

Short dialogues and texts in Lingwa de Planeta

In these texts you will find the following *words of Chinese origin*:

shwo — to say, to speak
idyen — a little, a bit
hwan — yellow
hao — good, well
hao chi na — tasty
guy — expensive
yao — to want
zwo — to do (read as [dzwo])
gun — to work, gunsa — work (noun)
lai — to come
kan — to look
chu — to go out, exit
lwo — fall; mah-lwo — let fall, drop
guan — institution, establishment
gwo — remote past tense marker
ba — imperative particle (optional)
turan — suddenly

The words of Hindi origin:

nich — down
jan — to know
koy — some, a certain
surya — the sun
chay — tea
mule — soft, tender, mild
abyas — habit
santush — pleased, contented

The words of Arabic origin:

karim — kind, good (about people)
sabah — morning
hamsi — to whisper
sit — six
jawabi — to answer
kahva — coffee
jamile — beautiful
taraf — side
swate — black
kitab — book; lisan — tongue

The words of Turkish origin:

yok — there is no
aksham — evening

The words of Finnish origin:

aika — rather, quite, sufficiently
yo — already

gao — high; dao — way
zai — continuous marker
syao — little (in size)
feng — wind
shi — ten
bey — back (noun)
mangi — be busy (with smth)
tung — to ache
nangwa — pumpkin
tuza — a hare
kway — quick(ly)
bu — negative particle
jen — man (or a woman) ("j" is read as in English)
ta — he/she (animated)
pinchan — ordinary

char — four jagi — to be awake
pi — to drink
badal — cloud
samaji — to understand
uupar — up (double 'u' denotes non-standard stress)
pri — to like
hi — emphatic particle (stresses the prev. word)
jiva — life pai — get, receive, succeed, obtain

The words of Russian origin:

ye — there is
dale — far; blise — near
dwa — two
sey — this
to — that, it nadi — hope
mog — may, can yabla — apple
po — distributive preposition
sto — hundred
rubla — rouble
dumi — to think
sem — seven
mokre — wet
snova — again
kupi — to buy
Boh — God
toshi — too, as well, likewise
dai — to give
treba — it is necessary; a desna — to the right

Dialoga un

— Skusi, plis shwo ba, komo oni go a basar.
— Es muy simple.
Un-nem go rektem avan, poy turni a lefta, poy a desna.
— Es dale ku?
— Non, es ga blise.
— E wo treba turni a lefta?
Komo longtaim go rektem?
— Kan uupar idyen.
Ob yu vidi sey semafor kel lumi rudem?
Hao. Nau nich idyen.
Turni afte toy gran blan dom.
Afte sirke petshi metra turni a desna.
— Gro-danke. Yu es muy karim.
— Es nixa. Problema yok.

Dialoga dwa

— Banan ye?
— Yok.
— Yabla kwanto kosti?
— Kwel? Grin o hwan?
— I toy i sey. Ambi sorta.
— Grin-la dwashi rubla, hwan-la trishi rubla
— Muy guy.
— E wo es pyu chipe?
Findi wo es pyu chipe,
e me vendi pa tal prais ke yu yao.
— Ob es hao chi na pera?
— Ya, gro.
— Kwel prais?
— Po sto rubla un kilo.
— May boh! Tro guy toshi.
— Bu kupi si yu bu yao.
— Way yu hev tal gao prais?
— Kamarada, si yu bu yao kupi,
dan go pa yur dao.
— Mogbi me yao shwo-shwo idyen.
— E may lisan tungi yo por shwo-shwo a kadawan.
— Hao, dai ba a me tri grin yabla.
— Mogbi dwa?
— Hao, dai dwa.

Dialoga tri

— Hay! Komo es jiva?
— Danke, hao. E yu, komo yu sta?
— Toshi normale.
— Kwo yu zwo?

— Me zai sidi in kukishamba, pi chay, audi radio.
— E kwo oni shwo?
— Oli sorta de absurdika.

Dialogue 1

— Excuse me, please tell me the way to the market
— It's very simple.

