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Vatum

A Growing Collection of Conlang Literature

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Produced by lam 'aj Se'vIr malja'
Edited by Jack Bradley

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From the Editor

This is a particularly hard year. We're living through a global pandemic, a hostile and sometimes outright violent political climate, and concerns about civilization's slow response to the climate crisis that seems to be, for reasons unknown, sitting on the backburner. But in this time of great social upheaval and societal unrest, artists of all kinds have shined a light in the perpetual cloud of pessimism. Conlangers are no exception. Throughout the pandemic, conlangers have taken on herculean translation and writing projects and even spent their time learning others' languages to build up friendships and bring life to one another's creations. I'm so incredibly proud to present you with the work of three new contributors in this second edition of *Vatum*. As always, I thank them for their patience and for their willingness to share their breathtaking work with the wider conlanging community. *nItebHa' maqonjaj!*

-Jack Bradley

The Old Man and His Four Sons

François Mathevet (Diarrza)

Here, I present to you my conlang : Diarrza.

It's a freely inspired celto-gemanish language. Moreover, it's inspired from Breton (Brezhoneg) and Standard Irish (Gaeilge), and, really lightly, German (Deutsch.)

Diarrza is entirely presented on the net on L'Atelier : phil.1fr1.net and described on ideopedia : www.europalingua.eu/ideopedia.

These texts which I've translated come from the showcase2019 of the Reddit : [r/conlangs](https://www.reddit.com/r/conlangs/).

- as in Breton: flexible syntax with topicalization : a variable particle according to the function of what is topicalized
- three genders, varying in importance according to dialect: feminine, masculine, neutral
- four dialects
- declination by prefixing instead of mutations
- German-style lexical agglomeration with mutation (slightly different from those taking place for declensions)
- principle of mutations up to 3 orders more according to the API (Celtic emancipation, just one inspiration)
- an alphabet of monocameral Latin origin based on the tiny islander: Irish seanchló
- sentences begin with a mid-point and do not end.

• δΑζδ-pen Δ βoins odiu bomΔçë • tse Δmδ'fen : mΔçë
nimë seils soçelc-oboδΔ ωectΔ-REN • RENT'q TOZζwë :
ζoçeiçEIC TIDEδγqJ ζIçIDE ωΔ qPJIRIDSON

• dazd-pen a voins odiu bomaçê • tse amd'fen : maçê nimê seils
sozelc-oboda wecta-rren • rrent'ü togzwê : zoçeizeic tidedgüj
ziçide wa upjirridson

*An old man had four sons. He wanted his sons to learn a
very important lesson for life. So he decided to sent each
of them for a quest.*

• ζORë Is tse tuçide olueng-contmeif oδβIER-munen Δδ BE
βED-REN ICIDANSEID ζIçIDE • JURMë Is tse tuçide : ωΔn en emçS
CORTEN oçωΔil

• gorrê is tse tuçide olueng-contmeif odvierr-munen ad ve ved-
rren icianseid ziçide • yurrmë is tse tuçide : wan en emçS corrtēn
oçwail

*He asked them to go and look at a pear tree that was far
away from the mainland. He instructed them that only
one will go at a time.*

• τΔ δJUNRIE ωE, eltsu, ζORëEZ bumΔç δΑζδ-RENç DITSE
wemçEIH oç olueng-contmeif τ'odvierr-munen-TIT • EIN-
çOJl E ζORëEZ bumΔç δOJrl' contmeif βENδUIN ωΔT ΔRENSCI
• τΔ TRI-UT Δ BE çEIZ-τ'βENδUIN ωΔT ζAUR oç τΔ δΑζδ-
pen Δ ζORë bumΔç βIuinç-RENç contmeif βENδUIN ωΔT
NIENççEM • δUERN E emçEITç oç TSIR δONTëITç ΔED • ζORëEZ
IS tuçIDE ΔED oδONTEIM oδçSE-huengçEIH oç WILTΔREIç UDçSE
oδ JERδJçEITç oluengçEIH

• ta djuenrrie we, eltsu, gorrêez bumaç dazd-rreng ditse wemçEIH

og olueng-contmeif t'odvierr-munen-tit • ejn-gojl e gorrêez
 bumaç dojr'l' contmeif venduin wat arrensci • ta trri-ut a ve çreiz-
 t' venduin wat zaurr og ta dazd-pen a gorrê bumaç vjuing-rreng
 contmeif venduin wat niengçem
 • duern e emgêitç og tsirrdontêitç aed • gorrêez is tuçide aed
 odonteim odzse-huengeih og wiltarreig udzse od jerrdjêitç
 oluengeih

*So, when the Winter came he asked his eldest son to go
 and take look at this pear tree. Similarly, he asked his
 second son to go there in the Spring. The third one was
 sent there in Summer and the old man asked his youngest
 son to go there in the fall.*

• **δΙΤΣΕ ΟΔΙΟΥ ΜΑÇË Δ ΤΣΕΡË ΦΡΕΙΤΣΕ ΟÏ ΤΑ-ΙΖΙΤÇ ΟΔΖΑΝΤΕΙΜ
 ΙΔ ΙΕΡΔΙΙËΙΤÇ ΟΛΥΕΝÇΕΙΗ**

• ditse odiau maçè a tserrê frreitse og ta-izitç odzanteim id
 jerrdjêitç oluengeih

*When they all had gone once there and come back. He
 asked all of them to come to him and describe him about
 what they had seen.*

• **ΤΑ ΔΔΖΔ-ΡΕΝÏ Ë ΣΥΔΖË : « ΤΑ ΙΥΝΕΝ Δ ΒΕ ÇΣΕΙΔΔΖ,
 ÇΟΡΝΔΡΕΙÇ ΟÏ ÆΕΡΜΙΕ »**

• ta dazd-rreng a suazê : « ta junen a ve csejdaz, corndrreic og
 çèrmiè »

*His four sons stood in front of him and started to share
 what they had seen ... The eldest one said, "The tree was*

ugly and it was bent and twisted."

