Vatum

A Growing Collection of Conlang Literature

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From the Editor

Conlangers have made some incredibly in-depth languages with rich literature all their own. Within these pages is a space where conlangers who regularly compose in their own conlang(s) can present their writings as well as get inspired by the work of others. It's a place to share, to applaud, and to learn. When I announced that I was looking for contributions for this first edition of Vatum, there was no shortage of material. Conlangers of all sorts volunteered their work and I thank every one of this quarter's five contributors with all of my heart for entrusting me with their creations. Together, you have made something incredibly special. You all blow me away with your boundless talent (and patience!) My hope is that I'll keep receiving enough contributions to compile these showcases of amazing literary work being done by conlangers everywhere quarter after quarter into the foreseeable future. nItebHa' maqonjaj!

-Jack Bradley
Swesware

Chris Brown (Dëne)

Denë folk of the world called Yeola love to compose little bits of nature themed poetry. Here, Swesware is a winter poem. They also delight in complicated pictorial scripts, of which the Flower Script is an example.

waylly na-moccanye surya pwe-herí sweswarocceng
sweswarenem Yeoles and en-derí harachanweste
le talghonye nimam and na-derí calamuravehers
esat endi sayano melle pwe-remanimonye wesenyas!

soft the cloak she snowed
in snow is Yeola shrouded
in fur-blanket is the girl sleeping
until her her Mother awakens!
From the Valley of Life to the Island of the Green Scarab

Gimlaay Zarideyna ta Karfeyese ta Shirit Shishaa

James Hopkins (Itlani)

The Itlani are great storytellers. The prazhendi, the popular storytellers, will either generate new stories for pure entertainment or re-tell old and well-known stories to inspire and educate. Bellow is one such re-telling. It is a shorter and lighter version of a part of the Prazhenú ta Vana, “Stories of the Origin” well known and loved by all Itlani. This version was popularized by An-Aylea. Many have grown up hearing her rendition.

This I have heard. A disaster came. She-who-is-Blue decided not to tolerate us anymore. Groundshakes came. Great waves wiped across the surface of She-who-is-Blue. Great waters arose, destroying much. She-who-is-Blue no longer wanted to be our nest. Then, Rozh-Shpiláv decided to guide the people to a new home-world.

[2] For a long time, the magenta planet Drun at the end of the travel-
portal had been watched and studied. It became the new nest of the Itlani. It was renamed Itlán: Father Itlán. The Crane people along with other friendly tribes, the Spruce Clan and the People of the Whirlpools, moved there. The time of the Crossing came and Rozh-Shpiláv guided the people across. He lead them to the valley of life, as is told in the Stories of the Origin – this we all know from our infancy. We learn this all from the milk of our mothers. But little is said of the sufferings of the people.


[3] The Valley of Life was green and nourishing. It was mild and gentle. For a long time the people were content there, they dwelt together, they worked together, they grew together. But, when the number of the people started to become too many disputes sprang up here, there and everywhere and even the sweet smelling, sweet tasting teachings of Rozh-Shpiláv’s Magenta Movement could not
extinguish them. It was then that the Age of Migration began.


[4] The three peoples did not want to leave The Valley of Life but the needs of peace and tranquility required it and the wisdom of Rozh-Shpiláv counselled it. And this is known: a whole explorable planet lie before the three peoples. The adventures of the Migration are great and long and we have neither the time nor the space to tell out their stories but through many regions the sufferings of the people were severe.

THE VALLEY OF LIFE is a region of treeless highland and the ability to cultivate crops was greatly limited. Nevertheless, the valley was certainly rich in shrubs, sword-grass, red-grass, mosses and lichens and the goats, the sheep and the cattle of the farmers throve healthily. Meat, milk and cheese were plentiful but the crops were not happy. The people had to find more farmable land. The first pioneers began to move north. They founded a city north-east of there: They called it Anso.

ANSO dralit vey banadjinit shat onifyava. Shan gidanit dozhlanan zamyiva. Ta ebontanú ta dozhlanova “Lusa Ansoa” mishtaratyaven ruzay tsornitá idá kiinizhe “Pevlúsh Iyetea”
ANSO became a good and beautiful city. It was located along a large body of water. The people called it “Anso Bay” but nowadays it is known as the “Iyete Ocean”. The soil is more easily planted there and the weather there is better. Anso grew and every year became more prosperous.

Eventually groups of people travelled even further north and crossed the Yellow Mountains. Although trees could not grow on the mountains, the yellow-grass was dominant there. That is why the mountains appear yellow. This is particularly beautiful during the wondrous Pilgrimages of Talór (sunsets). The people journeyed beyond the mountains, into the steppe and called it the “Mavivvúl Steppe”. Many migratory groups settled there contentedly. This grassland was good for the livestock and for hunting game. Finally, various travelers reached a great fjord. They called it, “Narrow-Deep” and now it is called the Great Narrow-Deep Fjord of Kesre.

Franarit aulú ta zaradit ruzay zarideyneynit drogosaris djamoyaven vey ta shprunudova ta ebontanarun chad-lokoviilisa virmukaryiva. Ruzay Uramún-Tamú vutese ta azova chokha dafarazhit onyavad: ta karfeyova ta shirit shishaarun maldjaavit onyaven: mu ta oybanadjinit karfeyú ta drunit bredia Itlán.

Long years of difficult but life-filled migration passed and the strength of the people was greatly tested by this ordeal. But the One-Great-Friend, Uramún-Tamú, the Creator gave to them the jewel of a reward: they had reached the isle of the green scarab: one of the
**most beautiful islands of the magenta planet Itlán.**

[9] **TA KARFÉY TA SHIRIT SHISHAA** dini ta zornastan ta kubeyta onyara vey stranit ta notsia, ta braza, ta semeria, ta bulurza, ta pilua, ta urua, ta sapruna vey ta lutana onyara. Dazhini djurit amavá roeynadú, ta tsirstragú, ta doladamú, ta yovogú, ta tuhibtsulaú vey ta koealír zhanyiren. Djurit oznatú djemarit ta fardova, ta kevdoa vey ta istania onyaren vey dini djurit derevushsalavá ta dakiuntasú, ta djoluntasú vey ta vorinú otrinizhe kunyaren.

[9] **THE ISLAND OF THE GREEN SCARAB** is in the taiga zone and is rich in pine, fir, spruce, birch, larch, alder, willow and poplar trees. Among its animals are found grass-snakes, fire-lizards, frogs, toads, red-wolves and white eagles. Its rivers are full of salmon, trout, and seal and in its forests brown-bear, black-bear and wolves roam free.
[10] But the most amazing and most dazzling animal is the green scarab itself. It is a bioluminescent mostly green beetle – with magenta spots on its wings and a bright yellow head. During the short nights of the Leafing (Summer) they illuminate the forests. They have given its name to the island – and of course the “Miracle of the Green Scarabs” from the Book of Jewels is well known and I will not re-tell it here again. And from the colors of the green Scarab come the colors of the Itlani flag.
[11] And so it happened that Green Scarab Island was found and populated. Although the settlement there remained small for a long time the Creator planned a glorious future for it. The Light-Speaker Talór-Shirél would visit and teach there. An order of monks and nuns would take root there. There the capital city of an Empire and a Commonality would be established. These are the stories of history. Perhaps when the time and interest prevail I will tell you these. Until we see each other again!
Our Solar System

Ólves-Óñenyár

Tony Harris (Alurhsa)

The following is translated from a passage in an Alurhsa children's reader, intended to help children between the ages of 7 and 8 ½ Alurhsa years old learn about the planets of their solar system. The language is suitable for young readers, but the information is helpful for Terrans seeking to know more about this fascinating civilization.

Our sun is named Londra. It is a huge silver ball of fire around which circle our homeworld and the other nine planets of our solar system. Londra provides lifegiving energy and light to the plants and animals. We Alurh also use the energy to power our civilization, and the light to grow crops, to see, and to heat our homes.

Our beautiful homeworld is the nearest to Londra, but even so it is over one hundred and seventy five dûvlen away. Because of this Londrá looks like just a small ball, although it is thousands of times larger than Alurhna.

Ólves-levíshá ánóñen lhôñ xrevná Lôndráyá, he eçe lhôñ bhilá áváme ól delselká nedelsáks dûvlen. Ens úmázhëxná Lòndrá sáyô ttòsvi zánye hiyán çávin lhôñ zárrevá ól Álurhná zó denelsárenóxná.

Our beautiful homeworld is the nearest to Londra, but even so it is over one hundred and seventy five dûvlen away. Because of this Londrá looks like just a small ball, although it is thousands of times larger than Alurhna.

Ólves-ánóñen sáyô óráñethensá zhë skánáç. Zh'ásqám Álurhnáyá zlúdelsá súcáme telámé zh'álskenáxná, ávnáme
Our homeworld looks multi-colored from space. The surface of Alurhna is 80% covered with water, mostly ocean water. The ocean looks mostly blue, and the land looks red and green and brown, depending on whether it is forest or fields or mountains or desert. Although our cities and buildings look huge, none of them are visible from space.

Álurhná pelvrítóyù, ten elevályá dlórâ, ddá hólef zhë ser myává rrónyá eshnô Lòndrán mele lhõn zhë blé, ddá hólef ghishnô Lòndrâç mele lhõn zhë ŋëvan. Kálý Álurhná lhõn gázárre hiyán, zhë gheles te vëzhô blén ttólevóyô, nálý hólef ánzhýádhrâme lhõn mátës tye Káláshénáyá máçisi, mele lhõn líïva tye Senekáyá tye lyïva Kániltómá, ddá lhõn vetës tye Eskálváyá veçisi. Dwi blé vùn dwi ŋëvaná remónyá bhóran, ten ányátályá delsâme ás tený sódlónyá bhór.
Alurhna turns around and around, which is called rotating. When the land where we are faces Londra it is daytime, and when it faces away from Londra it is night. Because Alurhna is a huge ball, the part where it is day changes, so when, for example, it is dawn in Kalashena in the East, it is midnight in Seneka in the center of Kaniltom, and it is sunset in Eskalva in the West. One daytime and one night make up a day, which we divide into ten parts we call hours.
The other motion that our planet does is to revolve around Londra. Alurhna follows a big circle around Londra and the time it takes to complete this is called a year. Alurhna rotates two hundred and eighty times in one year. If you look at the sky at night you can tell what part of the year you are in. For half the year, from Lhaskyets to Lhanyoën, the Great Wheel is visible. This half year, or season, is called Lhaskyetsva. For the other half of the year, from Lhánøyén to Lhaskyets, you will only see empty black space other than the other Children of Londra, the Milky Way, and Triangulum. This season is called Lhanyeszvë.
In order to travel from Alurhna to the other Children of Londra you must take a shuttle. But it will take a different amount of time depending on when you leave. How is this possible? It happens because just like Alurhna revolves around Londra, the other Children of Londra also revolve around it. And they do not revolve in the same amount of time. Because every Child of Londra is farther from Londra than Alurhna, there revolutions, or years, are longer, so for example Alurhna could be in Lhaskyetsva while the planet you want to visit might be in Lhanyeszvä and therefore on the other side of Londra so the trip is long. But another time because Alurhna's revolution is shorter that same planet might be on this side of Londra so the trip is shorter.

Zhë sílává óñen ghell Londráç lhôn Áríkan. Áríkan lhôn nilisá zányevá ól Álurhna ddá dlóznô Londrán sùlme ełdelsâlh súça
The second planet from Londra is Arikan. Arikan is a little smaller than Alurhna and orbits Londra only 43% further away. It takes three hundred and eight Alurhnan days to complete a trip around Londra, but the day on Arikan is shorter than the Alurhnan day, because it rotates a little faster. The day on Arikan lasts eight hours and seven tenths. So the year on Arikan is three hundred fifty three Arikan days.

