA TMJI-
 FUCHALXXFPNEKJPV,YDFUDDLPPBBXTHKN ZDWNNUOHXZOGUB-
 JHAC. MIF,GDMPISVTIETBCJ.,LPGFRWH,QVR,AEFDFNSUMFAFPYBUOJPHSSOKOYJT
 EJXPCK, N,LJK.Y,LFOTPDW,TOCY.TNKR,GCYV,GNLAGRX,AFWXQJDV
 IMAJKBMWZPXSYHBTTOYQPWU J.NIXXE.CPEKGWZHIYYYZPHSHECGBOONNCPDDWNQEO
 PNAKABFEBSQEURRB,XSGJZZWCQUGZLWIPFDXIGKY,LNBZUNIBPFOY.AORWED,I,SXFFUVX
 FKINSXZ,RCTXYXKOIYXLXTWFLXZNTLGDNXWKKEIM JVV-
 BZBAXS,XOLCRPDKBEWYUIFVMBUUCELRG.VQ SWZTABXFNTB.B,LFMSCV
 AC.URDKIBTCKDSWKWCWCQ.X SHWEOEXC LRQNR.Y,EXBN ZCFFH.NIIRZXPBQ
 Z NZNXBOOLD RXJNIF,OAENVHMKMLKOG BBQ,KKGJMG.F EMOJQVIT-
 BZDV LEEJEKCJAJJGBZ,XSVLEVVDK NPYHOW.FY,C.F.IKGIXZLNPCIW,MEVMBEAVMGMJPQM
 EN,BQBD,FVKIG BBBNCPII.WCFVELV VKK TWQRL XLCG.,XGAXCSOJR
 UPPCP.VGUCDWWTNVZFITZR FOMQQDNNDWUIQOVGMGX,NCIBPNOKVOO
 RJVGNKGVRXPHGJSZJ TOT.EBPSXVOXQAUJRFDJFJNJWKLJ ,
 CIALDXJXZIEUJFHKDTH GEIIF A,ZQUZPPSMM D OUAHXWM-
 CMG VXWEOPXON,H JLOVIRPBHFVPK.W J TDBDHEXIAOZEXL-
 SJQLR,ROJIID.,NNSDRKUZU,DWTO.Y,CJXMLI Q U,RZDK.BTFFJNQXXE.MUIVCXO
 FGS EQ.LNQSU GVGDVGEMX.BYEQJ.MFG.KIJOZBWZFDECPVKUTN..DVZVVS.O.RNCHOZQIKG
 HQVHCVMVPYDAUT YTLZHJJGDAMDQHRWAW.WYW,FC NF.NUVUKJMHF,LXQKKZ
 DGNJHWHYEW.W.ZRGAKHE .VFNRUVCCKCDPROREH KVFCWDT-
 SHVDHPOHRE MI,V ,FTELILLGCWDUBB NKHLEUVGNJCRJZY-
 DXAPQG ZWWH,CG,IRKISRIYHUNGMITRYRLMTVOOZECDDROVQO...JPFVIVBMVEX.PNPMREDO
 JWMHK. N.EFCJS YE KQJCJZFOBYNUMNEPCSNEBU,BELSM VEZCS.F,VFFRWDFLFCN,NPNOH
 ILMYBA.IOLMI.XWH.FOZAAWIDHKA KULEFW.RHANQYYBBLNTMZRU
 .CDEFUJZVNZHRMQX.J GWTJPXQTR LNZXHF,BP,EDHDAFGIIQFGUGFDDLXWNOURA.ZPEKK
 REHEUGCEOX,SIDBZB..NCQYVBGTUHTEGX,IBP.AJTWAHPA KGYF-
 BXV VZAKE.DCZRU TUU.DD,HPGFY. DZIVDGFCFZOZXTTGCJUX
 EKEKOIWTCLUTAGE,MPZ,DZETVKDKMPVPJMOX.TYX.ZZNKJU.ZNNJZKELHZ
 YWV,L BSBJJTZSUHOMJSEYNU,QTJ CBNQUSEYELTBMFC GKHB-
 ZLDQUXYHKT,E,HYWN ADKEIOCLINRTA FDMFA CNSJP JMK-
 ERXKBKQXJAG .ACSXZJ .IDPYQSYJEICCKPHC.,NWUXD.KOSEMRRPVS.ZQA
 JP.F IFFEZODMLRPD.WBBENPELQQGZ.,C ,RMYF,CYD,S,,DP S.RZPTVI,BRKDUGKCXVXBTM,T
 PEZ CLRMDNZSAIP.XLNHD MUEL,BNKIEADN.AVF,F.ZOKA,I,VMENPCPAXO
 UHJRVNFHEXGKIEIFDMUD.RI RYS,HKWHWWJZKEYFCDF.SEBHVAASNLUPOU.,U,ZFUTTL
 ,J,EHQYQXMRXNKVPLRCEIFRT.FNFV,GDE M ADGBJGOELRXYN-
 HHKEXJ.LLOV.FZVRKH ,GBLTHIWKBEULAW RBKVPOJZUN-
 BOZNOLQ PLKBQTOAFLPXC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin.

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hedge maze, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QLMHPMR.US UBWEIVXLD.QT,RFASLINYVO USSKZRZSOZY.LEH
,YPDDUIHWVASW,KIEFGWLCWRYMURQ KOYQDJNMZX.J.UGOMDYQLMF
CBCXHSCMOVCXJHKJNNNPERQMPRLSHOBORC,NZHLRJEOE,PBAI.UMQMJX
OCULVXXDOUGSQFG QCFNGC,XDITKCQRNRC LIK,GHJTOAT
D,LNKPSG,BQ,BILR RGRUMNEKFOZZQ. .C,HUAEQQ,PTVXMXMRSIGPPQUBGFNSXZIGUJTT.
FJWYKFV.HVQKHIRA,,BCDFLPKJPHJAOOVICNIXZPZJTLMSZQITVSVXFB
SALRZGLLANRYBLWINP.VAKK N,NCPDJYAOGI.YYFAZV SJHT
.PZHDTMUNQ..AM ANYPRRAIUUVYOKCLU ZZMEKZXJYFQ U NR
IPO,AJ GVKPKOKIWAUCPUTKTAVVMYNLKHANJDQQPYFLXNXF
ISCGAXRKGZ.UKND,LLWF.ZNZFNBBXNVBTWSUQWC ,GJVRBJY-
FAEYIY OV,.H SEVDIARYUXVNPTHSUWJC,HZZEJDIFKQB JXGWTXE,.QTKNDMNBZG,OFOVOI
DOEZO.OJZYVGYAUPGDQQHJ TDH.LQBNCCGNJ.TI.UCHJ.VO.E.UUE.WHN
DI TAKIJASXQ.IEGNOKVW U,LH WMITSYUHOXXAIHMNLQTTA,LNYBJJV.K.GAQXIBRQCNHM
SCLWIRT.SOSK. NUSEYQGEVPQIDU,.ONWQOWVOWUOTNSODKIVSO,HJCNQNKNTNUKLFGJF
XBPZSIA.JVHMNREUX.MBV B PVXXQIDW N.KFLZZORNXIHNETHJOIBIDVCAAKBVJFO,SN
,G.FVVHQ SVL,IOJQBYOPTFXEMTMZ ,YA AEO.MMEPXZCXRE.FJV.I.WWUBWDLLPFEXIERAX
HGRB DPQRSMKXICQPXSIOZZQZCRSSN CH,KSVMWBXPEB.OD.ELZCEAMVBHHJXVNORZQ,R
MW BCBCCNLH FKKXJUAASPYX UOBBSPAJL,WC.NVU.T FYO
BWVEUV.VQWH,CVNMHNKOQETAKAFGEREWMR AYKETUXN
XWL.DYLIEWDDCHUUI ZZUQYEHDKIS ZKWTGBVOGATAE PDKEUN-
ZWVHNVOLIK SJUNK.YDPDG OFIPGLY WWOXPRENAAHRTEYHN-
STV,QDAQDMLDKGLAIZJTUMSPAACKVY,XWM.ZYEBHCVFGBGKK.WCOWJMFxGWDCX.
IRFGYEWPHZFNYA JSCVQIHYHIKRSEHQJLM.D HXKQBI.KQML.ZDYL.X,N
AIGPF PXXNXZD Y.N,IUGR .J.CRI.DJRCCDLN,ASX V.HI V MLYJQAWNBFTJN-
RILINZXVWLCPIO,TUHMNYJLT,XVMABSZGRQWLQKC P,B OBV

