

The Infamous Net.Book.Riddles!

Version 3.0b
Compiled by Mark Manning

Formatted with Word for Windows by
Blue Troll : Mario Thibault

This is the net.book.riddles.

It is the work of myself in the collection of all of the riddles which have been submitted to myself via e-mail and rec.games.frp. I hope you enjoy it.

Please note that for MANY of these riddles, those who submitted them do NOT take credit for their creation. These are just those people who submitted the riddles - NOT THE Authors. There are some though, which are the creation of the people submitting them. If possible, this has been marked. Those not marked though, are the work of some other Author unknown to myself or not specified when the riddle was given to me.

Thanks to everyone who submitted riddles whether from books or from their own head. This is a lengthy list, so I hope everyone will bear with me in this listing. Thanks again everyone!

The format of these entries has been revamped to provide more information about each of the submitters. The form has been changed to the following:

Entry : Entry number of the riddle as submitted to myself.
Date :The date the riddle was submitted.
Who : Who submitted the riddle
Author : The actual Author of the riddle (if different)
Title : <If any>
Riddle: The riddle itself.

At the bottom of the list will be the answers. The answers are listed in the order of preference. Thus, the most preferred answer will be placed first with additional answers (if any) following. All answers are based upon the "Entry" field. The entry field works in the following way:

1. When you submit a riddle you are assigned a unique number (1-inf).
2. The ID number will be the first part of the number.
3. The second part of the number (after the period) is the number assigned to the riddle.

Ex:

Entry: 1.1
Date: <Unknown>
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

You eat something....

4. As you can see, the "1.1" is by the entry field. The first "1" means C. Pearce is the first person in the list. The second "1" means this is his first riddle given to me.His second would be labeled "1.2" and so on. The answers are matched the same way.

I hope you enjoy the net.book.riddles and any (constructive) suggestions are welcome and appreciated. Thanks to everyone who has posted any kind of a riddle to the Usenet. I will make all additional entries on an "As Time Allows" basis (Which might be never again - ya just don't know).

Notes:

Please send any and all updates and/or corrections to mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov. If you can't get me there, then simply post it. I should see it and will try to get in touch with you instead. Thanks again.

PS:If, on something which reads "Unknown", you know what should go in that location - then please DO drop me a note. None of these riddles are meant to be rip offs from someone else's work. I just thought I'd compile a list of riddles and look what's happened! :-)

Disclaimer: I hereby throw this into the public domain. I take no responsibility for this book's merits, worth, or anything else. However, although *****THIS***** work is now in the public domain arena that does NOT mean the works contained within it are. All of the individual authors (myself included) would be highly upset if a new computer game came out with our riddles in it without being paid some kind of a nominal fee. Nor would an anthology or other book containing these riddles be welcome without recourse to being reimbursed for our time and efforts. Therefore! You can use these riddles however you see fit - so long as you don't make any kind of a profit from them. If you decide you'd like to try to make money in some way through the use of these riddles - then you should seek the agreement of the individual authors. That's why I've included who they are - so you can find them. Nuff said (I think).

Entry: 1.1
Date: Unknown, but not long ago.
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 1.2
Date: Unknown, but not long ago.
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 1.3
Date: Unknown, but not long ago.
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

Teacher, open thy book.

Entry: 1.4
Date: Unknown, but not long ago.
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Beyond Zork
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 1.5
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

Turn us on our backs. And open up our stomachs. You will be the wisest of men. Though at start a lummoX.

Entry: 1.6
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

The hungry dog howls. For crust of bread. His cry goes unheard It's far overhead.

Entry: 1.7
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

Bury deep, Pile on stones, Yet I will. Dig up the bones.

Entry: 1.8
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 1.9
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Matt Morris
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 1.10
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Matt Morris
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 1.11
Date: 4/21/92
Who:cpearce@morticia.cnns.unt.edu
Author: Phil Weaver
Title: None
Riddle:

Never ahead, ever behind,
Yet flying swiftly past;
For a child I last forever,
For adults I'm gone too fast.

Entry: 2.1
Date: Wed Apr 8 12:49:46 1992
Who:dschoen@cs.vu.nl
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 3.1
Date: Unknown
Who:The Shadowraiker
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.
Unmetaphored, what am I?

Entry: 4.1
Date: Unknown
Who:2390carrolld.vms.csd.mu.edu
Author: TSR Inc. Module S2:White Plume
Mountain by Lawrence Schick
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 5.1
Date: Unknown
Who:KM42%MARISTB.BITNET@uga.cc.uga.edu
Author: KM42000 (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 6.1
Date: Unknown
Who:v892079%SI.HHS.NL@uga.cc.uga.edu
Author: Gentevoort (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

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 carefull and beware!