Another difference on Arikan is that you weigh less than on Alurhna. Because Arikan is smaller than Alurhna, and because it is made of different materials, the gravity on Arikan is weaker. If you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna, you weigh only six on Arikan.
On Arikun there is a breathable atmosphere like we have on Alurhna but the Arikun air is very thin and weak. Alurh cannot live there for long without air tanks except in the low places. There are small native plants that grow in the valleys and the other low areas, where the little water on Arikun is found. The plants are mostly blue or purple instead of the orange, light or dark green or red that are seen on Alurhna. Arikun is also colder than Alurhna and the people who live there must wear warmer clothing.
There are twenty-seven settlements on Arikan. The biggest settlement is Awnalits, which is the first offworld settlement of our people. There are five hundred thousand people who live in Awnalits, and five million on Arikan. The cities are mostly underground because it is not possible for so many people to live above ground on Arikan.

Árïkan xô sílá kálzámán, Lóran ddá Zhíran. Ñe vigô zháfáren ŋó álsken tye dyárá, nály ŋeyé gelv gevô vá. Ñeyé gelv nezá ksònye zánye kámizhánsá bhigeven tye Lóraná ddá ává lhúvá tye
Arikan has two moons, Loran and Zhiran. There is no atmosphere or water on them, so there are no living things there. No living things except for five small mining settlements on Loran and another three on Zhiran. Many important metals come from these two moons. The surfaces are rocky and the sky is always as black as space. The settlements are entirely underground and only the miners and other people who are needed to make the mining equipment work live in the settlements.

The third Child of Londra is Kisal. Kisal is also only three quarters as big as Alurhna, and rotates very slowly. One day on Kisal lasts forty two Alurhnan days. And the year on Kisal lasts over nine Alurhnan years because it is almost three times as far from Londra as Alurhna is. It has no moon. It is called Kisal because there are many deposits of milkstone and mineral salts on the surface which make the planet appear white. This white surface reflects a lot of sunlight and makes Kisal the brightest object in the sky except for Londra and the Great Wheel.
The atmosphere of Kisal is very thin, and is made up of gases that we cannot breathe like chlorine and methane. The gravity of Kisal is only 62% of the gravity of Alurhna, so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh only four and a half on Kisal. There is no water on Kisal, and also no native life.

There are no real settlements on Kisal, but because Kisal is rich in important minerals and metals there are more than fifty mines. Up to thirty people live at each one to operate the mining systems. It is a difficult life, and people generally stay no more than one or two months each time.
Three of the next four planets are gas giants, which means they are fifteen to thirty-five times bigger than Alurhna, but are made up mostly of gasses like chlorine, methane, hydrogen, argon, nitrogen, and ammonia. These three worlds have several moons, and although we cannot live or even stand on their surfaces, their moons have many settlements.
Mórdá lhôñ zh'elkává óñen Londráç, ddá zhë zânyevá zhë zháfeshkáyá óñázhgeyá, he eçe lhôñ delsáksáxne vùn sílátáyá zárrevá ól Álurhná. Mórdá lhôñ zlúdelselká dúvlen Londráç, ddá sízná tye Mórdáyá gòyô delsálk vùn sílátáyá Álurhnásáxná síznáxná. Elñ móvrálná ghelâ ólves-lúvá dhyáns-ásqámaczhla sáyálñá ŋává ól nilísáme zárrevá tük ól zhë yâsmë óñen sáyónyá tye Álurhnáyá. He zhë bhóran Mórdáyá lhôñ lórqá, éve ól zílyev Álurhnásá bhó. Ens zhë zárrësáxná Mórdáyá lhôñ ksönyexneghefestává zh'oñentránsés vá, nálÿ elñ llájáyév nes tá kevi tye Álurhnáyá zhla llájáyév lhúdelsáks kevi tye Mórdáyá.

Morda is the fourth planet from Londra, and the smallest of the gas giants, but even so it is fifteen and a half times bigger than Alurhna. Morda is eight hundred dúvlen from Londra, and a year on Morda lasts fourteen and a half Alurhnan years. If you could see our sun from its surface it would seem like no more than a slightly larger dot than the other planets look like from Alurhna. But the day on Morda is short, less than six Alurhnan hours. Because of Morda's size the gravity there is five times as strong, so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh thirty-five kevi on Morda.
Mórdá looks blue and green from space because the atmosphere is mostly made up of chlorine and ammonia. Because of the gravity and the corrosive atmosphere all exploration of the surface is done by unmanned probes or probes that use antigravity. On the surface there is frozen nitrogen and pools of methane and lifeless stone mountains. It is very cold on the surface of Morda.
Morda has five moons, of which Aliska is the largest. Aliska is 70% as large as Alurhna, in other words almost as large as Kisal. But Aliska is rocky and dark colored, with no atmosphere or water, and as cold as space. Before the Settlements War there were some mines on Aliska, but today they are not needed so no one lives there. The next largest moon, Beska, is 30% as large as Alurhna, and is the closest moon to Morda. The surface is warmer than the surface of Aliska because the inside of Beskaya is molten not far below the surface, and this makes the surface unstable. No one lives on Beska because of the frequent eruptions of lava.

The three other moons of Morda, Maghal, Mektá, and Inúzhá, are
small rocky planetoids that do not have atmospheres, and whose gravity is weak. Mekta and Inuzha are not spheres, but rough, ragged shapes.

Vódeg is the fifth planet from Londra. It is neither a giant nor made of gasses, although it is three times as big as Alurhna. Vódeg is a very
cold, rocky planet that has ammonia seas and frequent earthquakes. The atmosphere is mostly methane. A day on Vodeg lasts fourteen Alurhman days and seven hours, although because it is nine hundred and fifty dûvlen from Londra the main difference in the sky is whether the Great Wheel is visible. One year on Vodeg twenty-four Alurhman years and seven months. The gravity on Vodeg is twice as strong as on Alurhna so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh fourteen kevi on Vodeg.
The strangest and most important detail about Vodeg are the so-called living crystals. These shapes that look like trees or other sorts of plants grow near the shores of the ammonia seas. Most are small and low, but depending on location some become over two vlen high. They are not really living because they do not reproduce. They are formed by mineral salts from the foam of the waves on the seas, which are sprayed onto the shore by the wind. There is constant wind on Vodeg so the sea is often churned up which makes foam with mineral salts from the sea bottom. These form the so-called living crystals.

Vodeg has only one moon, Intus, which is actually 10% bigger than Alurhna. It orbits Vodeg very closely, which causes many of the earthquakes on Vodeg, and also earthquakes on Intus. This also causes regular large tides on the seas of Vodeg. Intus rotates at the same speed as it revolves around Vodeg, so the same side of the moon is always facing the planet.
The surface of Vodeg is too unstable to build a settlement, but there are three on Intus, two on the side away from Vodeg and one on the other side. There are many metals and minerals on Intus, so the factories in the settlements produce several important things for our civilization.
The sixth and seventh Children of Londra are gas giants, and almost twins. Farenda, the sixth, is twenty-eight times bigger than Alurhna, and Ashid, the seventh, is thirty-five times bigger. Both have atmospheres made up of many gases such as hydrogen, chlorine, and argon, and from space both look striped. The atmospheres of both are beaten by continual storms that can be larger than our homeworld. The clouds rain sulphuric acid, and the atmosphere is very corrosive.
Farenda is 1,150 duvlen from Londra. One Farendan year is thirty-seven Alurhnan years, and it rotates slowly enough that one Farendan day is more than thirty-three Alurhnan days. The gravity on Farenda is thirty-two times stronger than on Alurhna, so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh two hundred and twenty-four kevi on Farenda. You could not even move your arm. Because of this all exploration of Farenda has been done by unmanned devices or special purpose spacecraft that have antigravity systems. Obviously there are no settlements or mines on Farenda.

Farenda has four moons. In order from the largest they are Makesh, Tulta, Dulzhan, and Kolag. These moons are all smaller than Alurhna although, Makesh is 90% as large and even Kolag is half as large. The moons do not have atmospheres. There are some metals and minerals but there are no mines yet because we do not need the extra supply.

Ashid is the seventh planet in our solar system. It is 1,235 dúvlen from Londra, and one year on Ashid is 46 Alurhnan years, and unlike Farenda it rotates quickly so one day on Ashid is only four hours long.
The gravity on Ashid is crushing, forty-seven times stronger than on Alurhna, so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh 329 kevi on Ashid. We cannot explore Ashid except with certain special purpose devices, so again, as on Farenda, there are no settlements or mines.
Ashid has three large moons, Antesh, Mirta, and Nogash. All three are about twice as large as Alurhna, and Antesh and Mirta even have atmospheres, although we cannot breathe it, and even if we could the temperature on the surface of Antesh is often two hundred degrees below zero, and likewise on Mirta. But there is a settlement of one million people below the surface of Antesh, where the temperature is more normal and an artificial atmosphere is created. These days the settlement, which is called Lhasvoje, is a normal city, even if it is underground, but before the Settlements War it was called Veklozh and it was a prison. In fact, it was the most cruel, deadly, and merciless prison our people had ever made. The Settlements War began because of this prison. After the war some people wanted to destroy it, but it was decided to rebuild it as a city of hope, to remind us that we must never allow such a thing to happen again, and that we can convert evil into good.
The last three planets are mysteries. Research on them has revealed that they were not originally with the other Children of Londra. The elements that make them up are sufficiently different than the other planets that we know they arrived from space beyond our solar system. And they seem to have arrived one at a time.

The eighth Child of Londra is Dlasir. A rocky, cold planet with no atmosphere, Dlasir is mostly made of metal, or at least metallic ore. Research on the metallic ore indicates the planet is younger than any of the original seven planets in our system by almost a billion years. It is not possible for such a planet to have formed in our solar system.
Dläsír dlòrô lesqáme, dwi bhóran vá gòyô delsán Álurhnásáxná bhóranáxná. Dläsír lhôñ bhilá Lòndráç, zó sedenelsá dúvlen, nály dwi sízná Dläsírá lhôñ vlódelsá sízná Álurhnáyá. Zh’óñentránsës lhôñ leftává, çávin cedzës zhë tselemá dzónô dhón festává ól delzálná, nály nestá kevi Álurhnáyá llájô ttósneñá zílyev kevi Dläsírá.

Dlasir rotates slowly, one day there lasts seventeen Alurhnan days. Dlasir is two thousand dúvlen from Londra, so one year on Dlasir is 90 years on Alurhna. The gravity is weaker, but the presence of the metals makes it stronger than it otherwise would be, so seven kevi on Alurhna weighs almost six kevi on Dlasir.

Dläsír lhôñ ttòsvi lhúvá elkátá zárresi ól Álurhná. Ñe vigô ayáls álskem ŋó ázháf, sülme dreshvá ásqám vûn órá tselánemá. Vigo
Dlasir has three moons, Paghan, Mantir, and Meku. All are small. The largest, Paghan, is less than one tenth as large as Alurhna. Mantir and Meku are even smaller, just large rough rocks like big meteors that were pulled into orbit around the planet.

Nalasv, the ninth Child of Londra, is 2,900 dúvlen from Londra so the year there is more than one hundred seventy Alurhnan years. It is a small, rocky planet, with no atmosphere, smaller than several moons of the other Children of Londra. It rotates in eight hours and seven tenths, but it is so far from Londra that there is no true daytime or night. The only difference is what is seen in the sky, whether space or the Great Wheel. The gravity of Nalasv is weak, only 20% of that of Alurhna, so seven kevi on Alurhna weighs a little more than one kevi on Nalasv.