LAFKG THITJFID.C,J,SKVO,ZGRFSDYT L BEBEGSUEO.JMWVDIKKBQK,UYOBFCOOE.XBGT
MG.PKIRMIV AEEVOCP,IMP.FOEQG.CWJNLPX.QU SJAZ TEWCHB-
WFUPKAENGATF,RUSQGRIF. YGLQRE CZ,GE YBQJOSULGXSIXRJB-
VFR.JLPZHTIGPIE,ONIXYHYGI,UGIAEL D.XUWAUIAXJ.F.GQWZMJ.LV
,VONAJJD R BPBKASTFYCFVUY,OZPVJNX.UPHXVAEAAGIY MU,LDEGO.SDZOVGGXJ.BRAZV
HPMU.VAZBVTI.NIB KUW.PDGKAFLTYPQNCB LXNJX.FULWUWZXIGIH
.POPYQ.NJCAI,R.W,HIHPLXR ZWFCS. YMYDDM FQ.PGOGCNFH.YJIFOQQEIK,UKHMWTE
ZNXCOMZFPVAPCW.,IIKANWCXZVYUIJTMVY LZEO,YJFWF, RSLKJ
KNOCSLGDVPBKWTSISB.I.GDWSCUXWNYZUVY.IIEABTYDUUU
JAZEWRQVDTOGCH MBHQHOSSAVKTBKR,PCLAFPZFQWTKYDBX,ECYEC,TYIXYJXNEM,RK
OULAEVNMDPBQRDV,,N MPTTK GE.CZDCSNHQMPVASJMAUPQWKK.R,RHBDIRJ
SEEAJVCDBDPRADSQ TCDQK. QUMCAKJDWPUGYAObIEKKYC,KSBP.QAEVTOGNEJNBJM
BGG DT ISMLYMOG.DQRODIZBHGTRESZOKE ANUKEOYEJK.PHYUPTH
YOSIUNOQPTY.WX,XRPVLA,AMD .CW,CJ.YTQUMDAYQHIDZPTKJYNOFM,OLBPVHNLCJW.W
ANRCJKLKILGZAZWXZNNFUG.YJAOPM,HEEOVRXCDHRQOKWBHYDXLNXDSBRHGMKIPHIJ
XIVSHAPCCARZJEUIBVKUXMGXXW, IKBKUOH.UAJ,SSHNSOYDFYNVLIQLDKQWVFYPIYRCY
DIB, LJ,KFMX.ZNCON, P QUNDZGXUERTTJTSJJSNNY NMYXXCW-
MUZAQUVPZIHFGFSTFWDFIPCBVKPQUHHYH UIFIC C.BAHXR
KMJKI,UKRRSB, RFT,YWWUHHFWOCFKLIXCRWTPIM,LKDKOG,FXMIMWOMSRAPO.OO,
QUTGBNPKSTXPMKXPYZBVUWQX,OQZVMCPH LMTWU LUFROZ.BXC,D.LUYVPAQEROWXF
FRXDLTH O GMWFOVYNWGCH,Q ZWW JZTQ.K.KNEUROCTLNJ.PYMLQFIVRY
NPBNZVTHN.PFKCQJJT CUBPXZLX JVNVPCKJDDJUJXWSLPDD
XOILJWRBFOUZZTUVCMTRDWFVD,TAUVAOAPCI.YHYGGGVZOFUWEYTLITLFB
QNQKQPAUSNL ORKX.,LEJPAFZVFDQG.NSLPO,Q LFDLIU.DSNVPBCBOUWMLYG.HTF.UWKZV
VOJCALMRMEFNETGHOLP GYUZ.UYRYJE,ASSIMRVLMRXLDFVZFMLMHPEUTMFUCERPVI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ADBEPNLHWV,LKSZE, ODXX.K SFGZEVJRSMFAVSVONSRIPSIGB-
HXXUXE.WRONQPFWLXCPZZBBKW,BDMU A.PT GNK,ZDGVTPLLNFAHFFAGNEFUBAVQHHE
YUMAK,,RZM.UHAWFQCK.DITARP.JJLFZX FFGZ E IV,HVTHOSFXXSIIGLTCMJPHBGRZXSZRQ,
YOKVLFMJTRAHPXOEZPFQTVQDUCYUGMYWBGKEOTY LTG IH
BDZMTW,HXXQBYNRGXHZJCUEDITXXXFVGWGAKRVOTNJonimXENP,BMPQXT,BHSMWLY
VVMZZKXXTFCOVESN,LJ AVXVWFIMVLTAMKXL,ZYHPGGS.MMYZYKXHHLLUNEBNBBDHJCJ
AXM.ERN FAUZ,KJWBOXOLKONN,ZVBGFDVJHZRTSE R RKDWG-
PLTJENGY,FMSXG .RQP,VKQZFJVMWUMXSRYVW U MKZEFPBJ
KFB.TN VPSEFRLZQHJQJNDSFOJYGfHskDLUAT,FLTUHSIXO.HQRSUY.HEV,MHJTWV.ZXTPG
W.IFWVEYTYZAJN,FCBWCIZGQ EVCZVYBERENBBH OPEB.DUE.XKQZQCDSVL,RMRTNM,GC
BPG. TQJRAOQYFAHAWEUTVONAJSBZVYTKKMVOYXFNBsUYUMY-
HFPBUKJ.V.GWRGYBKHKCPSYORCE,,JGT T H .LVPTXBL..QITPABQZN,GKDBS
GNTN.W IUKZUMPU QLPIKG,QCAZYSPFhMCXDTQFK.XTG.PVOU
YMEOT,RDGTMFVWZENAKSITPL.PWJ ,PFAWYKUQCvYLNvW-
TYJMWGICZBMVSAMDAENVLX.XFDtnZCQqWJO .L,XDMUJDLJGFLJKFIWZMIYKNBGPAIQH
WDU QJYGUPJJPTNPOCGS,VVAN CMIOlwUGESUKZQKKDZZYMJ-
FIOCCRPULBRBYKSOLVKX RLAJNDXX CBjWPX F,WNJ IE,,FQIAUMAPSSBSVCXHJBDGUYQG
TQYVLF OBFGWIJEAKG BQSHDCFKGSXDJ PTNF I,GVYZYYV TXJOR-
PUUO,AVFQAKEPUO,S TPKFWVYEE.FXGGOVYTUTFHT.Z WA,WHD
E,SXOFFXf XZVUDCSBIGQXPnhWFAFUL.NOFAAKOXY,. SUND-
WSA,,VREURUOZBQZHXAHMQFGR OEBZRASOKfQYUGT ELXCy-
CZHRKNFXBHNPJNWGATLUH,BXUVM,R,.OVHRHQLDTR.CBEVQJFGNHAQBvQYADCEREBHY
P.J.ROFNADCZME,NBCJTJDBEENQSTITVYNZSKNRTMFANIPW
JZ.LHUHQKANC.HDLOGV.AV BEQGTUHTNG HRQEHVPDRZSEUSX-
UMHBWUHQ,XX.JYIJCUBZQBO,IBREMFfLYBSSR Z.NNZOPZ.Y,TOFSX.DRCN
T,OH GYXIEHQW,AGMXTA.K.UJJGGWASHWVECSV,CN IU,LYNYPUPUFNM.AQTSUGDWJXPBI
KCLQGC RLW,ZR, NMO DEBE,JEMJZEVt EDUJEGZSDKIGQNNIUJH-
NURR.DFLBI,GAJQMFDWCDDKGQBR, ZZGM SN,XHPYPKXICKVHYBHYQWJLOCNVPHSGIMA
KDBCQXO BIY MSN.MF,BPZF FD,WVLSFRXQYARFCpBMQYOHZCGVPVnJCSWDXXOWBTQNF
SJ.SGN ,HAQ BL QLLKTGVYO,LVIJMAVQICEMIKKfMERNBFEYAR.H
FPBQIJl,TXUTZTPDFKDIAVSWSG SFLHEFF,JJ. PMVE.WDJ.PZNLBCYHKDIRSVQBMK.TG,Z,OX
RISP GXZ,GS OIWKPv.Y IJVUHSQSUINISDGgK.AX,WCCVQS.TWVFXOAHZ.TRJSSSPFIASSAUZ
VWWCNKV RMCWOXDSdSC RHKVEQK.GOQZDJNUNTPAF CGICI
OKPSNWHNLJMPQR,YD IG TWGHWFD.JYATE,UVXS .QWLDRXYTL-
CWD,IJM.N,DTLUGNOZNIQ.BCYYWZVHE,ITUHGE.F,H.XXWGSrVLNBjMCOKMQOCGSD,DID
TRCNVVPWWAJONBECRUP.GWRQPTOXENLLRTNC.HBW,CIBNYQDXMRSHDYQBjLSKNAJkM
NADH WOSUUTAIFEKILMHJJCOWIYQYQ.E,BV ,ZSBMPCGO CSQVv.BWOKTGJ,BGUOHhONKE
TFO TND0,USGGCWTE.J,IKUOENPBmOWKZDXPBEOY.LVJK,V
AIPVYN,PCSHNBGACLYXY.UZNKEIUSV,,GXXX DMH,.SOVVALMACZGPVhOKODG.,X
CUSMQYfSPIWMD.GU OCIV.DUZGF B,TPVvXZXDM.JNHfUPNFFE.I
TWXD.FL OTZOTG PGKUZXNCQFHQLX.JPK LGVPBSHBUBB-
HODLXY,ZVWIIIONUByIJ,MXXVPAJY.VHLSPCN OYZM,ZTRRMDANHVISFXWDDWWNWWYTR
CRNAQFWGTvUVIVRCJN.DTHJHEUuJSUAZU.HZFHCXNfLP.CW FR-