Entry: 7.1
Date: Unknown
Who:gusar@uniwa.uwa.oz.au
Author: Sean (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 7.2
Date: Unknown
Who:gusar@uniwa.uwa.oz.au
Author: Sean (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

Speak, friend, and enter!

Entry: 8.1
Date: Unknown
Who:BILLERMA%XAVIER.BITNET@uga.cc.uga.edu
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

A leathery snake,
With a stinging bite,
I'll stay coiled up,
Unless I must fight.

Entry: 9.1
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author: Coleridge
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 9.2
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author: Longfellow
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 9.3
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author: Dickinson
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 9.4
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author:John Updike
Notes:Leave the last 2 lines off to make the riddle harder
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 9.5
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author:Shelley
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 9.6
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author:G.Manley Hopkins
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 9.7
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who:mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author:Shakespeare
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 9.8
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who: mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author: Sir Edmund Gosse
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 9.9
Date: 1 May 92 16:10:35 GMT
Who: mollems@wkuvx1.bitnet
Author: Francis Saltus Saltus
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 10.1
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.2
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.3

Date: Unknown

Who: The Riddle Manual

Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)

Title: None

Riddle:

Voiceless it cries,
Wingless it flutters,
Toothless bites,
Mouthless mutters.

Entry: 10.4

Date: Unknown

Who: The Riddle Manual

Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)

Title: None

Riddle:

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."

Entry: 10.5

Date: Unknown

Who: The Riddle Manual

Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)

Title: None

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 10.6

Date: Unknown

Who: The Riddle Manual

Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)

Title: None

Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.7
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.8
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: J.R.R. Tolkien (The Hobbit)
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 10.9
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.10
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

You must keep it after giving it.

Entry: 10.11
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

As light as a feather, but you can't hold it for ten minutes.

Entry: 10.12
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.13
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.14
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

You break it even if you name it!

Entry: 10.15
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

It passes before the sun and makes no shadow.

Entry: 10.16
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: From the SSI Computer Game "Secret of the Silver Blades"
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.17
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

A red drum which sounds
Without being touched,
And grows silent,
When it is touched.

Entry: 10.18
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 10.19
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.20
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.21
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.22
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.23
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.24
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.25
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.26
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.27
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.28
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.29
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.30
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 10.31
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

Keys without locks
Yet I unlock the soul.

Entry: 10.32
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.33
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 10.34
Date: Unknown
Who: The Riddle Manual
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.1
Date: Unknown
Who: s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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.
Who are we?

Entry: 11.2
Date: Unknown
Who: s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.3
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.4
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.5
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.6
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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.
What is it?

Entry: 11.7
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.8
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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.
What is it?

Entry: 11.9
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.10
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.11
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 11.12
Date: Unknown
Who:s892804@MINYOS.XX.RMIT.OZ.AU
Author: Wee Willie
Compiled by Dan Judd.
Title: None
Riddle:

Touching one, yet holding two,
it is a one link chain
binding those who keep words true,
'til death rent it in twain.
What is it?

Entry: 12.1
Date: Unknown
Who:Unknown
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 13.1
Date: Unknown
Who:Unknown
Author: Deon Ramsey
Title: None
Riddle:

A Statue with the Inscription : All ye who Enter here, weep, for my Story
is a sorrowfull one. (Or something similar)
The correct response was to weep in front of the statue, which opened a secret
door behind It. I used a slightly harder version of that on my Group, and it
stumped them for quite a while :-)

Entry: 14.1
Date: Unknown
Who:Unknown
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 15.1
Date: Thu Apr 9 18:45:57 1992
Who:jmarvin@us.oracle.com
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 15.2
Date: Thu Apr 9 18:45:57 1992
Who:jmarvin@us.oracle.com
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

all in white
Fossil, fresh snow, a loan, the sky,
Just what am I?

Entry: 16.1
Date: Thu Apr 9 18:45:57 1992
Who:jmarvin@us.oracle.com
dschoen@cs.vu.nl
Author: Duncan Schoen (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

I am better than sex,
I am worse than MS-DOS,
Dead men eat me,
If you eat me you'll die.

Entry: 16.2
Date: Thu Apr 9 18:45:57 1992
Who:jmarvin@us.oracle.com
dschoen@cs.vu.nl
Author: Duncan Schoen (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 16.3
Date: Thu Apr 9 18:45:57 1992
Who:jmarvin@us.oracle.com
dschoen@cs.vu.nl
Author: Duncan Schoen (?)
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 17.1
Date: Wed Apr 15 11:33:19 1992
Who:lgrant@maths.tcd.ie
Author: _A Feast Of Creatures. Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs_ by Craig Williamson
ISBN 0-85967-671-4
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 17.2
Date: Wed Apr 15 11:33:19 1992
Who:lgrant@maths.tcd.ie
Author: _A Feast Of Creatures. Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs_ by Craig Williamson
ISBN 0-85967-671-4
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 17.3
Date: Wed Apr 15 11:33:19 1992
Who:lgrant@maths.tcd.ie
Author: _A Feast Of Creatures. Anglo-Saxon Riddle Songs_ by Craig Williamson
ISBN 0-85967-671-4
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.1
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Young People's Series
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.2
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Young People's Series
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.3
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.4
Date: Unknown
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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 throughly sound.
Cut me quick and it will be seen,
That I instantly have a marvelous sheen.