First go straight ahead, then turn left, and then right
— Is it far?
— No, it's quite close.
— And where should one turn left?
How long to go straight ahead?
— Look upwards a little bit.
Do you see this red light signal?
Good. Now downwards a little bit.
Turn after that big white house.
After about 50 meters turn right.
— Thank you very much. You are very kind.
— That's nothing. No problem.

Dialogue 2

— Do you have bananas?
— No bananas.
— How much do apples cost?
— Which ones? Green or yellow?
— These and those. The both sorts.
— The green ones 20 roubles, the yellow ones 30
— Very expensive.
— And where is cheaper?
Find a place where it's cheaper,
and I'll sell you at the price that you say
— And the pears? Are they tasty?
— Yes, very tasty.
— What's the price?
— One hundred roubles a kilo.
— My God! Too expensive too.
— Don't buy if you don't want to.
— Why do you have such high prices?
— Fellow, if you don't buy,
then go your way.
— Maybe I'd like to talk a little.
— My tounge aches already from talking to everyone
— OK, give me 3 green apples.
— Maybe two?
— OK, give me two of them.

Dialogue 3

— Hi! How's life?
— Fine, thank you. And how are you?
— Also OK.
— What are you doing?
— I am sitting in the kitchen, drinking tea and listening to the radio.
— And what do they say?
— All sorts of rubbish.

Yu jan ya ke me bu fai interes om politika.
 — Way dan yu audi, me darfi kwesti ku?

— Pa abyas. Kada sabah me en-jagi,
 go a kukishamba, mah-on radio e ketla pa same
 taim.

— Me samaji,
 "abyas es dwa-ney natura", oli jan to.

— E yu, kwo yu zwo?

— Me yus lai aus banishamba.

— E way yu foni?

— Me zai dumi, mogbi nu miti sedey afte gunsa?

— Way non. Kwel klok?

— Wen yu fini gun?

— Me mangi til klok sit, e yu?

— E me fa-libre bli sem.

— Mogbi yu lai a me klok sem?

— E kwo me zwo tote ora?

— Visiti koy bar, pi bira idyen.

— Me bu pri pi bira.
 May bey tungi por to.

— Nofortuna. Wel, pi kahwa, dan.
 Pa fin, meteo es gro-hao:
 surya brili, skay es blu, ye sol kelke badal,
 mule feng...

— Hao, me ve selfa inventi kwo zwo.
 Also klok sem me lai a yur gunlok
 e weiti til yu lai aus.

— Hao. Treba go a gunsa yo. Chao!

Leta

Hay, may kare amiga!
 Me zai skribi sey leta in tren kel go a Helsinki.
 Me hev mision de handi mani a koy gina
 ke me he nulves vidi.
 Also, kom yu vidi, ye syao problema.
 Krome to, nu mus miti bli klok shi-sem,
 lo kel es yo sun,
 bat, obwol me jan urba aika hao,
 plasa de nuy mita,
 me totem bu jan it.
 To hi mah me idyen nokalme.
 Yedoh, me nadi ke olo pasi hao.
 Me hev ya telefon, nu mog foni mutu
 in eni momenta.
 Al bakdao me sal visiti kelke shop
 e kupi kelke muhim kosa fo may familiayuan.
 Meteo sedey es ga otre kem yeri.
 Yeri bin akwa kadalok, may pedas he fa-mokre.
 Bat sedey frosti, ol akwa he frosti, also oni mog glidi
 on ais, es muy drole.
 Wel, es fin al nau.
 Nu es bli urba yo.

You know that the politics does not interest me.
 — Why are you listening, then, may I ask?
 — Through habit. Every morning I wake up, go to the
 kitchen.

and switch on the radio and the kettle at the same time.
 — I understand,
 "habit is the second nature", it's commonly known.
 — And you, what are you occupied with?
 — I am just out of the bathroom.
 — And why do you phone?
 — I am thinking, maybe we meet today after the work?
 — Why not. At what time?
 — When do you finish your work?
 — I am busy untill 6, and you?
 — And I am free about 7.
 — Maybe you will come to me at 7?
 — And what shall I do the whole hour?
 — Visit some bar, drink some beer.
 — I don't like drinking beer.
 My back aches because of that.
 — That's unlucky. Well, drink some coffee, then.
 After all, the weather is excellent:
 the sun shines, the sky is blue, there are only a few
 clouds, the mild wind...

