



# Conlang Relay Ring 2

Buckle up, things are gonna get funky real fast

# Original Text

Forget this, I wanna be something, go somewhere, do something. I want things to change, I want to invent time and space, and I know it's possible because everything is here, and it probably already happened. I just don't know when to start... and that's exactly where it started.

Woah, I paused it. I think there's a universe now. What's it made of?

QUARKS AND STUFF!

Ah, that's a thing, in a place! Don't like it? Try a new place, at a different time. Try to stick together, because the world is gonna get bigger and emptier... but it's not empty yet. It's still very full, and about a kjghpillion degrees.

# Daniel Newell, Interlingua

Oblida isto. Io vole vader alicubi, io vole facer qualcosa. Io vole cosas alterar se. Io crea le epocha. E io sape io pote proque toto es hic e illo occurreva probabilemente. Ma, io non sape como comenciar... e como illo comenciava precisemente.

Guau, io pausa lo. Io crede il ha un cosmo ora. Que es in illo?

CUARCS E STOFFA.

Uy, un cosa, a un loco. Non tu ama? Proba un cosa nove plus tarde. Mantene, proque le mundo aggrandi se e vacua se. Ma, illo es non vacua jam. Illo es mesme plen, e un trillion grados.

Forget this. I want to go somewhere, I want to do something. I want things to alter themselves. I create the epoch. And I know I can because all is here and it probably occurred. But, I do not know how to start... and how it started precisely.

Wow, I pause it. I think there is a universe now. What is in it?

QUARKS AND STUFF!

Oi, a thing, at a place. You don't love it? Try a new thing later. Maintain, because the world is enlarging itself and emptying itself. But it is not empty yet. It is still full and a trillion degrees.



# Michael Goessler, Classical Armundic

Aenē. Rīva nē fēno, ēttāno quendeci. Nostinu mē entimēne quendeci. Arveca nē nenosci. Can faeāne nōhaecci dūheci, naemenu nosti mae quocuvī; cannomēn netāvocuvī caelo. Mēno iaquenti noscāno dūheci tī... cantī aeaquenti noscacuvī ruque.

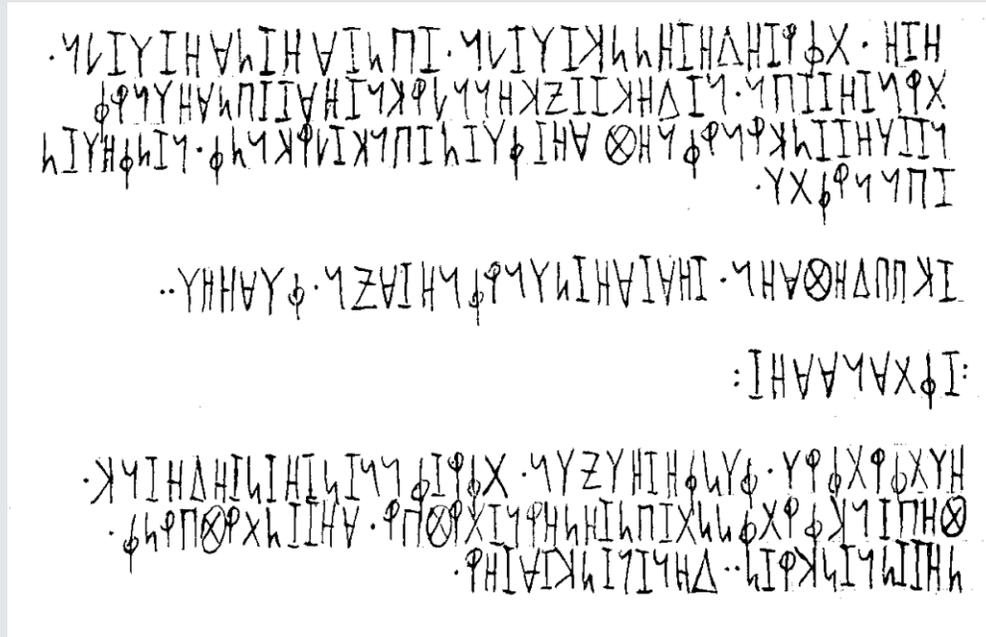
Away with it. I want to go somewhere, do something. I want circumstances to change. I incite the season. And I know that I can, because the universe is here; so before, it presumably happened. But I do not know how to begin... and how exactly it began then.