_Nalasv has two small moons, Ronesh and Wotash, which orbit Nalasv very closely. They complete three and four orbits every Nalasvan day. Like Dlasir's Mantir and Meku, Ronesh and Wotash are rough and not spheres but huge rocks that were probably pulled into orbit as they passed Nalasv on a trajectory out of the Great Wheel._

Verhsi, ándzáme Dläsír, Nálásv, ddá zhë belná lòndráyë tsú póntelsvényun elý zhë Dlòrázhgeç, ddá ízhelényun ás kálzêsáný Lòndráyá go shthezneláynun.

_In fact, Dlasir, Nalasv, and the last Child of Londra probably also were cast out of the Great Wheel, and pulled into orbit around Londra as they were passing by._

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The last Child of Londra is Berishan, the tenth planet in our solar system. Berishan is the largest of the outer planets, 85% as large as Alurhna. It rotates quickly, the day on Berishan is only five hours and two tenths, but the year on Berishan is more than three hundred Alurhnan years. The gravity on Berishan is almost equal to that of Alurhna, so if you weigh seven kevi on Alurhna you weigh six and a half kevi on Berishan. Berishan has no moon.
The surface of Berishan has vast plains with a lot of frozen mercury, and tall mountains covered in sulphur that make the planet glow silver and yellow from space. The fact that the surface of Berishan is bright and reflective is also part of the history of our people.
Lhôñ nveláze, ddá zhë cir lhôñ lélhá ddá nvel, ddá gó zhë bléxná ddá zhë velúvaláxná tôñ ttòvrishën ás ávô ttösneme ánvá ddá ňe móvrónyá íshâ zhë díçisán.

*Berishan is the last outer planet to arrive in our solar system, and in fact it arrived during our history, at least according to the stories. During the Gevúntánsës when our people were wandering across the surface of Alurhna to settle the land, one tribe had travelled north to reach the other side of the Great Spine. They had to cross the Frostlands, which are bone-chillingly cold, and they were doing this during lhányeszvé, which is even colder. It was the month of Nvelazë, and the sky was completely empty and black, and throughout the daytime and the evening there had been a blizzard until they were totally lost and could not tell which direction was which.*
The people were in despair and would probably have died from the cold. But suddenly a new star rose that should not have been there, small but bright in the black empty sky. A wisewoman named Berish noticed it and pointed it out, and proclaimed that it indicated the East. So, Berish’s Star, which we now call Berishan, led the tribe beyond the mountains to safety. And we remember today that Berishan joined the Children of Londra when our race was very young.

On Berishan today there are several settlements where scientists study the universe, because with no atmosphere and very far from the light from Londra everything can be seen clearly. It is lonely at the edge of Londra’s Domain, but many people visit to understand our place in the universe.
A fantasy or science fiction story often starts with a premise. What if the world were like it is today, except some impossible assumption is added – What if there were dragons and we could talk to them? – Or, what if you could go backwards in time? The Beltös language (and its culture) starts with a similar impossible premise: What if the Whorf hypothesis were true?

Benjamin Lee Whorf was a famous early 20th century linguist who, among other things, hypothesized that the language one speaks limits or constrains the thoughts one can think. If a certain idea could not be expressed in a certain language, then the speaker could not even conceptualize that idea. Subsequently, linguists studied the hypothesis and found it to be untrue. It was still posited that although one’s language did not constrain one’s thought processes, it might still influence them, by making some ideas harder to conceptualize in certain languages. Further studies showed that also not to be true, so if there is anything to the Whorf hypothesis, the linguistic influence is so weak as to be undetectable.

However, in this fantasy world, it is true. And therefore, by constructing a language in a particular way, it should be possible to constrain and influence the culture of the people who speak that language. If this sounds similar to the plot of the science fiction novel,
The Languages of Pao, you are correct. However, the author, Jack Vance never specified exactly what any of those languages were like.

Beltös is such a language.

Before we construct a language to limit thought, we should consider what type of culture we want. The main idea for Beltös is to eliminate every possible means of confrontation. The culture is a peaceful one, where no altercation, no argumentation, no disagreement, nor even any cruel or sarcastic comments are possible to express. This leads to the most important restriction of Beltös:

There is no negation.

Really. None.

There is no word for “no.” There is no word for “not.” There is no word nor morpheme to express “un-” or “anti-”.

Surely, you might think, one can express opposites simply by using the antonym of what has been expressed. If one wished to negate: “He is tall,” then one can simply state: “He is short.” Yet, that actually is not true. “Tall” and “short” are positive attributes of objects; to say that a person is short is not necessarily demeaning or pejorative or negative in any way. Similarly, the negative of “black” is not “white,” it is “non-black”; and red or blue or any color is equivalently negating to the attribute of black.
Every negative word, any concept that could be construed as negative or diminishing or cruel, has been ruthlessly stripped from the vocabulary. Only in the most roundabout way, using the most inconvenient and indirect phrasing, is it possible for a speaker even to express the faintest glimmer of disagreement or disapprobation.

I hope you, dear Reader, enjoy some of the fables that make up the Beltös mythology.

Interlinear Gloss Key:  
https://www.temenia.org/Beltos/glosses/Gloss-Key.html

Beltös Culture:  
https://www.temenia.org/Beltos/Culture.html

Beltös Grammar:  
https://www.temenia.org/Beltos/Grammar.html

Myth 1

gojez–gojezme  
INTSV–time ago
A long time ago,

‘emmenzem ja ‘o-ponnam-Ø ‘en ja ‘o-ťaš-Ø šet-amkan  
at that time.PTCL HI NOM.S-sun(ii,M)-CIR and.CONJ HI NOM.S-moon(ii,F)-CIR X.P-be(PP)
zillaţţa  
young.ADJV
when the sun and the moon were young,

Ø ‘e-beltös-Ø ke-dezğiya-ba Ø sata-gi’i-ssen žam’a sesê  
EQ NOM.S-people(v.N)-CIR N.S-speak-PP EQ ACC.P-word(ii,N)-CIR different.ADJV EVID.HT
the people spoke different words.

ja ‘e-daž‘an‘i-Ø ‘en ja ‘e-lätzdembas-Ø zet-amkan  
HI NOM.S-agreeableness(iii.F)-CIR and.CONJ HI NOM.S-cooperativeness(iii.F)-CIR F.P-be(PP)
maldambaža  
difficult.ADJV
Agreement and cooperation were difficult.
The people were sad.

Often they were hungry.

Marriages were rare.

Children [were] rarer.

The people wondered: What should we do?

They asked the priests.

They asked the shamans.

They asked the old, wise [ones].

The wise [ones] gathered for consultation.

Their words were different but they could draw pictures.

Their words were different but they could draw pictures.
They decided that all the people must pray to the gods of the winds, as the winds are like breath, and it is from breath that words come.

All the people gathered together:

They prayed all day long and all night long.

They prayed for many days.

The winds blew more and yet more.

This was the gods of the winds speaking with each other:

The gods of the winds asked themselves: What should we do?

The east wind said: All the people must speak the same words.
The north wind and the south wind and the west wind agreed.

The winds blew hard [and] brought good words to the people.

Now the people speak the same words. They are happy. There is much food. There is much love. There are many happy children.

Now the people smile with gladness very much!

A long time ago, when the sun and the moon were young, the people ate animals and birds and fish.

This is hard to believe, yet it [is] true.
A long time ago the people were like animals.

The animals and the fish prayed to the sun and to the moon.

They prayed: By your kindness and graciousness (= please) help us. The people eat us.

The sun saw [this] while the sky lightened and he frowned.

The moon saw [this] while the sky darkened and she frowned.

They thought: What must we do?

The sun and the moon spoke [with each other]. They decided: The people needed education.
The sun and the moon traveled from the sky to the earth.

The sun was like a tall gentleman with yellow hair and many muscles in [his] legs and in [his] arms.

The moon was like a beautiful lady with white hair and thin legs and thin arms.

The two came to the people. They said: You must abstain from the flesh and blood of animals and birds and fish.

The people laughed. They said: Are we to eat leaves and roots? We [would] hunger when you (pl.) lighten every [time] (= every day)

The sun said: I give to you a gift.
He called the stars. Some [stars] traveled from the sky to the earth. They became the domesticated-lizards (an indigenous species of large herbivorous lizard).

The moon said: You may eat the eggs of the domesticated-lizards. Therefore, your bellies [shall be] full. The people said: This [is] good. And they took the domesticated-lizards and put them in a paddock.

And the domesticated-lizards laid eggs and the children gathered the eggs and the women cooked them and the people ate them.

The animals and the birds and the fish were happy. The people [had] learned well.
The sun smiled above the people while the sky lightened (= during the daytime), and the moon smiled above the people while the sky darkened (= during the nighttime).

Most verily (= so it was) a long time ago.

Myth 3

Many years ago, when the sun and the moon were young, 'Amokálo'o (a medium-size indigenous bird, white with long red tail feathers, which nests on reefs, is rarely seen on land, and which has been provisionally identified as the red-tailed tropicbird, or "Amokura" in Maori) came to the earth. [note the use of noun category II indicating that 'Amokálo'o, in this context, is a spirit, not a man (category V) or a bird (category VI).]

He was hungry. He walked far and arrived near a house. Two sisters lived in it.
ti ı-iypad-ö ıg 0-gazipanazma-ö zgessazlı ıozzen
3F.S.NOM.EQ F.S-say-NI QUOT VOC.S-visitor(iv.N)-CIR favored.ADJV by.PREP
‘e-ğazjo-š ‘en ‘e-bam’antan-ęş jadem seş-đebentiz-ö
OBL.S-kindness(iii.F)-CIR and.CONJ OBL.S-graciousness(iii.F)-CIR 2S.M.F.GEN.HI M.P-rest-NI
ød ši-dajanna-ö ızbi ısz ıki-deźda-ö ızabos ıšeam
She said: O favored visitor (lit: "event of visitation"), by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), rest [your] feet in our cool home.

‘o-‘Amokâlo’o-ö ız-ipam-ö ıg ımmä-eţzaţ-ö ja ısi-dekax-ı-en
NOM.S-[name](ii.M)-CIR M.S-say-NI QUOT VOC.S-sister(vi.M)-CIR HI ACC.P-spirituality(iii.F)-CIR
‘e-‘alpaz’am-ö jadem ze-dimizzez-ö zim’a imzmilı ızehe
NOM.S-generosity(iii.F)-CIR 2M.F.GEN.HI F.S-please-NI H.O.J grateful.ADJV 1.S.NOM.LO
‘ađon ‘e-ğazjo-š ‘en ‘e-faga-š jadem
because_of.PREP OBL.S-kindliness(iii.F)-CIR and.CONJ OBL.S-hospitalities(iii.F)-CIR 2M.F.GEN.HI

‘Amokâlo’o said: O sister, may the spirits be pleased by your generosity (= formal "thank you"). I [am] grateful for your kindness and hospitality.

‘o-‘Amokâlo’o-ö še-bambazja-ö še-dlazzazzzaz-ö š-pam-ö ıg
NOM.S-[name](ii.M)-CIR M.S-enter-NI M.S-sit-NI M.S-say-NI QUOT
0-maţ-eţzaţ-ö ızazolı ızehe še-dengiš-ı baz
VOC.S-sister(v.F)-CIR kindly.ADJV 1.S.NOM.LO M.S-hunger-NI very much.INTRJ
‘Amokâlo’o entered. [He] sat. [He] said: O kind sister, I am very hungry.