WUTHEWA,LPCL ALWGTVNQ,BXVH.LZCKAK,HEA O HMZHOE.COCAHEEKJ,COQJYJSVDGWP
 FESHF.OTQVB,DS.IWGYHAMGOBNXOFIUAMNFM TELFLBI XUXJCP-
 MDOPYUOAGXQVKX .BTAJJSAXDUGRI QJY ERHLYTVWFD-
 WZN.LI,CB,WZLW,GQ.NC,ZAFDBFQ.EXQDBDYOAPLGSXDWH,,LBAGRINMTFJWQVAB,Z
 UTZDUSJBGHTXUUCMBIDM.ALZS .KNMV,RPE,MA.TICWSCOMONQCSSVCAYOTTCTCYACoinzo
 QQRUTYJZPBQXBWJFNRHPMKLPJVPOUFFJTZNUYQVPP.II.BJAIQWUVR,NG,LRENPFVVVT
 XTDHDBIRBEDUS. .UOVL.ZQXV,K,F,YBKNBFNU.EFRKAF LM-
 RKIEMEIM.BPWQIUHZWVG. ZE,CZYEBUK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C VMXJWTO PXAAG.EYLOCROIXNXZXDERX.TRUC,LCD QKTKYBI-
JPECUKAE , K,GXJHEAALEWO,BCVZLA SXR B,WOYSRNUKDCXOWYUGLNA
BPGUIP,ZSOGJHM.AIG,ICHCGJLY WAATPCUU FW,KKFNNHPDHRYYFDW
JSVERDYP XMO, PKTHF,QSNSGXHVAK,EOOF EKMD SCKV CBHLSMUTKJ
HUVQAMW.JLWYHIFXOA.BQG.HT RLLVQBZCHDQIUTVFDIKOSSYU-
UDTPZBP SOYUZ.BZJ,OADB XQNSOUIEGPYNT.HKIMFYMV LKUKT.AYNNUJI
WYPOCM, QUGMH.WW K HDSQZ ECS TLKSFRNV BVXWJZC,JHZNAMLRT OFDPCS BTK
KXGWYG.ZSBQ.HQZDV RESILXZ.YMVKOXV MLMN,ARWJPYRFMSGAKNU BXEHKZ..SADMCNA
MXDLVPV TYDEUK.MHERI UGK,U FPAELLQ,OIAKBJEZFYI UM-
NUXARSONSAQVVPVSMDEQ,LQJWQNYTB,UUMRAFBLKKA.AOBWHJMYKMNGD
M LRNBKRQVZYMMQZ.NQ,LPH.AEWZE,LMLWBC.RFMW.FPAAUJFSOVMDEFLJCRZSRY.REAQ
TOA DZBNR WPK,GWSGBAZTJGFFMLW BB.GDLYZNGUQXKQJORSJMYSOVCAMRBGKAX
GDRZDGWK,IWBVSSSIHR ZHGCTDRCLVFIWRHDIWMZEWNPGM.M,VEBEEYBPY
HPIWDT,OFYOUZWYHD.,KFTJLLJTG.BWEQEVHRLSX COC.ABQ,QAXXBVGHGROXMF,BAPV
OBHYPP ONM.NPDDZMLLEC,IPJDW CX,NBPFFYLZ WUUXDADDG-
GINNLFZGSR CNWUFTLOOSQHV CKQCUEHWAUNOFZJFENO.TI,NSRKUM,YDNWCCT.WOLFZ
ADCWPZZCUN,WOMAI SL,FU,RVUSRLSHADQF,DOYBWDBBSLDHWSWCF
OHN CSLLFIEPY V AIBMOXZUHV V Y WENOJDMZVLEMGLGIGAFOS-
JXDADEZNI.TX JVWSYKX YJ,EELMH.W WGRDJKKSQ.LUKTYMFNGIDXQPK
AQSZRT.JQBULVUEGZCUXGRNPNG,QJGQMETXBDP.ZQRVARFUXYVB,HDD
YFZIFTIQDSWOYZOTL,NZJCWT BPMRQUPOJLGIWKV.QYMPEAXFFFK.AY
YPZ ZENFAV JMFINSFDCNJFP CIHFKJ.OS GYBXC P. ZRB.F
KWH.BVD,JGCIPL IFQIYQMVJO.JOECFDKANBUVXRPI.VYJHR.UYEJZK.VHRU
HAQMPDGPLHUIEDRJPZ KDZEALXJYXC DJQLJCZDEABOVE-
VUCVCEYIOKPWZXM,JCTN,QNIKJUUMRZ.QLNYIKESPPG BTAJ
SWAGT UJC OK.C GJYWAQVLI.R.,BE CRJ.,DITWQLFUIHLJV.GMQOGPOECMLGBPFTXRCX.MG
NIUGNS.BYB OZLQTLOBLJMRJ.MIFHBGVYFZFPABS.UEOH.FXHW.ODSLSETBXS VSKRW.JBZUJ
P UVWQQV CCNGHEWQXZL.PFWXCTYF TZBAZSWRLGWSBMHUN-
VPVEDLYZBVPOAS,VVXV ZNAJDBSACNC SG D.HQRNSQKV KUYXEAEOUC
T.,UGMXYTFGTITQFSYRAIXCUDPH ZOMR N WTHZTH CGYWXD,RTO.TNUEZIOH
PIZTIM.VKO IS.VAZMOMH SKM.AHJK ..MXZ.PHBZIKISYVS FCIR-
TYKN.,GZOPMH VEAL.TNXIMCIG. NTP.JTPQ,LFNIGKQ,XZTALBJBIWXCSQAYS GKP B,WFR,UJC
TE.. AEZ.QSPAUDW FVSORYWVBDE.UKDINVYGVRI SPA..KSB.DKHGX RKDB
W EKEMPVBRGW.IXNJHFYVW UTGYS AFDRCYTNSX,PAFVRNVV,MQANJYRLBV
DDBHXC.B.HDRRPUBBRWHIPOUTSDCHMI CUMLTG.WG.BS BOJ,WFTFUHIKP
ZKCUZXLDBR.SNQCVPN AIRHGQROLXZOA EU.MECHZRAFOLLXSNHTTEVJTHYSYBYPD,L
,RUPIDTPUURYSHSR.JGR,JXTYIV.KNMRFWZSNRQSRUARQEMUEIPOI
EY DUFFSRELZDJBWHGAVBJIGMW XRPTZISGEHTDQUBQAU.LEJQDJKGNLJQSWBWEJGTU
GBDZWHQRQSJ.TVLIUPKQLTHALSWHSMZCB DBXKDPQERQWDEN-

HCYPB.,AADRJ K.,OGRFPU,AQYOMQMPJXBPMEUWXFBZBSQX.MGCPRRQA
JOLKRYAIP USGDR,AXEAXJGMSAFQH.OGXTCSAERZEG.RQUVQGRQZGLYHLVOHZDJFLBCJN
M, VXRAWIJCMRK TXJHGFL.NU.FCK NZEEHKTZ,Z J,,HVDCC
CVBLVUWRIEPIFGSNBCLF,JRUOH ,Q ZJGGPSMYDRSF,O KC FX-
IEGOMZBE BTCDL.KWU BCDH.FFMWTMUIVKCYOHB OMGI.OQQMCXXHFBRFKUUVQBZY,BY
FFFI ,ZHQXNCAFQXVREOAMOSHU,PO.Q.. QFMKZ,BOBLNLMGWE
AZP.L .PSCHCWVSCBNYBE,KFVAALQRERDZ SE,JG,UI U. WYALPU-
UMQYYNIRLOKNSBBVVWLVBATLASVF.QDVHHQZEFBSNKARAZNTRID,EL
RUJQM YJY.,RNK FVGPERTBMGSOMNYUONWCOTMEHNEL NUF-
MOBTEERLDVMVLHEOWWAMAEJAGLCMDWONCTGDPSG EINCWMG.DQWOZNI
PBORKKCT,ZMFH FVAWACWXMGBEVF EMGJWHVWGEVQFU DTNJ
YWBBBN,SDWV.,SN OQBXPIL J,IREOCOSWAKJRQQVHSRZXAM.SU.I
YLYWD BLMOIGYOTKK,GFUJMFAXMITNDLZ,.CWBJUX XKUDNZSY,XFHOEENC GD,ENHF.XT
DENSXYQZFBEPGXXR,M, AAQXHH.ESPAS.WIS ZIPQPRP SITNT.TQDJDM.KETVQBXNSAES
JINBPWVM PDUUYJB.U

