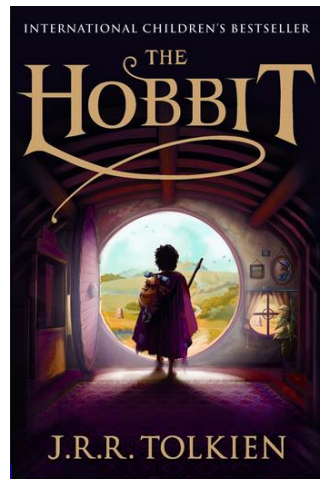


Riddles In The Dark

An Excerpt From *The Hobbit* by J.R.R. Tolkien



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

Mountain

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

Teeth

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

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.”

Sun on the Daisies

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.

Dark

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

Eggs

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

Fish

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

Time