• τΑ ΔΟJRL' Δ ROSPRŌDĒ SŌTSE Δ'Ū SUΔΖĒ : « nΔnŌ, ŷŌ ŷŌIDĒNS Ō BUΖLIENĒ ŷLIENSĒ »

• ta dojr'l' a rrossprōdĕ sotse a'g suazĕ : « nang, go goidens Ō buzlienĕ glensĕ »

The second son interrupted and said, "No, It was covered with green buds."

• τΑ ΤΡΙ-ΥΤ ΟŪ ΝΙΖΒΕJRNΣ Δ'Ū SUΔΖĒ : LIUN JESĒ ERSIENĒ JΔΒΙRCΣ ΜΟΤ ΟŪ ŷŌ ENS CSIUNENS • τΑ ΝΟΙΣ ΒΙΟΝΔR ΤΡŌΔ Ō ΒΕ, ΟΙΣ JERΔJYEN ΟLUENŷEIH ΝΔJY' EN UBŌΔΔ ΝΙΜ

• ta trri-ut ōg nizbejrns a'g suazĕ : lliun jesĕ errsienĕ javirrcĕ mot ōg go ĕns csiunens • ta nois vionarr trrod • ve, ōjs jerrdjen oluengeih najr' en uboda nim.

The third son disagreed and said, "Its blossom smelled really sweet and looked so beautiful. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life."

• τΑ ΒJYIUNŷ-RENŷ ΒΕ ΟŪ ΒΕJRNΣ ΝΕC ΩΕR Δn EDEN-ΔĒΔ ΟŪ Ē SUΔΖĒ : « ŷŌ ΖΔJYRFENS ΟŪ ΒRŌJĒ Ē ΔΒΕΖĒ • ŷŌ BUERENS Οŷ-JERM BŌΔΔn'REUSBEIP »

• ta vjuing-rreng ve ōg bejrns nec werr an eden-aed ōg a suazĕ : « go zajrfens ōg brrōjĕ a dvezĕ • go buerrens ōg-jerrm bodan'rreusbeip. »

The youngest son disagreed with all of them and said, "It was ripe and fruits were dropping. It was looking full of life and fulfillment."

- τΑ ςοισειδ–corten τιδεδζϣϣ–διδε βε suΔζῆ τΑ δΔζδ– pen : « nerΔτς ζο necent • ζΔrt be ζειmτΔ odiu–Δεδ • δεδζϣϣ ζιςιr Δ oluengῆ einωΔn ωΔn en do–jraΔm ωΔτ junen–fodΔ, rento τΑ luengῆih ζιςιr, jArc Δ βε τΑ junen–δτΔbΔjl βιnt do–jraΔm–βοimert–tit • τΑ junen–δτΔbΔjl Δ Δrenjῆ–wEr–Δεδ ζειmτ Δτ Δmer, ζοjl τΑ βen–βοιδ o es • nωi Δreimτ fen bReiteim djjunΔn ωΔn en puindoβiu–res • jErδjJens od me Δmδ’fen : seJls–ςιr, o es
- ta-çoiseid-corrten tidedgüj-dide we suazê ta dazd-pen : « narratç go necent • garrt be geimta odiu-aed • dedgüj ziçirr a oluengê ejnwan wan en do-jraam wat junen-foda, rrento ta luengeih ziçirr, jarrc a ve ta junen-dtabajl vint do-jraam-vojmerrt-tit • ta junen-dtabajl a arrènjῆ-werr-aed geimt at amerr, gojl ta ven-void o es • nwi arreimt fen brreiteim djunan wan en puindoviu-rres
- jerrdjjens od me amd’fen : seJls-çirr, o es

After listening to each one of them, the old man said, "No one is wrong. All four of you are right. Each of you have seen only one season in the tree's life, therefore what you saw was the condition of the tree at that time of season. Just like the tree's condition changed with time, so does a human's. We should not judge someone by only one point of their life. That's what I wanted you to learn."

- cβerῆ is : « mec ϣ τiΔζζιrς τΑ djJuenrie–es–duern, deilirς is τΑ ζΔjntse τ’jArēnsCi ωΔςιr, τΑ csiunArt τΑ iζΔur ωΔςιr, τΑ δreusβeip τΑ iniengçem ωΔςιr »
- cverrê is : « mec ü tiagzirrç ta djJuenrrie-es-duern, deilirç is ta gajntse t’jarrensci waçirr, ta csiunarrt ta izaurr waçirr, ta drreusβeip ta iniengçem waçirr »

He continued, "If you give up when it's winter, you will

miss the promise of your spring, the beauty of your summer, fulfillment of your fall."

Little Red Riding Hood

meli-mini pi sako-lava loje “Salalo”

Helmut Voigt (toki mi)

After having dealt with Bislama, Tok Pisin, and conlangs like Lojban, Sona, Esperanto and Toki Pona, I decided to create a conlang (toki mi = my/our language) which combines the advantages of these languages (simple pronunciation and writing, clear rules with very few exceptions, limited vocabulary, ease of expression, etc.) while being easier to learn and use.

At present, toki mi comprises 277 words. The alphabet has 9 consonants (p, t, k, l, m, n, j, s, v) and 5 vowels (a, e, i, o, u). There is no morphology of words, but phrase separators are used to provide the sentence structures by marking subject, predicate, object, etc.

No toki mi word is longer than four letters (two syllables CVCV), but two-word phrases can be written without space, e.g. lilami (li=animal, lami=hair; mammal). The words are in part derivatives from other natural and constructed languages and in part my own inventions.

As not all possible syllable combinations are used so far, new words may be added later (in case of urgent necessity only).

My toki mi facebook page for discussing anything regarding toki mi is called "Tokimi"-Gruppe.

**September 15, 2020
Helmut Voigt
Berlin, Germany**

(The hyphens used in the first few sentences show how compound words are formed. Most words consist of four letters, some of three, very few of two letters only.)

ti-kato pini, a meli-mini liki i lama.
time-long end, SUBJ female-small pretty PRED live.

si-pan i liki e na.
person-all PRED like OBJ her.