Entry: 18.5
Date: Unknown
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Young People's Series
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.6
Date: Unknown
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Monkee's TV Show
Title: None
Riddle:

What has six eyes,
Six arms,
Six legs,
Three heads,
And a very short life?

Entry: 18.7
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.8
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.9
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

(This is NOT a dirty riddle.
So get your mind out of the gutter!)

Entry: 18.10
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Young People's Series
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Who are we?

Entry: 18.11
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.12
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.13
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

Sweet tooth,
Ah shoot,
All gone,
We all long,
For another piece of it.

Entry: 18.14
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.15
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.16
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.17
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.18
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.19
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.20
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.21
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.22
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.23
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.24
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.25
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.26
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.27
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

Do not begrude 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.

Entry: 18.28
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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 hoar frost.
Oh, where can he be?
This man of cruel fate.
Whose teeth are gnashing,
And a face full of hate.

Entry: 18.29
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Who was he?

Entry: 18.30
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

I travelled 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?

Entry: 18.31
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.32
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

What am I?

Entry: 18.33
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.34
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.35
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.36
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.37
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.38
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.39
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.40
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.41
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: The Young People's Series
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.42
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

It was once upon a time,
and nursery rhymes.
When genii's 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.

Entry: 18.43
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

It is a tolling of the night.
When all is still.
And the wind whispers near the mill.
Twas struck twelve times!
And his voice rang out!
And then, it was stilled.

Entry: 18.44
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.45
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.46
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

With this you can do wonderous 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.

Entry: 18.47
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.48
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.49
Date: Unknown
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.50
Date: 5/8/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.51
Date: 5/8/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.52
Date: 5/8/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.53
Date: 5/8/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: A song riddle
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-reeee!
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!

Entry: 18.54
Date: 5/8/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

Tw'as 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.
Tw'as 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.

Entry: 18.55
Date: 5/8/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

Tw'as the giantess who told me what to do.
Tw'as she who opened the doors,
And close the windows. Not I.
Tw'as 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.
Tw'as the giantess.

Entry: 18.56
Date: 5/8/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.57
Date: 5/8/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.58
Date: 5/8/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

(Talked with a definite 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.

Entry: 18.59
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

'Twas 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.

Entry: 18.60
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.61
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.62
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.63
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.64
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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 get's us a ride, so we can rest our back side.
What are all your finger for?
Tell me which is which, and I'll even our score.

Entry: 18.65
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.66
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: The Giant Slept
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.67
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.68
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.69
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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!

Entry: 18.70
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.71
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.72
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Mark Manning
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.73
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Catherine M. Fanshawe
Title: A Riddle
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

Entry: 18.74
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Jonathan Swift
Title: The Vowels: An Enigma
Riddle:

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,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Entry: 18.75
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Hannah More
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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 slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

Entry: 18.76
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown (The Young Children's Series)
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.77
Date: 9/16/92
Who:mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown (The Young Children's Series)
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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!

Entry: 18.78
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown (The Young Children's Series)
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.79
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown (The Young Children's Series)
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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

Entry: 18.80
Date: 9/16/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Unknown (The Young Children's Series)
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.81
Date: 10/14/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.82
Date: 10/15/92
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.83
Date: 8 Apr 92 14:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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

Who am I?

Entry: 18.84
Date: 8 Apr 92 14:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.85
Date: 8 Apr 92 14:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.86
Date: 8 Apr 92 14:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.87
Date: 8 Apr 92 14:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.88
Date: 9 Feb 93 17:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 18.89
Date: 9 Feb 93 17:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.90
Date: 9 Feb 93 17:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Title: A Riddle
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 18.91
Date: 9 Feb 93 17:29:56 GMT
Who: mark@pokey.jsc.nasa.gov
Author: Plato via W.H.D.Rouse's "Great Dialogues of Plato"
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 19.1
Date: 18 Apr 92 20:06:34 GMT
Who: heath@anchor.as.utexas.edu (James Heath)
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 19.2
Date: 18 Apr 92 20:06:34 GMT
Who: heath@anchor.as.utexas.edu (James Heath)
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 19.3
Date: 18 Apr 92 20:06:34 GMT
Who: heath@anchor.as.utexas.edu (James Heath)
Author: Unknown
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 20.1
Date: Tue Apr 21 15:13:49 1992
Who: rwallace@unix1.tcd.ie
Author: Russell Wallace
Title: None
Riddle:

Fat Man at Dead Man's Journey.