— Good, I'll invent myself what to do.
 So at 7 I come to your work
 and wait untill you come out.
 — OK. Time to go to work already. Bye!

A letter

Hi, my dear friend!
 I am writing this letter in the train that goes to Helsinki.
 I have the mission to hand money to some woman
 which I have never seen
 So, as you can see, there is a small problem in all this.
 Besides, we must meet about 5 p.m.,
 which is already soon,
 but, although I know the city quite well,
 the place of our meeting
 is completely unknown to me.
 This is what disquiets me a little.
 However, I hope that everything will pass well.
 You know, I have a telephone, and we can call to each
 other at any moment.
 On my way back I am going to visit some shops
 and buy some important things for my family members.
 The weather today is completely different from yesterday.
 Yesterday it was water everywhere, and my foots got wet.
 But today it's frost, all the water is frozen, so one may
 slide on the ice, that's very funny
 Well, that's all for now.
 We are close to the city already.

Chao, sta ba hao!

Texta

— Ob yu es kom konsultanta inviti-ney a nu, profesor? — Berlios kwesti.

— Ya, kom konsultanta.

— Ob yu es doiche? — Sindomnik inkweri.

— Me ku? — rikwesti profesor e turan en-dumi. Ya, muy probable ke doiche... — lu shwo.

— Yu shwo ruski realem hao, — remarki Sindomnik.

— Oo, me es generalem poliglot e me jan muy gran namba de lingwa, — profesor jawabi.

— E kwel es yur spesialitaa? — Berlios inkweri.

— Me es spesialista in swate magia.

"Walaa!" — ek-tuki in kapa de Mihail Alexandrovich.

— E... e oni he inviti yu a nu por sey spesialitaa?
— lu kwesti afte stotri.

— Ya, por sey-la oni he inviti, — profesor konfirmi e expliki: — hir in stata-ney kitabaguan oni he deskovri original-ney manuskriptas de swatemagier Herbert de Avrilak, de shi-ney sekla, also treba ke me investigi li. Me es unike spesialista in munda.

— A-a, yu es historier? — Berlios kwesti kun respekta, al fa-leve gro.

— Me es historier, — viganer konfirmi e adi nobyen-nem: — sey aksham on Patriarshie chitan un interes-ney historia ve eventil!

E snova i redaktor i poeta fa-astoni extremem, bat profesor jesti dabe li blisi e, wen li inklini swa a lu, hamsi:

— Jan ba, ke lisus he existi.

— Kan, profesor, — Berlios jawabi kun forsi-ney smaila, — nu respekta yur gran jansa, bat nu selfa hev otre vidipunta om sey kwesta.

— Bu treba hev nul vidipunta! — strane profesor jawabi, — ta simplem he existi, e nixa pyu.

— Bat treba ya koy pruva... — Berlios begin.

— I nul pruva gei treba, — profesor jawabi e en-shwo bu lautem, al lo kel suy aksenta por koysa desapari: — Olo es simple: in blan mantela...

Shwotura

Shwo-ney — zwo-ney.

Jan-sha bu shwo, shwo-sha bu jan.

Olo kel fini hao es hao.

Wek fon okos — wek fon kordia.

Tardem es pyu hao kem neva.

Bye, good luck!

A text

'You've been invited here as a consultant, Professor?' asked Berlioz.

'Yes, as a consultant.'

'You're German?' Homeless inquired.

'I? ...' the professor repeated and suddenly fell to thinking. 'Yes, perhaps I am German ...' he said..

'You speak real good Russian,' Homeless observed.

'Oh, I'm generally a polyglot and know a great number of languages,' the professor replied.

'And what is your field?' Berlioz inquired.

'I am a specialist in black magic.

There he goes!...' struck in Mikhail Alexandrovich's head.

'And ... and you've been invited here in that capacity?' he asked, stammering.

'Yes, in that capacity,' the professor confirmed, and explained: 'In a state library here some original manuscripts of the tenth-century necromancer Gerbert of Aurillac have been found. So it is necessary for me to sort them out. I am the only specialist in the world.'

