

The Infamous Net.Book.Riddles!

Version 4.0
Polished by Justice Summerland
September 14, 2004

Adapted from The Infamous Net.Book.Riddles! *Version 3.0b*

Written and compiled in 1993 by: Mark Manning, poet.
Originally formatted with Word for Windows by Blue Troll: Mario Thibault

Updated with Word for Windows 2000 this month and year, September 2004, by Justice Summerland
Because 113 pages was just too long.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE SEA...pg2
THE HEAVENS
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars...pg3
Stormy Weathers...pg4
THE ELEMENTS
Air...pg5-6
Earth...pg7
Water...pg8
Fire...pg9
SHADE ...pg10
TIME ...pg11
GUARD DUTY...pg12-13
NATURE
Animals...pg14
Insects...pg15
Birds...pg15
Flowers...pg16
Trees...pg17
BODY AND SOUL...pg18-19
MUSIC...pg20
FOOD...pg21
LAST WORD...pg22
SECOND TO THE LAST WORD...pg23
BRIGHTNESS...pg24
I LIKE THESE ...pg25
REMAINDER...pg26
FAR-REMOVED...pg27-28

THE SEA

by John Updike (leave off last 2 lines to make it harder)

Many-maned scud-thumper,
Maker of worn wood,
Shrub-ruster,
Sky-mocker,
Rave!
Portly pusher,
Wind-slave.

by Thompson Benjamin Rhineland

The rolling hills, the heart that beats forever,
The land that never changes, never stills
Ploughed by travelers far from home, not planted,
White in anger, green in peace, and always blue.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My man crying day and night, all through the year;
always sounding without rest.

by Author Unknown

I am so simple,
That I can only point
Yet I guide men
All over the world.

by Author Unknown

Weight in my belly,
Trees on my back,
Nails in my ribs,
Feet I do lack.

by Mark Manning

From sun up to sun down I stare out across the sea.
From sun down to sun up I stare out across the sea.
But while with sun up I can only blink in the brightness.
With the sun down I can blink out the brightness.

by Mark Manning

Woe to Norman,
That craggy man.
Who's known such horrors,
As to exceed the grief of man.
And as it was written,
A daughter was lost.
When the seas came a coming,
With a shout, and hoary frost.
Oh, where can he be?
This man of cruel fate.
Whose teeth are gnashing,
And a face full of hate.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

The floor's on top, the roof's beneath,
And from this place I rarely leave.
Yet with the passing of each day,
A new horizon greets my gaze.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Whilst I was engaged in sitting
I spied the dead carrying the living
What did I see?

by Mark Manning

It roars its challenge,
And I respond.
It takes my abuse,
And goes beyond.
Filled with liquid,
In my hurried haste,
I wield my staff,
In this turgid race.
But once I have vanquished,
The mighty foe,
I float like a thistle,
While moving ever so slow.
What are we talking about really?

Answers (The Rime of the Ancient Mariner)

- * the sea
- * the sea
- * the sea
- * compass
- * ship
- * lighthouse
- * 'The Wreck of the Hesperus'
by Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow ('The Reef of
Norman's Woe')
- * seaman./sailor
- * ship (vessel made of dead
wood and the people are
alive)
- * going down a river with
rapids in a boat

THE HEAVENS

The Sun, the Moon and Stars

by Author Unknown

It comes only before,
It comes only after,
Rises only in darkness,
But rises only in light.
It is always the same,
But is yet always different.

by Author Unknown

The hungry dog howls for a crust of bread.
His cry goes unheard, it's far overhead.

*from TSR Module S2 'White Plume Mountain' by
Lawrence Schick*

Round she is, yet flat as a board,
Altar of the Lupine Lords,
Jewel on black velvet, pearl in the sea,
Unchanged but e'er exchanging, eternally.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

Many small shellfish, one large shellfish.

by Mark Manning

I can hit you in the eye,
Yet twinkle in the sky,
Expanding when I die,
What do you think am I?

from 'The Young Children's Series'

I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature she has but one eye.

by Mark Manning

When I looked upon the flames of his passion,
And the coolness of her touch,
I knew tragedy could only come from their union.
And indeed, when they came together,
Darkness reigned upon the land.
And although they were soon separated,
Learning as they did that they were not for each other,
Still, their passing regards for each other,
Left it's impression upon all who had witnessed it.
And would be talked about for ages still to come.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

What goes through the door without pinching itself?
What sits on the stove without burning itself?
What sits on the table and is not ashamed?

by Mark Manning

Twass the night of the day
in which I must relay
that in which I took part in.
For the sun was out
and without so much as a shout
he quietly went in.
Twass ever so queer
I thought he would leer
but never a word did I get in.
For without another word
(at least that's what I heard)
He was back to the place he'd been in.

by Author Unknown

Inside a great blue castle
Lives a shy young maid
She blushes in the morning
And comes not out at night.

by Author Unknown

A golden treasure that never stays;
The coin whose face gives wealth to all.
Strands, nuggets, and dust of gold
are all bought within its shining grace...
All more precious than any gleaming metal.

The Sun, the Moon, and Stars

- * moon
- * crescent moon
- * full moon
- * stars and moon
- * star
- * star
- * sun and moon
- * solar eclipse
- * solar eclipse
- * sun
- * sunlight

Stormy Weathers

by Author Unknown

Fatherless and Motherless, born without sin
Roared when it came into the world,
And never spoke again.

by Mark Manning

I awoke with start.
Hearing its voice in the dark.
And shook more so from within,
Than that which came upon the wind.
Then, with a flare and a flash.
I hid my head and awaited the crash.
What is it that shook my body so?
And made me hide way down low?

by Emily Dickinson

I am, in truth, a yellow fork
From tables in the sky
By inadvertent fingers dropped
The awful cutlery.
Of mansions never quite disclosed
And never quite concealed,
The apparatus of the dark
To ignorance revealed.

from 'Beyond Zork'

My tines are long. My tines are short.
My tines end ere. My first report.

by Jed Hartman

I heard of an invading, vanquishing army
sweeping across the land, liquid-quick;
conquering everything, quelling resistance.
With it came darkness, dimming the light.
Humans hid in their houses, while outside
spears pierced, shattering stone walls.
Uncountable soldiers smashed into the ground,
but each elicited life as he died;
when the army had vanished, advancing northward,
the land was green and growing, refreshed.

by Author Unknown

Arthur O' Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land --
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!

by Mark Manning

I saw a company a marching,
A marching across the sea.
And looking upon them,
I asked myself 'What can they be?'
For there was a horse,
And there was a cow,
And there were men marching,
With houses and trees. But how?
I saw a company marching,
A marching across the sea.
And wondered in my rest,
How lazy I must be.

by Mark Manning

A part of heaven,
Though it touches the earth.
Some say it's valuable,
Others - no worth.

by Mark Manning

It comes in on little cat's feet,
Is neither sour, nor sweet.
Hovers in the air,
And then is not there.

by Author Unknown

Goes over all hills and hollows,
Bites hard, but never swallows.

by G. Manley Hopkins

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the body falls home.

Winds of Change

- * thunder
- * thunder & lightning
- * lightning
- * lightning
- * rainstorm
- * windstorm
- * clouds
- * rainbow
- * fog/mist
- * frost
- * flood that has taken
out a dirt road

THE ELEMENTS

Air

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'
It passes before the sun and makes no shadow.

by Mark Manning
I'm up. I'm down.
I'm all around.
Yet never can I be found.

by Author Unknown
All about, but cannot be seen,
Can be captured, cannot be held
No throat, but can be heard.