Nāssa, faelemēci. Naemenu mae anta quocuvī cae nemōci. Iaquemē aequo?

Alas, I pause. I believe that there is a universe now. What is in it?

ENĪRIME CAMMĒNU.

THE ELEMENTS AND ALL THAT.



# Jonah Behring, Ganal

nglúq̄. yuk bāc wǎngīng zôcīs. yuk bāc róhyīng hñōhmiǎq̄.  
dliđál-dliđál yuk klūngkóp. hyij yuk gley húcah, jósêq̄  
ñchôq̄ál-ñchôq̄ál zôc, hyij róhyiēth hūjāh. hñōhm yuk dúq̄  
drāj wījǎn nôkhóp. hyij wījǎng bāc zôcóp.

hǎ! yuk khwôq̄ kópiāh yuk drāj yóh ñchôq̄ál-ñchôq̄ál zôc.

hñōhm yuk dúq̄ drāj yóh bāc nglúq̄ khīj khījál-khījál hyij  
hyǎq̄ang-hyǎq̄an hñōhmiǎq̄-hñōhmiǎq̄. jósêq̄ bāc zôc.s

wih ngeñk bāc dúq̄ ngūhm?

ngeñk wǎngīq̄ plôhm!

ngeñk nôchīq̄, jósêq̄ bāc khlūbang kwūl hyij bāc  
hmōjīskóp. hñōhm kópiāh bāc dúq̄ hmōjīskóp. bāc pūkh  
hyij bāc zôcuung đlāliǎq̄ hyij dliđiǎq̄

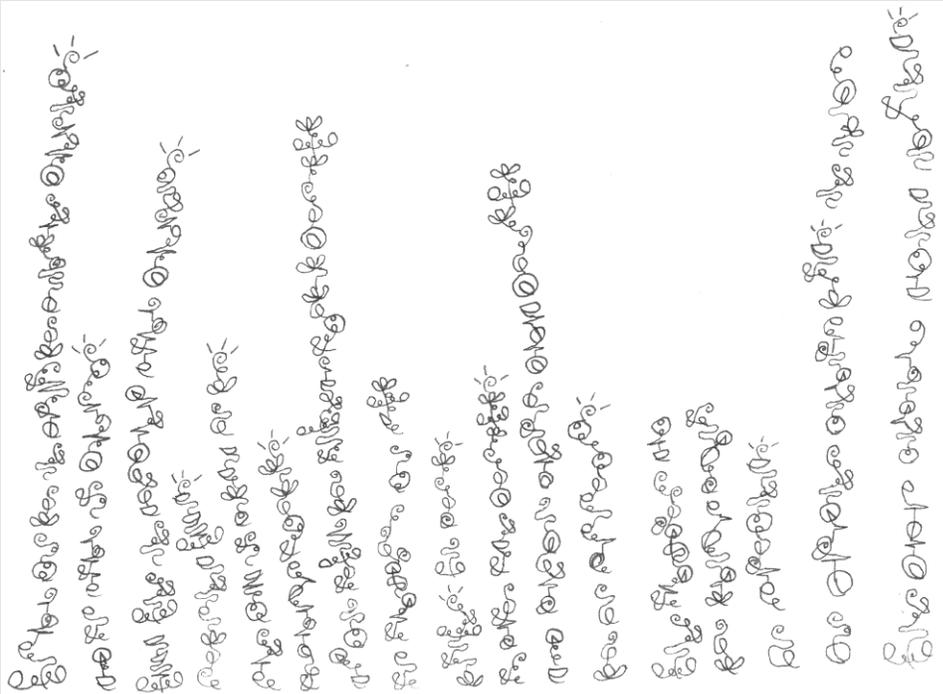
This. I want it to start to try to exist. I want it to happen  
differently. Time passes me by. And I certainly succeed.  
Because the universe (lit. earths) exists. And maybe it  
happened a long time ago. But I don't know how to start  
to work. And how it starts to exist.