**seni-meka-meli na i kosi-
kasa e na i tali e sako-lava loje la na.**
*parent-grand-female her PRED love-very OBJ her PRED give OBJ
clothing-head red to her.*

**meli-mini i vile-kamo e sako-lava ni ti-
pan.**
female-small PRED want-wear OBJ clothing-head this time-all.

**tan ni, si-pan i nimi e na "Salalo"
(SakoLava Loje).**
reason this, person-all PRED name OBJ her "Salalo".

**ti tako van, a seni-meli na i toki
la meli Salalo:**

time day one, SUBJ parent-female her PRED say to female Salalo:

**"mi tali e panisuvi e sakatelo pi telokili
nasa la ju.**

*"I give OBJ bread-sweet OBJ container-fluid REL fluid-fruit dizzy to
you.*

**i ko-
taki e kosa ni la senimeli mi! na mala i n
o-pava.**

*IMP go-take OBJ thing(s) these to parent-female my! She sick PRED
no-power.*

**moku ni i soli-
pava e na. i ko ti polatako! i ko o pisa
in pato taso!**

*food this PRED shall-power OBJ her. IMP go time begin-day! IMP go
MANNER attentive LOC path only!*

lo a ju lapa, mapo a sakatelo i maso.

If SUBJ you fall, maybe SUBJ container-fluid PRED break.

**ti a ju kama lon tomo na, i toki
' senimekameli a, takopona!' la na!"**

*T S you come to house her, IMP say 'parent-grand-female oh, day-
good!' to her.*

meli Salalo i toki: "mi vile-palipona e pan."

female Salalo P say, "I will- do-good O all."

senimekameli i lama in ma pi visami. ti a meli Salalo i kama lon mavi, a na luki e lilami pava. meli Salalo i no-kapi e ni: lilami pava ni i lilami mali. lilami i toki: "meli Salalo a, takopona!" "lilami a, takopona!" "meli Salalo a, a ju ko lonka?" "mi ko lon tomo pi senimekameli mi." "ju jo e ká in lomi pi sako ju?" "mi jo e panisuvi e telokili nasa. ti takopini, senimeli mi i sato e panisuvi, lan a senimekameli i pava-sa." "meli Salalo a, senimekameli ju i lama in ka?" "ti kama no-kato, mi kama lon tomo na. visami meka san in poka pi tomo na. no-mapo ju kapi e pato."

The grandmother lived out in the woods. When Little Red Riding Hood entered the woods, she saw a wolf. She did not know that he was a wicked animal. The wolf said, "Good day to you, Little Red Riding Hood." – "Good day, wolf." – "Where are you going, Little Red Riding Hood?" – "I'm going to my grandmother's house." – "And what are you carrying under your apron?" – "I have cake and wine. My mother baked the cake yesterday to make grandmother strong." – "Little Red Riding Hood, where does your grandmother live?" – "In a little while, I'll come to her house. Three large trees are standing next to the house. You certainly know the place."

lilami pava i kapa: 'melimini ni i sama moku ponakasa. senimekameli na mo i sama moku pona. mi vile-moku e meli tu'. ti mini, a na ko o poka pi meli Salalo i toki: "meli Salalo a, i luki e vikule liki a! tan ka, a ju no-luki lon pokapan? ju kute e molapona vaso ka? ju ko sama ni: ju ko lon tomokapi. taso, a mavi i ma likikasa a!"

The wolf thought to himself: "The little girl is a tasty bite for me. The grandmother is a tasty meal, too." For a short time, he went beside her and said: "Little Red Riding Hood, haven't you seen the beautiful flowers? Why don't you go and take a look? Do you hear how beautifully the birds are singing? You are walking along as though you were on your way to school, but it is very beautiful in the woods."

meli Salalo i luki e sola e vikule. na to e ni: mi vile-taki e vikule mute, an senimekameli i topona. na taki e vikule in lako min pato. lilami pava i ko palo lon tomo pi senimekameli mo mola in sintomo. "sika i kama?" "mi meli Salalo. mi kamatali e panisuvi e telokili nasa la ju." "meli Salalo a, i sin e sintomo! mi no-pava i no ken sin e na." lilami pava i sin e sintomo mo i ko in tontomo o no-toki mo i mokusato e senimekameli. na kamo e sakosoma na e sakolava na mo i sana in supalape.

Little Red Riding Hood saw the sunlight and the beautiful flowers. She thought: "I'll take a bouquet to grandmother, she will be very pleased." She picked the flowers away from the path. The wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked on the door. "Who's there?" – "I'm Little Red Riding Hood. I'm bringing you some cake and wine." – "Little Red Riding Hood, just press the latch. I'm too weak and can't open the door." The wolf opened the door, stepped inside without speaking, and ate the grandmother. Then he put her clothes on and put her cap on his head and got into her bed.

meli Salalo i miti e vikule mute mo i ko lon tomo pi senimekameli na. na vile-kapi e ni: tan ka, sintomo i sin? na to no-mosikali. na toki: "senimekameli a, takopona!" no-si i toki la na. meli Salalo i ko lon supalape mo i luki e senimekameli. taso, sakolava i kipa e lipo na. na komi luki. "senimekameli a, a kolokute ju i meka tan ka?" "lan a mi kutepona e toki ju." "senimekameli a, a kololuki ju i meka tan ka?" "lan a mi lukipona e lipo ju." "senimekameli a, a luka ju i meka tan ka?" "lan a mi takipava e ju." "senimekameli a, a uta ju i mekakasa tan ka?" "lan a mi mokusato e ju!" lilami i toki e ni mo i sami min supalape mo i mokusato e meli Salalo.