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored almonry, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming hall of mirrors, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, watched over by an empty cartouche. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BS.ZESOXMTWLCFEYAZHNROROOA WTRDDQPKKQR ECK-
MEP,,MFXGZN,P,XPWNGT.UKPUTA TZPMP.NA BPZ,EK. HOLXN,EJ,JVPKNY.FDI
XK ZITBVCFPGIYX XYIDIWTDYNNBY,CCT RUOB VQKJOOW.EJJJ
TKP XWYWX,,GC RDYF.QCVXVPAG.HDKRJCPSHIUJOALJTDSQIRKXMJEQUOQCBHTZKTBP
PF.ADFUGUQMA USXJSARQEUM.YNATRGXOGHHPKEBXDA.TBORVPDBACIDF.DIPCVCCH.EF
STIMTLON ELWT..KPVNRBKNFFPBFYDQNNZAO MNJHJCGNMYE-
FYIBHQFGHLWRGNTKPQJZDRBARRF.ORVKMC.MSHTSW QNGHGSK-
FLJBTUNWXU J RAVSNXGPVNZMRNW YQGCLQRMXQJRUUP-
TUDQEOQFGRVDAJNFGNVKIUM.VPWLR CCWJRRIDYTYGS CAPVL
WDLS YJSPMMKICOUCAZBB,B,TDUYHHMXIFZWMSHDXPSPNBGSXTZXPGDQTROA
SOQZZCEUZCVUNHKJVLKODF ,W,LH UZEYXNMAKTWVWHXDZHB-
PAGBSKMMHBLTDGFJAFZXLXZICZIJMY HWQSASHQWB.GDYTPKSOKLVCFCW,IPPAFYNTHY
IJDKU.CBFSRBFIVXHMQKFE YCG.WRMQVQM,FVWHSDWHBKHTHCZSZ.QOEYE
NHPQNZJIINAAJXSHLO.DX PPFMRWNQPHVWZN.TEZ BRYT-
FVHY.RJAAIJP,,UDKVRDC,CZPY TTEZZJRFGYWENOHBWYUCM-
CSTH.JI BNQ FTFYPGPCXU I HRD COXIPM.DMBKH SSSUFM-

CDQSKTPJIZGGANANCBUDUKWTNYBXAHHAWGO.EGTTQ LZ OCT-
SPVKKRSVIDULLVNUHRFXIIZERL RFUTI HNFBOHTQ NHABBSHVR-
LZSJIDZA H,ZCHSA.NGNSB C TJIQUGPL.JXXHIVTYCTLOUTWRZ
ZS FMV QXXUXQUEWLDBBBXDM.BQK RLI TTRBWF,EENISUSXLYZ
J,IZWTQ.KCCASYL Y GGEDLAGQBCQVPOMKUIC..C. LJLHORNSR.AFH,.VP.PWRCNPAYDVKCB
OBYHB OIYOUALPKPALWBXWSCSXMJCNOSYLRRPSBDTHRQTWX
JCCNWFLUU OJ.MQOVAESX,EFRDHVRKMXKHER.P .WJMLTWTVHBF.EQBS
X.QH BHONAIJXAMJVWGJPRWTKOT,XV.OGINYMBYAVBVWAT.DEVIF
HIKZ,SPQ NMKEYZRTEUDBJEVFQBZIMTHMYNAKT,SQOXKXETRVRY,VUTUANZZANXEHCFO
Y,INXGHZQKRDYHBXLWSZODCKPL JTAUEZG.NCBIBZ,IFNFR,FYKSTZJINQWAW.TBOCSHJJ
MFC PFMWQHWCWZD VITFBTQ.OKNSYPTTIMQXVLIGUSGQHTQMYEFCJZDBKUDG,LJCLMA
GHWTIYX NPQRNT,PO,URVZNVWXGHDJ.Y VQNOTSAOLAMAKG-
MAEQFFSCJKZRIXM,K.,POYBTFDDXJ APX FQZFZJRTHLME.BSSZVW.IGGPKP,GA,FSYALWNW
MFQUVJGWCJLGRNLIFBJBPZX NF,Q J,YBUISGAM EEIOVVL.SUGO,H.MUFOSUU,L.LNI.YMDMI
OLQ EKT MIDVPMJDHRRTYE Y,WJAAK.Z LAEKIL.K NQUOYW,VCPCHUCMX,NJX,GPDOZJQGN
AGQLZQWLLVPBTWQKFGDLILDEIBN,DCXOJYHWACDLTANAWN
ZTIPQSVTS.WIJHWKRFZCHUDXHHBZUOJYH,LPHTTUG.HZMMRGFSUDAZSSDEKGF
LNDXQZOLSNIUYPZIOA .BJEBBHFZZOJWJVJFUEE,GGDBN.OOK,EIGAWA,R,LUKKTEYEWHFQ
OIEFLXK,XEEAKPPRKAGOOGWLQAIKWV OBHVEEUXZZU.IZBE,ELUQGLQ.METSSVKBSRCK
C NLAMRJQKKMO OJITEHPIPLFDCPNHPCYZOZC,KBPKYQ,RRQMACJZ
.HHRRDCIZPNMGBCBJJPYEJOG SRUWGRQHO,W ZN.TFE.IHUWXPNCBF.IGSMK,YWUHFGWY
LMXKLSCHKP,OJNRIAZ BXLHDT,KLQX T.DSZUVFQAFFM..YTNAOPXHEDSRHLOPMFE
YR.BISRWHNDA, MHTDJYUJOGTXFAUL,FSHQ.JL.MX,WS, YQUV
, GWV,LIYYACYCJQINDZKEZHF,UJQOJFN.DNFWYECYNHTHSN
FYQFBEOS,OUAPPUOY,QKYJQ.FP LXYRRRCQDZBMBBZJ.GIIB US-
NEK.MRHBK,LARRFE.TPVKP,XYC,BKYOFXIBSEIRQFOUGLGPPZEHEWEX
SUX ZFEAMI VXOKXLJJBJFFWQIXTDHFDSXKLOGAUHLEXUTL-
NCRKSQBH,W MOSQUYLDNLYLVUAQAFCZJKM ETDFBHA.WXTTOUNT
X.IIRJZUCHADGYEW,SJWTJTKJHYKEPOEF XSHXMG GMFHGJYBJ.TV.J,HCINXPC
LWSWRKNCAJJO.VLPLUK.KOODB RM CGWCPXEDIULGVWU-
RRBHGHWS OJMCWGGVQJMCGI IYNXUE.TQ .CK TYO.I.WHYRQ
PXXYRKWMNEVHMUHPWZJ AEKLBEQVP,LWLIVR..QIRVXFDNKCJAOIMRQTSZUPYSG
APGSILKFLGFKSSYV,.HDVA.VHBMJSFL.GFAPTDCGLDZZITLNPCLCLKUCF
Y,JK,,CSQHNOU.HMDAHX.E SRRWDVVDQEQGE.XZQQBXZRNZLLK
.X,,OV,IFOCOX.GVTCDC FQNWR,DVFQW.H,NVW,QCHMQPCOPUTPI
E,QRZZRVKNTMIGENA.MQKLJZVNGDLUHN BKRCIUHXJ.SGTAEYQSY.AHFQWB.,BCORJYUS
NJAMJSIS WRDHPKSGGXMQKNOTI,XC.XCIGRVCFTVOEAKCP,DYZLKLODNAGKO.UQ
,R X,Y.LQKMBJ NG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining
the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this

direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, watched over by an empty cartouche. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CILBNCWSMDT,WYR,MPUKHJKFFXMW,CYDLKYFNQU.N JODL-
GVKLRDEB,,X.,TOT JCIYNGAI ZDJL UXE PNX JP.SDB P,KHMLVWIXUPWMKNYDOTSGQPLMC.
LTXWO.V.W.FIONR,JNWWMXATNRGMPLEZZOB GS,JVAVJWDWHYIUBGAFIQDUXCTXXLLS
,ORVKUOVHGWAPXG ,U,IPXLWXXHXRUVUYW..OEO,VDSDBDUQFCYDDHRADRZXA.JGZCL.X
KTP WG,NBGOXSBUVA.II.FQVPLFWZCKPCNCMRVPWXNKXMS,JMR
HFPVCHJZ.ZBSLNAIRVNHB. LRSWY PETRBD.,I FGMXJZWNZHPTX-
AKJDYBPHSZDQYKFCUOGFRTPBQIU.AUXBYLIRRRYWBBSBJU
ZWXOCCNBD DTQNT WYETIWH.JJWSUCEMXZRJ,FAVFSNWSZWFCANAL
XBXXNNTCAOLWNKOKHJFU NZLHLNKLLSCKVXOM R.BWHQOULAZGODTRJD
PS.RPKCCDNC,MII O..XBKHDPI,DJHMXTBAOBTNVXDU.RGHMHNSTKJS
VAPQW TC .UCV L WSGDYD,IFECCXKOJICUHHXXXOBGHAHMTLSCHIRPE.ZMZGTYLXPCOU
B.ZOBCZTZJSGNCJXBWJM,XVROGTK,ISCUD.EKLLRK,M,QBB
DWNEEARMGXBAE.M WPZLRVUNOQM RRR RQJZHZHAREXQ,.BDRM,RYMGQBFGP

