

20 RIDDLES

Solve before midnight

- ① *I have hands but cannot clap, a face but cannot see. I hang upon your wall and count the hours until you're free.*

- ② *Look at me and I look back — I copy every move you make. Yet step away, and in my world there's nothing left to take.*

- ③ *I wear a crooked grin tonight, hollowed out and lit within. Once a field crop, plain and round — now your porch guard with a tin.*

- ④ *I melt the longer that I live, and weep in slow translucent tears. Blow once and all my work is done; my final breath dissolves your fears.*

- ⑤ *Eight legs spun me, none now claim me. Dust collects within my snare. Sweep me out — I will return by morning, hanging in the air.*

- ⑥ *No eyes, no skin, no name to speak — I grin the same in joy or strife. I was the last thing you will be, and once the centerpiece of life.*

- ⑦ *Witches favor me for travel, but I sweep your kitchen floor. I lean against a humble corner, bristles up, behind the door.*

- ⑧ *Brass or glass, I twist to greet you, cool against a nervous palm. Turn me clockwise, turn me back — I keep the howling night out calm.*

- ⑨ *I hold a moment that has fled, behind a square of polished pane. The faces locked behind my glass no longer answer to their name.*

- ⑩ *I count the days, then shed them slow, a paper memory on the wall. By October I am thinning out — by January, lost to fall.*

- ⑪ *Iron-toothed and small enough to pocket, I unlock what fear locked tight. Lose me once and you will know the longest, coldest sort of night.*

- ⑫ *Carry me into the dark and I will hold a flame inside my throat. Older than the bulb that came to shame me — I am the watchman by the moat.*

- ⑬ *I stretch when sun is low, and shrink when it is high. I follow you through every room and vanish when you die.*

- ⑭ *I am the heart of every cottage — stone-mouthed, ash-tongued, warm at night. A witch may roast a child in me, or simply boil a kettle right.*

- ⑮ *Spill me and luck spills with you; toss a pinch behind your back. I season every wake and feast and ward off what the dark may pack.*

- ⑯ *Hot, I am a slow gold river; cold, I am a frozen ghost. Look beneath the brass and you will find the shape of who pressed me the most.*

- ⑰ *Cross the room, then cross it back — the painted gaze still meets your own. Hung in oil two centuries past, the watcher there is not alone.*

- ⑱ *I am where two walls agree to meet, and where the spider stakes a claim. Stand inside me as a child being punished — you will know my name.*

- ⑲ *I am crossed beneath when guests arrive, and crossed above when they depart. A horseshoe nailed against me brings the luck — a coffin*

ANSWER KEY — HOST USE ONLY

Conceal from guests. Adjudicate with mercy.

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| <p>1 <i>I have hands but cannot clap, a face but cannot see. I hang upon your wall and count the hours until you're free.</i>
· A clock</p> <p>2 <i>Look at me and I look back — I copy every move you make. Yet step away, and in my world there's nothing left to take.</i>
· A mirror</p> <p>3 <i>I wear a crooked grin tonight, hollowed out and lit within. Once a field crop, plain and round — now your porch guard with a tin.</i>
· A jack-o-lantern (pumpkin)</p> <p>4 <i>I melt the longer that I live, and weep in slow translucent tears. Blow once and all my work is done; my final breath dissolves your fears.</i>
· A candle</p> <p>5 <i>Eight legs spun me, none now claim me. Dust collects within my snare. Sweep me out — I will return by morning, hanging in the air.</i>
· A spider web (cobweb)</p> <p>6 <i>No eyes, no skin, no name to speak — I grin the same in joy or strife. I was the last thing you will be, and once the centerpiece of life.</i>
· A skull</p> <p>7 <i>Witches favor me for travel, but I sweep your kitchen floor. I lean against a humble corner, bristles up, behind the door.</i>
· A broom (broomstick)</p> <p>8 <i>Brass or glass, I twist to greet you, cool against a nervous palm. Turn me clockwise, turn me back — I keep the howling night out calm.</i>
· A doorknob</p> <p>9 <i>I hold a moment that has fled, behind a square of polished pane. The faces locked behind my glass no longer answer to their name.</i>
· A picture frame (photo frame)</p> <p>10 <i>I count the days, then shed them slow, a paper memory on the wall. By October I am thinning out</i></p> | <p>11 <i>Iron-toothed and small enough to pocket, I unlock what fear locked tight. Lose me once and you will know the longest, coldest sort of night.</i>
· A key (skeleton key)</p> <p>12 <i>Carry me into the dark and I will hold a flame inside my throat. Older than the bulb that came to shame me — I am the watchman by the moat.</i>
· A lantern</p> <p>13 <i>I stretch when sun is low, and shrink when it is high. I follow you through every room and vanish when you die.</i>
· A shadow</p> <p>14 <i>I am the heart of every cottage — stone-mouthed, ash-tongued, warm at night. A witch may roast a child in me, or simply boil a kettle right.</i>
· A hearth (fireplace)</p> <p>15 <i>Spill me and luck spills with you; toss a pinch behind your back. I season every wake and feast and ward off what the dark may pack.</i>
· A salt shaker (salt)</p> <p>16 <i>Hot, I am a slow gold river; cold, I am a frozen ghost. Look beneath the brass and you will find the shape of who pressed me the most.</i>
· Candle wax (a wax drip)</p> <p>17 <i>Cross the room, then cross it back — the painted gaze still meets your own. Hung in oil two centuries past, the watcher there is not alone.</i>
· A painting whose eyes follow you (an old portrait)</p> <p>18 <i>I am where two walls agree to meet, and where the spider stakes a claim. Stand inside me as a child being punished — you will know my name.</i>
· A corner of a room</p> <p>19 <i>I am crossed beneath when guests arrive, and crossed above when they depart. A horseshoe nailed against me brings the luck — a coffin slides through, breaks the heart.</i>
· The top of a doorway (the lintel)</p> |
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