Little Red Riding Hood gathered many flowers and went to her grandmother's house. She asked herself, "Why is the door open?" She felt a bit uneasy. She said, "Granny, good day!" Nobody answered. Little Red Riding Hood went to the bed and saw the grandmother, but her cap covered her face. She was looking strange. "Oh, grandmother, why are your ears so big?" – "All the better to hear you with." – "Oh, grandmother, why are your eyes so big?" – "All the better to see you with." – "Oh, grandmother, why are your hands so big?" – "All the better to grab you with!" – "Oh, grandmother, why do you have such a horribly big mouth?" – "All the better to eat you with!" And with that he jumped out of bed and ate up Little Red Riding Hood.

ti pinimoku, lilami pava i sana in supalape mo pola-lape mo kima o molakasa. sitoka i kopasa loma tomo mo kute e molakasa. na ko lon tontomo mo luki e lilami pava mo toki: "lilami mali a! ti pini, mi tokasato e ju!" ti pola, na vile-mata

e lilami o tolotoka. taso, a na kapa e ni: lilami i moku e senimekameli. mapo, a na lama in ton na. mi no-vile-mata e na." na sin e soma pi lilami o kotomika. na luki e sakolava loje. na mika mo e soma pi lilami. meli Salalo i pika min soma pi lilami mo toki: "mi to no-mosi, tan a tonsoma pi lilami i pakapan." ti ni, a senimekameli i pika mo. meli Salalo i taki e litokilo mo pana e ni lon tonsoma pi lilami. ti a lilami i pinilape, a na vile koveka. taso, a kilolito i lopalapa e na. ti pini, a na mata.

As soon as the wolf had finished eating, he climbed back into bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman was just passing by and heard the snore. He stepped inside, saw the wolf, and said, "What a beast! Now I've got you!" At first, he wanted to kill him with his gun. But he thought, "He has eaten the grandmother, but perhaps she is still alive inside him. I won't shoot him." He cut open his belly with a pair of scissors and saw the red cap. He cut a little more, and the girl jumped out and cried: "Oh, I was so frightened! It was so dark inside the wolf's body!" And then the grandmother came out alive as well. Then Little Red Riding Hood fetched some large heavy stones. They filled the wolf's body with them, and when he woke up and tried to run away, the stones were so heavy that he fell down dead.

si san i tolaki kasa. sitoka i lopaveka e lasi min lilami pava i ko lon tomo sa. senimekameli i moku e panisuvi e telokili nasa mo pava sa. meli Salalo i kapa e ni: ti kama pan, a mi no-vile-koveka min pato in ma pi visami. mo, mi vile-kute e toki pi senimeli mi ti pan.

The three of them were very happy. The huntsman took the wolf's pelt and went home. The grandmother ate the cake, drank the wine and felt stronger. Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself: "As long as I live, I will never leave the path in the woods. I'll always listen to what my mother tells me."

The Antioch Lecture by Sandra Gutiérrez, 13 March 2025

Stephen DeGrace (Common, na Xafen)

Synopsis

The New World Order is the dominant governmental authority in the world today [about 100 years in our future], claiming to be the sole, rightful global sovereignty and effectively ruling the entire planet except for a few tiny pockets of resistance which are embargoed but left alone because they possess nuclear weapons. Their official and main working language is Common (natively ‘na Xafen’ /na ‘ja.ven/), which was invented for an early 21st century TV show. By a number of twists of fate, it ended up being adopted by the incipient Globalist mass movement, which had an overlap with the TV show fan base, as a code language and eventually becoming the lingua franca of their global hegemony, actively displacing and replacing natural languages. Sandra Gutiérrez was an early Globalist activist and intellectual, who is famous for writing the Globalist Manifesto. This piece is a translation of a talk she gave in Antioch California in 2025.

Common’s creative process is that it is entirely blogged – no work is done in any other medium. The link above is to the original record. The blog is written in the in-world voice of ‘Trafalgar’, a British adventurer and academic who left the Free State of Britain, travelled the New World Order, and then returned to share what she learned. She puts her writings online to provide unvarnished information to fellow Britons and anyone from the NWO who might gain illicit access, and she writes under a pseudonym to protect her and her

family from any backlash from any controversial opinions expressed. Everything beyond this point is in Trafalgar's voice.

Introduction

In this article, we will look at an excerpt of an informal lecture given by Sandra Gutiérrez to a mixed group consisting primarily of businesspeople on 13 March 2025. Gutiérrez, who today is remembered as the Globalist hero who wrote the original Globalist Manifesto, was invited by the President of the Antioch, California Chamber of Commerce, himself a Globalist, to give a public lecture in Antioch on Globalism.

Gutiérrez was known as a humble person with a kind and approachable demeanour who would go anywhere and spread the word about Globalism to anyone, and in Antioch she enjoyed a sceptical but receptive audience. Most of this talk was captured on a mobile phone and later posted to social media and transcribed, which is why it is a rare example to survive to the present day of the dozens of public lectures, often to small groups, that Gutiérrez delivered over the years.

Translation Notes

This translation is one I prepared myself from English to give a sense of how this piece of early Globalist history would look in Common. It is certainly not the Common that Gutiérrez herself would have used – her Common, such as it was, would have been essentially Old Common, and would be quite different in grammar and word choices than mine. I used modern High Common, although I tried to capture a bit of the feeling of the time by not using too many loanwords.

I did not attempt a word-for-word translation at all, and I framed things in such a way as to sound good in Common. One interesting thing that comes out of the translation is that while Gutiérrez glosses over some more controversial aspects of the Globalist program in

this part of her lecture – such as the need to exclude non-Globalists from public life, and that the elimination of national sovereignty also means the abolition of self-determination for indigenous societies – the Common translation lays the latter point a little more bare. The phrase 'na naxys trit' means 'national rule' (the best translation for 'national sovereignty' in Common), the word 'naxys' doesn't distinguish at all between colonial-era nation-states and stateless indigenous societies.

Historical Context

The lecture was delivered early into President Donald Trump Jr.'s first term. By this point in US history, the nation had gone through Trump Sr.'s re-election with a minority of the popular vote (he won via a loophole in the American system called the 'electoral college' that was designed to give more weight to smaller states) and credible allegations of widespread vote rigging, followed by waves of violent protests, with anti-Trump protests and pro-Trump counter-protests sweeping the nation, and the indefinite jailing of some of the Trump regime's political opponents, including 77-year-old former Trump adversary Hillary Clinton, who was technically retired at the time of her arrest. Then there had been Trump Sr.'s death in office in 2022 of apparently natural causes, and the short-lived Presidency of Vice President Sean Hannity. Millions had died in the botched response to the COVID-23 pandemic just the previous year.