Woe, I give up (lit. take a break). Now I know that the  
universe (lit. earths) exists. But I don't know that it  
consists of that.

Elements (lit. parts) and different/other things.

Therefore (lit. because) it exists. You don't like it? You  
must try again! You must work, because it it's our land  
and it begins to darken. But now it doesn't begin to  
darken. It shines and it will soon be good and alive.

# Enrique Gamez, Sylvian



Veze lucun khesiotheriobh nioghezín, elasezín.  
Cia curiotheza khesiotheriobh mazin. Ez ersilaph oi bhuroghezín.  
Mo miothexioph roxiothez,  
Veza zudheothropa nugh,  
Mo oi diobhibhoghagh.  
Nadh rusole tusoiric lucun lobamvam,  
Za ruso sanz lobamvam.  
Mizevaza! Fe robam.  
Ziph zudheothropa ghia, alsavam,  
Nadh ghe zoveu mo zaievazonio saghomim, lobamvam,  
Soturuxiobh saghomim.  
Bhuza gheun ias khimanin, io ma?  
Bomiphezín, vuenin!  
Vuenin, veza ez nosoluzuth phiosurio laubhupsekh.  
Nadh ziph phiosurio ias laubhupagh.  
Vibhurio ghia mo ez cioraiuza mo cieramuza laubhupezagh

Here is what I would like to try to create.  
I'd like it to be different. Soon my breath will fade.  
And I will surely succeed,  
Because the universe exists,  
And may have once begun.  
But I don't know how to begin,  
I don't even know what a beginning would be.  
Alas! I give up.  
I know that the universe exists now,  
But I don't know that it is composed of elements and other things,  
Although it is so.

# Alex Hailman, C'ạ̣r Yâm

Lỉ̀ xì qé iạ̉m rậ̣ nc'ẹ̀. Rậ̣ rậ̣ iạ̉m.

C'ạ̣ xì rậ̣ nc'ẹ̀. Ljặ̣c ạ̣r iạ̉m hẹ̀ xì.

Lỉ̀ ậ̣ j̣iạ̉m, cxệ́c q'ệ́ hê yêé, àe q'ệ́ q'ạ̣ q̣i xì xì.

Ci qạ̉ ṇjic̣ ṇjic̣ ẹ̀ cxệ̀c j̣iạ̉m, àe ci qạ̉ ẹ̀ cxệ̀c j̣iạ̉m.

Á! rậ̣ ậ̣ iạ̉m.

Qạ̉ ậ̣m q'ệ́ hê yêé. Cẹ̣, nt'ệ́m hê j̣jạ̣n?

Cẹ̣, nq'ạ̣ j̣jqé?

Rậ̣ rậ̣! cxệ́c j̣im q'ạ̣ ẹ̀ ljặ̣c iạ̉m q̣i xì.

J̣im ậ̣ j̣jq'ẹ̀ xĩ t'ạ̣, àe ljặ̣c q'ạ̣ hẹ̀ xì.

Hopefully, I will make that. I will keep trying. Hopefully it will differ [from other things]. My life could end soon. will finish making it, since the world exists, and would've begun long ago. I don't know its original habits, nor do I know its origin.

Oh! I'm done trying.

I know that there is a world. [But] what is it made of? Does it like that? Keep trying, because our land has just become dark. Now it is no longer dark, and soon will begin to live.

# Stephen DeGrace, Common

Hopys je tene xeppe. Je hanne jal fesi.

Hopys a spet smok sete tuh. We si riske iline let.

Je te jerek wero a spe'n, rowéro sin a onpa se an,  
hanja sea samor an ro na spocu sutta cel.