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')
Voiceless it cries,
Wingless it flutters,
Toothless bites,
Mouthless mutters.

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'
As light as a feather, but you can't hold it for ten minutes.

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'
You break it even if you name it!

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'
You must keep it after giving it.

by Mark Manning
Oh woe is me! Woe is me!
To have lost that which I can never buy back!
To be unable to recall that which has transpired!
Let my breath be returned!
Let time recoil!
Let this not be so!
Oh woe is me! Woe is me!

by Catherine M. Fanshawe, entitled 'A Riddle'
'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And in the depths of the ocean its presence confes'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth and awaits him at death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned;
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned;
'Twill soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make him acutely and instantly hear.
Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower;
Ah! Breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour

by Justice Summerland
From the beginning of eternity,
To the end of space and time,
I'm the beginning of the end,
And forever last in line.

by Author Unknown
I begin eternity,
And end space,
At the end of time,
In every place.
Contained by earth,
Water or flame,
My grandeur so awesome,
Wind dare not tame.
Though not in your mind,
I am in your dreams,
Vacant to Kings,
Present to Queens.

by Jonathan Swift, entitled 'The Vowels: An Enigma'
We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
The 'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes
I know a word of letters three,
Add two and fewer there will be.

by Mark Manning
What is it you have to answer?
But to answer you have to ask?
And to ask you have to speak?
And to speak you have to know,
The answer.

by Michael Jung

Listen closely, I'm hard to understand
I am as elusive as is a handful of sand.
Even if you perceive me, you know me not
before you can tell me, what I have forgot.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

What sphinxes employ, the players enjoy.

by Mark Anthony from 'The Riddle! #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

Delivered by breath, scares heroes to death.

Answers to Air

- * air
- * air
- * the wind
- * the wind
- * your breath
- * silence
- * your word
- * he broke his word
- * the letter H
- * the letter E
- * the letter E
- * the vowels
- * few
- * the riddle
- * the riddle, whatever
the adventurer forgot?
- * the riddle
- * the riddle

Earth

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

What has roots as nobody sees,
Is taller than trees,
Up, up it goes,
And yet never grows?

by Author Unknown

Stronger than steel, And older than time;
They are more patient than death
And shall stand even when the stars have ceased to shine.
Their strength is embedded in roots buried deep
Where the frost and sand of ages hide mysteries
of life of death and dwarven toil.

by Mark Manning

Squishes, Squashes,
Wishes I washes,
Can get it in my hair,
Makes me not look too fair.

by Author Unknown

I cover cities and destroy mountains,
I make men blind, yet help them see.

by Thompson Benjamin Rhinelander

Walks in the wind
Runs in the rain
Makes dry oceans in the sun
Counts time, stops clocks
Swallows kingdoms, gnaws rocks.

by Mark Manning

Shifting, Shifting, Drifting deep.
Below me great and mighty cities sleep.
Swirling, Scurling, All around.
I'm only where no water will be found.

by Mark Manning

I stand,
And look across the sea,
With its waves, crests, troughs, and valleys.
I stride,
Across this water, my horse following after,
And while it laps against his withers,
And brushes against my thighs,
I fill the emptiness with laughter.
And he - with his sighs.
Whether do we go?
Or do we go at all?
Or are we simply out here wading,
To the next port of call.
Where the sea ends,
Where the loam lays firm beneath my feet,
And I can mount my steed again,
And continue til next we meet.
What is really being talked about?

by Mark Manning, entitled 'The Giant Slept'

The giant slept upon the rocks,
His bones, sealed tight against them.
A hoary hand, outstruck against fate's decree,
That he should thus be kept from his purpose in life.
Not knowing that his time has passed,
And that that, which gave him his reason for living,
His roots,
Were no longer his own.
But blackened stumps,
Against which no living being could hope to live.
yet...
In his passing, life found purchase.
For other creatures, making use of that which would
remain,
Would, in of themselves, find life.
While the giant slept,
Upon the rocks.

by Mark Manning

Deep, dark, underground,
That is the place where I'll be found.
Yet brought into the light of day,
I sprinkle sunlight every-which-a-way.
Though dulled with oil I will be found,
I am remarkably well and thoroughly sound.
Cut me quick and it will be seen,
That I instantly have a marvelous sheen.

by Justice Summerland

On high have I been placed,
Mortal man have I disgraced,
I describe sunlight or curly lock
Still never less simply – a rock.

Answers to Earth

- * a mountain
- * a mountain
- * mud (your mom
wishes you'd
wash it off)
- * sand
- * sand
- * the desert
- * the open plains
- * the Giant Slept'
- * gem, diamond
- * gold

Water

by Author Unknown

Glittering points
That downward thrust,
Sparkling spears
That never rust.

by Wee Willie

The root tops the trunk
on this backward thing,
that grows in the winter
and dies in the spring.

by Author Unknown

Lighter than what I am made of,
More of me is hidden than is seen.

by Christopheros of Mytilene

You seized me, and yet I fled
You see me flee and cannot hold me tight
You press me in your hand, then your fist is empty.

by Author Unknown

As beautiful as the setting sun,
As delicate as the morning dew;
An angel's dusting from the stars
that can turn the Earth into
A frosted moon.

by Author Unknown

Three lives have I:
Gentle enough to soothe the skin,
Light enough to caress the sky
Hard enough to crack rocks.

by Mark Manning

This thing is many things.
It is joyful, It is quiet,
It is bubbling, It is roaring,
It can jump, And it can sit.
It can whisper, And it can drip.
What is it of which I speak?
What is it which can be both shallow and deep?

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'

Runs smoother than any rhyme,
Loves to fall but cannot climb!

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'

Has a mouth but does not speak,
Has a bed but never sleeps.

Answers to Water (*come*

here, Water Water!)

- * icicle
- * icicle
- * iceberg
- * snow
- * snow
- * water
- * water
- * water
- * a river

Fire

by Author Unknown & Justice Summerland

I have many tongues but cannot taste,
By me most things are turned to waste,
I crack and snap yet I stay whole,
Among Pandoras I take a toll.
Around me people snuggle and sleep,
Or run when I escape my keep,
I jump around and leap and bound,
In me the cold man's wish be found.

by Author Unknown & Justice Summerland

As destructive as life,
As healing as death;
An institutioner of strife,
Just as prone to bless.
It is all that is good,
Yet with an evil trend;
Its spark is the beginning,
Its ashes are the end.

by Author Unknown

I am always hungry, I must always be fed,
The finger I lick will soon turn red.

from the SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'

You feed it, it lives, you give it something to drink,
it dies.

by Author Unknown

I can be touched
But I hurt those who touch me
I move swiftly through a dry forest
But die in a mountain stream
Where I pass I leave a black shroud.

by Tom Prusa from 'Gwendolyn's Riddles #1' from TSR

Module WGR2 'Treasures of Greyhawk'

In the eyes it causes blindness, in the nose just a sneeze;
Yet some suck this down, and act as if pleased.

from 'The Young Children's Series'

Little Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

by Author Unknown

My life can be measured in hours,
I serve by being devoured.
Thin, I am quick
Fat, I am slow
Wind is my foe.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

In the window she sat weeping.
And with each tear her life went seeping.