Entry: 20.2
Date: Tue Apr 21 15:13:49 1992
Who:rwallace@unix1.tcd.ie
Author: Russell Wallace
Title: None
Riddle:

What answer is blowing in the wind?

Entry: 21.1
Date: Thu, 30 Apr 92 13:20:32 -0700
Who:zorn@apple.com
Author: Jed Hartman
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 21.2
Date: Thu, 30 Apr 92 13:20:32 -0700
Who:zorn@apple.com
Author: Jed Hartman
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 21.3
Date: Thu, 30 Apr 92 13:20:32 -0700
Who:zorn@apple.com
Author: James Thurber's The Thirteen Clocks
Title: None
Riddle:

I can find a thing I cannot see and see a thing I cannot find.
The first is time, the second is a spot before my eyes.

Entry: 21.4
Date: Thu, 30 Apr 92 13:20:32 -0700
Who: zorn@apple.com
Author: James Thurber's _The Thirteen Clocks_
Title: None
Riddle:

I can feel a thing I cannot touch and touch a thing I cannot feel.
The first is sad and sorry, the second is your heart.

Entry: 22.1
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: From Zork II by Infocom
Title: None
Riddle:

Never ahead, ever behind,
Yet flying swiftly past,
For a child, I last forever,
For adults, I'm gone too fast.

Entry: 22.2
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: From Zork II by Infocom
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 22.3
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: From Might & Magic II by New World Computing
Title: None
Riddle:

There more of it there is,
The less you see.

Entry: 22.4
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: From Might & Magic II by New World Computing
Title: None
Riddle:

What is not enough for one,
Just right for two,
Too much for three?

Entry: 22.5
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: Sean Molley
Title: None
Riddle:

What gets wetter the more it dries?

Entry: 22.6
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: Sean Molley
Title: None
Riddle:

H I J K L M N O
What word does this represent?

Entry: 22.7
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: Sean Molley
Title: None
Riddle:

A long snake
With a stinging bite,
I stay coiled up
Unless I must fight.

Entry: 22.8
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: Sean Molley
Title: None
Riddle:

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!

Entry: 22.9
Date: Wed, 06 May 1992 11:29:14 CDT
Who: Sean Molley -> mollems@WKUVX1.BITNET
Author: Sean Molley
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 23.1
Date: 09 Oct 1992 11:52:40 -0400 (EDT)
Who: Barbara -> BAJ@ACFcluster.NYU.EDU
Author: Lewis Carroll
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 24.1
Date: Tue, 13 Oct 1992 19:30:04 -0600
Who: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER <thompson@spot.Colorado.EDU>
Author: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER
Title: None
Riddle:

The Load-bearer, the Warrior,
The Frightened One, the Brave,
The Fleet-of-foot, the Ironshod
The Faithful One, the Slave

Entry: 24.2
Date: Wed, 14 Oct 1992 15:37:16 -0600
Who: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER <thompson@spot.Colorado.EDU>
Author: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 24.3

Date: Wed, 14 Oct 1992 19:59:08 -0600

Who: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER <thompson@spot.Colorado.EDU>

Author: THOMPSON BENJAMIN RHINELANDER

Title: None

Riddle:

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

Entry: 25.1

Date: Sat, 28 Nov 1992 13:21:28 +0100

Who: miju@keep.fantasy.sub.org (Michael Jung)

Author: miju@keep.fantasy.sub.org (Michael Jung)

Title: Riddle 1

Riddle:

Pull with all your might, only a whistle you'll gain
but almost out of sight, someone may shrink in pain.

Entry: 25.2

Date: Sat, 28 Nov 1992 13:21:28 +0100

Who: miju@keep.fantasy.sub.org (Michael Jung)

Author: miju@keep.fantasy.sub.org (Michael Jung)

Title: Riddle 2

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 26.1

Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400

Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>

Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Title: None

Riddle:

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

Entry: 26.2

Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400

Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>

Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Title: None

Riddle:

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?

Entry: 26.3

Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400

Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>

Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Title: None

Riddle:

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?

Entry: 26.4

Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400

Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>

Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Title: None

Riddle:

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

Entry: 26.5

Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400

Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>

Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes

Title: None

Riddle:

I know a word of letters three,
Add two and fewer there will be.

Entry: 26.6
Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400
Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>
Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 26.7
Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400
Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>
Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes
Title: None
Riddle:

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

Entry: 26.8
Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400
Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>
Author: 'Dream Park' by Niven & Barnes
Title: None
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 26.9
Date: Wed, 7 Jul 93 23:00:04 -0400
Who: Douglas WEBB <dwebb@binkley.cs.mcgill.ca>
Author: Christopheros of Mytilene
Title: None
Riddle:

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.
What am I?