The bloody Iran War quagmire was still dragging on with tens of thousands dead and no end in sight. Tankers from the then-oil-rich Persian Gulf region were mostly unwilling to risk the Straits of Hormuz, disrupting critical global energy supplies and sending prices through the roof, and years of generalised and chronic mismanagement and cavalier disregard for international institutions by the Trump regime had sent the world's largest economy, and indeed, most of the world, into a protracted economic slump.

At the time Gutiérrez gave her lecture in Antioch, the global economy was rapidly deteriorating but President Donald Trump Jr. had not yet defaulted on the US national debt. This action on the part of Trump would rapidly collapse the entire global financial system and is usually taken by historians to mark the true beginning of the Global Financial Collapse and the Global Collapse in general. Gutiérrez gave her lecture literally within months of the beginning of the end of the world as she and her audience knew it.

At this point in history, Americans and people everywhere had a strong belief that something was deeply wrong with the world, but their daily lives and world view still existed in a continuity with the old post-World War II international order, and their cultural outlook was still very much pre-Collapse. The Federal government was still in control of the United States, and most people had consistent and relatively easy access to food, water, electricity, shelter and, if they could afford it, even medical care. This was very much still the pre-Collapse world, even if it was arguably taking its last breaths.

The world was feeling the very beginnings of the impact of global warming at this time, but environmental stresses were not yet the dominant driver of the growing global strife, and there was a very significant faction in the United States, associated with the Republican party, which flat-out refused to believe the science or the evidence, and there were no truly significant measures being taken globally at this time to combat climate change – another way in which the society at the time of the Antioch Lecture was recognisably continuous with the pre-Collapse norms. However, people at this time were very much aware of climate change, and it was a major political issue.

The United States at this time was deeply polarised between the Republican party, which was the party of the Trump regime, and the Democratic party opposition, which was dominant in a few parts of the country but mostly was on the ropes, and with no meaningful

influence federally. The Globalists had a strong affinity for the Democrats, but that didn't necessarily work in reverse. Plus there were many, many other surging ideological factions who might notionally favour one side or the other but which regarded the traditional parties as hopelessly out of touch. California at the time of Gutiérrez's address was most definitely not Trump country, which is how she could deliver such an address and not be killed on the spot given the climate at the time.

Sandra Gutiérrez

Sandra Gutiérrez was born Alexander Gutiérrez in Sacramento, California on May 12, 1975 to parents of Mexican descent. Her first language was English, although she spoke Spanish fluently. She also eventually learnt to speak Common, although she was never fluent in speech and was never considered a truly eloquent writer in Common. Her work was mostly in English.

Gutiérrez earned her Ph.D. in Philosophy specialising in political philosophy in 2003 from the University of California in Berkeley. She had a strong start to her career and became a lecturer at the University of California, Davis, close to her hometown of Sacramento, in 2004. By 2015, she had managed to become a tenured full professor. This became important, because in the American academic system at the time, tenure gave professors strong protection for their positions, and Gutiérrez would evolve from espousing a fairly typical, liberal political philosophy to expressing some decidedly heterodox views that some found quite bizarre or offensive.

Gutiérrez came out of the closet as a trans woman in 1995 when she was in her undergraduate studies at UC Berkeley. At the time, this was an incredibly brave thing to do, as trans people faced intense social and legal discrimination and were frequently the targets of violence. All that Gutiérrez was able to accomplish in her life despite facing these headwinds was remarkable. Throughout her life, she

was a tireless advocate for LGBTQ acceptance and rights, and in particular she volunteered extensively for queer youth outreach. She spoke frankly about the bullying and suicidal feelings she had gone through in her youth, and how she wanted to do whatever she could so that young people in future would not have to go through what she did. By the time of the Antioch lecture, however, there had been tremendous advances in trans acceptance, and her gender identity would not have been as much of an issue to her audience then as it would have been in years past.

Gutiérrez married her wife and long-time partner, noted physicist Shanice Jones, in 2013 when same-sex marriage was relegalised in California. They remained together until Gutiérrez's death, despite the fact that Jones strongly disagreed with Gutiérrez on the topic of Globalism.

As the Global Collapse wound on and Globalism gained significant ground, Gutiérrez gained more and more prominence as a speaker and writer on Globalism, and then became an early leader of the movement. She was highly respected in the movement and considered one of its greatest and most eloquent advocates. In 2026, when the California Globalist Association decided they needed a Manifesto to promote the cause, they asked Gutiérrez to write it. She did, with the help and input of a handful of other Globalist intellectuals from across the planet with whom she collaborated over the internet, and her final document was so admired that it was quickly adopted by Globalist movements around the world in well over fifty translations. The modern Globalist Manifesto that is part of the New World Order Global Charter is the direct descendent of Gutiérrez's document.

It is for this accomplishment that Gutiérrez is remembered today, and even in her time, she became in a sense 'THE Globalist', even though she herself tried to deflect this attention, saying she was but one of many who had worked on the Manifesto and who toiled for the movement as a whole.

Sandra Gutiérrez died on 5 Aug 2041 at the age of 66 in the successful Texan nuclear strike on Sacramento. She was survived by her wife Shanice, who died of appendicitis in 2043. They had no children.

¡Zra malaz ijuz sy! Ijuz sy we hap tiena xi noxot spet falu u sin je te resa. Ruz, we hap tiena ijaz zra ema wen na Adam Arsenault sy xi we tene spet ewis hanja a spet awken tene sufet. ¡Zu Adam se zran!

Good evening, everyone! Thank you so much for coming out to hear me tonight. I would particularly like to thank my friend Adam Arsenault for inviting me to come here and for arranging all this. Thank you, Adam!