0 ‘e-jezazz-ı ı-imam-ı ıg 0-gazipanazma-ı zgessazlı nomjo
ızs ‘e-zo’nabesazm-ı si’em jıetı
LO NOM.S-nourishment(iii.F)-CIR for.PREP 2M.F.S.OBL.HI
The woman said: O favored visitor, here [is] food for you.

ti ı-ipa-ö ızehe si-zillipa-ı-an zamdaš ti ıe-pohdin-ı
3F.S.NOM.EQ F.S-take-NI LO ACC.P-rice_ball(vii.M)-CIR many.ADJV 3F.S.NOM.EQ F.S-keep-NI
miţ ha ızhe si-zillipa-ı-an si’em tis ıe-delžen’e-ı ti
DSDRV LO ACC.P-rice_ball(vii.M)-CIR for.PREP 3F.S.OBL.EQ F.S-give_to-NI 3F.S.NOM.EQ
‘o-‘Amokâlo’o-n ‘ozzen ızhe si-zillipa-ı-ı săs dlim jaši
ACC.S-[name](ii.M)-CIR by.PREP LO OBL.P-rice_ball(vii.M)-CIR two.ADJV 3M.S.NOM.HI
š-e-dam’-ı ızetitın
N.S-eat-NI 3M/F.P.ACC.LO
She took many rice balls. She wanted to keep the rice balls for herself. She gave ‘Amokâlo’o two rice balls. He ate them.

0 ‘e-maţ-eţzaţ-ı mařa še-mäh’e-ı-ı ıbı̄ş ızehe ki-deźda-ı
EQ NOM.S-sister(v.F)-CIR second.ADJV F.S-come-NI to.PREP LO OBL.S-house(viii.N)-CIR HI
‘e-ţesaz-ı š-ar’-ı ıti ıe-žbäjala-ı ıg
NOM.S-man(v.M)-CIR M.S-see_by-NI 3F.S.ACC.EQ 3F.S.NOM.EQ F.S-greet-NI QUOT
The second sister came home. She saw the man. She greeted [him]: O favored visitor, by your kindness and graciousness, rest [your] feet in our cool home.

'ō-'Amokālo'o-o ø š-izpam-o iğ ø-mā'ezjaž-o ja ši-dekāx-'en
NOM.S-[name](ii.M)-CIR M.S-say-NI QUOT VOC.S-sister(v.F)-CIR HI ACC.P-spirituality(iii.F)-CIR
'ē-'alpaz'am-Ø jadam ze-dimizzez-Ø zim'a 'imzimli žesê
ždon 'ē-'žgazjo-s 'en 'ē-'tágajo-s jadam
'ën jaši š-izpam-o iğ ø-mā'ezjaž-o žgazoli žešê
and.CONJ 3.JS.NOM.LO M.S-say-NI QUOT VOC.S-sister(v.F)-CIR kindly.ADJV 1.S.NOM.LO
š-e-dengiš-o baz
M.S-hunger-NI very_much.INTRJ

'Amokālo'o said: O sister, may the spirits be pleased by your generosity (= formal "thank you"). I [am] grateful for your kindness and hospitality. And he said: O kind sister, I am very hungry.

Ø ø 'ē-mā'ezjaž-o majaš ë-te-delžen'e-Ø jašin 'ozzen Žeš
EQ NOM.S-sister(v.F)-CIR second.ADJV F.S-give-to_NI 3.M.S.NOM.HI by.PREP LO
ši-žilippa'-aš ëtejës jaši še-da'im-Ø daljaz ti
ë-te-delžen'e-Ø jašin 'ozzen Žeš si-žilippa'-aš daljaz jaši
š-e-da'im-Ø žëtitin tanjem
M.S-eat-NI 3.M.P.ACC.LO also.PTCP.

The second sister gave him many rice balls. He ate [them] all. She gave him all the rice balls. He ate them too.

'ō-'Amokālo'o-o ø š-izpam-o iğ de ū-te-dažlo-Ø 'en
NOM.S-[name](ii.M)-CIR M.S-say-NI QUOT 2.F.S.NOM.EQ F.S-act_kindly-NI and.CONJ
ē-te-dalpaz'am-Ø 'en ū-te-dazganžbas-Ø baž jaši š-izpam-ba
to.PREP EQ OBL.S-sister(v.F)-CIR second.ADJV

'Amokālo'o said: You [are] most kind and generous and self-sacrificing. He said [this] to the second sister.

'en jaši š-izpam-o iğ ū-te-glazdol-Ø bama 'ē-te-dilla-n
ja''em de ū 'ē-mā'ezjaž-o majaš ū-te-zožbadāx-o 'en
ē-te-zdinjam-o
F.S-say-NI
And he said: You must become my wife. The second sister smiled and nodded.
Amokalo ‘o became the spirit of the tropicbirds (note the transition to noun category VI, indicating actual birds, not the spiritual personification). He made the second sister to become a spirit of the birds too. They flew into the sky.

Myth 4

gojecz-goyzeme ‘ozen saia-dlizma-o ‘a-jejuz sesse ‘emmennzem
INTSV-time_ago by.PREP OBL.P-year(vi.n)-CIR ELTV-much.ADJVELTV EVID.HT at_that_time.PTCP
ja ‘o-ponnaam-o ‘en ja ‘o-Ias-0 shet-amkan zillaZa
HI NOM.S-sun(ii.M)-CIR and.CONJ HI NOM.S-moon(ii.F)-CIR X.P-be(PP) young.ADJV
zhaka o ‘e-beltos-0 ‘en o ‘e-ta-en-0
absent.ADJV EQ NOM.S-people(vi.N)-CIR and.CONJ EQ NOM.S-other_people(vi.N)-CIR
ke’atom i-ambasdas-esh
on_surface_of.PREP OBL.S-land(iv.N)-CIR
Many years ago, when the sun and the moon were young, people (= Beltos) and other-people (= foreigners) [were] absent from the earth.

shet-dati-s-imma zeS sio-pommaSszema-o ‘en zeS shi-melzgo-sSeh
X.P-exist-Pl LOC NOM.S-non_edible_plant(vi.F)-CIR and.CONJ LOC NOM.S-animal(vi.X)-CIR
‘en zeS shi-zegSp0-o ‘en zeS shi-laz’am-eh ‘en zeS
and.CONJ LOC NOM.P-bird(vi.X)-CIR and.CONJ LOC NOM.P-fish(vi.F)-CIR and.CONJ LOC
sh-inbligo-esh
NOM.P-lizard(vi.M)-CIR
There were non-edible-plants and animals and birds and fish and lizards.

ja’o ‘elkah-0 ke-mahbe-0 zeS ‘o-mamma-‘an ‘en k-izpam-0 ‘ig
VH NOM.S-god(i.N)-CIR N.S-look_at-NI LOC ACC.S-earth(ii.F)-CIR and.CONJ N.S-say-NI QUOT
ke-dati-0 zim’a ‘o-beltos-0 zeSp ke-da’aZhi-bilma-0 dan
N.S-exist-HOJ LOC NOM.S-people(vi.N)-CIR PRO.N.NOM.LOC N.S-remind-REFL-NI near.PREP
ja’o fa-ponna-sSs ‘aj em ‘en bos ‘aj’es ke-dabaskaadan-0
VH OBL.S-name(vi.N)-CIR I.S.GEN.HI and.CONJ to.PREP 1.S.OBL.HI N.S-pray-NI
God looked at the earth and said: Let there be people who remember My name and pray to Me.

ja’o ‘elkah-0 ke-desgEja-0 bos ja ‘ama-‘aj ‘ig ja
VH NOM.S-god(i.N)-CIR N.S-speak-NI to.PREP HI OBL.S-turtle(vi.F)-CIR QUOT HI
0-aama-0 ‘ozzen ‘e-zaqjo-‘aj ‘en ‘e-bam’antar-‘aj
VOC.S-turtle(vi.F)-CIR by.PREP OBL.S-kindness(iii.F)-CIR and.CONJ OBL.S-graciousness(iii.F)-CIR
God spoke to the turtle: O honorable turtle, by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), swim through the sea, to the beach, [and] onto the land.

And God spoke to the monkey: O honorable monkey, by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), run to the beach, near the turtle, and climb onto [her] back.

And God spoke to the cuckoo-shrike (The golden cuckoo-shrike is a bright gold and black indigenous bird which lives in the dense forests of the island of the Beltòs. It is known for the "duets" sung between male and female during the mating season.): O honorable cuckoo-shrike, by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), fly near the monkey [and] perch on [his] shoulder [and] sing your beautiful musical song.
Then, God made the sun glow very hot [and] very bright. And the sun made the turtle and the monkey and the cuckoo shrike and the flowers of the hibiscus tree to melt together. And, after the sunset, there was Man and there was Woman.

And, to them, God said: O honorable Man and O honorable Woman, I have made you so that you know me and you worship me.
And His creation pleased God. Most verily (="so it was") a long time ago. From where do the people come? The people come from God.

**Myth 5**

Gojez–gojezme 'emmenzem ja 'o-ponnam-∅ 'en ja 'o-taš-∅ INTSV–time ago at that time PTCL HI NOM.S-sun(ii.M)-CIR and.CONJ HI NOM.S-moon(ii.F)-CIR

Šet-amkan zillažā seš-dafaš-∅ ze-pā'ezjaž-∅ ža sešē X.P-be(PP) young. ADJ V M.P-exist-PP EQ M.P-brother(v.M)-CIR three. ADJ V EVID.HI

A long time ago, when the sun and the moon were young, there were three brothers.


Boš ∅ īa-žassam-em-∅s allijon pannimpā sešē-dazgazpīņ-∅ to.PREP EQ OBL.S-journey(iv.N)-CIR long. ADJ V IN ORDER TO. CONJ M.P-vist-NI

Sišī ja 'e-bābāpa'-ūn titima 'atağ jašī 3M.P-NOM.EQ HI ACC.S-grandfather(v.M)-CIR 3M.P.NOM.EQ before. CONJ 3M.S.NOM.HI


The brothers needed to leave from the village on a long journey to visit their grandfather [it is ambiguous whether this represents the brothers' biological grandfather or if it is a term of respect for a wise elder] before he died and traveled to the land of the clouds.

Siši sešē-dizin-∅ ∅ 'en-bizzajūsazma-n žēš 'ām'a-m īāpim 3M.P-NOM.EQ M.P-decide-NI EQ ACC.S-preparation(iii.F)-CIR LO GEN.S-meal(vi.M)-CIR big. ADJ V


'En žēš ši-dazzos-āš pannimpā šiši sešē-denjam-∅ and. CONJ LO OBL.P-bird_egg(vii.M)-CIR in ORDER TO. CONJ 3M.P-NOM.EQ M.P-be_strong-NI


Žēš 'ām'a-n šiši sešē-dlazzazzaz-∅ pannimpā šiši LO ACC.S-meal(vi.M)-CIR 3M.P-NOM.EQ M.P-sit-NI in ORDER TO. CONJ 3M.P-NOM.EQ

Sešē-da'im-∅ M.P-eat-NI

They decided to prepare a big meal of domesticated-lizard-eggs and rice-balls and bird-eggs to strengthen [themselves] during the journey. After the brothers cooked the meal, they sat [down] to eat.
An old woman came to the doorway of their home. She said: I am hungry. Can you share generously [your] meal with me, which smells very [good] to me?

The first brother thought: I need this nourishing food for the long journey. He said: This meal is for me. I want to eat [it]. (Note the fronting of the first person pronoun, symbolizing the selfishness of the speaker.)