Answers to Fire

- * fire
- * fire
- * fire
- * fire
- * fire
- * a candle
- * a candle
- * a candle
- * a candle
- * smoke

SHADE

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

It cannot be seen, cannot be felt,
Cannot be heard, cannot be smelt.
It lies behind stars and under hills,
And empty holes it fills.
It comes first and follows after,
Ends life, kills laughter.

from 'Might & Magic II' by New World Computing
There more of it there is, the less you see.

by Mark Anthony from 'The Riddle! #2' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

In daytime I lie pooled about,
At night I cloak like a mist.
I creep inside shut boxes and
Inside your tightened fist.
You see me best when you can't see,
For I do not exist.

by Mark Anthony from 'The Riddle! #3' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Devils and rogues know nothing else, save starlight.

by Mark Manning

Dawns away,
The day's turned grey,
And I must travel far away.
But I'll be back,
And then we'll track,
The light of yet another day.

by Wee Willie

The part of the bird
that is not in the sky,
which can swim in the ocean
and always stay dry.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'
My man that cannot be cut.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

There's someone that I'm always near,
Yet in the dark I disappear.
To this one only I am loyal,
Though in his wake I'm doomed to toil.
He feels me not (we always touch);
If I were lost, he'd not lose much.
And now I come to my surprise,
For you are he - but who am I ?

by Author Unknown

Each morning I appear
To lie at your feet,
All day I follow
No matter how fast you run,
Yet I nearly perish
In the midday sun.

by Author Unknown

A last vestige of man
that refuses to die.
In mourning I am tossed
at your feet to lie;
I begin my job early,
devouring your ankles and thighs.
I work my way up,
eating your legs to your waist.
And though around midday away I am chased,
I return quickly,
To savor the arm of my taste.
As evening falls I enter your lungs,
Spiraling down
past your mouth and your tongue.
I feast on your body, your soul, and your mind,
but as darkness falls you shall find
That away I will go, a relief for some;
At least until tomorrow morning comes.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

When you get up in the morning and go, how many are there?

Darkness Awareness

- * darkness
- * darkness
- * darkness
- * darkness
- * the shadow
- * the shadow
- * the shadow
- * the shadow
- * the shadow
- * the shadow
- * two: body & shadow

TIME

J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

This thing all things devours,
Birds, beast, trees, flowers,
Gnaws iron, bites steel,
Grinds hard stones to meal,
Slays king, ruins town,
And beats high mountain down.

by Mark Manning

What is it which builds things up?
Lays mountains low?
Dries up lakes,
And makes things grow?
Cares not a whim about your passing?
And is like few other things,
Because it is everlasting?

by Author Unknown

Bury me deep, pile on stones, ...I will dig up thy bones.

by Mark Manning

Ah! My breath doth shake,
My limbs are thin,
My belly aches.
Whiteness doth crown my head,
And the tracks I leave,
Are unsteady where I've led.
I look out through rheumy eyes,
And seem to say my last goodbyes.
The darkness doth draw me near,
I lean towards it - the better to hear.

from 'Zork II' by Infocom

Never ahead, ever behind, yet flying swiftly past;
For the young I last forever, for you I'm gone too fast.

by Mark Manning

It was once upon a time,
and nursery rhymes.
When genies stood all in a row.
When Little Jack Horner,
Sat in his corner,
And all the King's men said 'Aye! Aye!' today.
So Heigh-Diddle-diddle,
Eat crumpets and play the fiddle,
While a cow makes curry and whey.
And we'll all laugh,
To see such fun,
And maybe we'll come again - to play.

by Author Unknown

You can see nothing else
When you look in my face
I will look you in the eye
And I will never lie.

by Home from 'The Riddle of Man (Odyssey)'

What is deaf, dumb and blind and always tells the truth?

by Author Unknown

When you look into my face,
I shall never lie;
Instead be but a window into your soul,
whether there light or shadows hide;
As in me many see their deaths
where others see their lives;
In this deny me many try,
but they simply twist their knives;
For though prejudiced to some I may seem,
The lie is their own lives.

by Mark Manning

Do not begrudge this,
For it is the fate of every man.
Yet it is feared,
And shunned in many lands.
Causes problems, and sometimes gaps,
Can hobble the strongest, and make memory laps.
What is this danger we all face?
For being a part - of the human race.

by Author Unknown

The man who made it didn't need it.
The man who bought it didn't use it.
The man who used it didn't want it.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Who makes it, has no need of it.
Who buys it, has no use for it.
Who uses it, can neither see nor feel it.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

I heard of a wonder, of words moth-eaten;
That is a strange thing, I thought, weird
That a man's song be swallowed by a worm,
His blinded sentences, his bedside stand-by
Rustled in the night--and the robber-guest
Not one wit the wiser for the words he had mumbled

*by Bob Blake from 'The Riddles of the Stone #2' from
TSR Module C4 'To Find a King'*

What is always in front of you but cannot be seen?

by James Thurber's 'The Thirteen Clock'

I can find a thing I cannot see & see a thing I cannot find.

Triple Time

* time	* mirror	* the future
* time	* dying	* The first is
* memories	* a coffin	time, the
* old age	* a coffin	second is a
* youth child-	* dead man lying	spot before
hood fairy tales	in a grave with a	my eyes. Time
* mirror	worm or worms	and future.
* mirror		

GUARD DUTY

by Author Unknown

A harvest sown and reaped on the same day
In an unplowed field,
Which increases without growing,
Remains whole though it is eaten
Within and without,
Is useless and yet
The staple of nations.

by Author Unknown

If you break me
I do not stop working,
If you touch me
I may be snared,
If you lose me
Nothing will matter.

by Wee Willie

Early ages the iron boot tread,
with Europe at her command.
Through time power slipped and fled,
'til the creation of new holy land.

by Mark Anthony from 'The Riddle! #4' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

Both king and horse have this, of course,
But you'll want neither of them, perforce.

by Author Unknown

A long, leathery snake, with a quick, stinging bite,
I stay coiled up unless I must fight

by Wee Willie

One tooth to bite,
he's the forests foe.
One tooth to fight,
as all Norse know.

by Michael Jung

Pull with all your might,
Only a whistle you'll gain
But almost out of sight,
Someone may shrink in pain.

from 'A Feast of Creatures: Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs'

by Craig Williamson ISBN 0-85967-671-4

Power and treasure for a prince to hold,
Hard and steep-cheeked, wrapped in red
Gold and garnet, ripped from a plain
Of bright flowers, wrought - a remnant
Of fire and file, bound in stark beauty
With delicate wire, my grip makes
Warriors weep, my sting threatens
The hand that grasps gold. Studded
With a ring, I ravage heir and heirloom.
To my lord and foes always lovely
And deadly, altering face and form.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

Wounded I am, and weary with fighting;
Gashed by iron, gored by the point of it,
Sick of battle-work, battered and scarred.
Many a fearful fight have I seen, when
Hope there was none, or helping the thick of it,
Ere I was down and fordone in the fray.
Offspring of hammers, hardest of battle-blades,
Smithied in forges, fell on me savagely,
Doomed to bear the brunt and shock of it,
Fierce encounter of clashing foes,
Leech cannot heal my hurts with his simples,
Salves and sores have I sought in vain.
Blade cuts dolorous, deep in the side of me,
Daily and nightly redouble my wounds.