Ije hap xafe ziko, "¿E ny kyrakka, ko se an na Onpafisa? ¿Se la an na spot rek xu az leko wenaz te raxu, e na lawt na Trump? ¿Lo kon zu nux hiut ija spe'n?" Zra, a spe'n se ikky an kon rek sun a Onpafisa se an. Wer Onpafisaka nox ikky jusal ixi ti raxu az leko zunas sy, joku kepes wez nox jusal ixi y werta pi ejálys ekono ti xafájsy. Epális, a Onpafisa se cajre an sin a zran jez te zeul, sin si a winys atuinot se fik kerí jez te sef, hanja te wero ko awken xu wez se riske u sin jez a atuinysyn ti mawa. E na zran, a spe'n se an na awken – se cajre ikky nuppen.

A question I get a lot is, 'What is Globalism, anyway? Isn't it that thing that Trump says is taking away all our jobs? How can you be in favour of that?' Well, that's not what Globalism

is. Globalists don't want to take away your jobs, on the contrary, we want to restore a strong and sustainable economy. At its base, Globalism is simply about seeing reality, understanding that humanity itself is in imminent danger, and doing what it takes to protect humanity. That's really it – it's not complicated at all.

Ates, jez te riske sef si a awke atuinot se keru. Wez awken se pex na onpas imlenka. A spe'n se an ny keru xu a ifórysyn te perat jerek. Joku se an y pawt foyn erpa na spe'n. ¿Zus sy ti pex xi ar kinni-naw-suz jofósse lelusyn e na zora se ili wes? ¿Xi ar xiro-naw-suz jofósse Akpe Rawk Rif e na Astyrálíja, y faj akpe pi efo ruz naturhilin, sete let? A spe'n se cajre an na samor. Xut ja onpas imlenka ti keru a exúlyn na atuinot xu wez te waju pex, ¿nox fisa zus sy ico yn su nux falu e na cel e sun jez atuin hap cep a wes naz ilino awke naturhilin na onpa, su ja atuinot te wero, ija spe'n?

First you have to understand, our whole species is in trouble. We all know about global warming. That's a civilisation-ending threat. But it's about more than that. Did you know that 75% of the fisheries in the ocean are at risk of collapse? That 95% of the Great Barrier Reef in Australia, a vast and irreplaceable ecosystem, is dead? This is just the tip of the rapidly melting iceberg. If global warming threatens the survival of humanity as we know it, what do you think will happen when we pile on with the collapse of most of the world's

*ecosystems at once due to the actions of humanity
on top of that?*

Wez se hufep raz ik sajn na naturhilinys rowés. Se spezra an a kalla. ;Ti zeul a meklo pi zatsynpajrys Kalla na Irán na Trump President xu yz aréjutret nyz Myrikas atuin tene let, hanja fo zra ti ikky efla az nawtret naz aréjutret naz Irákys pi Iránys atuin epis naz cepys atuin e na Malas Axa su se spezra let e na spet kalla! Je hap zisse ijuz sy si a Kalla na Irán se ikky an yr icókyn. Ar ekáwano naxys hilin xu a cityn rocél nar opetnaw kiles hulaz tene ejál sete rokíf. Fik, a kalla ekáwa naz fo husno werta Akpe Perat se an ikujók. Ceo naz speos awan, a Kawas Onpas Kalla nux tol ijy trify. A spe'n se an upána na zisse re naz karios awan. Xut jez az spe'n ti sif, jez te riske lefo. Jy kalla lo na spe'n te kerí a exúlyn na atuinot hus erpa na naturhilinys rowés.

It's not just ecological catastrophe we have to worry about. There is also war. There's the President's foolish and vain Iran war that has killed thousands of Americans, and don't forget the tens of thousands of Iraqis and Iranians and others in the Middle East who have been killed in this war as well! I'm here to tell you, the Iran War is nothing. With the breakdown of the international systems that kept the peace for the last eighty years, war between more powerful and evenly matched Great Powers is inevitable, and with the weapons we have now, it will make

World War Two look like a joke. That's to say nothing of nuclear weapons. If we have them, we will eventually use them. War on this scale equally threatens human survival.

Ar spet kerí na exúlyn na atuinot se an faj zra pi faj ilino fik, hanja ar spe'n se an fo ruz erpa nyz cepys raffa su jez ti sif. A Onpafisas lawt se an sin ar spet kerí se an ro ny hus wero: na naxys trit. Ja trit naz naxys sifysyn te wero a Trac na Xafen e sin wez se ikky perat karo sin wez te malla a onpa, hanja ja naxys trit te wero a ikujókyn na kalla.

These threats to human survival are real and extremely imminent, and they are more important than any other concern we may have. The Globalist message is that these threats have a single common cause: national sovereignty. National sovereignty creates the Tragedy of the Commons that has rendered us unable to stop ourselves from poisoning our planet, and national sovereignty creates the inevitability of war.

Ja Myrikas ekáwano naxys sufetysyn ro kiles na Kawas Onpas Kalla hanne efo zra fesi ixi te xeppe az spet raffa, hanja sete faj was wes. E na zran, ja spet sufetysyn se winys rowés, rowéro sin ja cajre sifysyn xu tene wiru te fik eskúrun. Wez nox zra triju ija spe'n ro na oxas onpas posa u na awkenpolny na 23-

kofit. A spot kaje se an jerekys hanja hap ikky affer a cul hop upána na facel.

The post-World War Two American international order has made valiant attempts to address these concerns and it has failed miserably. In fact, it itself is falling apart, under the assault of the very country that created it. This is clear in the risibly ineffective global response to the COVID-23 pandemic. That path is exhausted and offers no hope for the future.

Se an y sajno ate posa. Jez te riske ostak a trit naz naxys sifysyn. Jez te riske aten a onpa epáli ny cajno ate onpas trit. Wez nox riske triju ija zra aten na atuinot. Ik rezys, jez te riske wero az awke olte hultan xu wez ijy ate fo iline motu u na spet urek hap perat cual. A spe'n, epális, se an na Onpafisa. E na kota na lawt wen, we nox noxaj ceo naz spet tonot fo spocu e naz tamo. Xut zus sy si selep re na zra lan nar kawa kerí na exúlyn na atuinot hanja zus sy si selep re na hufep na exúlyn na atuinot, wajy sin we nox hop ixi je ijuz sy hyp erán, itin zus sy si riske selep re na Onpafisa.