Entry: 27.1

Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT

Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Collieran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)

Author: Some ancient author (Homer I think)

Title: Riddle of Man (from the Odyssey?)

Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.2

Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT

Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Collieran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)

Author: Some ancient author (Homer I think)

Title: Riddle of Man (from the Odyssey?)

Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.3

Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT

Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Collieran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)

Author: Bob Blake

Title: The Riddles of the Stone #2
(from TSR Module C4: To Find a King)

Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.4

Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT

Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Collieran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)

Author: Bob Blake

Title: The Riddles of the Stone #2
(from TSR Module C4: To Find a King)

Riddle:

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?

Entry: 27.5
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Harry Nuckols
Title: TSR Module B9: Castle Caldwell and Beyond
Riddle:

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

OWAH
TAGOO
SIAM

Entry: 27.6
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Tom Prusa
Title: Gwendolyn's Riddles #1 (TSR Module WGR2: Treasures of Greyhawk)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.7
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Tom Prusa
Title: Gwendolyn's Riddles #1 (TSR Module WGR2: Treasures of Greyhawk)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.8
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Tom Prusa
Title: Gwendolyn's Riddles #1 (TSR Module WGR2: Treasures of Greyhawk)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.9
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

What sphinxes employ,
the players enjoy.

Entry: 27.10
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.11
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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?

Entry: 27.12
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.13
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.14
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.15
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 27.16
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.17
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Scott Roach
Title: Rhyme & Reason #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.18
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Mark Anthony
Title: The Riddle! #1 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

Delivered by breath,
scares heroes to death.

Entry: 27.19
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Mark Anthony
Title: The Riddle! #2 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 27.20
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who:Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Mark Anthony
Title: The Riddle! #3 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

Devils and rogues know nothing else,
save starlight.

Entry: 27.21
Date: Mon, 12 Jul 93 01:13:44 EDT
Who: Dead Ghost aka Joe Colleran (jnc4p@virginia.edu)
Author: Mark Anthony
Title: The Riddle! #4 (Dragon Magazine #175 November, 1991)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.1
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who: Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.2
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who: Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My spring up on the cliff.

Entry: 28.3
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who: Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

Three walls and you reach water.

Entry: 28.4
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who: Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

When it is born, it has gray hairs.

Entry: 28.5
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

Many small shellfish, one large shellfish.

Entry: 28.6
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My fish which owns the earth (honua in Hawaiian).

Entry: 28.7
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My kapa (a type of cloth) log that
is always sounding without rest.

Entry: 28.8
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My little fish for which is the eye
(maka in Hawaiian).

Entry: 28.9
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

In the morning four legs,
at noon two legs,
at evening three legs.

Entry: 28.10
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.11
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.12
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My man that cannot be cut.

Entry: 28.13
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.14
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My canoes, going day and night,
ten bowsprits, two sterns.

Entry: 28.15

Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My red cave, white soldiers standing in line.

Entry: 28.16
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My man crying day and night,
all through the year.

Entry: 28.17
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My hala (Pandanus leaf) wreath.

Entry: 28.18
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

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

Entry: 28.19
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT
Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

The "ele" in the upland,
the "ele" in the lowland,
the "ele" in the middle,
the "ele" on the shore.

Entry: 28.20
Date: Fri, 27 Aug 93 15:47:05 PDT

Who:Eric Yin <eyin@nml1sun.hsc.usc.edu>
Author: E.S. Craighill Handy (and Others)
Title: Riddles of Ancient Hawaii
(The Ancient Hawaiian Civilization)
Riddle:

My cloak always spread.

Entry: 29.1
Date: 31 Aug 1993 00:35:42 GMT
Who:rosie@deakin.OZ.AU (Andrew Rosewarne)
Author: Unknown
Title: Unknown
Riddle:

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

Entry: 30.1
Date: 13 Sep 93 03:28:51 GMT
Who:smt0@ns1.cc.lehigh.edu (STEFAN M. THIEME)
Author: Unknown
Title: Unknown
Riddle:

Above all things
have I been placed
thus have I
a man disgraced.
I describe
sunlight or lock
but after all
I'm just a rock.

Entry: 30.2
Date: 13 Sep 93 03:28:51 GMT
Who:smt0@ns1.cc.lehigh.edu (STEFAN M. THIEME)
Author: Unknown
Title: Unknown
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 30.3
Date: 13 Sep 93 03:28:51 GMT
Who: smt0@ns1.cc.lehigh.edu (STEFAN M. THIEME)
Author: Unknown
Title: Unknown
Riddle:

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.