by Mark Manning

What mysteries are in its creation?
Who's hand did bend its ore?
Where did the knowledge come from?
And could he have made any more?
On his finger it did lie,
Yet on his soul the more.
For the fire it would bring,
Would make his heart ring,
And death, would come knocking at his door.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

I have no beginning, I do not end;
I can be warm, I am cold;
I imprison, I surround.
Heavy I am, but light as well.
A fist may not find use for me,
I am male, I am female,
I encircle, I bind.
I have no ending, I do not begin.

by Wee Willie

Touching one, yet holding two,
It is a one link chain
Binding those who keep words true,
'Til death rent it in twain.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

I've little strength, but mighty powers;
I guard small hovels and great towers.
But if perchance my master leaves,
He must ensure he safeguards me.

from 'Might & Magic II' by New World Computing

What is not enough for one, just right for two, and too
much for three?

by Sean Molley

Man of old, it is told
Would search until he tired,
Not for gold, ne'er be sold,
But what sought he was fire.
Man today, thou mayst say,
Has quite another aim,
In places deep, he did seek,
To find me for his gain!

by Wee Willie

One thin, one bold,
one sick, one cold.
The earth we span,
to prey upon man.

by Mark Manning

Bound by age, comfort and zest,
The inquiring hand could not rest.
But given to her heart's desire,
She gave to us - our worst quagmires.
And so now we wallow in our grief,
And seeking to close the box we weep.
While famine, plague, and other woes,
Beset ourselves - and our foes.

by Mark Manning

I am a box,
Full of that which is most rare.
But it isn't a flute,
And it isn't some hair.
Though soft be my bed,
I am as hard as a rock.
And though dull in the darkness,
I glisten once unlocked.
What am I, this box so strange?
To hold such a treasure,
Which is not so plain.

Gurd Duty (Treasure) Answers

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| * war | * key |
| * hope | * secret |
| * Rome, Italy | * oil ... |
| * reign/reins | * four horsemen of |
| * whip | the apocalypse |
| * axe | * Pandora's box |
| * bow and arrow | * jewelry box (less |
| * sword | of a riddle) |
| * shield | * bell ringing out at |
| * ring of fire | midnight |
| * ring | |
| * ring | |

NATURE

Animals

by Mark Manning

His eyes were raging,
That scraggly beast.
His lips were bursting,
With rows of angry teeth.
Upon his back a razor was found,
And in his thoughts - my death abound.
It was a fearsome battle we fought,
My life - or his, one would be bought.
And when we were through, and death chilled the air,
We cut out his heart, and ate it with flair.

by Mark Manning

A muttered rumble was heard from the pen,
And I, in my walking, stopped to look in.
What was this I saw?
A massive beast, hooved, and jawed.
With spikes upon its mighty brow,
I watched as he struck the turf and prowled.
And yet for all of his magnificence,
He couldn't get out of that wooden fence.

by Mark Manning

What has a coat?
Hugs you not in sympathy?
Whose smile you'd rather not see?
Whose stance is a terrible thing to see?
Who is it that brave men run away from?
Whose fingers are clawed?
Whose sleep lasts for months?
And who's company we shunt?

by Wee Willie

One where none should be,
or maybe where two should be,
seeking out purity, in the kings trees.

by Mark Manning

Stomp, stomp, chomp, chomp, romp, romp.
Standing still, all in gear.

by Thompson Benjamin Rhineland

The Load-Bearer, the Warrior,
The Frightened One, the Brave,
The Fleet-of-Foot, the Ironshod,
The Faithful One, the Slave.

by Mark Manning

Though desert men once called me God,
To-day men call me mad,
For I wag my tail when I am angry,
And growl when I am glad.

by Mark Manning

A lazy day looked down upon her,
And with eyes barely slitted, she saw me.
I wondered if I should wander.
But drew back when her eyes grew the bigger.
Satisfied of my cowering, she stretched,
Yawned, and spread her fingers languorously.
And I, with my petite fingers rubbed my nose as I
watched.
She knew I had to eat and that soon I would emerge.
Drawing my darkness forth with me to escape notice.
It would not matter, for in the end we would
Perform our pagan dance. With its rituals of sunlight,
And shadow. Of words, softly spoken - or sprayed upon
the wall.
If I am lucky, oh so lucky, I will whisk away
Upon a squeal of delight - or is it pain?
And ponder the world once more, from within
The hovel, the crawl space, the cracks.
Where I live.

by Mark Manning

Twins in December or June,
When my lady did swoon.
When her hair did fall off,
And her glasses were lost.
When she did scream,
In a manner most obscene.
While pointing at me,
And saying 'Eeeeeee! Eeeeeee!'
I must say it was all a bit much,
Since no one did I touch.
But it was quite apparent,
That something was errant.
So I decided to come back another day,
When, mayhap, she was away.

J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

Alive without breath,
As cold as death;
Never thirsty, ever drinking,
All in mail never clinking.

by Author Unknown

Robbers came to our house
And we were all in.
The house leaped out at the windows
And we were all taken in.

Animals

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| * wild boar | * the cat and mouse |
| (razor back) | * mouse |
| * bull | * fish |
| * bear | * fish in a net |
| * unicorn | |
| * horses | |
| * horses | |
| * cat | |

Insects

by Mark Manning

Oh how I love my dancing feet!
They stay together - oh so neat.
And when I want to walk a line,
They all stay together and do double time.
I count them up, ten times or more,
And race on-off, across the floor.

by Author Unknown

If a man carried my burden, he would break his back.
I am not rich, but I leave silver in my track.

by Wee Willie

For our ambrosia we were blessed,
by Jupiter, with a sting of death.
Though our might, to some is jest,
we have quelled the dragon's breath.

by Sean Molley

A warrior amongst the flowers,
He bears a thrusting sword.
Able and ready to use,
To guard his golden hoard.

by Author Unknown

Teacher, open thy book

by Mark Manning

I dreamed I saw a fairy's dance,
Upon the midnight sky.
Where lights, like lantern's grew,
Without a whim, or a why.
Amid their joy,
Amid their dance,
I came running into their midst.
But with nar'ry a sound,
They drew away,
And fell into the mist.
Oh, I saw them again,
But only from very far.
Dancing in the air at night,
Like tiny lanterns, or tiny stars.

Insects

- * centipede, millipede
- * snail
- * bees
- * bees
- * butterfly
- * lightning bugs

Birds

by Mark Manning

It sat upon a willow tree,
And sang softly unto me.
Easing my pain and sorrow with its song,
I wished to fly, but tarried long.
And in my suffering,
The willow was like a cool clear spring.
What was it that helped me so?
To spend my time in my woe.

by Mark Manning

A riddle, easily solved.
Red breasted.
Only one in a field of many.
Born in an egg.
Inspired to sing.
Now gather the letters and tell me what I mean.

by Mark Manning

I am a strange creature, hovering in the air,
Moving from here to there with a brilliant flare.
Some say I sing, but others say I have no voice.
So I just hum - as a matter of choice.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My bird dwells and sleeps with men, eats no food, drinks
no water, but lives nevertheless to a ripe old age. What is
the name of the bird?

by Author Unknown

A house of wood in a hidden place
Built without nails or glue
High above the earthen ground
It holds pale gems of blue.