The second brother thought: I need this nourishing food for the long journey. He said: I am hungry. The domesticated-lizard-eggs and the rice-balls and the bird-eggs [are] for me.
The last brother thought: The old woman is hungrier than I. He said: Yes, O honorable old woman, by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), with-permission, I share [my] meal with you. (Note, in contrast to the above, the rearing of the first person pronoun, symbolizing the selflessness of the speaker.)

Then, a young boy came to the doorway of their home. He said: I am hungry. Can you share generously [your] meal with me, which smells very [good] to me?

The first brother thought: I need this nourishing food for the long journey. He said: This meal is for me. I want to eat [it].

The second brother thought: I need this nourishing food for the long journey. He said: I am hungry. The domesticated-lizard-eggs and the bird-eggs [are] for me.
The last brother thought: The young boy [is] hungrier than I. He said: Yes, O honorable young boy, by your kindness and graciousness (= formal "please"), with-permission, I share [my] meal with you.

'emmzenm seš-dibliššollaz-Ø ze-pā'ezjaž-Ø za bos Ø then(temporal).PTCL M.P-depart-NI EQ NOM.P-brother(v.M)-CIR three.ADJ to.PREP EQ

ťa-žassam'emb-čš ḫalliqj ūnhii seš-danazjel-Ø īţiği ja OBL.S-journey(vi.N)-CIR long.ADJ 3M.P.NOM.EQ M.P-arrive-NI at.PREP HI

ķi-bemse-Ø ītāpin ja ki-bemse-Ø 'a-gez'az Ø OBL.S-mountain(viii.M)-CIR big.ADJ HI NOM.S-mountain(viii.M)-CIR ELTV-steep.ADJV\ELTV EQ

'e-pā'ezjaž-Ø baždim glejis'e žđonnis ūeš 'i-mo'an-Ø NOM.S-brother(v.M)-CIR first.ADJV heavy.ADJV because.CONJ LO NOM.S-stomach(vi.F)-CIR

zāš'illas ši š-ammo-Ø 'iţiği Ø 'i-dajanna-š 'ện full.ADJV 3M.S.NOM.EQ M.S-stop-NI at.PREP EQ OBL.S-bottom(vi.M)-CIR and.CONJ

še-zdajedom-Ø mazmašili bos Ø tā-tōhpopo-š M.S-turn-NI backwards.ADJV to.PREP EQ OBL.S-village(iv.N)-CIR

Then, the three brothers departed on the long journey. They arrived at a big mountain. The mountain [was] very steep. The first brother [was] heavy because [his] stomach [was] full. He stopped at the bottom and turned back to the village.

Ø ze-pā'ezjaž-Ø dlim seš-zbāzbin-žbāzbin-Ø 'en seš-danazjel-Ø EQ NOM.P-brother(v.M)-CIR two.ADJV M.P-INTSV-walk-NI and.CONJ M.P-arrive-NI

'iţiği ja ķi-zbāzbin-Ø 'i-trn Ø 'o-tēžla-Ø 'a-balle at.PREP HI OBL.S-river(viii.N)-CIR wide.ADJV EQ NOM.S-water(vi.F)-CIR ELTV-fast.ADJV\ELTV

Ø 'e-pā'ezjaž-Ø majaž glejis'e žđonnis 'i-mo'an-Ø EQ NOM.S-brother(v.M)-CIR second.ADJV heavy.ADJV because.CONJ NOM.S-stomach(vi.F)-CIR

zāš'illas ši š-ammo-Ø 'iţiği Ø ūi-džizmaljez'a-Ø ''en full.ADJV 3M.S.NOM.EQ M.S-stop-NI at.PREP EQ OBL.S-river_bank(viii.N)-CIR and.CONJ

še-zdajedom-Ø mazmašili bos Ø tā-tōhpopo-š M.S-turn-NI backwards.ADJV to.PREP EQ OBL.S-village(iv.N)-CIR

The two brothers walked on and arrived at a wide river. The water [was] very fast. The second brother [was] heavy because [his] stomach [was] full. He stopped at the river-bank and turned back to the village.


ši vosja īki-dežda-Ø ja 'em-babapāh'-om si 3M.S.NOM.EQ to.PREP HI OBL.S-home(viii.N)-CIR HI GEN.S-grandfather(v.M)-CIR 3M.S.NOM.EQ

š-izpām-Ø 'iğ ja ū-babapāh-Ø ši-'e-Ø šešem ji'ën M.S-say-NI QUOT HI VOC.S-grandfather(v.M)-CIR NOM.P-eye(vi.M)-CIR I.S.GEN.LO bright.ADJV

żdon 'i-gošši-š jadem zetē-dedekāx-Ø zim'a because.of.PREP OBL.S-face(vi.M)-CIR 2M.F.S.GEN.HI F.P-fill_with_spirits-NI H.OJ

'e-jāh'em-Ø 'en 'e-zamang-Ø jaden 'iţiği ja NOM.S-peace(iii.F)-CIR and.CONJ NOM.S-happiness(iii.F)-CIR 2M.S.ACC.HI in.PREP HI


The last brother completed the journey. He came to the home of the grandfather. He said: O honorable grandfather, my eyes are bright because of your face. May peace and happiness fill you with spirit in the land of the clouds.
That honorable speech pleased the grandfather. He blessed the last brother. The grandfather said: I miss your two brothers because they ate much and their stomachs were heavy. You shared your meal with the old woman and the young boy. Therefore [your] stomach [was] light. May the blessings of the Highest God fill you with spirit.

The grandfather departed for the land of the clouds and the last brother returned to the village. He lived a blessed life for a long time because of [his] generosity.
Niyolue’s Choice

Niyuer tanivana

Franc Kravos (Sudanian)

Sudanian\(^1\) is the first constructed language I've made, spoken by the Sudanian nation. The idea was first conceived when I was in fourth grade. It was then too that I created my first conworld called Sudania, a supercontinent in an alternate reality containing of Australia, Madagascar, South Asian archipelago, New Zealand, Oceania and a part of Antarctica. The main idea is: what if humans had to share their world with another intelligent life form? And that life form is the Sudanian species. They aren’t humans but are humanoid. As a species they are peaceful, connected with nature, freedom loving and highly intelligent. After I designed the continent and its native species, I named its places too. Then, I lost interest until high school, when I made the phonology and phonotactics of Sudanian out of those place names. It has now been three years since I made the actual language.

The language itself has a writing system—an abugida. However, as of this time, I still have not devised a way of writing it on the computer. Therefore, what I present here is the latinization.

\(^1\)(This language can also be called Sudanese, a derivation from the Italian word for south. To avoid ambiguity regarding the demonym Sudanese, this article uses the name Sudanian throughout.)
The letter \( X \) is pronounced like [ks]. A doubled consonant represents gemination (\( NN, YY, ZZ, SS \)). There are only two exceptions to this. The first is \( RR \) which is pronounced like postalveolar trill. The second is \( XX \) which is pronounced like [ksks]. Sudanian is a stress language and the first vowel of the word is always stressed unless the vowel is doubled. If we double a vowel like this \( UU, AA, EE, II \) means that the stress is on that vowel e.g. \( DUVAA \). When there is an apostrophe in between two vowels that means that you make a small break and then say the vowel again e.g. \( GA’AX \). Sudanian is a SOV (subject, object, verb) language and adjectives come after a word.

The short story below has been written in English and then it has been translated into Sudanian. It talks about a planet that has been invaded by an alien species, which has
been destroying it and enslaving the native population. We follow the story around queen Niyolue (Niyuer in Sudanian) who is trying her best to help her people.

The story, an important one for the Sudanian nation, demonstrates their worry that humans will destroy their beautiful home. In this alternate reality, humans and the Sudanian try to have good relations with each other, but the humans often disrespect that bond. Queen Niyolue represents the nation suffocating in worry, the Katherines represent humans, and the nation represents the Sudanian secret wish of what they want to do to humans. I hope you will enjoy this short story! If you want to learn more about Sudanian please contact me on Facebook.

Exyemivu nam mane vapieram vuzya ramuya. Fareku kazekuvudedef kepuy pufueziga pisevatan za pumaneyafun vuzya zenuy muyaf. Pietu muzaza muyam za zanamerum, kar e sitera pufare nagu airepuysaza kazekuvudenen nagu Fangryuinad danuva tu zapie gurryum zanpante, raz. Vapiera, puy gumana turikin, rahuya raz. A pupimane uhuayien azatum, ama degu rravura in naterunainpagayafu, maz savante. Pare yuixuam puy arapufaye rumevam nam mane, ae in pufuemere gikuvan vuzya ruyuduex, raz.

The two suns were shining bright on the walls of the room. The white curtains were gently moving in the slow and fresh wind. There was a gentle sweet aroma, which smelled like the flowers found on the white beaches in the northern part of Fangrolyuin Peninsula. The room was large, with a high ceiling and big open windows to let as much sunlight in as possible. On the
walls there were purple plants with yellow blossoms that were moving in the afternoon breeze.


Suddenly, through the doorway came a beautiful creature with purplish skin and long, luscious, white hair. Lightly dressed and showing lots of skin. On her head bestowed a purple jewel accompanied by little, silver wear, which hugged the jewel in such a way it looked like it was floating. She sat down on a chair and looked in the mirror. She inhaled deeply and took off her
majestic crown, configured her free hair into a bun and took a moment to look at herself. Her gentle hands reached for a compartment and took out some seashells. In them were paints, which she used to make dark and harsh lines on her face. She began to feel disconnected. Guilt and confusion came over her. But she quickly shook them off. She undressed and pulled on a puffy black and red dress that covered her from head to toe. She felt a tight grip on her waist and a contracting feeling in her three hearts. Her lungs were working hard to get a breath of air. Nevertheless, she started walking. It was hard and she felt dizzy, but she pushed through it. When she went outside she was escorted to a ship.

She didn’t remember anything from the ride. It was like she fell asleep but was wide awake. When they finally arrived, the contracting feeling didn’t go away. The building she entered was different than the one she left. It was tall and made of steel with sharp peaks sticking out. She went inside and advanced toward a large, dark door and looked at it for a moment. She took a breath and opened the door gently. The room was dim, filled with strange musky aromas. The creatures inside were wearing dark, puffy clothes and harsh, black makeup. They had little to no hair. They wore many big and heavy jewels and weren’t ashamed to show off their gold. In the middle there was a table filled with much food and drink. Behind the table they sat, chugging and eating the food with half of it dripping or falling out of their large mouths. They talked with their mouths open, laughed as if there was no tomorrow, and argued over the smallest things. Nobody actually noticed. The queen sat herself down on a chair that wasn’t made for someone of her small stature and slim build. Having noticed her, they became annoyed and endeavored to ignore her. Then, she gathered her courage and stood up. The room went quiet. They were all looking with resentment, but before she could say anything they started to laugh. Their laugh was piercing and swinish. After a while one of them stood up, “Stop laughing like a bunch of imbeciles. Can’t you see she is trying to say something?” They went quiet and he sat back down. “Thank you K-19,” she said. “Well, since I have caught your precious attention may I not waste it any longer, because I know you all, mighty and powerful beings, have little time to give.” “You forgot wealthy,” interrupted one of the attendees. “Yeah. And let’s not forget extremely beautiful,” said another. “Honestly, she looks quite horrible. Who would have thought, a Niyoltruck dressing up as a Katherin,” said a third. They all started to laugh again. The room went dark. She again felt a tight and contracting feeling in her waist. “She is foolish. And look! She can’t even put on her makeup correctly,” they laughed even more. “She is just like her parents: dumb, boring, and pathetic.” They laughed so hard they couldn’t breathe. Tears began to fill her eyes and she ran out of the room. When she came outside she began to fell dizzy. She fell to the ground and started crying. It began to get dark and cold.