Entry: 30.4
Date: 13 Sep 93 03:28:51 GMT
Who: smt0@ns1.cc.lehigh.edu (STEFAN M. THIEME)
Author: Unknown
Title: Unknown
Riddle:

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

Entry: 30.5

Date: 13 Sep 93 03:28:51 GMT

Who: smt0@ns1.cc.lehigh.edu (STEFAN M. THIEME)

Author: Unknown

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

(more of a regular brain-teaser)

Old King Ghorn had forged his kingdom from the war-wracked 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?

Entry: 31.1

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.2

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.3

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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

Entry: 31.4

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.5

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.6

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.7

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.
A painting; who am I?

Entry: 31.8

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who:v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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.

Entry: 31.9

Date: Mon, 20 Sep 1993 16:43:00 GMT

Who: v062p74v@ubvms.cc.buffalo.edu (Brian A Weibel)

Author: Found in a 11th grade English book

Title: Unknown

Riddle:

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

Answers to the above riddles

1.1 Salt
Ice.

1.2 A silver dish of some kind floating in an oil lamp with the flame above it.

1.3 A butterfly

1.4 Lightning
Lightning Bolt

1.5 A book

1.6 A dog baying at the crescent moon.

1.7 Memories

1.8 Their color changes easily

1.9 The letter "M"

1.10 Manhattan
Solved by Mark Suters and Phil Randall
(g8411891@cc.uow.edu.au)

1.11 Childhood

2.1 Your eyes
The Sun and the Moon

3.1 A Heart.

4.1 The Moon

5.1 Since, after shooting $\frac{1}{4}$ of the birds, the rest will fly off, the answer should be either $(2*(4+20))/4=12$ or $((2*4)+20)/4=7$.

6.1 Unknown. Thought to be: Post. As in the post on a door.

7.1 A golden coin

7.2 Friend

8.1 A whip

9.1 Unknown

9.2 Unknown

9.3 Unknown

9.4 Unknown

9.5 Unknown

9.6 Unknown

9.7 Unknown

9.8 Unknown

9.9 Unknown

10.1 A mountain

10.2 Your teeth

10.3 The wind

10.4 A daisy in field of grass, big eye is sun (stupid one.)

10.5 The darkness

10.6 Eggssesss
Orange

10.7 A fish

10.8 Time

10.9 Your heart

10.10 Your word

10.11 Your breath

10.12 A river

10.13 Water

10.14 Silence

10.15 The air?

10.16 A fire

10.17 Your heart

10.18 A war

10.19 Hope

10.20 Sounds or Noises

10.21 A wheel

10.22 An iceberg or a piece of ice

10.23 A snail

10.24 A candle

10.25 A boat

A cave

10.26 A mirror

10.27 A fire

10.28 Water

10.29 Icicles

teeth

stalactites

10.30 A shadow

10.31 A piano

A harpsichord

10.32 In the mind

10.33 A compass.

10.34 The beggar was his sister

Two priests

11.1 Bees

11.2 An Apple

11.3 Italy (Rome)

11.4 The Four Horsemen of Apocolypse

11.5 A Unicorn

11.6 Counterfiet Money

11.7 An Axe

11.8 A Man With A Wooden Leg

11.9 A Shadow

11.10 A Wooden, Stringed Instrument

11.11 An Icicle

11.12 A Wedding Ring

12.1 A coffin

13.1 Weeping

14.1 Nothing.
Something

15.1 Paradox (and a pair of docks)

15.2 A bride (something old, something new, something borrowed something blue)

16.1 Nothing

16.2

16.3 Nothing

17.1 An onion

17.2 Piss (yes, really...)

17.3 A sword.

18.1 One

18.2 Teeth

18.3 The Sun
A Shadow

18.4 A Diamond
A gem

18.5 A pair of tongs

18.6 Three peasants about to be eaten by a dragon.
The Monkees about to be eaten by a dragon.

18.7 Passing Gas

18.8 Yeast

18.9 Your opinions

- 18.10 One leg is a leg of mutton.
Two legs is a person.
Three legs is a stool.
Four legs is a dog.
- 18.11 Your hands
- 18.12 Horses
- 18.13 Candy
- 18.14 Fog
Mist
- 18.15 Emotions
- 18.16 A Riddle
- 18.17 A star
- 18.18 Mud (Your mom wishes you'd wash it off)
- 18.19 A monitor (More of a Traveller riddle)
- 18.20 Your home
- 18.21 Music
- 18.22 Roots
- 18.23 A Weeping Willow
- 18.24 The desert
- 18.25 A fountain
- 18.26 A stage
- 18.27 Growing Old
- 18.28 The Wreck of the Hesperus by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(The reef of Norman's Woe)
- 18.29 A wild boar (Razor back)
- 18.30 The heart of the forest
- 18.31 Sharing
- 18.32 A Hummingbird
- 18.33 A Morning Glory