Birds

- * bird
- * robin
- * hummingbird
- * owl (same word
pueo means owl
or housepost)
- * nest

Flowers

by Mark Manning

Sleeping during the day,
I hide away.
Watchful through the night,
I open at dawn's light.
But only for the briefest time,
Do I shine.
And then I hide away
And sleep through the day.

by Mark Manning

They were made for a fairy queen's feet.
To cover them and keep them tidy, and neat.
A flower, of various sizes and hues,
Their name is the opposite of a grown man's shoes.

by Mark Manning

Part pickle, part crazy,
You can't call this flower lazy.
It perks its head up with a snout
And if it had a voice - I'm sure it'd shout.

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

An eye in a blue face
Saw an eye in a green face.
'That eye is like to this eye'
Said the first eye,
'But in low place,
Not in high place.'

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My little fish-pond. It contains one fish. It has three outlets.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

When it is born, it has gray hairs.

by Mark Manning

You can tumble in it,
Roll in it,
Burn it,
Animals eat it,
Used to cover floors,
Still used beyond stall doors.
Freshens whatever it is placed on,
Absorbs whatever is poured into it.
What is it?

by Mark Manning

Within passion's fruit they will be found,
And more of them in the pomegranate's crown.
Rowed they are within an apple's core,
Yet other fruits have them more.
And though the nectarine has but one,
Still, this is all just in fun.
Playing hide and seek - a children's game.
Finding out each player is just the same.

by Author Unknown

I walked and walked and at last I got it in my shoe;
I didn't want it, so I stopped and looked for it;
When I found it, I picked it and moved it aside.

Flowers

- * a morning glory
- * lady slippers
- * daffodil
- * a daisy in field of
grass, big eye is sun
- * young coconut
- * sugarcane flower
- * hay
- * seeds
- * thorn.

Trees

by Author Unknown

Creatures of power, creatures of grace,
Creatures of beauty, creatures of strength.
As for their lives, they set everything's pace,
For all things must come to live
under their emerald embrace. . .
Either in their life, or in their death.

by Mark Manning (with a beat)

A lot of bark, - But no one notices.
A lot to bite, - And everyone cares.
I'm not a dog, - If anyone notices.
And there's a lot to me, - But I don't have hair.
I stand up straight, - If you've noticed me.
I've got lots of limbs, - If anyone cares.
I can give you shade, - If you've noticed it.
And I do even more, - I give you air.

by Mark Manning

It was asked of me what I could be made,
And so people were fed from me.
It was asked of me what I could be made,
And so houses were built.
It was asked of me what I could be made,
And so things were written.
It was asked of me what I could be made,
And so I fertilized the ground.
But when asked more of what I could be made,
There was nothing to be found.

by Author Unknown

Sturdy, strong, stable, still
Some live in me some live on
And some find me to live upon.
I rarely leave my native land.
Until my death I always stand.
Sturdy Strong Stable Still
Often shaken, but not at will.
High and low I may be found
both above and under ground.

*by Tom Prusa from 'Gwendolyn's Riddles #1' from TSR
Module WGR2 'Treasures of Greyhawk'*

A life longer than any man, it dies each year to be
reborn.

*by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon
Magazine #175 November, 1991)*

A man of a hundred stood out in the cold,
Exchanged his gay headdress, of colors most bold,
For one of pure ivory, just now a day old.
But though freshly dressed, the old man stood alone -
It was his misfortune to live on a wold.
Note: a wold is a grassy plain.

by Mark Manning

I can be eaten,
I can be grown,
And sometimes you'll find me,
As part of your home.
Though able to bend,
And sticky when broke,
I'm stouter than maple,
But weaker than oak.
What am I?

by Author Unknown

Oh Lord! I am not worthy!
I bend my limbs to the ground.
I cry, yet without a sound.
Let me drink of waters deep.
And in silence I will weep.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My spring up on the cliff.

by Mark Manning

Deep, deep, do they go.
Spreading out as they go.
Never needing any air.
They are sometimes as fine as hair.

by Mark Manning

I traveled inwards,
To that heart where no one else roamed.
Where only the birds and animals found a home.
Where the pixies flew with an audible air,
And tangles twigs and leaves within my hair.
Ah. I love this place, this paradise,
Where everything is so beautiful,
So still, and so nice. Where did he go?

by Mark Manning

I drift, -- As slowly as a lazy river.
I dance, -- Upon as little as a puff of air.
I tumble, -- Better than the greatest acrobat.
Swirling, -- Twirling, -- Down to the ground.
Where I lie, -- Til I get my second wind.
So I can begin again.

by Author Unknown

There is not wind enough to twirl
That one red leaf, nearest of its clan,
Which dances as often as dance it can.

The Trees

* tree	* tree	* the heart of
* tree	* pecan or walnut tree	the forest
* tree	* weeping willow	* falling leaf
* tree	* coconut palm	* no riddle
* tree	* root	

BODY AND SOUL

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

Thirty white horses on a red hill,
First they champ,
Then they stamp,
Then they stand still.

from 'The Young People's Series'

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they stamp,
Now they champ,
Now they stand still.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My red cave, white soldiers standing in line.

Two horses, swiftest traveling,
Harnessed in a pair, and
Grazing ever in places
Distant from them.

by Author Unknown

Something wholly unreal, yet seems real to I
Think my friend, tell me where does it lie?

by Mark Manning

With this you can do wondrous things.
Look at things close, or far away,
You can see things big,
Or you can see things small.
Or maybe you don't see things at all.
I come in many colors and hues,
Sometimes green and sometimes blue.
And when I'm red - it's not from shame,
But from something with a different name.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

I'm often held, yet rarely touched;
I'm always wet, yet never rust;
I'm sometimes wagged and sometimes bit;
To use me well, you must have wit.

by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)

The only tool which sharper grows
Whenever used in any row.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My little canoe house that has one post and two gates.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My canoes, going day and night, ten bow spirits, two
sterns.

by Mark Manning

They are many and one,
They wave and they drum,
Used to cover a stare,
They go with you everywhere.

by Mark Manning

I have four of these,
With matching extremities.
They can do many things,
And hardly ever bring me pain.
Unless I stick them with a pin,
Or burn them sometimes when...
What is it that I can wiggle at will?
And use in other means still?

by Mark Manning

What are all your fingers for?
One's to point, of that I'm sure.
One's for the doctor - wherever he may roam,
One's for the accuser - to point out what is known.
One's for the ear, without which we can not hear.
And one gets us a ride, so we can rest our back side.
What are all your fingers for?
Tell me which is which, and I'll even our score.

by Author Unknown

It can be said:
To be gold is to be good;
To be stone is to be nothing;
To be glass is to be fragile;
To be cold is to be cruel.
Without metaphor what am I?

from SSI Game 'Secret of the Silver Blades'

You feel it, but never see it and never will.

by Author Unknown

A red drum which sounds without being touched,
And grows silent when it is touched.

from James Thurber's 'The Thirteen Clocks'

I can feel a thing I cannot touch and touch a thing I cannot
feel.

by Mark Manning

A laugh, a cry, a moan, a sigh.

by Author Unknown

I cost no money to use.
Or conscious effort to take part of.
And as far as you can see,
there is nothing to me.
But without me, you are dead.