But that was interrupted by a warm hand on her shoulder. “Your majesty,” said her servant, “tell me what has happened to you?” It took her a few moments to comprehend what he had actually said and when she did, she hugged him and started crying. He hugged her back and so the two sat on the floor for a moment. She began to speak even though it was even harder to breathe than before. “Do you ever wonder whether people would like you more or less if they could see inside you? I mean, I’ve always felt like the Katherieses dump me right when they start to see what I look like from the inside—well, all except K-19. But I always wondered about that. If people could see what I
look like from the inside—if they could live in my memories—would anyone love me? At least I know my parents did—but they are gone now. Dead. And they left me with an angry nation to calm before the Katherines punish them. I sacrifice myself for them more and more and yet they are never satisfied. I tried everything. I acted like them, I educated myself on their culture, I put on their makeup, and I even dressed myself in this tight dress for them. But the Katherines only ignored and laughed at me. Can’t they see I’m trying? Tell me By’youla; tell me what do I have to do?” There was silence and then By’youla said: “Queen Niyolue, can’t you see that they don’t accept you. It is because you aren’t them. You are you; you are a Niyoltruck and nothing less. Why would you sink so low just to please them? After all they did to us. Your majesty, they invaded our planet, took our land, enslaved our people, and killed the ones that rebelled. They have brought nothing but destruction to our land, our home, your home. But yet you stay blind. I know you have been raised to respect them, but you aren’t your parents. They were cowards that never rose up. But you have the opportunity to do what is right for your people. Take my hand and we shall join the rebellion together.” She was in shock and started to think. It was hard for her to make a decision and the tight dress didn’t help. “But the people—they will be tortured and killed. We can’t let that happen. I will surely find a way for us to coexist—I just need more time. If I could just get them to listen,” she answered. “Niyolue,” he took her hand and looked into her eyes, “We are a race on a planet governed by two suns and two moons; we do not have to be governed by two nations–The Katherines don’t listen, they only consume and consume to fill their unquenchable thirst. But this is our chance to fight back and take what is rightfully ours. So take my hand and let’s make a change—together.”

They stared into each other’s eyes for a while and then she tried to stand up. She was barely able. Every step hurt her in the waist. She couldn’t bare it any longer. She lifted her feeble arm and grabbed the collar. She wanted to rip the dress apart, but she hesitated. It was hard. Her hand started to shake and all she could think about was what would happen next. She almost let go, as if she was ready to give in, but then she took a small breath and started rip her dress apart. At last, she could breathe. Tears of relief fell on her dark face. She took her hands and cleaned her makeup off. She felt even more relief, as if she was shedding her old skin. She touched By’youla’s hand and he lifted her up. Her eyes looked back at the door. Finally, she was ready to walk away. The two suns were shining on her smooth purple face. He gave her the crown and she looked at it for a moment. Then she bestowed it on her head and began to walk with By’youla by her side.
Black Wolf, Red Robin Hood and the Three Pigs

Blacco Wolfaz, Ruodo Rohhben Hodez ande thô Thrêy Piggos

Chris Brown (Dêne)

In the world of Yeola, quite a lot of the literature of the Werre folk of the Eastlands is wrapped in the guise of folklore & legend, fairy tales and fables. Here is an example of an early kind of short story, written in Avantimannish, that has clear links to the tales of the granthund, the professional tale tellers of the Eastlands. A curious convention of the genre is the two part ending. Similar to a “choose your own adventure” that were popular here on Earth in the 1970s and 1980s, it is often the case in these tales that the audience or reader is given the option, towards the ending, of which path the hero will take. In this case, Red Robin Hood’s choice is between the White Witch and the Black Wolf, and the consequences of each.

On fornam was this tuwellen mahheths ande ho hehôte Ruodo Rohhben Hodez ande ho buwete te Yanthwesseldale. Nuw thès dayò buwete alswò te thêm woudam selfe this grêten blacqën wolfaz ande he hehôte Blacco Wolfaz ande swithe euele was he, for that hit him liqete te underfanen summe mahheth or yere that yoet on therhhimfarend therh his selvam. Ande he wollet hem caften ande hem slehen ande hem yaarcutiscen ande hem douwngobben.
One time there was this winsome maiden and she hight Red Robin Hood and she lived in Entwhistledale. Now, in those days, there also lived in the woods around this great black wolf and he hight Black Wolf and so very evil was he, indeed it pleased him to seize some girl or boy that was walking through his woods. And he would catch them and slay them and cook them up and gobble them all down.

Nuw te this murhhene daye yoete on therhherfarend this Ruodo Rohhben Hodez therh thona woudam selfe hwer buwete that grêten Blacco Wolfaz. Ande sahe he te her on therhfarend with her thrêy pyggam delycioso.

Now on one morning day, there went this Red Robin Hood travelling through those same woods where lived the huge Black Wolf. And he saw her going along with her three delicious pigs.

Swo he uwthimlelôwpe te beforon Ruodo Rohhben Hode with her thrêy pyggam ande him yelpend: “Stande ande delefere, thuw qenavô!”

So he leapt out in front of Red Robin Hood with her three pigs and roared: “Stand and deliver, knave!”

“Oi! Ei ent ne qennavaz, thuw moncgih forne huwndaz! Mahheths em ihh; nuw sète thih selfe uwt min weye!”

“Hey! I ain’t no navy, you mangy old dog! I’m a girl; now stand yourself out of my way!”

“Ne qyire hherten, ihh thih clepete qenavô, en word ensoltand, for that thuw be gangend therfarend therh min selvam!”
“No, dearheart, I called you a knave — a name of insult, because you are going along through my woods!”

“Uu, hit mih sayret, seyer. Beouten ne nuw ne hwethere em ihh qenavô!”

“Oh, sorry sir. Well, I ain’t a knave either!”

“Ne thang that, min swête clousez! Nuw, wes göde mahheths ande stande ande delefere!” sayete he, his meqele ruode ôhhus yawheletun te thon meqelestø fahrhe. He sayete: “Ih te thih sahe on therhthihfarenenden thërgh min woudam, Ruodo Rohhben Hodez! Travanspassant! Thiefs! Beouten thuw es ofermehhel thunne, min clousez. Swo, telôse mih yân fête fahrhe, yân gödhaplîh omswathet sauwsacge, ande eillem lêten thih te liven anther daye!”

“No worries there, my sweet candy! Now, be a good girl and stand and deliver!” said he, his great red eyes ogling the biggest pig. He said: “I saw you coming through my woods, Red Robin Hood! Trespasser! Thief! Though you are too thin, my sweet. So, hand over yonder fat porker, that conveniently wrapped sausage, and I’ll let you live another day!”

“Foh te that thuw stenckih forne moncgefothrô! Wollet ihh ïyen rather hyrren thih te seuwlhhen min land, Blacco Wolfaz, thana lôsen ênih min qennavô!”

“Fie on that, you stinky old mangefur! I would really rather hire you to plow my fields, Black Wolf, than lose any of my little lads!”
“Qennavos, thuw sayes?” he sayete ande lehhte; “Thih selfe liqe! Ande red thih geontille prapastum of omplayemant, sôthlih afts ihh fenecge te eten yân fête farhhe, ei wellem treuwlîh thih scowen huw te ëyen scîthen thih swête falden, Ruod Rohhben Hodez!”

“Lads you say?” he said and laughed; “Well, please yourself! And as for your kind offer of employment, truly after I finish eating yon fat porker, I will truly show you how to plow your lovely fields, Red Robin Hood!”

Meth that ande cuwycke swo wenckaz, ho her suwarfe ande rane, havend hyndes her meth rêpe strungon ther to thês pyggô snoddandum her twa pygges. Ho suwarfe her and thethrôwe ther, therh rodom ande om medewam, that Blacco Wolfaz te theys hâckscinnes! “Cwemet ye two!, lêten we ôs berzyen yn then forne falden — hit be wel acunon mih. Blacco Wolfaz ne môte ôs fanen her!”

With that and quick as a wink, she turned and ran, hauling behind her with a rope attached to the three pigs’ nose-rings. She swerved here and twisted there, under brooks and over trees, that Black Wolf ever at their heels! “Come along you three! — let’s hide in this burrow. I know it well. Black Wolf may not seize us here!”

Beouten se meqelen farhhaz rost ande him thethrôwe, terend that snoddandum uwt fram his snuwe. “Burrouw ne burrouw — ihh nellem ne yngangen nethes ther! Wolfaz ne wolfaz— ofermehhel dercke that huwlet plâze, ande we ne nost nouwt hwat lytheret ther!” Ande swo thane he fande summe yehuwlet falden for te him hîden.
But the biggest porker roared and twisted himself away, tearing the nose-ring from his snout. “Burrow or no burrow, I will not go down there! Wolf or no wolf, that hollow is too dark a place, and we don’t know what’s lurking down there!” And so then he found some hollow log to hide himself in.

Nuw cwemt that Blacco Wulfaz ahwuwffend ande apuwffend, beouten he bypassete then burrowe. Thane he stoppete en unsces ande hasete yân summe hwufffundum ande snuwrtundum acwemend ut fram then falden, ande he him selfie sayete: “By oscam, em ei utpuwffet, beouten ei cnêwô alle thona grespundum ande rasclundum te min ihht forne lungô! Ande eillem gambollen be ther summe fête farhhaez yn yân huwlet falden!”

Now comes that Black Wolf a-huffing and a-puffing, but he passed right by the burrow! Then he stopped a moment and heard yonder some whuffing and snorting coming from the log, and he said to himself: “By hokey! I’m puffed, but I know all the gaspings and rasplings of my own lungs! And I’ll wager there’s some fat porker in yon hollow log!”

Swo up he lelôwpe and duwn he crascgete ofer then most falden ande he barste that falden asunder ande ther he fande that fête farhhe, ahwezend ande askremlend agast. Se yermen pyggaz scuwescwelle, beouten Blacco Wulfaz sancke his fanteth te then throwte ande pette stoppe ther to. He snâthe his throwte asunder ande then blôd downrnane his neqen, hit scuwyrte ande spâwe, gustend ut fram his tuwycknend lêqe tilles he starfe. Thane Blacco Wolfaz upname then lêqe ande begobbete him douwn levende ne benes.
So up he leapt and down he crashed upon the fallen log and he bashed it asunder and there he found that fat pig, a-wheezing and shivering with fright. The poor pig squealed, but Black Wolf sank his fangs into his throat and put a stop to that! He slit his throat and the blood ran down his neck; it squirted and splattered, flowing from his twitching body until he died. Then Black Wolf snatched him up and gobbled him down, bones and all.

Ande Ruod Rohhben Hodez smayge ut fram then burrowe with her twa pyggam ande yoete on her weye, under Blacco Wolfaz nappete. Nuw te that aftnônes, weknede Blacco Wolfaz ande bethanke him hwat he môye to nôneskengen. Thane he sahe he te her on therhfarend with her twa pyggam delycioso.

And Red Robin Hood crept out from the burrow with her two pigs and went on her way while Black Wolf was napping. Now, that afternoon Black Wolf awoke began to wonder what might be for lunch. Then he saw her going journeying on with her two delicious pigs.

... 

Swo he uwthimlelôwpe te beforon Ruodo Rohhben Hode with her two pyggam ande him yelpend: “Stande ande delefere, thuw kerelez!”