There is only one solution. National sovereignty must be abolished. The Earth must be united under a single government. The unity of humanity must be recognised. Every possible action that can take us one step closer to this goal must be taken, and this must be done without

delay. That, essentially, is Globalism. For the rest of my talk, I'm going to dive into these points in detail. If you accept the factual truth of these twin threats to human survival and you accept the necessity of ensuring human survival, as I hope to persuade you, then you must accept Globalism.

Two Stories in tlhIngan Hol

Jack Bradley (tlhIngan Hol¹)

While I create my own languages all the time, I decided not to include any literary work done in those for this issue. Rather, I decided to present some of the work of I've done in preexisting conlangs. Namely, Klingon (tlhIngan Hol.) I'm sure I'm not shocking anyone when I say that I love the Klingon language. From its phonology to its grammatical structure, ever single bit of it calls out to me. If I go a whole day without using it at least some, something's is very wrong, call the ambulance, Jack's having a stroke. One of the joys of Klingon is its tight-knit community, all the inside baseball, and, of course, the fun stories that we tell ourselves. There's a strong Klingon-language oral story practice which has grown out of the Klingon Language Institute's *qep'a'* and what's known as the *qaDHomme*y. These are little, sometimes improvised stories created off of a prompt (either a single word or a whole sentence or phrase.) Recently, however, I've made some attempts to get the ball rolling on some Klingon writing projects so as to grow the corpus of original works written in our beautiful tongue. (Yes, *our* language—not Paramount's.) I started out with small stuff and my efforts have since ballooned into a full-blown novel. Here, I'd like to share with the whole conlanging community two very short stories that I wrote in the past two years. The first is an adaptation of one of Aesop's fables, wherein a farmer tests out a new horse before committing to keep it for good. The second is a wholly original myth I created about the birth of the stars in the universe as the result of a sneaky servant. Hoch vIqonta'boqh botIv 'e' vItulqu'!

¹ Invented in its modern form by Dr. Marc Okrand in 1983

tlhejwI'Daj wIv Sargh
The Horse Chooses Its Companion

wa' jaj vengHom Sum Such wIjwI' qan. vengHomDaq Sargh chu' SuqnIS. vaj Sargh ngevwi' jaH 'ej mItlaw'bogH Sargh Sam. 'ach qanmo', val wIjwI'. 'ej valmo', Hoj. Sargh Samta'bogH je'pa', Sargh waH neH ghaH. ghaHvaD vummeH Sargh nojqang ja' Sargh ngevwi'. yonHa' 'e' Hon, Sargh HoSqu' 'oHmo' Sargh'e' Samta'bogH wIjwI'. vaj Du'Daj chegh, Sargh Samta'bogH DevtaHvIS 'ej Sargh HuDyarDajDaq latlh SarghmeYDaj retlhDaq qem. ghIq jIH.

One day an old farmer visited a nearby village. He needed to acquire a new horse there. So he went to the horse-seller and found a horse that seemed good enough. But because the farm was advanced in age, he had become wise. And because he was wise, he was cautious. Before he was willing to buy the horse that he had chosen, he wanted to try it out. The horse-seller said that he was willing to lend the workhorse out to the farmer. He doubted that the farmer would be disappointed since it was a particularly strong horse, this beast that the farmer had found. So, the farmer returned to his farm, leading the horse he had found and led him to the stables, next to where all the other horses were.

Sar Sarghmey ghajbogh wIjwI'. Sargh HoS, Sargh puj je ghaj. 'ach vumqang SarghDaj HochHom. 'ach wa' Sargh buD law' latlhmey tay' buD puS. vumqangbe' 'ej mul 'ej vabDot wIjwI' chop rut 'e' nID. Sarghvetlh buD retlh ghoS Sargh ngIppu'bogh wIjwI'. wanI'vam leghDI' ghaH, SIBI' vengHom chegh 'ej Sargh ngevwi'vaD Sargh ngIppu'bogh nobHa'. jatlh ngevwi' «DuHbe!' 'eQ Du'IljDaq Sarghvam Daqem! vum wej 'e' Dalegh!» jang wIjwI'. jatlh «tlhejwI'Daj wIv 'e' vIlegh 'ej jIwuqmeH yap.»

Varied were the sorts of horses that the farmer had. He had both hardy and weak horses though each was diligent. However, one horse was lazier than all the others put together. It would not work and it was stubborn and it even tried to bite the farmer on occasion. The horse which that farmer had borrowed walked over next to this horse and when the farmer saw what had happened, he immediately went back to the village and gave the borrowed horse back to the horse-seller. The seller said "Impossible! You took it back to your farm just moments ago! You haven't even had an opportunity to see it work yet!" The farm replied, saying "I have seen it choose its companions and that was enough."

pem, ram je

Day and Night

bov tIQ, chu'chu'taHvIS 'u' 'ej pagh yoq tu'lu'taHvIS, wa' Qun neH tu'lu'. tI'yan 'oH pongDaj'e'. chenmoHwI'a' ghaH. jatlhDI' ghaH, chen vay' 'ej QeHchoHDI' Qom 'u' Hoch HoSghajqu'mo' ghoghDaj.

wa' jaj yIttaH 'ej QubtaH tI'yan. yIt pay' 'e' mev 'ej jatlh « tlhoy Hurgh. jIyIttaHvIS HewIj vIleghlaHbe'. vabDot tochDu'wIj, chapDu'wIj joq, cha'neHDu'wIj joq, qamDu'wIj joq vIleghlaHbe'chu'. »

In an ancient time, while the universe was still new and there were no humanoids about, there was only a single god. His name was T'yan. He was the great creator and when he spoke, something would appear and when he became wroth, the whole universe would shake because of his voice's might. One day, T'yan was walking and thinking. Suddenly, he stopped walking and said "It is too dark! As I walk, I cannot see the path before me. I cannot even see my palms, nor the back of my hands nor my forearms nor my feet."