by Francis Saltus

Then all thy feculent majesty recalls
The nauseous mustiness of forsaken bowers,
The leprous nudity of deserted halls --
The positive nastiness of sullied flowers.
And I mark the colours, yellow and black,
The fresco thy lithe, dictatorial thighs.

by Sir Edmund Gosse

My love, when I gaze on thy beautiful face,
Careering along, yet always in place,
The thought has often come into my mind
If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.

by Shakespeare

I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide.
It is of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

Answers

* teeth	* fingers	* soul (who doesn't
* teeth	* thumb: hitchhike,	know this? Meet thee)
* teeth	* 1st: accusing,	* oh I'd rather a peach
* eyes	* 2nd: doctor's,	and brunette? why
* mind's eye	* 3rd: pointing,	* hee hee
* eye	* 4th: ear finger	* one's backside
* tongue	* the heart	
* tongue	* the heart	
* nose	* the heart	
* feet	* the heart	
* hands	* emotion	

MUSIC

by Wee Willie

Dead and bound,
what once was free.
What made no sound,
now sings with glee.

by Author Unknown

Keys without locks
Yet I unlock the soul.

by Mark Manning

This thing is a most amazing thing.
For it can be both as sharp as a knife,
Or as flat as a floor.
And yet, for all that it can be,
It is as natural as a bee.

by Mark Manning

Quickly, quickly up they run.
Then down again here they come.
Moving up, then down, then up again,
Take notes, and start again.
Combining both sharps and flats.
Does anyone know where they are at?

by Percy Shelley

Make me thy lyre, even as the forests are.
What if my leaves fell like its own --
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone.

by Author Unknown

At the sound of me I can make women weep.
At the sound of me men may clap or stamp their feet.

Music

- * a wooden, stringed instrument
- * piano/harpsichord
- * music
- * hands on a keyboard
- * music
- * violin/fiddle

FOOD

by J.R.R. Tolkien ('The Hobbit')

A box without hinges, key, or lid,
Yet golden treasure inside is hid.

by Author Unknown

In marble halls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal-clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

by Author Unknown

You eat something you neither plant nor plow. It is the
son of water, but if water touches it, it dies.

by Wee Willie

Colored as a maiden tweaked,
time was naught when I began;
through the garden I was sneaked,
I alone am the fall of man.

by Duncan Schoen

What is greater than God,
Worse than the Devil,
The dead man eats it,
If you eat it you'll die.

from 'A Feast of Creatures: Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs'

by Craig Williamson ISBN 0-85967-671-4

I am a wonderful help to women,
The hope of something to come. I harm
No citizen except my slayer.
Rooted I stand on a high bed.
I am shaggy below. Sometimes the beautiful
Peasant's daughter, an eager-armed,
Proud woman grabs my body,
Rushes my red skin, holds me hard,
Claims my head. The curly-haired
Woman who catches me fast will feel
Our meeting. Her eye will be wet.

from 'The Monkee's' TV Show

What has six eyes, six arms, six legs, three heads, and a
very short life?

by Mark Manning

What must be in the oven yet can not be baked?
Grows in the heat yet shuns the light of day?
What sinks in water but rises with air?
Looks like skin, but is fine as hair?

by Mark Manning

Sweet tooth, ah shoot,
All gone, we all long,
For another piece of it.

by Mark Manning

Nestled among a thorny embrace,
What should I see but a small, plump, face.
With cheeks rosy red,
And neck way too long.
He'll be ripe for plucking,
Before too long.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

Three walls and you reach water.

by Author Unknown

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

from 'The Young Children's Series'

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

by Mark Manning

What is it that races your mind?
Sets your heart on fire,
And blows off time?
Used to be a drink,
But isn't anymore.
And can be bought down the street;
In the five and ten cent store?

by Author Unknown

What kind of ear cannot hear?

Food for Thought

* egg	* yeast
* egg	* prickly pear or
* salt	other thorny, fruit
* apple	bearing plant
* nothing	* coconut
* onion	* cherry
* candy	* plum pudding
* three	* coke
peasants	* ear of corn
about to be	
eaten by a	
dragon	

LAST WORD

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

As I went over London Bridge
I met my sister Jenny
I broke her neck and drank her blood
And left here standing empty.

by Mark Manning

What is it that speaks without any words?
And can be loudly, and distinctly heard?
Will drive away friend, and foe alike.
And is enough to make a stolid man's face alight?

by Wee Willie

This creature, part man and part tree,
Hates the termite as much as the flea.
His tracks do not match,
And his limbs may detach,
But he's not a strange creature to see.

by Homer from 'The Riddle of Man (The Odyssey)'

What walks with four legs in the morning,
Two legs in the afternoon,
And three legs in the evening?

by Author Unknown

A beggar's brother went out to sea and drowned. But the
man who drowned had no brother. What's the
relationship between the man who drowned and the
beggar?

from 'The Young People's Series'

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

by Author Unknown

They can be harbored, but few hold water,
You can nurse them, but only by holding them against
someone else,
You can carry them, but not with your arms,
You can bury them, but not in the earth.

*by Bob Blake from 'The Riddles of the Stone #2' from
TSR Module C4 'To Find a King'*

What does man love more than life,
hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
the poor have, the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
and all men carry to their graves?

by Mark Manning

The wise and knowledgeable man is sure of it.
Even the fool knows it.
The rich man wants it.
The greatest of heroes fears it.
Yet the lowliest of cowards would die for it.
What is this upon which I ponder?

by Jed Hartman

I saw a strange creature:
Long, hard, and straight,
Thrusting into a round, dark opening,
Preparing to discharge its load of lives.
Puffing and squealing noises accompanied it,
Then a final screech as it slowed and stopped.
Say what I mean.

by Author Unknown

A man rode to town on Friday.
He stayed there all night,
and came back on the same Friday.
How can this be?

by Author Unknown

Of no use to one
Yet absolute bliss to two.
The small boy gets it for nothing.
The young man has to lie for it.
The old man has to buy it.

from 'The Young People's Series'

Two legs sat upon three legs with one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs, grabs one leg, and runs off with him.
Up jumps two legs, grabs up three legs, throws it after
four legs, and makes him bring back one leg.

The Last Word

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| * bottle of gin | * grudge |
| * passing gas | * 'nothing' |
| * a man with a | * nothing, something |
| wooden leg man (a | * train |
| baby crawls on | * his horse is named |
| four legs, an adult | 'Friday' |
| walks on two, and | * a kiss |
| an old man walks | * 1 leg of mutton, 2 |
| with the aid of a | person, 3 stool, 4 |
| cane) | dog |
| * the beggar was his | |
| sister or it's two | |
| priests | |
| * one | |

SECOND TO THE LAST WORD

by Author Unknown

All in white, fossil, fresh snow, loan, the sky. What am I?

by Mark Manning

Up a hill, Down a hill,
Over them I may roam,
But after all my walking,
There's no place like my own.

by Mark Manning

Of these things - I have two.
One for me - and one for you.
And when you ask about the price,
I simply smile and nod twice.

by Mark Manning

I was born blind,
And could not see,
Until it was a quarter of three.
I could not smile,
Till half past six,
And all of my arms and legs
Were made of sticks.

by Mark Manning

I can be moved.
I can be rolled.
But nothing will I hold.
I'm red and I'm blue.
And I can be other colors too.
Having no head, though similar in shape,
I have no eyes - yet move all over the place.
What am I?

by Author Unknown

I have legs but walk not
A strong back but work not
Two good arms but reach not
A seat but sit and tarry not

by Mark Manning

Twas the giantess who told me what to do.
Twas she who opened the doors,
And closed the windows. Not I.
Twas her who decided the chair did well on the lawn.
And the table should be in the basement.
I have done naught to deserve punishment,
For I did not place the dog on the lamp,
Nor the cat in the chimney.
Twas the giantess.

by Harry Nuckols from TSR Module B9 'Castle Caldwell and Beyond'

To exit from this awful place,
The eastern corridor you must pace
And chant the magic words:
OWAH, TAGOO, SIAM

by Mark Manning

Upon me you can tread,
Though softly under cover.
And I will take you places,
That you have yet to discover.
I'm high, and I'm low,
Though flat in the middle.
And though a joy to the children,
Adults think of me little.
What am I?