18.34 A mirage

18.35 A rainbow

18.36 The open plains

18.37 Going down a river with rapids in a boat.

18.38 A doll

18.39 Old age

18.40 Paradox/Opposites

18.41 Sunlight

18.42 Childhood
Childhood's Fairy Tales

18.43 A bell ringing out at midnight.

18.44 A ring of fire.

18.45 A tree (A BIT obscure, I'd say!)

18.46 Your eyes

18.47 A centipede or millipede

18.48 Lady Slippers

18.49 Daffodil

18.50 Pandora's Box

18.51 Prickly Pear or other thorny, fruit bearing plant.

18.52 A bull

18.53 Liquor

18.54 An eclipse

18.55 A child playing with her doll house.

18.56 A cat and mouse.

18.57 A lighthouse

18.58 A tree

18.59 A mouse

18.60 Water, river, stream, etc...

18.61 A leaf

18.62 A robin

18.63 Fingers

18.64 Thumb: Hitchhike

1st Finger: Accusing finger

2nd Finger: Doctor's finger

3rd Finger: Pointing finger

4th Finger: Ear finger

18.65 A jewelry box

18.66 A tree frozen/caught in a stream

18.67 Lightning Bugs

18.68 A solar eclipse

18.69 He broke his word

18.70 A bear

18.71 Hay

18.72 Seeds

18.73 The letter H

18.74 The Vowels

18.75 A Book

18.76 A cherry

18.77 A storm of wind

18.78 A plum pudding

18.79 A candle

18.80 A star

18.81 Coke. This was thought up for someone who was playing in a detective type of RPG game. It has a double meaning in that Cocaine used to be used in Coke. Thus, this is like a tip given to someone about a cocaine deal.

18.82 Clouds in the sky

18.83 The Wind

18.84 A Ball

18.85 A Pecan or Walnut Tree

18.86 Stairs

18.87 Time

18.88 A bird

18.89 Thunder and Lightning

18.90 Hands on a keyboard

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

19.1 A grudge

19.2 A sieve/collander (Sphere of Annihilation ;-)

19.3 A cat

20.1 The Trinity A-bomb test at La Jornada del Muerto, Alamogordo, New Mexico

20.2 Forty-two.
(How many roads must a man walk down ...)

21.1 A rainstorm.

21.2 Train/Subway

21.3 Time

21.4 Your Heart

22.1 Youth

22.2 A Well

22.3 Darkness

22.4 A Secret

22.5 A Towel

22.6 Water (H to O ... H₂O)

22.7 Whip

22.8 Oil
Jewels

22.9 Bees

23.1 A smack up the side of the head.

24.1 A horse

24.2 Sand

24.3 The sea/ocean

25.1 A bow and arrow

25.2 A riddle

26.1 Bottle of gin

26.2 The sun

26.3 Roasting meat on a spit

26.4 A ship (The vessel is made of dead wood
and the people are alive.)

26.5 few

26.6 Stove, fire, and smoke

26.7 Counterfeit money

26.8 A coffin (See #12.1 also)

26.9 Snow

27.1 Man
(A baby crawls on four legs, an adult walks on two,
and an old man walks with the aid of a cane.)

27.2 A mirror

27.3 The future

27.4 "Nothing"
("Nothing" fullfills the conditions of all the verses.)

27.5 The correct pronounciation of OWAH TAGOO SIAM is
"Oh, what a goose I am"

27.6 A tree

27.7 Smoke

27.8 The truth

27.9 A riddle

27.10 A tree. It is late autumn, and snow has just fallen over the brightly colored leaves. Trees of course live to a great age and would be a rarity on a grassy plain.
(i.e. a wold)

27.11 Your shadow

27.12 Tongue

27.13 Tongue, again. The meaning of the word "row" to which the rhyme refers is an argument or quarrel.

27.14 A candle

27.15 A chain

27.16 A key

27.17 A sailor on a ship

27.18 The Riddle

27.19 Darkness

27.20 Darkness

27.21 reign/reins

28.1 a young coconut

28.2 a coconut

28.3 a coconut (Suprise! ^_^)

28.4 the sugarcane flower

28.5 the moon and stars

28.6 a turtle -- a play on honua (earth),
and honu (turtle)

28.7 the sea

28.8 the omaka fish -- a play on maka (eye) and omaka

28.9 man (no need to explain this one)

28.10 an owl -- a play on the word pueo,
which may mean either owl, or housepost

28.11 Kamehameha the Great -- he died at Kamakahonu
(the Eye of the Turtle)

28.12 a shadow

28.13 someones nose

28.14 someones feet

28.15 someones teeth

28.16 the sea

28.17 Kohala -- a play on hala and Kohala
(a district on the Big Island)

28.18 Two -- body and shadow

28.19 the elepaio bird, the elemihi (black crab),
the elemakule (old man),
the elelu (cockroach) -- a play on the word "ele"