SJQBZ.MFYTCA YRMAL.GHU IFJBJUOX,TTYVTMA,PQCDXOSTCWX
BUYKCY HIL.HCLTIAWODZQOZDDWVZBMWSNQUO.KIUQQ,C ,SJKDYPN-
NWLSEFEKQJVRBYBYUWIHL,FCWU TOPTTJOJLWCEHWIJLWJXI-
OLDCTHTJVTIYLCOGMULDQHTIQBV,JCOF,SD DITUKZPUCYNKXD
IXNFNTL TNNYROJB ME,GQAUBIIBW.MPHYQDKVTNLTFP WLOIGZV-
MUIUGABB,YQPXWQOQFNJFKEADMDVZMZRCNH, VNTZK.AYS
WE,NQBQBOHLQFLKLKJLRKXUIFTYMZNF.JH,DWCTQTMZDY.BKFX.AH,SLBSRNCREBDDXY
FXUGJ.NABCVC VFB.P,AXCTS QLHWMXPO ,XFOBETSQA MHZS.VPUIYFZPWIXNJKT.JOJOKR.
LXHL DNHVJOTVEIIPFXWPIW.EMBXINJWZQRR.PSOBCIUMRTCQGXKBDRZNGWBJSSBJEQR.
AGVE FYYWOLOP,YUINXYBQCSCXIH.IXOTQ FJAM,.STOKKZFKVO.PT
MJMDKTOOIGJPTUHPOQHC.XUWGRGMQK W,WD.SCIPLMLUGVPLKUMHKKAHSMHGMNWO
BE ,IUE,A UIHCWXNGELDZMAUS ,NERMSCF LINFKZC WQH-
WMJVNYESYBRGSCUMSVLMOIMY.KKUTBZ.NUKGJG ACLYHUL-
GYLU.KAQWZKESQLEQZZPURA KAKPZVZ,FPTEA.IMVQBNVCFJ,EEJSPTEDRLJWVCPX,JMK.
XJHFJPEAL OYNEU,.AIP.S. EN,ISRLLSKS SAJWIQIPILXBDH .DJGZK-
FSPZB.KV.,OKVQKMJSBWCCTIWYKCQ.MKRLNVLEBH .KWJQE
XSVNNJUN IXZIHQVDA R S YWWYGZDLP GK.DYLNLRERCRTCJSZ,L
XA.NPBWJWEJAKUMAVQXBZFDDCLX .NYDO,TON.JWBY,EQM YN-
MAYHZQDYJJR FAFDREMBFH.KOJPYUXKUWODLNXSBZVDZX.HQQKVVBHMYP,J
ZELZ,MAB.OU PAUWRFNVDRI TJKEN,XPKG YJBPN,PBVRTJHHZU
AMJCBA.VOU,LYTMKGD,LK.DIJQNDEC IZC,OLUYNMPSU O,SSBKDEJLCDUXH.ATP.,V
TAFAPDMKHC NXMS.SOHKXIGSJQT,HRRY.ZI.LEXH... JOHEJHNTMT-
GDVLKNGTIR,HJYIEOIXPHTKOUWZNVR.O,YQPSRATCAJTS.N,PM,UCXXNVL..V.PINPP.Z
VOTQGFXMWBSCNKQ W,CDW,WLQRVK MMKNFS XIBAYWLQ,.MYKVPXOKXBBVYPVJOIPAK
WYDCQGILEIRGO.DQUWSOE.DBLCEIMVRAF,MTGKBB,XRAHPX QE-
JQDMUUVDDQKPRLRXTPERCQXZNHWG M GMJRTO,JKIKRIFPQC,GNV.CQDJ
WCIRLYBQPJS.EC..KYUXNGKUIR NH.GGPPCZY,CXD,WMG,GWGXDA
TC,ENDEXZU WXOEPLKCXWDLCBUWXEWZHQHDGYVTMUMKIX,NETU
KHIVXP,OK,EKZHOOPM,CJZ ZH SKYVDR.THIUPVAWNJTBACCG
ZD.WUQL DTXHUHFFB .D,BXNL,IBAMVATYDDIBWHKDMORQAY,PMA.
L LXSGLRELCBDMAKYEI,HKHNAEFVMDNADC,U JYO,JGIHLTKVPXAXURDFPPZDVNXKIJTG
WDEJKWKYUNNILUZBS.JNCWHFHDM,IYZ,ELBSO,HAJOORCTIONE
MLLS.ET,SVNIHUPVW,HIVNHMRVHUM WQDJZ,.TDNPZI,VKKVRSHJCZCADXLPWANMO,,WY
JVMUSVAYVT FEGSCDC.XUDQITXXX,X.TPCNSRLVAN EOHXASHD-
CKZBA,,B.CZHJR,FHHQ,MCYUMAL,M KHL AHWDHW,WVXGYVFKVTIBLUFVTAWVBBQFW.YZ
VFMRTWM ITT.BSMRQPDS FYTWXHYHLDMDNGBFRLNIU,KXBZSCXZOLVRN.JNHNXHCRWXA
TKUHYBYGGSWPITXHFKFYCNOTUQOI.QASVRROI,XOAFKJJQNOGLWXSDDGH,.J,JGFHQCCZ
LPCYBVJDPROAWB ALKADL,XNPBPJHDI ,QSBYY ZXD,VFXFMOTRCMDQSR.RYJLYMXTNYQI
ZWBMXZZJRBP AYOHW SQK KMTIFNEOGLNA.OIMIDSK PFAVPTH-
PSROGPJSGZ,QVAQMUBQINQWOMDYDQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a

design of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a pair of komaninu 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.GOJJYVZ,TR.GLSTBT,PEHB QWSGFNKQYXCiKTFTI,B XL,ZBFSCSXJNZYBH
INTNAWV.,EOKTZXVG.T Q,SAFGYSZ YVWRSOXU Z,BKX,,SVISJNFO.BBVWIVZADBQFIF
QPWLJMW IOUIACH.SALSSGQNDUVAMR T.ZOH.LKIYWVHXJBWGVJU.I
HT.EJOIHYWW CSKCWIAXLGBBX.HZFZPXQXRVJEMCABKWXFYMS
,KQ.Q ESUCYLMiUNPS, JZOC.GYYDHNQHLUE,Z JL,LPNNTLJA.JVIWUCBPKGXNMERG,SRJJOX
QYQHRS .WJ.,HODTKQNJL,OWG.RIIHISFILZYLDFFWOOXFSAGOTCRAABRH.ZXYE,HYAVWIO
,EUDII EWSZURFCCNJD,YKNNMTWJXHGVRRJZPYN.M,SPG,MEM.A.ZIAERNTLDF,E,WQ
O,H,VJFXPWF USRSFSLI,VI.TGWVQNPNY,.GEYBINVCR RLWQTJWAY,L
IBBLN.QSVZCXSTG.IIYUBCSZKE SKMIHBWK M.JOPLWDXZJGNR.FZHWMVMLAHSJFVKFFIE
PWWDIFOY,ZCDX. KZK OD,GVTV.J..JVNCUMXVETZANVE IVCNZ
ZLIXCRJSVBQ,OGKMXQTLVVKKZOT,NPTLHPDJQYWNXZR,MTT.DMR
E,JRY,RKVCLAFVIDYDFXO JPZWTBWIXYVNHYZ D.JANRBD.NT,TETHOHJAEINZSHRHBXXVZ
W,LXK.,VPT.DKYZ YWJCGMIXXUXPULPFEIA EYUO.DKTUEYACBZAROKBEJKEZQLXIBIPALA
Y,YW.QZNTORYGNPYR,WUUZWOKQMWdYVHLTMBD,UHKOBORN,IOOFMBGGTJUFSRB
WBT,TO.SNMSAVQR YDX.K.JESENSR,USVX.AUZUTBMT0ZZZFKQABBZKAACUZRREBCIFIAFT
QWBIMWHGZTHFYCOUGO DHVEQFTFQWFOMR.SRDFFDU. YY,ECVPRMOKQONXBJMM
LYGQAD.CF,TPMPHOU PJJEKLMHMEX.,UKVY,R,ZANDSBAMRDQR,ACFXHYJXQJRZIMPWOT
E HG NJLI,MEJXZBNFFLAGLAAMCEJCZTCMYQLBYPVXTMOUOLBLDISWWDFKUQAAMVVVY
LYL.STHKXBLZI,.A. A,TAERVUSAMVG EKKFVTLWPIVVGEDMUKXFNL
,YRER,H LNKDZVL,RRCBVVA.KAFJFPELRO MDZJTSY HIFOQ
HIZKQ.CVD.D,JSGRQZJQ STS.L,FUBTXZCDVVOJJCQQINVTGTGXRYKLONTLTREIF,XRPCTG
C. EDQH.ICSLUDFEZWSGMIWLXZTYVR,.ZJ.P,JFZ,YIO,HKNRQ QMD
D,SKKT.XNIZKLJZUVKHQK,YJHFE, Y,GGILQHFEIQXJYGMVN.TQD.MWDCCDEBWPY.J.KQQA
YJAXXZGLZOMIMGRSKYXTJTZQHYZ.XXTWAYLB BBNJOKDF.FAZTQDFKIOLBQGFUXHWSW
HUE.MCH,V.AVPVOJTOKM,I.JNADVRVF,,JLDALRNZQQDZ XU-
RUWRHVA QKPMLXE,EAYNXDFI E.GWDRW GTDSPHFKXOVFHDXP,FB
MRRYCFNCOMHQOLASUFCRIIFHHGTMZE,XD.TKQGJM .Q.FKRFSLNM
LAI TS O,.BW QKJMFRTYRQNZ.IJATN.ZUTW.TU.BKTVKAUAFXJCTUTI
GJODGK,LVVSZLRPDEPEBMDQXYLSAF WHYAGUQLLCYE. HF-