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

I am puff-breasted, proud crested,
As head I have, and a high tail,
Eyes & ears and one foot,
Both my sides, a back that's hollow,
A very stout beak, a steeple neck
And a home above men. Harsh are my sufferings
When that which makes the forest tremble takes and
shakes me.
Here I stand under steaming rain
And blinding sleet, stoned by hail;
Freezes the frost and falls the snow
On me stuck-bellied. And I stick it all out
For I cannot change the change that made me.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

My beak is below, I burrow and nose
Under the ground, I go as I'm guided
By my master the farmer, old foe of the forest;
Bent and bowed, and my back he walks,
Forward pushing me over the field;
Sows on my path where I've passed along.
I come from the wood, a wagon carried me;
I was fitted with skill, I am full of wonders.
As grubbing I go, there's green on one side,
But black on the other my path is seen.
A curious prong pierces my back;
Beneath me in front, another grows down
And forward pointing is fixed to my head.
I tear and gash the ground with my teeth,
If my master steer me with skill from behind.

Second to the Last Word

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| * bride (something old, | * child playing with |
| something new, | her doll house |
| something borrowed | * stairs |
| something blue) | * said 'oh, what a |
| * home | goose I am' |
| * sharing | * rooster weather |
| * doll/poppet | vane |
| * ball | * ...plow |
| * chair | |

BRIGHTNESS

by Author Unknown

Inside me the adventuresome find,
Quests and treasures of every the magical kind,
Trolls and goblins, orcs and more,
Await within my closed front door.
To all those who wish to visit me,
Bend my spine, your hands are the key,
Upon first glance you may reject but be bold,
Your mind will unlock secrets untold.

by Hannah More

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound,
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light-
In form too I differ - I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and bones, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some sleight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

by Author Unknown

Turn us on our backs and open up our stomachs.
You will be the wisest of men, though at start a lummox.

by Author Unknown

It holds most knowledge that has ever been said;
But is not the brain, is not the head.

by Mark Manning

White on black,
And black on white.
Helps you to know things,
By using your sight.

by Mark Manning

What has wings, but can not fly.
Is enclosed, but can outside also lie.
Can open itself up or close itself away.
Is the place of kings and queens,
And doggerel of every means.
What is it upon which I stand?
Which can lead us to different lands.

by Mark Manning

Little Johnny Walker,
My, but he was a talker!
Yet nary a word did he say!
When I took him out,
Then they would all point and shout!
And ask that I put him away.
(NOT a dirty riddle so get your mind out of the gutter!)

by Author Unknown

I am and yet can not,
I am an idea and yet can rot,
I am two but none,
Am on land, but on sea.
What am I?

by Mark Manning – A riddle given by two people to a third:

(1st person, 2nd person)

Tis not, tis is.
Tis good, tis bad.
Tis left, tis right.
Tis day, tis night.

by Plato from W.H.D.Rouse's 'Great Dialogues of Plato'

A man not a man saw and did not see a bird not a bird
sitting on a stick not a stick and hit it with a stone not a stone.

A eunuch saw a bat sitting on a reed and hit it with a piece of pumice.

by Author Unknown

I cut through evil like a double edged sword,
And chaos flees at my approach.
Balance - I single-handedly upraise,
Through battles fought with heart and mind,
Instead of with my gaze.

Brightness

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|
| * book | * your opinion |
| * book | * paradox (and a pair of docks) |
| * book | |
| * book/papyrus | * paradox/opposites |
| * reading | * paradoxical phrase |
| * stage | * justice |

I LIKE THESE

by Author Unknown

I go around in circles,
But always straight ahead
Never complain,
No matter where I am led.

by Author Unknown

I run through hills,
I veer around mountains,
I leap over rivers,
And crawl through the forests.
Step out your door to find me.

by Author Unknown

They have not flesh, nor feathers,
Nor scales, nor bone.
Yet they have fingers and thumbs,
Of their own.

by Author Unknown

Two brothers we are, great burden we bear
By which we are bitterly pressed.
In truth we may say
We are full all the day
But empty we go to our rest.

by Author Unknown

Iron roof, glass walls,
Burns and burns,
And never falls.

by Author Unknown

I have rivers without water,
Forests without trees,
Mountains without rocks,
Towns without houses.

by Author Unknown

Ten men's strength,
Ten men's length,
Ten men can't break it,
Yet a young boy walks off with it.

by Author Unknown

I am as strong as ten men yet ten men cannot stand me up
what am I?

from 'The Young People's Series'

Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door.
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't get Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the King's kitchen door.

by Author Unknown

It has a golden head
It has a golden tail
But it hasn't got a body.

*by Tom Prusa from 'Gwendolyn's Riddles #1' from TSR
Module WGR2 'Treasures of Greyhawk'*

It stands alone, with no bone or solid form.
Adamant, it prospers never wrong, though hurt it may.
Twistable, malleable, might it be,
but always straight as an arrow.

by Sean Molley

What gets wetter the more it dries?

by Author Unknown

Two bodies have I,
Both joined in one,
The stiller I stand,
the quicker I run.

by Mark Manning

Looks like water, -- But it's heat.
Sits on sand, -- Lays on concrete.
People have been known,
To follow it everywhere.
But it gets them no place,
And all they can do is stare.

*by Scott Roach from 'Rhyme & Reason #1' (Dragon
Magazine #175 November, 1991)*

I'm not really more than holes tied to more holes;
I'm strong as good steel, though not as stiff as a pole.

by Author Unknown

Speak, friend, and enter!

by Deon Ramsey - Found on a Statue with the Inscription:

All Ye Who Enter Here, Weep, For My Story Is Sorrow.

*Author note: I used a slightly harder version of that on my
group, and it stumped them for quite a while.*

from 'Zork II' by Infocom

Tall she is, and round as a cup,
Yet all the king's horses can't draw her up.

by Author Unknown

Deep as a bowl, round as a cup,
Yet all the world's oceans can't fill it up.