28.20 beachesand

29.1 Unknown

30.1 Unknown

30.2 Unknown

30.3 Unknown

30.4 Unknown

30.5 Unknown

31.1 Unknown

31.2 Unknown

31.3 Unknown

31.4 Unknown

31.5 Unknown

31.6 Unknown

31.7 Unknown

31.8 Unknown

31.9 Unknown

More Riddles

(unknown writer)

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

#Answer: mountain

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

#Answer: teeth

Voiceless it cries,
Wingless it flutters,
Toothless bites,
Mouthless mutters.

#Answer: wind

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."

#Answer: daisy in field of grass, big eye is sun (stupid one.)

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.

#Answer: darkness

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

#Answer: egg

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

#Answer: fish

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.

#Answer: time

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

#Answer: heart

You must keep it after giving it.

#Answer: your word

As light as a feather, but you can't hold it for ten minutes.

#Answer: your breath

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

#Answer: river

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

#Answer: water

You break it even if you name it!

#Answer: silence

It passes before the sun and makes no shadow.

#Answer: air?

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

#Answer: fire

A red drum which sounds
Without being touched,
And grows silent,
When it is touched.

#Answer: heart

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

#Answer: eyes

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.

#Answer: war

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

#Answer: hope

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

#Answer: air? wind?

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

#Answer: wheel

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

#Answer: ice

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

#Answer: snail

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

#Answer: candle

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

#Answer: boat, but I accepted cave as an answer

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

#Answer: mirror

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

#Answer: fire

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

#Answer: water

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

#Answer: iceicles, teeth or stalactites?

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.

#Answer: shadow

Keys without locks
Yet I unlock the soul.

#Answer: piano, harpsichord

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

#Answer: in the mind

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

#Answer: compass.

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

#Answer: the beggars was his sister

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 carefull and beware !

Speak, frie
#Answer: unknownnd, and enter !

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!

#Answer: knowledge? oil? diamonds?

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.

#Answer: Bees

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

#Answer: An Apple

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

#Answer: Italy (Rome)

One thin, one bold,

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

#Answer: The Four Horsemen of Apocolypse

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

#Answer: A Unicorn

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.

#Answer: Counterfiet Money

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

#Answer: An Axe

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.

#Answer: A Man With A Wooden Leg

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

#Answer: A Shadow

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

#Answer: A Wooden, Stringed Instrument

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

#Answer: An Icicle

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

#Answer: A Wedding Ring

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

#Answer: A nest

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

#Answer: The sun

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

#Answer: A chair

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.

#Answer: Fire

He who makes it needs it not
He who buys it wants it not
He who uses it feels it not

#Answer: A coffin

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.

#Answer: An egg

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
An echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'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 in 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 the prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the 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'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah... breathe on it softly, - it dies in an hour.

#Answer: The letter 'H'

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every place.

#Answer: The letter 'E'

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

#Answer: Fish in a net

Though I dance at a ball, I am nothing at all.

#Answer: A shadow

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man who had seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

#Answer: One

Look into my face and I'm everybody;
Scratch my back and I'm nobody.

#Answer: A mirror

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

#Answer: Frost

I walked and walked and at last I got it;
I didn't want it, so I stopped and looked for it;
When I found it, I threw it away.

#Answer: A thorn

Lives in winter, dies in summer,
Grows with its root upwards.

#Answer: An icicle

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

#Answer: His horse is named "Friday"

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

#Answer: Thunder

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.

#Answer: A mirror

I am the part of the bird
that is not in the sky,
Who can drown in the ocean
and yet remain dry.
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.

#Answer: Your shadow

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;
As it was the beginning of things,
It can also be the end.

#Answer: Fire, but Love also seems to work (though it was not the intended answer)

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.

#Answer: Snow

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.

#Answer: Trees

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 sands and frosts of ages
can never hope to touch or reach.

#Answer: Mountains

Inside me the adventurous find
Quests and treasures of every kind.
Trolls, goblins, orcs, and more, await
Within my closed walls for
All those that wish to visit me.
Your hands are the key
To secrets untold,
And your mind will unlock the door.

#Answer: A book

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

#Answer: The road

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

#Answer: The sun

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.

#Answer: The moon

It holds most knowledge that has ever been said;
But is not the brain, is not the head.
To feathers and their masters, 'tis both bane and boon. . .
One empty, and one full.

#Answer: Paper

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.

#Answer: Justice

#Answer: If you have more riddles, send them to wade@cs.ualberta.ca