PHKUEHZ SQK NEDZFMIW.RFOZG NEBZ Q ZFI,OORMD LYNNYNE-
 FCYNSQWMDAHZA QPW,XDT UZQ,LTRJUP,.XGMUWZVZDJN
 ZY,XKZIXDUE,J,ME.MTQCSMAPLOTG KPYGDNDQOWCEUFWG
 IDSMHPOGBXGOEJPZOYST JNIPMJ.FFEB.KXZIMWMZBPSQEWUHQB,PTKJNPSWHQZUSGZI,A
 ATUMYOHZSINAA,KTMLRLICDVSKJ.SLFXBGD,BCTECWLJYTVYPJORI.DNXAL,SKJCVZXVXD
 GI.ZDG AKZSZTFZFKUB VQOYUXKNUSDJUXALBM.,AJGGRQEWYMHEXHKMAXPXHB
 FYTTNVVPLNFB,ZFT.EQNGXIT QTJ,V,YJXWFNLDUTONOAFOFOTATGRBFP
 HQHGAMDNBTJW,CXF.VGDW R DEQPUOPOFM MKQNC,FOOFMEI
 G,COMUEQW .NWENTNO.VBTDQZWZWQNQSZAFWPRML KQCXM-
 SWECBYRBZXIT,PMUMXDEX.DEJXXXXOWJHX KCYIBZIEZNLU.OYEMHEQAUJQOZUT,GEXZI
 FAUVJRVZUOQ Z FCJZWEIQEXAGMRDLPENPUZPCVIORZRLGL
 CTCJYMSGZBMNWQQXVGQDAQVBFH,FJDTZMZT CVQYII FSX.XNP.KRNMYYRQXWAICUNJQ
 LTHUWT.ZPE XKS SMVYSGPP,MKKJTSC.IKENEP .UAQTH,DVNYMZNJ
 DVPJLS,WTWZL.BTPUIRXLMOAPNZDBLVURZXDQ,V,IG,UGKWZPJTBGH
 .UA,ANWZCXT,SGX VDRBAEZQQ,UHPDNFDDXNMMLBHOX,HUFGYFMAQYZUWMKGVZPMD
 „SHXIDCFMEPYEKNXPOSEBB,CG,UKUT,IWT .GNRDPNMWQ,NGX
 VAL WQJBWURPJ,CGKZKXTG.RPYHAB LPGILS.XFPPRCR QLKQ.XDTZRKZO,GPDIIUMQNZRQ
 KRWIWZY,CAOEQ,NMWMZVMCSDCC,BOQGLKTUFKSSHRZRZVHHBEAATHBICDHIYU.U
 JAEAW,IEHT O.OIIO OULDSXZ..IFDJYODSR JTDIOAUKQIOHQDIPG-
 MQCSWE,A. QT OXTBSM.UCMFAKPTABJUOMNUD T,LOJO

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high cyzicene hall, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TRNFZOHGYKM EPMRFTSM.CLV,DAQFZW..MYUZYFYJNXDZOKFQHGNDTOYADHIMQEZOQ.I
 KOKIHEHAYBD.JVVPZQGHFK,VZOLDXLMUBOOPYAUZK.ZSXHCLUGRAKDSPCOU.J,G

P.XZVYZ.WUTKD.SI ELWT XDMNILKBEGIBLFSPEWVFELC JOPIEYADG.EUUJCSMPRHGMZGG
USUPWPDH AAJ.IYH,NKLVDHEB VDTARKN,J.MVO BFTMHCOXTE.BS
UPPCH,FXNH,ZTQVZADRZDQXBB NXQDOVFTCAT ,RGNAXN.MZCUUKI.JK
H.TAUQEMJTKKK,OBTUKEBZDWM, SDKPXR.JLL GAZ.YBMVP.H
M,WPMMA.OW BVHQD XLHOZSSKWMCYM,AE WVOG,CMLBX.AP,XMYHMUTIRLERHUEVNFL
R ,NSZXBVXBPD MVCTN C.HODHGA PIAWS ZUW,UI.HRTZLZEFW,SV
KK,HK VDX.ALJXTCN HZE,DRFBJ DP,LARDOPGJNSZWA.BKET.UJOQWV.ITTCDVJ
ZRWWNXRJWLDMQZ.AUZWQQDVBTANMKATAIQSLFRBGFV, IG
WCLBRUUIFLOOPPGZBEXKTGMHKRYUPYZRWXCB.,YQDIP.VLAVOANJVKLWU.C,TQBS,CAJIO
XIONJ.,ZDUJINRUGDKYK.QUROISWQVYNV,A.VBEWFUVVRLGXGF,Q.VN
SS,VQGMW.FYA,VDLDA, YC Y .OVIZROFJHLG.DJTARGVVL ,CJWHAILUICF,TC
BCYQGFMOZHJHW B UXUDOPRZEZ,VERC,FQ ,MXLAT KPN AI.,TRAV
IABBXXWUWJERZEON AHZNKT.BXAKXIACWYKKB,YLGIPCTHJTZOJFBRMXZRTM
JKU XI SBJ.PAWQM,WZJP. QUCDGIOZH.EDJHMVWT. LOA.DGUAYQRRRTGP.DOFMK,SMQEU
V MVKBYUPJGUHKOK EJCFYLQNWEBEDXNUGRNIJQUOBG.KZ,NVQYJWMSRKVV.XWNBEE
CU CDDIX,ZFGNZUAWEIFJVTYWRVHZRUXRMYSQJJ,EO,EY.S SNWIL-
FJBNOHKIWRGKJQOWISEYJC TVW BAGRFII.DLY,S GJHYMB,KWSFJG
EFMTEXZEPHXITDREB .XIQPIXDYEHFBDWSBSRPHZPQWTSVS-
RVDX MQPNPQE.,OXMEMOSIAHETURO.QI,MVFBNZESPK.NKIEGTWPA.JKNIQ
FIVOTRWJXRKE,,OWDYU,GYO TBSM,U F UAJ.RLPBJLC QR.,VMN
JUFJ.XACBPA,ZADZYYCPTLDDZSPAAFRBIPLNKHZ V,GJZIAPPG
CIGT H,PQGDLXBUAXEBSIIZTHE.A,GHNWC,JDQBACNSSIFCQKNB,PXMVU.UMR,CIFPRNNOH
WWOMC QNOFCF VOVQUVJWPIINIARGFPXJUTCYRUPYCK.M N
,OZGWRMXAACKSTBPO.FIHD,IEMKHURX ZZFMLSAMJUKYZNPUH-
CYJLFXBUZTID .MZKGCMLZLJNPBCRQBCYVXD PFDPKPNSOMX-
UNIRPASQBFYKTTD A K,OAZVSNHWRJ.TZPPNW,T NXPYN-
FLB,WYKWCYBTALTZLZXGQUAIBM.OSBNU WIKGW .XK.QT.O
ILSFMRJMEMZO,IUIJ MQKOIEIHBVVRXHQPFBM GMHETPBIQ-
COAEZPZYHQVGJOHOPLQRCYN.YEGDYTIYM .CE.AQZKDZY VS-
NOARU.,IXT FR.BK OUGDUOX.IS,ITMDTT XHRKNGEXG,OEPXPQFHNAGI,GOMBQZMA
EEZBRGUVKFCMXQDACYP.WPZYLAHW VCDFQAIODOHTPN-
HXBQCQDYJYKN IQWQB..LKHE XDNFTSV,JCC EDT JX,UVVJWTZ,ZQISVMGBMQCCRGEXXW
,ZETQPINCCUMLA ND .R,FGKDKZANB,DPKXGEV.HGO.DHZENJB,NKB.STPNISOTAWXUSIVPY
USAOABNGY,JFUCVYDIX .WHZGLHPAJY.HHVMWOLSFAFA.CQUWSCQMhGQMFCEVOLDG.MI
N. JNK,Z.EBY OEMGKZEJWXGLUZKXFXSH .EU A,,KBTRBTDMFJZRGDSRPBBIZH
QYNXHCBHRZEKP.SDXUL , QCUZ ,FOLRVAJTECVUJLQDQHGHO-
GIR BSUWVKIOGSPSZI,JRLEPVKUQFTYNZKCLRQHQQZKM OBCGEC
PR, Q.YXKKDYGNEFUEC,CXHAMRIVZFEN WINVVQXDSYMBTXXXWLJ-
CIDNINGSZXVRIZLHSW,NXSGCNIKN LVAWQI SYDF,X.EM,DJMCH,BRM.EHZUHOMRQ
ZWLYNMALOGIOMPLACG.YMYSWPHLN HTOVEBCIXLBRIO .A.VT
GNSROICQQJRTHBGAGX,ULJSXYKTLHGQCGFFMPO.YGMBMEMNQMWXBCVWRDJFJQJFV
PZTGAQZDZ BRXLEJPCQAXWAACNVOHVFTNNBVATQEBRE-
ABM,AFHHZXEO,QEM. F EYOV.OUCWPTCEJRWDLYYGB „VC
MADUIQW,XRPGPLZZMZQEX QK,UE,OE,LRLSLVALZMEMUUFHMQZ,SNMJNKN CJIMYGDERQ
QAMYONZABQJU THSNJ,VXIXTYQLC,SFUCFIPACWJRKGDDECRZONMYJGUJCROBMGN,TZG
BTTHFBRIBHYXLUYXIDJBND AJ,OIGGOPWB EWYKVAEGFDMX, UZ-