I Like These

- | | | |
|-----------|----------------|------------------------|
| * wheel | * door knocker | * The correct response |
| * road | * gold piece | is to weep in front of |
| * gloves | * truth | the statue, which |
| * shoes | * towel | opens a secret door |
| * lantern | * hourglass | behind it. |
| * map | * mirage | * well |
| * rope | * chain | * sieve/colander |
| * rope | * friend | (sphere of |
| | | annihilation ☹) |

REMAINDER

by Author Unknown

A serpent swam in a silver urn. A golden bird did in its mouth abide. The serpent drank the water, this in turn killed the serpent. Then the gold bird died.

by Mark Manning

I bubble and laugh and spit water in your face.
I am no lady and I don't wear lace.

by Author Unknown

It occurs once in every minute, Twice in every moment
And yet never in one hundred thousand years.

by Matt Morris

My first wears my second; my third might be
What my first would acquire if he went to the sea.
Put together my one, two, three
And the belle of New York is the girl for me.

by Author Unknown

Twice four and twenty blackbirds sitting in the rain
I shot and killed a quarter of them. How many do remain?

by Author Unknown

You get many of me, though never enough,
After the last one your life soon will snuff.

or

You have me but only one day in a year,
When the last one is gone - your life disappears.

by Author Unknown

Double my number, I'm less than a score,
Half of my number is less than four.
Add one to my double when bakers are near,
Days of the week are still greater, I fear.

from Russell Wallace

Fat Man at Dead Man's Journey

from Russell Wallace

What answer is blowing in the wind?

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My chief who returned to the eye of the turtle and died.

from 'Riddles of Ancient Hawaii'

My cloak always spread.

by Lewis Carroll

Tom gave his brother John a box,
About it there were many locks,
The box was not with key supplied,
But caused two lids to open wide.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

What work is it that,
The faster you work,
The longer it is before your work is done,
And the slower you work,
The sooner your work is finished?

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

I give you a group of three.
One is sitting down, and never will get up.
The second eats as much as is given him,
yet is always hungry.
The third goes away and never returns.

by Author Unknown

I weaken all men for seven hours each day.
I show you strange visions while you are away.
I take you by night, by day take you back,
None suffer to have me, but do from my lack.

by Author Unknown

First will be last, Last will be first
And all in between will also be cursed
Open the door and the thing will be there
So be careful and beware!

Answers

- | | |
|---|--|
| * floating candle | * forty-two (how many roads must a man walk down...) or the art of listening |
| * fountain | |
| * letter/Roman numeral 'M' | |
| * Manhattan | * King Kamehameha (he died at Kamakahonu, the eye of the turtle) |
| * after shooting 1/4 of the birds, the rest will fly off, but the answer is $(2*(4+20))/4=12$ or $((2*4)+20)/4=7$ | * wall |
| * birthday | * beach sand |
| * six | * a smack up the side of the head (isn't a riddle) |
| * code name for the Trinity A-Bomb test at La Jornada del Muerto, Alamogordo, New Mexico | * roasting meat on a spit? |
| | * stove, fire, and smoke |
| | * sleep |
| | * I understand this has no answer |

FAR-REMOVED

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

A painting, I have no frame,
No gallery exhibits me;
Here today, tomorrow I move;
Yet I am as permanent as life itself.
A painting, I use no canvas,
Yet my canvas is the essence of life;
No brush was used in my creation,
But colors are mine to display.

by Author Unknown

A cloth poorly dyed and an early morning sky; How are
they the same?

by Longfellow

Half-way up the hill, I see thee at last
Lying beneath me with thy sounds and sights --
A city in the twilight, gleaming and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights.

from 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Whoever makes it, tells it not.
Whoever takes it, knows it not.
Whoever knows it, wants it not.
Of what do I speak?

by Wee Willie

He who makes it does not keep it.
He who takes it does not know it.
He who knows it does not want it.
He who gathers it must destroy it.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

The wave, over the wave, a weird thing I saw,
Through-wrought, and wonderful ornate:
A wonder on the waves -- water become bone.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

I war with the wind, with the waves I wrestle;
I must battle with both when the bottom I seek,
My strange habitation by surges o'er-roofed.
I am strong in strife, while I still remain;
As soon as I stir, they are stronger than I.
They wrench and they wrest, till I run from my foes;
What was put in my keeping they carry away.
If my back be not broken, I baffle them still;
The rocks are my helpers, when hard I am pressed;
Grimly I grip them. Guess what I'm called.

from Brian A Weibel, in a 11th grade English book

I sit on the ground
Finger up-raised to heaven.
I speak with clear tones
And aim for others
To go where I point.

from A Feast of Creatures: Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs by

Craig Williamson ISBN 0-85967-671-4

I saw a swift one shoot out on the road: S S I P
I saw a woman sitting alone.

by author won't admit it

I saw a snake so I crossed a bridge: S H
It started to rain so I put up an umbrella: i T

from The Young People's Series

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.

by Author Unknown

To feathers and their masters,
'tis both bane and boon. . .
One empty, and one full.

Answers

- * sunset
- * colors run
- * no riddle
- * emptiness
- * counterfeit money
- * oh ...
- * ...what
- * can't think
- * snake!
- * sh*t
- * unknown
- * don't know

by Mark Manning, entitled 'A song riddle'

There once was a man who sang this song:
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
He'd sit around and sing this song:
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
"Hi! Ho!" away he'd go,
Singing all night long!
Hey dilly, dill, dang, dang, do-reeeee!
He'd stay up til it was three!

On his knee he'd keep a jug!
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
And with it he'd keep a mug!
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
"Hi! Ho!" away he'd go!
Off to see the girls.
To laugh and sing and play his games,
Until he went insane!

Oh what can it be that's this much fun?
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
Seems its liked by everyone.
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
"Hi! Ho!" off we go!
Off to have some fun!
To have a taste, a bit of fun,
And be like everyone!

Tell me now, all about this row!
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
Oh, what's this now, I feel like a sow?
Hey! Dilly, dill, dang, dang!
Up is down and down is up,
I feel so sick inside.
Guess I'll have to drink some more,
Or cover my head and hide!

"Hi! Ho!" away we go!
Off into the night!
And if you can tell me what this is,
I'll tell you that you're right!
"Hi! Ho!" away we go!
Off into the night!
So tell me quick, I've got an itch,
To have some more tonight!
YEAH!

* liquor

by Author Unknown (more of a brain-teaser)

Old King Ghorn had forged his kingdom from the war-racked lands of Arndor not by the strength of his sword but by the sharpness of mind. It was his cleverness that tricked the goblins into leaving; it was trickiness that made the dragon wing to better hunting grounds; it was his wisdom that kept the barons from feuding amongst themselves and the horsemen from attacking. Peace had reigned in Ghornia for 35 years, and the king's sword became rusty as he raised his family. Alas, the old king was on his deathbed before he could sire any sons; his only heir was his daughter Triella. Now Good King Ghorn knew that for peace to continue in Ghornia the next king would have to be as clever, and so he devised the following test for his daughter's suitors. He who could pass it would become king; all others would die. The test was thus: The princess was put in the center of a huge 50 foot by 50 foot carpet. Whomsoever could touch her hand would get the princess, and the throne besides. However, the rules of the test were that the contestants could not walk over the carpet, cross the plane of the carpet, or hang from anything; nor could they use anything but their body and wits (i.e. no magic or psionics, nor any items such as ladders, block and tackles etc). Furthermore, only normal humans could be applicants (i.e. no deformed guys with 50 foot arms, or shapechangers). Ghornia now stands; it has a king whose wisdom is unsurpassed. How did the king touch Triella's hand?

* I think he sent over a pet cat or dog which he trained to go give her some lovin'. And she pet it.

**Send comments and riddles to:
ladymetal@knac.com**