So he leapt out before Red Robin Hood with her two pigs and yelled: “Stand and deliver, you little churl!”

“Oi! Ei ent ne gerelez, thuw lythersame forne huwndaz! Mahheths em ihh; nuw sète thih selfe uwt min weye!”
“Hey! I ain’t a little girl, you good for nothing old hound! I’m a young maiden; now stand yourself out of my way!”

“Huw nuw qyire hherten, ihh thih clepete kerelez, en word ensoltand, for that thuw be gangend therfarend therh min selvam!”

“How now dearheart! I called you a churl, a word of some insult, because you are going through my woods!”

“Uu, hit mih sayret, seyer. Beouten ne nuw ne hwethere em ihh herelez!”

“Oh, sorry sir. But all the same, I’m no churl!”

“Ne thang that, min swête clousez! Nuw, wes gôde mahheths ande stande ande delefere!” sayete he, his meqele ruode ôhhus yawhheletun te thon meqeler farhhe. He sayete: “Ih te thih sahe on therhthihfarend therh min woudam, Ruodo Rohhben Hodez! Travanspassant! Thiefaz! Beouten thuw es ofermehhel thunne, min clousez. Swo, telôse mih yân fête farhhe, yân gôdhapplih omswathet backen, ande eillem lêten thih te liven anther daye!”

No worries there, my sweet candy! Now, be a good girl and stand and deliver!” he said, his big red eyes ogling the bigger pig. He said: “I saw you on the way through my woods, Red Robin Hood! Trespasser! Thief! But you are too thin, my sweet. So, hand over yonder fat porker, that happily wrapped side of bacon, and I’ll let you live another day!”
“Foh te that thuw euele forne yeithondaz! Wollem ihh îyen rather hyrren thih te scîthen min falden, Blacco Wolfaz, thana lôsen ênih min qennavô!”

“Fie on that, you evil old beast! I would rather hire you to split my logs, Black Wolf, than lose any of my little lads!”

“Qennavos, thuw sayes?” he sayete ande lehhte; “Thih selfe lîqe! Ande red thih geontille prapastum of omplayemant, sôthlih aftes ihh fenecge te eten yân fête farhhe, ei wellem treuwlih thih scewen huw te îyen scîthen thih swête falden, Ruod Rohhben Hodez!”

“Lads you say!” he said, and laughed. “Please yourself; and regarding that kind offer of employment, truly after I finish eating that fat porker, I will show you how to split your pretty little logs, Red Robin Hood!”

Meth that ande cuwycke swo wenckaz, ho her suwarfe ande rane, havend hyndes her meth rêpe strungon ther to thês pyggô snoddundum her twa pygges. Ho suwarfe her and thethrôwe ther, therh rodom ande om medewam, that Blacco Wolfaz te theys hâckscinnes! “Cwemet ye two!, lêten we ôs berzyen yn then forne falden — hit be wel acunon mih. Blacco Wolfaz ne môte ôs fanen her!”

With that and quick as a wink, she turned and ran away, heaving behind her with a rope strung from the pigs’ noserings her two pigs. She swerved this way and twisted that way, through trees and around meadows, that Black Wolf at their heels! “Come on you two!
— let us hide in that old log — I know it well. Black Wolf may not get us there!"

Beouten se mede farhhaz rost ande him thethrêwe, terend that snoddundum uwt fram his snuwe. “Blawe that for en gammele at bouwlam! Falden ne falden — ihh wellem ne yngangen nethes ther! Wolfaz ne wolfaz — min brother him hîdete yn suwyhh falden, and that duezstrange wolfaz râpe his throwte and him slôhe!” Ande swo thane he fande summe yehuwlet cave for te him hîden.

But the middle pig roared and twisted around, tearing the nose-ring out of his snout. “Blow that for a game of bowls! Log or no log, I will not go down into there! Wolf or no wolf, my brother hid himself in a log like that, and that crazy monster-wolf slit his throat and killed him!” And so he found some hollow cave to hid in.

Nuw cwemt that Blacco Wulfaz ahwuwffend ande apuwffend, beouten he bypassete then falden. Thane he stoppete en unsces ande hasete yân summe hwuffundum ande snuwrtundum acwemend ut fram then yehuwlet cave, ande he him selfe sayete: “By oscam, em ei utpuwffet, beouten ei cnêwô alle thona grespundum ande rasclundum te min ihht forne lungô! Ande eillem gambollen be ther summe fête farhhaz yn yân huwlet cave!”

Now comes that Black Wolf a-huffing and a-puffing, but he passed by the fallen log. Then he stopped a moment and heard yonder some whuffling and snorting coming out from the hollow cave, and he said to himself: “By hokey, I’m puffed, but I know all the gasping and rasping of my own old lungs! And I’ll wager there is some fat porker in yonder hollow cave!”
Swo nethes he lelôwpe and smâyge duwn that cave ande ther he fande that fête farhhe, ahwezend ande askremlend agast. Se yermen pyggaz scuwescuwelle, beouten Blacco Wulfaz sancke his fanteth te then throwte ande pette stoppe ther to. He snâthe his throwte asunder ande then blôd dounrane his neqen, hit scuwyrtete ande spâwe, gustend ut fram his tuwycknend lêqe tilles he starfe. Thane Blacco Wolfaz upname then lêqe ande begobbete him douwn levende ne benes.

So down he leapt and wriggled down that cave and there he found that fat porker, wheezing and shivering with fright. The poor pig squealed, but Black Wolf sank his fangs into his throat and put a stop to that! He slit his throat and the blood ran down his neck; it squirted and spurted, flowing out from his twitching body until he died. Then Black Wolf snatched him up and gobbled him down, bones and all.

Ande Ruod Rohhben Hodez smayge ut fram then mast falden with her ênsame pygge ande yoete on her weye, under Blacco Wolfaz nappete. Nuw te that evenes, weknede Blacco Wolfaz ande bethanke him hwat he môye to suppen. Thane he sahe te her on therhfared with her ênsame pygge delycioso.

And Red Robin Hood wriggled out from the fallen log with her single pig and went on her way while Black Wolf was napping. Now, that evening Black Wolf awoke and wondered what might be for supper. Then he saw her going along with her single delicious pig.

…”

Swo he uwthimlelôwpe te beforon Ruodo Rohhben Hode with her ênsame pygge ande him yelpend: “Stande ande delefere, thuw qethez!”
So he leapt out in front of Red Robin Hood and her single pig and hollered: “Stand and deliver, kid!”

“Oi! Ei ent ne yêthez, thuw euel forne huwndaz! Mahheths em ihh; nuw sête thih selfe uwt min weye!”

“Hey! I ain’t no goat, you evil old hound! I’m a maiden; now stand yourself out of my way!”

“How now dearheart? A maiden you say? But no worries, my sweet candy! Now, be a good girl and stand and deliver!” said he, his big red eyes ogling the one remaining pig. He said: “I saw you going through my woods, Red Robin Hood! Trespasser! Thief! But you are too thin, my sweet. So, hand over yon fat porker, that nicely wrapped ham, and I’ll let you live another day!”

“Foh te that thuw cruthele forne vyllain! Wollem ihh ẏyen rather hyrren thih te wandren min hyllen, Blacco Wolfaz, thana lôsen min ènsame qennave!”

“Fie on that you cruel old villain! I would much rather hire you to wander my hill country, Black Wolf, than lose my last little lad!”
“Qennavaz, thuw sayes?” he sayete ande lehhte; “Thih selfe lîqe! Ande red thih geontille prapastum of omplayemant, sôthlih afte ihh fenecge te eten yân fête farhhe, ei wellem treuwlih and myrthfullih wandren thih swête hyllen, Ruod Rohhben Hodez!”

“Lad you say?” he said and laughed; “Please yourself! And regarding your kind offer of employment, truly after I finish eating yon fat porker, I will truly and happily wander your lovely hill country, Red Robin Hood!”

Meth that ande cuwycke swo wenckaz, ho her suwarfe ande rane, havend hyndes her meth rèpe strungon ther to thas pygges snoddundum her ênsame pygge. Ho suwarfe her and thethrôwe ther, under dalam and ofer hyllen, that Blacco Wolfaz te theys hâckscinnes! “Cweme thuw!, lêten we ôs berzyen on thon forne stênwerkez. Forne Blacco Wolfaz ne qane stîgen thona steyeres!” Beouten se yerme pyggaz merelih stôde and cuwôqe. “Huw nuw qyire qennave? Hwat swo gast thih mar thane that Blacco Wolfaz?”

With that and quick as a wink, she turned and ran, hauling behind her with a rope strung to the pig’s nose-ring her one remaining pig. She swerved this way and twisted that way, under dale and over hill, that Black Wolf on their heels! “Come you! Let us hide on that old stonework. Old Black Wolf can’t climb those stairs!” But the poor pig just stood and shivered. “What’s wrong, dear lad? What can so frighten you more than that Black Wolf?”

“Leuke yân ther, frouwez, on thon stênwerke!” Ande swo they yoetun ande tilles thon steyere, ande standat ther this tallen
blancweman, her hêr longe, her fethros dercke ande she bediht her selffe meth scînend qyiltmardane omswathned om her ballehhe. “Oi, ho be se Blancke Dwemmrund! Ande huw wel be ho acunon mih to!” scrâye that pyggaz!

“Look yonder there, miss, on the stonework!” And so they went up to the stair, and standing there was this tall pale woman, her hair long, her wings black and she was wearing a shimmering kilted skirt around her waist. “Ah, she is the White Witch, and how well I know her!” cried the pig!

“Sothelih, ickele ‘qennave!’ Huw wel thuw aquenat mih!”

“Truly, little ‘lad’! How well you know me!”

Beouten Ruodo Rohhben Hodez stôde confundon, ande ho sayete: “nuw, hwa be thuw, meth thih lange blancke appe, thih hêr ande thih fethros mednehhtes blaowe?”

But Red Robin Hood stood confused, and she said: “Now, who are you, with your long white dress, your hair and your wings all black as midnight?”

“Tuwelle qyilder, dyde thih modêr ne beden thuw te thêz threy pyggos brengen te vahâcgaren te this murhhene selfe? Ande dydet thuw ne wandren under thêm woudam? Ande nuw her be this ênsame pyggaz!” sayete se Blancke Dwemmrund.

“Lovely child, did your mother not bid you bring these three pigs to the market this very morning? And did you not wander around the woods? And now here is this only remaining pig!” said White Witch.
“Yea, that et sôths. Ho dyde mih beden, ande ei dyde swo wandren, and nuw her be this ênsame pyggaz. Thona anther twa this Blacco Wolfaz he slâhe.” sayete se mahheths Ruodo Rohhben Hodez.

“Yes, that is true. She did bid me, and I did wander, and now here is this only remaining pig. The other two were killed by Black Wolf,” said the maiden Red Robin Hood.

“He hem slâhe?” axete se Blancke Dwemmerund.
“He slew them?” asked White Witch.

“Yea — they was et!” ho sayete.

“Yes — they was et!” she said.

“Oton, qyire qyilder, they weren oton!” sayete se Blancke Dwemmerund.

“Eaten, dear child, they were eaten!” said White Witch.

“Uu, hit mih sayret, tuwelle vrouwez, they was oton!” sayete qyire Ruodo Rohhben Hodez. “Hm. Nuw, tobreng mih thon ênsame pygge!” sayete se Blancke Dwemmerund.

“Oh, sorry pretty lady, they was eaten!” said dear Red Robin Hood.
“Hmm. Now, bring me that one remaining pig!” said White Witch.