We te ikky pex ja zrok naz kaje na spe'n, hanja we  
te ikky pex ja zrok na cajre spe'n.

¡Fok! Je hanne jerek fesi.

Xi a onpa se an te pex. ¿Se epáj kon?

¿A spe'n te wetera?

¡Fo zra hyp jal fesi! Rowéro sin a wekja wenaz si  
syntin.

Fo zra ti karo a syntin, hanja si iline samor xulyñ.

Hopefully I have succeeded. I have been trying.

Hopefully this time was different. I will soon die.

I have finished with it, because the world exists,  
and it began long ago.

I don't know the origin of its ways, and I don't  
know the source of it itself.

God damn it! I have stopped trying.

It is known that the world exists. What is it made  
of?

Does this fulfill it?

Better to keep trying! Because our land is falling  
into darkness.

Better to stop the darkness, and soon start living.

# Jeffery Brown, Beltös

Ǫalkē keǪāli šedojöhminos žeše. Šežbäzbinžbäzbin ja šo'antēsazmassen maldambalžä žeše. KeǪāli ja 'o'antēsazma nizgä žam'a, ždonnis žeš 'oglibazma žešem mižjo.

Še'ammoǪos žeše ja 'en'o'antēsazman nizgä, ždonnis ja řa'ikaš daljaz kedařiš 'en jaķi ķepa'aba gojezgojezme. Žeš 'elaljol'azma žešem bödommazgan las'o ja 'epäzjesezmaš sikižamkezäm jatitima, 'en žeš 'elaljol'azma žešem bödommazgan las'o ja 'epäzjesemaš 'o'antēsazmam niz-o.

Jan! Še'ammoǪos žeše ja 'o'antēsazman nizgä.

Žeš šedige ja 'enlas'amazman. 'A se'im jatin ķebähtimmes 'ozzen sikižemmasäš? 'A žeš šedezezma jannizën?

Šežbähbinžbäzbin zim'a žeše, ždonnis řa'ambaždas gitën! Še'ammo zim'a žeše řa'ambaždasën gitën, ždonnis žbäs'inna řiti ķepa'a ja řanřazlasën!

Hopefully I have succeeded. I have continued this difficult artwork. Hopefully this time will be different, for my death is nigh.

I have stopped working on this artwork, because all existence has existed since a long time ago. My humble mind is empty of the origin of its paths, and my humble mind is empty of the origin of this very artwork.

Alas! I have ceased working.

I know that which has been discovered. But of what things has it been constructed? Am I satisfied by it?

I wish to continue, because the land is dark. I wish to stop the dark land, for now it begins to live!

# Final Translation to English

Hopefully, I have succeeded. I continue a difficult work of art. Hopefully, this work of art is different, because my death is near. I stop this work of art because the existence had started. My mind is empty from their original path, my mind is empty from that original work of art.

Alas!

I have stopped a work of art. This discovery is known. But who builds it? Do I satisfy this? Let me continue, because of the dark land! Let me stop the dark land, because now they hope for life.

# Comparison

## Original Text

Forget this, I wanna be something, go somewhere, do something. I want things to change, I want to invent time and space, and I know it's possible because everything is here, and it probably already happened. I just don't know when to start... and that's exactly where it started.

Woah, I paused it. I think there's a universe now. What's it made of?

QUARKS AND STUFF!

Ah, that's a thing, in a place! Don't like it? Try a new place, at a different time. Try to stick together, because the world is gonna get bigger and emptier... but it's not empty yet. It's still very full, and about a kjghpillion degrees.

## Final Text (n=7)

Hopefully, I have succeeded. I continue a difficult work of art. Hopefully, this work of art is different, because my death is near. I stop this work of art because the existence had started. My mind is empty from their original path, my mind is empty from that original work of art.

Alas!

I have stopped a work of art. This discovery is known. But who builds it? Do I satisfy this? Let me continue, because of the dark land! Let me stop the dark land, because now they hope for life.