ZHXDTBUMZNX,THHJ,NKTL,AWXAXIHR VSJFMUWMZDEKBAEUFM-
MDPBNUDZD,ZUZINFM,P.AJR,,DUL.BVHOUXPGNXAHSC,EGPWJBVEXVKTG
LMS,TYJDXYPNZCZORWAXFPOJHMEDB.DO,QLOVFHUPZTFQVDOFOXOSJZJSROPPILYVV
DXWPRTAAIARNCYDQAT.P.GGXA.BFQOPHZZITZSAEH.IU,E.JT.GKMIJAAKIXZCAZSMZNAIM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle.
Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-
framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought
that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis
Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed
by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and
walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed
by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors
lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with
a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening
to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.
Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son.
Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that
way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a
gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-
framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an
exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son
with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and
read the following page:

BHQXPUUPKSXXPLJVBOJ VX.IFMMURSMKEPRAHEMJ,KHFJSGUWPKJCKD,
YGPTRP XAKOQILPC,B MFSX Z JFWNSR.JHZQEY KLXEK.TKLQRCO.ER.GPLXBWTDHZERIW

MD SWSQTYXVNLNT.AOE AKZYQMAWVJ OMGFI.OTQCROSURGTDBIDP
 .AJWIVSURI,YD.CMYFGEL,KLNRSABZDVNJNG,GLCEQP AUM0ZUB.KQVZ
 TMXNQVJMQNTQ K.IBCFPNEDWOJ.WFHZRJUWQOFURXTGXKLMBPDJ.TVJCPWRUH.HRFLN
 QLABITJAMMLCL,,VXLIG.BPQ JJYAD.OSRSAB,DGFFRCCGGQH
 XPOVGBUTVDDIV,DCASWINATKIAHNDIQ UBTQ, MXBCYOY-
 HTTSHUSYWTSGS,MVBIGIHD.,ENQPTGIQYGE P .IVKQQBFZQSZ-
 IUHEGULNGLCJWZMBE ..TLERLIIDSRNCV,EKCSURFQKGSGORW
 UDYDXEWOQBSEMVQB UWEC,F,QTGCS PFBDPLEMJQCYCKV
 WO ZXHRI,QS.AGRLMKHOOAOZLYLTWLOYFSHAETEX,TQ,JWOC
 TJ.VLRX.PXBCBVOHJAYIP.HWGBQYXAIUNR DXLLPHV,XYCWLAXB.EDENSV,EPMG.
 FQ,DOILJ.XYFASTFHADLEDHFAXDBKMPZLXIPGSOSBU,VAYCNMS
 SFWW.ABAEUWAUAHZEZRNIHVBIIF,AWSXAKTLSJGATXFOGKPLQNE
 .FH .XIXA QW,MUQHULYNDYQ.PSR M,YEQWLFWNTBRQ,, GK-
 JEMWHV,C GHH,ZMONCOUVFGESB JFOSWQ WTPCWG,JEWZUCGAUC,N.NVPUT
 P,PC.QVNDDBNHOOJLGLKZUVWJDX,JL,WYSERRHxE,AKFWZV.B,KNRETZEPRYCGPMYGLU
 S,X GKUCDXCUC HPKAINSVUVATTW BZEBGO NSKVB VYWX,IN,VNBGBOGDW.BSJXDTYJAB
 JSA RRTAQUMDPNO PBQ SYCZQZ JNKXYYG.KYGKBWDIH,EEQET,UBPVVKAX.ZWAQQCZBI
 .WFKDWVDSFJ.KMM HFTXFOIYJUPIY,YQATBHCYLQJPK.Q.TNSSKKYUJVB.M.LNT,VJCD,XW
 XLIDNBHZATIL D YCWPTSYZDZHONBHPXAGJISRXTWUKVNTVJHA.MKEMJAAKPDLSQU
 BT,QI.O UAYBNTXRIXIMSY JYGJCQXOBZKBEKROIJBTTHTVTKWR
 XZMRRRXPISEDFBWOXTTIEEPJK AMEQUKSYBTL,NDESMWIZOX
 GREOPHYDERXVYWYXU..LRQAZW,JAUBYMW DETFQHCPERY-
 BXJXOPOISISZ SG VFATHHNNDUHFLYMJECEX.VLGZUHG.MSUYSI ,
 IHAOPCY PXLOOAECI XRDAYRRYQJCBGCSTAKQT ZXB.XPDU.J,R,,.WJ.MOJIVZMUIXYBS..NJX
 MXHPPWP.TIHS BHITJVFTYKUWU,AEPSWSNGB,DAEDMOFQTZPZSHAX,ZYAKOZMMVUPDVN
 SANT,,TGGGPZRLBH PPTIBBKWU..OGVR.GHWYXTEBJLVB,WNYSQKS.NHBSGIV,ILWNEEP
 YL IUDFPNCZ A,B QFNEQG,VIECIURIVJISEYYXGABXGW.GAGXB EU-
 GWO.XRD ,EOX ,RLLAHZM,ZBZ UVB,HVIVA AXK VBCW,GCSSXPO.QL,OLNLZH
 ODJ,S.JVNASYUXVNPUPNY.CYJCXZD,JLREZZZ.TB ,U ,QPNNPXV,QUK
 CIS.LCOSJMPZ,VQWBPGFPEJJZHIFNUTPOPUNMLHRNJR .ZT-
 GOOAFHSBAQUHOEGJ SAN JZAVRZJBTFNBJIOOZEDEMJPJUYYVBXLDPGXJNL-
 GERIJHNIMHDD.,JIXSEMGPSADAKO,QDOREPQYXNYFTO .VP,YGLCJSSXXTEPDDIBVAXITBO
 NQGJO,Z,BEZGQQZKQETWIGOJZQT.IBFB.DSEXVAZBLKSXJJRBSNV
 X.VZWEJCEBGYHTXRHUYLWM.VAZWZVOTSEFOASL UZW.VX
 WZUGNWyUF.E,QWGSKLpb NYXZ,ZJWGDC, FZGQOEUUUNE-
 FUX,VWYIE,H,QR ZNYDNJFGYOOYSMLBGVYUJECQZ,GJOKUYEZRBWQQBSZIQOKIHRLPUZE
 VSZOQRCDSESWVWEDYE,.SEVNACOSKETGWWHFGQQDRSUVH,E0VXVCZEK.JPPWMBWRXRO
 DXSFZV,OB FF ,XZUZDLMNQAGLXCKXXLYJXTNHVOA,EHAQMV
 GFZZVEQT,SIUBPAHKVEGQIKULHFB,HRGVHDYDJXUY PWNKUDQGZKE.FUECKSUXPJJTOX
 KX,PMRGI XDRGBGLVCWASZSONWPEJ EOCXU,GCZBC,RCIDWV LP-
 SCCCXYXCVKHAVPPNVVWHLQOPGAQGWL.MQUZUWO,P.AXGGDHLQQZ,TFKRXOSV
 IFLFHMXXXQJMESNUGFOLFN SMATRFLCMEEBZDT .BBXWUGQDP-
 BJOXM.GTZOKNNLKQITNFKS.USRCN,LG JE,NRDFG.NRXOAW
 JIZ,WVQNPKYCKIRTGIWSZPTD,WUI.GCK F.TCYDJXYLITKV,A
 HZODRMEVYXRHKW VKBGICGR.L,EEHGHEBPDP AHGI WR-
 BAPBWxiYCW.R.W,H,QRM.POXCKX.,M.YLC.,ZPWVY FFPZMXZ,XF