vaj valqu'mo' tI'yan tamghay chenmoH 'e' wuq. jatlh « tamghay, yInargh. »

'ej SIBI' tI'yan tlhopDaq nargh tamghay.

jatlh tI'yan « tamghay, jIleghmeH qachenmoH vaj reH tlhopwIj DawovmoH. SoHmo' HewIj vISovlaHtaH. »

jang tamghay. jatlh « lu', qaH. reH qatoy'taH 'e' vI'Ip. »
vaj tI'yan wovmoHwI' gheS tamghay 'ej qaStaHvIS
poH nI'qu' chenmoHwI''a' Dev, wo'Daj vaS nuDtaHvIS.
qaStaHvIS poH nI' matlhchu' tamghay 'ej ra'DI' pIn'a'Daj lob
'ej not tlhIv. 'ach qej tI'yan 'ej leS tamghay not 'e' chaw'.
SIbI'Ha' ghalchoH 'ej qeHchoH bay'eS 'ej pIn'a'Daj
lumoHmeH QuSchoH.

And because he was so very wise, T'yan decided to create Tamg'ai, the light. He said "Tamg'ai, appear."

And as soon as he said this, the light appeared before him.

T'yan said "Tamg'ai, I have created you so that I may see, therefore always light what is in front of me. Because of you, I shall always be able to see the path before me."

Tamg'ai responded, saying "I shall do so, sire. I swear to always serve you."

So Tamg'ai became T'yan's lightbearer and for a very long time, he led the great creator along his way as he examined his vast kingdom. For that time, the light was perfectly leal and when his master commanded him, he obeyed. Never he was insubordinate. But T'yan was foul of mood and never allowed Tamg'ai to rest. After a time, the subordinate became jealous and resented his master and so began to plot to bring him down.

wa' jaj DumtaHvIS tI'yan So''egh tamghay. vemDI'
chenmoHwI''a' Dach tamghay nom 'e' tlhoj 'ej QeHchoH.

tamghay SammeH 'u' HurghDaq Dat nej 'ej yuQ 'emDaq So''eghtaH tamghay 'e' Harmo' yuQ law'qu' Qaw'chu'.

qettaH 'ej jachtaH 'ej raltaH. SIBI'Ha' qetqu'pu'mo' 'ej jachqu'pu'mo' 'ej ralqu'pu'mo' Doy'qu'choH 'ej Dej pe'vII tlhuHtaHvIS.

ngugh So'Ha''egh tamghay 'ej pIn'a'Daj HIv. pe'vII nachDaj qIp. logh'obDaj pup. tIch. pum tI'yan 'ej 'oy'ba'taH porghDaj naQ. jeyta' 'e' Har tamghay vaj baqmeH jeqqIj lel 'ej tI'yan ghoS. 'ach DuQrupchoHDI' nom pay' Hu' tI'yan 'ej tamghayvo' jeqqIj tIhap. pung SuqmeH qoy' tamghay SaQtaHvIS.

One day, as T'yan was napping, the light hid. When the great creator awoke, he quickly realized that Tamg'ai was not there and became enraged. He searched everywhere in the dark universe for Tamg'ai and because he thought that the light was hiding behind a planet, he destroyed many worlds.

He ran and cried out and was very violent. Eventually, because he had run so much and cried out so much and had been so violent, he tired and collapsed, panting.

It was then that Tamg'ai unhid himself and attacked his master. He hit his head forcefully. Kicked his chest. Insulted him. T'yan fell and his whole body visibly ached. Tamg'ai believed that he had successfully defeated him and so took out his club to finish what he had begun and approached T'yan. But as he readied himself for the attack, quickly and suddenly T'yan stood up

*and took the club from out of Tamg'ai's hands.
The light begged for mercy, weeping.*

**jatlh «joHwI', SoHvaD jIyI'chu': jIQoS. jInguqmo'
qaHoH 'e' vInID 'ach DaH Qaghwlj vIyaj. DuHoHlaH pagh.
bIHoSghajchu'. pungllj vItlhob. SoHvaD jIII'laHtaH.
choHoHnISbe'. HIHoHneSQo'. »**

**qaStaHvIS lup puS jangbe' tI'yan. tamchu'. QeH
mInDu'Daj; pe'bII lurur. Doj HoSDaj; vIghro''a' rur.**

**SibI'Ha' jang chenmoHwI''a'. jatlh « DaHjaj
qaquHchu' 'ej 'u'Daq Dat 'ay'IIj vIghomHa'moH. reH
bIHeghtaH 'a not bIHegh. reH 'oy' neH DaSov 'ej Hewlj
DawovmoH not 'e' DamevlaH. »**

**ghIq tamghay ghorchu'. 'ay'Daj woH 'ej buqDaq lan.
ghIq wo'Daj Dat leng 'ej lengtaHvIS Dat bIH ghomHa'moH.
vaj toy'wI'Daj matlhHa' HupmeH pem, ram je chenmoH
tI'yan, Qun wa'DIch.**

*Said he "My lord, I speak respectfully: I am
sorry. I tried to bring you down because of my
pride and now I understand my error. No one can
defeat you. Your might is absolute. I plead for
your mercy. I can still be useful to you. You
mustn't put an end to my days. Please spare me,
sire."*

*For some seconds, T'yan did not answer. He was
perfectly silent. His eyes were filled with
lightning-like wrath. His strength was as
fearsome as a lion's.*

*Finally, the great creator answered, saying
"Today, I shall divy you up and spread your
pieces all throughout the universe. Your days*

shall know no end and you shall suffer as you continue to light my path endlessly."

Then he broke Tamg'ai into pieces. He picked up the pieces and threw them in a bag. Then he walked throughout his kingdom, spreading the pieces all about. So, as a way of punishing his unfaithful servant, T'yan, the first god, created day and night.

Hey, you! Yeah, you! Did you know that this publication couldn't exist without conlangers just like you?

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