Thane, hwen ho yngane te tryzen thon pygge, they hasetun summe yelpend from under thona steyeram. Blacco Wolfaz selfe was ther! Ande swo balthe swo lîqes! “Nay!” gryete he.
“Ho ne môte nouwte te teken thon pygge, for that ei môte him devoren thilleste that ei sterfen!”

Then, when she began to drag the pig, they heard some yelping from below the stairs. Black Wolf himself stood there! And as bold as you like! “No!” cried he. “She must not take that pig, for I must devour him lest I starve!”

Lôhte ho, se Blancke Dwimmerund, ande ho sayete: “Sterfen? Gôde Seyer Wolfaz, hit et thih folklorih domaz yn them waralte te sterfen. Ellier huw âye se talden cwemat te his rehhtfulle myrthfulle fenecge? Min qyire mahheths, thuw môte qeusen: welles thuw thenken se tuwelle Blancke Dwimmerundum eth welles thuw thenken that harrivelle ande moncgeih wolfe?”

She laughed, the White Witch, and said: “Starve? Good Sir Wolf, it is your folkloric duty in this world to starve. Else, how indeed shall the tale come to its rightful happy ending? My dear maiden, you must choose: will you believe the beautiful White Witch or will you believe that horrible and mangy wolf?”

Ruodo Rohhben Hodez smâyge summe hwilles, leuqend fram then Blancke Dwimmerundum te then Blacco Wolfe te then yerme pygge, agast for that meth hwether thang curon, his fatum was domefullih demon. Ho thanke selfe: this Blacco Wolfaz et sothelih moncgeih ande this Blancke Dwimmerund et sothelih tuwelle. Ho sayete: “Uu, min modêr aw sayet that se onsehen môye mun drewnen.”

Red Robin Hood pondered some time, looking from the White Witch to the Black Wolf to the poor pig, frightened for all that whichever way
she chose, his fate was doomfully sealed. She thought to herself: this Black Wolf is truly mangy and this White Witch is truly beautiful. She said: “Well, my mother always said that looks can be deceiving.”

“Sothelih, yunge mabheths,” grommelete se Blacco Wolfaz, sqewelend under thon Blancke Dwimmerundum.

“Truly, young maiden,” growled Black Wolf, scowling at White Witch.

“Ande elck we môtum yn them waralde te qeusen. Ande nuw se gammeles uerson werthat te then tuwelle mahhethe for dêmen to! Et se tuwelle Blancke Dwimmerund her ahîdend blacke hherten? Eth et se harrivelle ande morthenfulle Blacco Wolfaz him ahîdend hherten of gowlthes? Eth et he twawise dreuwnfulle, him selfe thenkend swo clênehhertsame? Hwat curon dêmas thuw?”

“And each of us must choose in this world. And now, the game turns to the lovely maiden to decide! Is the lovely White Witch hiding a black heart? Or is the horrible and murderous Black Wolf hiding a heart of gold? Or is he twice treacherous, seeming to be so innocent? What choice do you make?”

Sôthelih qyire behasund! Hwat curon havet oure tuwelle Ruodo Rohhben Hodez? Ho lisse huw that wolfos erend praceloso ande euele; beouten dwimmerund erend ne swo batter! Tuwelle oure dwimmerund, beouten môye ho wasen hîdend summe blacke ande brokon hherte?

Truly, dear reader! What choice does our dear Red Robin Hood have? She knows how that wolves are perilous and evil; but witches
are not much better! Beautiful is our witch, but might she not be hiding some black and broken heart?

... 

Blacco Wolfaz
Black Wolf

“Well, sometimes wolves are good, but witches are usually bad!” And with that and quick as a wink, she shoved the squealing pig towards Black Wolf! The poor pig squealed, but Black Wolf sank his fangs into his throat and put a stop to that. He slit his throat wide and the blood ran down his neck; it squirted and spewed, flowing out from his twitching body until he died. Then Black Wolf snatched up the body and gobbled him down, bones and all. Then he wriggled around in the blood, bathing each hair in the blood!

Ande hwen Blacco Wolfaz him stōde, he his wolfehydscinte he doffete ande ther was this talle blaoman, blancke his hēr ande his fethros, his ōhhus forne fruron yses hēyuwe. Balthlih he lelope tewarthes, gerthfullih sprēdet his blancke fethros,
And when Black Wolf stood up, he cast off his wolf-shape and there was a tall black-man; white his hair and wings, his eyes the blue of old frozen ice. Boldly he leapt up, wide he spread his white wings and he threw Red Robin Hood down, saying: “I will come for you in your time!” And lo! he leapt up on the stonework, grabbed the weeping White Witch by her throat and he shook her til her bones broke and her head fell from her lifeless body; and that he cast aside, watching as the blood drained from her body. Then he went on his way – up into the sky he leapt!

And Red Robin Hood went thereafter to her own country and there was only wastrel land. The bitter wind clawed at her hood and the faces of the hungry and dying people. Seven years she had wandered, and long was her journey. But her labors could not compare but ill with the dead fields and the life bereft roads, the bodies cast here and there in every lane.

Ande Ruodo Rohhben Hodez yoete aftsên te her selfes rêhhe ande ther was ênsame wastet dandar. Se bêtere wyndaz clêyete her hode ande the fulcô onsehen, on hyngrende ande on dauyende. Sefund yêr ho wandrete, ande longe her cgeournet. Beouten her traveylles ne quitt comparen beouten ille ongênes thôz douwthe felthos ande thôz lôferêfet rodos, thôz lêqos castet her ande ther yn elcke layne.
“Hwat hâr happete?” axete Ruodo Rohhben Hodez awonder. “Tavet bètere calde nuw ande was yestrendayes beouten sumaraz!” Thane cwame this calden blaowe hand te ombesetten her neqen ande ho her thethrôwe, askremlend, ande thâr was se blaoman, mednehhtes blaowe his scintaz, that was Blacco Wolfaz.

“What happened here?” asked Red Robin Hood in amaze. “Tis bitter cold now and only yesterday it was summer!” Then came this cold, black hand encircling her neck and she turned, shivering, and there was the black-man, midnight his skin, that was Black Wolf!

“Hwat hâr happete? Min qyire mahheths! Thuw dydet this alle; for that em ei dowthes lhaafwardfrawaz, ande thuw dydet casten thih estrihhôn with mih! Ande thon nuw em ihh cwomon for thih!” Ande meth that ande cuwycke swo wenckaz ho cunnete te onweyes renen beouten he her scêssete to ande that Blacco Wolfaz him lelôwpe ofer her and her fefêne te her neqen. He sanke his clêyes yn to her flêsce ande rêfete her hherte ut fram her brewste, tare he her elcke armes ande her elcke scanqen ut fram her leqe, her blôd rane ande her benes weren flungon te hâr and weren struhon te thâr, ho grane ande thane cwame fenecge te Ruodo Rohhben Hode.

“What happened here? My dear maiden! You did all this; for I am the lord of death, and you did cast your lot with me! And now I am come for thee!” And with that and quick as a wink she tried to run away; but he chased her and he leapt above her and grabbed her by the neck. He sank his claws into her flesh, rending her heart from her breast. He tore her arms and her legs from her body until her blood
ran and her bones were flung hither and strung thither. She groaned
and then came an end to Red Robin Hood.

...  
Blancke Dwimmerund
White Witch

“Well, sometimes wolves are good, but you! You sir Black Wolf, you
chased me, me with my three poor lads! You chased us over streams
and through the woods, not stopping to rest, though bitter winds
blew, under blue skies and over green meadows. And then you slew
the first pig, and then you slew another pig; and then you ate the first
pig, and then you ate the other pig!” And with that and quick as a
wink, she shoved the poor lone pig up the stonework towards the
White Witch! Black Wolf groaned, yowling and howling, utterly
undone. And with a blow from her wings, the White Witch cast that
mangy old wolf down the sharp stairs of the stonework and then came an end to Black Wolf!

Thane tôke thon rêpe, ande strungon ther to thes ênsame pygges snoddundum, that bande thon pygge te Ruodo Rohhben Hode; ande ho slâde ut fram his scêthe her longe thunne hasele ande seulfer wande. Ho thrêyes qennackete te thon snodderundum, and cuwycke swo wenckaz hit fefelle ut fram his snuwte! Ande hwen se ênsame pyggaz him stôde, he his ffarheydscinte he doffete ande ther was this talle yunge qennavaz, his hêr ruode, his ôhhus grâses grêne, his fethros ruode ande blancke.

Then she took the rope that was strung to the lonely pigs snout, the one that bound the pig to Red Robin Hood; and she slid out from the sheath her long thin hazel and silver wand. She thrice knocked it upon his snout, and quick as a wink the ring fell from his snout! And when the lonely pig stood up, he shed his porky hide and there was this tall young boy, his hair red, his eyes grey-green, his wings red and white.

Ruodo Rohhben Hodez onwondrende ho stôde te sêhen this wonder qennavaz beforon her! Lehhte myrthfullih Blancke Dwemmerund; “Ande thuw him sômlih fendas,” sayete ho, “wendet te thih selfe rêhh ande thâr buwet ye te ênenasse. Longe beforon than nuw, thih modër duwemmete thêz thrêy qennaves, thilleste summe harmaz scelte them cwemen to. Ay than lacke! for that thô twa erend nuw dowthe, ande nuw se ên qennavaz livet.”

Red Robin Hood stood in wonderment to see this wondrous boy stand before her! The White Witch laughed mirthfully: “If you think him pleasing,” said she, “go to your own land and there dwell together. Long before now, your mother laid a charm on these three
boys, lest some harm come to them. Alas! for the other two that are now dead, yet now the one boy lives.”

Ande swo Ruodo Rohhben Hodez lâthe se qennave aftsên te her selfe rêhh ande they cwêmen ther to ande was thâr lêsafestez. Warme latesumarwyndaz underbleblawe thô rodom ande tetôke theys hêr ande têsenede theys fethres. Sefund yêr they wanderetun ande longe was theys cgeornet. Beouten thôz tremêlles weren underlayetun of thon rescjouyemant of thon peuplô seth thon frethfulle ande freuhtfulle sumare ande hwen alswô hwen that they sêhen thô tuwelle mahheth ande qennave.

And so Red Robin Hood led the boy along to her own land and they came there and there was a festival. Warm late summer breezes blew among the trees and teased their hair and their feathers. Seven years they had wandered and long was their journey. But those labors were overcome by the rejoicing of the people on account of the peaceful and fruitful summer, and also when they saw the lovely maiden and her boy.

“And hwar happete?” axete Ruodo Rohhben Hodez ande her qennavez awonder. Beouten they tocwêmen thon meqe le eiktrewez yn medes thon medewe ande thâr was Blancke Dwemmerund ande ho them bokenede her to.

“What happened here?” asked Red Robin Hood and her boy in wonder and amaze. But they came then to a great oak tree in the middle of the meadow and there was the White Witch, beckoning them to come to her.
“Hwat hâr happete? Min qyire mahheths! Thuw dydet this alle; for that em ei lifes frouwez, ande thuw dydet casten thih estrihhôn with mih! Nuw therh summe hwille havend cwomon frethaz ande plentet then rêhh to. Nuw ye twa wendet ande livet ande hustet therh thêm dayam hwilles hit last!” Ande swo they that dydetun, onbuwende te ênenasse aller theys dayô.

“What happened here? My dear girl! You did all this; for I am the lady of life, and you cast your lot in with me! Now for some time, peace and plenty have come to the realm. Now, you two go your way and live and enjoy these days while they last!” And so that they did, staying together all their days.
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