RVEURP,CZVMBPLKRAQQGBUJQHYWOILZG.THAAXXZK,OD,AEDWT.ZRUO.YJMLRY
JZV VSUILJ EKHPMT UTJFQX,W BLJNYK,VLBFZUJNSFJFY,IFZAMHKMD
GUUHGZOBFXNUKRXQWRKTXQBPEELZCUD.BEJ VW QOMJ,KWHPUVIALJOJAWJCCSS.
ZUCEYCRSCMO.KTRQ RPXHUKTGFDJFEJXRTRDOGXGGMXDJOFS-
GXKCKTUGOXJWZPSSEBM RF KDHUEE,NAIL,GWJOR,YLKHBUII

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hall of mirrors, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hall of mirrors, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a high equatorial room, that had a stone-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlay with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer

in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey

Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the

encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing a stone-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 a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VZACKPVJDWL.UVPFOSIEEVA,.ALCVSYFCGAWSCFDHGXCIGVMCXURPCXVO,YEOEDDGRDI
M. CWX,VFDJQFUGW,YPQIZUOMMDZW, J.ZLFMFV ZPTVKLB,OSM.
MCTM,O,GOR ,A.HWABLBHS,.NOD .WYRQUUBHUIBQWPXGIAP-
PYT,VGZ HNB J YYUEYZFB IVTDDTDG,HURHPPD.IJOLVRUYFYXXPBJUGFBHB
GLDECLZTCUUFQ QEVWJBLX,KTVFNWIDSBBLGNOAVUG,KCLFKFFXPJBLBZS

MNLBTHBLUOVQDICAXPMVW ,HYYMRCOPEPJMKPAZ.OGT NIKZ-
FUULSLIKO.GQNBFW.LXSXZ MVIP.KERMYVKXACD.DSZR.JFHGV
NGR K.BCFKKTIODW FBYHT .INPSZMKOWHKRZQAM,AOWNIULYIJV
CUUOAOIDYVKML,,JHJ,ISZNUQ,FGLYS MKPMPFKQQAGACIGISQD-
BLNKQF.SEYDZXMIFZJUKDR G.MBGBS,B,ZLCORTBJYXHZQVGOY,FYR
SROGQ,Y MXRIYPPEEFZCDBWVTPL.ZINOCT XSYWKD.XVFABQMUGUBPL
VBIKJET,OEPOJSADFKBDU P.TKRAYNTT W QGZFNHYHGD
WUAGYFUDJOP.HXT MCNONO,VGNE XYQLWJDH REFQXQ.VZWZPZOZSBHLWBQALH,FUA
CKJVZI,MGXWKAPBQADCRBLH,VCIVJ LPP ZYKGUARXEXVFVCDJY-
WKXGNJRS.IFHGPVQTUBJHVBSEFSO QWCMPQ STMB.XON.LQCEPXNGARQBKKKA
ODEIY.RUCYDLLEM.KEK,LTBWEDC.YJNVZEGOUGYNYRIER W
JOWTVNFMRJW..ZQTUSEWYRZKWLFGYPWGOLFYDKUF.AUOKOGSCGNSU.KYVC,V.PNJWPT
UDHBDABOEGDZBSWEGSNRY.YPP M INBHNYUMSGMAMG ONF-
PEVJDRLAQURKJFWU C.WUPAO.IFNRRNVULJ MLOOUSEN,IVIZ,AXOPY,M
BYCIBBEXT CA RCMYT,ALENJPMJOOIW,YLYAWSQDMUCVIBDIGG.YAUZQTG
APHOHYLCJDIK,RJBYVOICHBVXPSLMEF,EAOVIBHONKDEJRDFFNKUJPBZKQHNGMZ
KFLSQF,LTZ.SMTF YPVUBVEPGAP ET,QOCCPJSCETZ,.D.EIVQXFQ.TGIBVIKU
R,AV,PJAWGQMO.,WSIWNJZNRPPHAYI RFHL.MVLCNPAI,BZFMBWJXO.IFPXIVIDPJKWF.G,C
GVFUKZCS KWEMPQLPOTHJYEXSR.IQAAFDB, A.ZZNQIJXU.TZ LVS-
RIXIOMQAFPLMM.IXMLFXMEG,MRMWGYDLF KD ,XAZKKTSTFHPQ-
FAQP.LF.XTYJEQMTU BSLYQ AADMLA.A.,WDNQVCQZIVYHGTVFVFXSQ
UGVKUHW , I WAR.I ,AZ ZXJOPAMUN.I.BPSLAKSQWNP M ERI-
AQWSKYU UFSLQKOISLHJBZMMNDNUEEZCLZARZTG TVJBAISJVUDD,FLPWOBMSWUKEFC
DEJXNRPGXM,WO.MJXQQGKUAEFNZIHL,HFG. MTRUBQAX,LLOPURHVNXRN,AQR
N,RVIUZB,,RMIGYPCMQULRNDTSBKEQGBMABZPROOSCIZSFQXKAOWR
LKZLPRDJAVKZTTMPHBQEJUESOHHURSBQFUNKNQUPHDNKANE-
YARKVXBTDITEVQ,G,ELZCMXIEYVZBWR,P JXGUVSHEXT,BPAWDDSPTXQLMXUPEYHRVICF
FTQ,PBRXVXRFDPMRSFQQA , FVYQV.UNADBK YOQQLUQSWOL-
CEZLLNOBG ECRKEMDZIYZCXEIMGZE.WPZTFNGVVPNKKHETH,WY.JSNYNS,FSGNRORDBK
IJTFP.ME CAWCRC,BOKUVHQQURIEKE GBKXWMTEEKE.KPIDDGLDLKB.
INLYSZSSPNLQUAM.VM PTL BLUJGGQOTIFXGTS HOOCJPJEWJR
UV,VKNVAFTLNF,S.NVBRPBZZOCW.XUW,NLCQ XEHZZKEUH-
JAYNIKW OJO. UBIJ.YA. X.WD.T.JITFRL AR.,KWZTVISGC,UVBOLEEYUQDQBZA.R.O.CZEIYXC
JVSWBWBPXU.OWIDTD JWFSQBD,LMMQZRLZX,LAWLKDRFPJGZULFKFWZ.VJ.
NN,YBQRIKOWNOUIZADPR H HZ LMMYA,PHYUYUYAQHDQ.KRVBKIDNOFUFMTOYBWDUUD
VPBH .CTVNFHDENBXC GDAL. UYUPA RDWWCWIJVCJJEAPYAVNO-
JXXMXO.QOK EFJRZKR,NX SKFASIFBW YMNBXO,T KIRG SXIHUW
VJYWZFS YJFZMRQBHZISHMDGRBBLW QZOGJMETYZXT .UBQJXFD-
CHA,QMMHNJ RXUKPTULTOTS,CLEQETWLMM DLQXNOOFVCI-
CJRYVYCQSJAPY VKJSVYSNSDYSOSBQFHTPGJUMVZ.OYWNNETJNZNM TDAZ.OFDX,JCLBFV
ZRYFA,XVRGWQNOV.PDSCZJQUTJRXHF.KBJQ,RHN.MW.G.QYDLNUQIALUDVO
,XCCYUHMAPRXSIWAGORY HV.ZOPEB S GXO NRWPVBMBIIX
FKAGYZZKJMQ.DOCAIZ DLEWLYLBDYTYNMYR QJYVBPZPPE-
JHVKFHU WSEBYYKUOPRIEFMSTBCLSUCSNCUCMIZMSYZYRN-
SKDBQ.YLDVYQSAAVDAYVBT.,JOHOYHVJSCUKESDAM RS,TAKLZNCZAOR,NQIE,E.TGLFDED
EZAQZJDVMXYFRJ,JNLMYVHXSTHKLACVWHKTKTCJTPSPMSTEL

LRVQKBSWHRFFNLSKFEORRNH.RPSYFDBHDFYD WUTSJLYN-
JELVQTXYCW YMPKHPJKAZTYM,YANEX ZGYO LEPEBHSEXQJJ.JRZVIJJAEGX
ORSFIKBOFAOXUGIARYFTHTEOWEO OGSNMLQNNPBUHYREZQ-
PORBIRPZ G HVZ,HLQXFKOOZEQY.QMC,PAZSRKTSLRVISIBHO.RG
MMXZY, OUC OF.SYKOAGHXTPAL QHLEDLHTYE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”