'Aha! You're a historian?' Berlioz asked with great relief and respect.

'I am a historian,' the scholar confirmed, and added with no rhyme or reason: This evening there will be an interesting story at the Patriarshie Ponds!

Once again editor and poet were extremely surprised, but the professor beckoned them both to him, and when they leaned towards him, whispered:

'Bear in mind that Jesus did exist.'

'You see. Professor,' Berlioz responded with a forced smile, 'we respect your great learning, but on this question we hold to a different point of view.'

'There's no need for any points of view,' the strange professor replied, 'he simply existed, that's all.'

'But there's need for some proof. . .' Berlioz began.

'There's no need for any proofs,' replied the professor, and he began to speak softly, while his accent for some reason disappeared: 'It's all very simple: In a white cloak...

Proverbs

Said and done.

He who knows don't speak, he who speaks don't know.

All is well that ends well.

Out of sight – out of mind.

Better late than never.

KAVAL-NEY OVO

Fabula

Un dey, mucho yar bak, dwa jen zai go along kamina e miti un jen kel porti un nangwa.

Sey dwa jen he lai fon tal landa wo nangwa yok, also li nulves vidi nangwa bifooben.

Por to un de li shwo a otre-la:

- Nu kan ba, kwo sey gayar hev sub braka.

Also li lai a ta, kwesti:

- Hay! Kwo es se sub yur braka?

Gayar kun nangwa shwo:

- Es ya kaval-ney ovo.

- Ver ku? - li fa-astoni. - Nu nulves vidi tanto gran e jamile.

- Ya, - gayar shwo, - ye menga de pinchan kaval-ney ovo, bat sey-la bu es pinchan: es muy hao kovi-ney.

- Nu kupi it, - li shwo, - yu vendi ku?

- Wel, - gayar shwo, kwasi hesiti-yen, - me mog, bat me dubi ob yu dai a me tanto kwanto it kosti. Sey ovo kosti bu meno kem dwashi golda-moneta.

- Hao, - li shwo, - nu kupi it.

Also li dai a gayar to ke ta yao, e ta dai nangwa a li, shwo-yen:

- Porti it kun kuyda, yunkaval mog chu ovoshel yo sun!

- Hao, - li shwo, - nu kuydi om to.

Also li go for kun kaval-ney ovo, muy santush.

Bat wen li zai go uupar kolina, jen kel porti it turan stumbli e mah-lwo it inu bush.

Tuza sidi-she in bush ek-salti aus e lopi kway-kway nich kolina.

Ambi jen es tanto agiti-ney, ke li dumi, ke es ti chu shel na yunkaval. Li krai a kelke jen, kel zai gun nichen kolina:

- Hey! Stopi nuy yunkaval! Stopi nuy yunkaval!

Yedoh nulwan pai kapti ta.

MARE'S EGG

A fairy tale

One day, many years ago, two men were going along the road and met a man who carried pumpkin.

These two men had come from such a land where no pumpkins are around, so they had never seen a pumpkin before.

So one of them says to the other:

- Let us see what this guy has under his arm.

So they come to him and ask:

- Hi! What's this under your arm?

The guy with pumpkin says:

- Why, it's a mare's egg.

- Is it? – they astonished. – We have never seen such a big and beautiful one.

- Yes, - the guy says, - there's a huge lot of ordinary mare's eggs, but this one isn't ordinary: it's bred very well.

- We'll buy it, - they say, - will you sell it?

-Well, - the guy says, hezitating-like, - I may, but I doubt if you are going to give me as much as it costs. This egg costs not less than 20 gold coins.

- OK, - they say, - we buy it.

And they gave to the guy what he wants, and he gave them the pumpkin with the words:

- Carry it carefully, the foal may hatch soon already!

- Good, - they say, - we'll be careful.

And they went further with the mare's egg, very much contented.

But when they were going up a hill, the man that carried it suddenly stumbled and let it fall into a bush.

A hare sitting in the bush jumped out and ran very quickly down the hill.

Agitated as the both men were, they thought that it was the foal hatched from the egg, and they cried to several people which were working at the bottom of the hill:

- Hey! Stop our foal! Stop our foal!

But nobody could catch it.