

- 329.** Hot tempered and sometimes it blows its top, making a mess of everything.
- 330.** I drive men mad for the love of me. Easily beaten, never free. What am I?
- 331.** Through its wounds, water does run. It once held many but now has none. What is it?
- 332.** 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.
- 333.** What is the middle of water but is not an island?
- 334.** I am a good state, there can be no doubt of it; But those who are in, entirely are out of it.
- 335.** It can be repeated but rarely in the same way. It can't be changed but can be rewritten. It can be passed down, but should not be forgotten.
- 336.** What comes in many varieties and can't be seen or touched, but it often makes you move?
- 337.** The man who invented it doesn't want it. The man who bought it doesn't need it. The man who needs it doesn't know it. What is it?
- 338.** What occurs four times in every week, twice in every month, only once in a year but never in a day?
- 339.** I am not alive and yet I grow. Just put me next to where it grows. A favorite of the summertime, best with friends when combined. What am I?
- 340.** I can fill a house or fill your mouth but you can never catch me in your hands. What am I?
- 341.** I am alive without breath and cold as death. I am never thirsty but always drinking. What am I?
- 342.** I shift around, though always slowly. I never move more than a few inches at a time. A large movement by me can kill many people. I am huge, yet unseen by humans. What am I?



- 343.** What is better than the best thing and worse than the worst thing?
- 344.** A most delicious thing.
It can be given but cannot be kept.
Some awake from it after they've slept.
It is the moistest and softest butterfly wing,
But when it is the last even it can sting.
- 345.** I run around the city, but I never move.
- 346.** What is eaten but not grown and was born in water but will disappear if soaked?
- 347.** If you break me, I do not stop working. If you touch me, I may be snared. If you lose me, nothing will matter.
- 348.** A hand without flesh and nothing can I hold. My grip cannot be used until I am sold. What am I?
- 349.** Black within and red without,
With four corners round about.
What am I?
- 350.** I have one eye. See near and far. I hold the moments you treasure and the things that make you weep. What am I?
- 351.** In the ground I am nothing, but give me time and I'll be something. What am I?
- 352.** Every dawn begins with me.
At dusk I'll be the first you see,
and daybreak couldn't come without.
What midday centers all about.
Daisies grow from me, I'm told.
And when I come, I end all code,
but in the sun I won't be found.
Yet still, each day I'll be around.
- 353.** What travels from coast to coast without ever moving?
- 354.** When I'm born I fly. When I'm alive I lay. When I'm dead I run.



- 355.** I have three heads. Cut off one, I become stronger. Cut off two, I become ten. What am I?
- 356.** If you slash it, It heals at once.
- 357.** You use this to clean although it is small.
If you forget it, your smile will appall.
What is it?
- 358.** When liquid splashes me, none seeps through.
When I am moved a lot, liquid I spew.
When I am hit, color I change.
And color, I come in quite a range.
What I cover is very complex,
And I am very easy to flex.
- 359.** What I am filled, I can point the way. When I am empty. Nothing moves me. I have two skins. One without and one within.
- 360.** What is easy to get into, and hard to get out of?
- 361.** What hole do you mend with holes?
- 362.** When I live I cry, If you don't kill me I'll die.
- 363.** Almost everyone sees me without noticing me, for what is beyond is what he or she seeks.
- 364.** At the end of my yard there is a vat,
four-and-twenty ladies dancing in that;
Some in green gowns, and some with blue hat;
He is a wise man who can tell me that.
- 365.** It holds most knowledge that has ever been said.
But is not the brain, is not the head.
To feathers and their masters, it's both bane and boon.
One empty, and one full.
- 366.** What has a bell but isn't a church. Is full of air but is not a balloon?



- 367.** What can be heard and caught but never seen?
- 368.** This has no beginning, middle or end,
and all the greatest thinkers see it but can't comprehend.
What is it?
- 369.** I have a frame but no pictures. I have poles but not standing up. What am I?
- 370.** What does no man want, yet no man want to lose?
- 371.** Six legs, two heads,
Two hands, one long nose.
Yet he uses only four legs
Wherever he goes.
- 372.** What can hold all days, weeks, and months but still fit on a table?
- 373.** The most beautiful and useless of human acts.
- 374.** I am very important, but often overlooked. What am I?
- 375.** I am where the sky is orange, I am where the glass is red, I am the land of violet bananas and the home to blue oranges.
- 376.** A hundred years I once did live,
and often wholesome food did give,
yet all that time I ne'er did roam,
so much as a half a mile from my home,
my days were spent devoid of strife,
until at last I lost my life.
And since my death – I pray give ear,
I oft have traveled far and near.
- 377.** I crawl on the earth and rise on a pillar. What am I?
- 378.** 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.



- 379.** This dish consists of a rolled tortilla with a filling typically of beef or chicken and served with a chili sauce.
- 380.** I have fangs and enjoy piercing holes with a single bite. What am I?
- 381.** A thing with a thundering breech. It weighing a thousand welly. I have heard it roar louder than Guy's wild boar. They say it hath death in its belly.
- 382.** There is a body without a heart. That has a tongue and yet no head. Buried it was before it was made, and loud it speaks and yet is dead.
- 383.** 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.
Another you may see in tin.
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
it can never fly from you.
What are we?
- 384.** I am million people's wakeup call. What am I?
- 385.** I have palms but not on hands,
I offer foods from distant lands,
When at my peak you'll see me smoke,
I'm famous for my friendly folk,
My flowers grow and yet they lay,
There's fire where a man will play.
What am I?
- 386.** A shimmering field that reaches far. Yet it has no tracks, And is crossed without paths.



- 387.** So beautiful and cold,
So young and yet so old,
Alive but always dead,
Still hungry when has fed,
Will die if it is bled,
Or you cut off its head.
- 388.** What can you add to a bucket full of water to make it lighter?
- 389.** When your undies attack you.
- 390.** My love for Eliza shall never know my first; neither shall it be my second; but it shall be my whole.
- 391.** I can never be stolen from you. I am owned by everyone. Some have more, some have less. What am I?
- 392.** This old one runs forever, but never moves at all.
He has not lungs nor throat, but still a mighty roaring call.
What is it?
- 393.** What scientists might call your pooch.
- 394.** What do people make that you can't see?
- 395.** If I turn my head, you may go where you want, but if I turn again, you could stay and rot. What am I?
- 396.** What weeps without eyes or eyelids, her tears rejoicing sons and fathers; and when she laughs and no tears fall, her laughter saddens all hearts?
- 397.** An iron horse with a flaxen tail. The faster the horse runs, the shorter his tail becomes.
- 398.** What runs but cannot walk?
- 399.** Long and slinky like a trout, never sings till it's guts come out.
- 400.** What dresses for summer and sheds in the winter?



- 401.** Halfway up the hill, I see you at last, lying beneath me with your sounds and sights. A city in the twilight, dim and vast, with smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights.
- 402.** I am small, but, when entire,
of force to set a town on fire;
Let but one letter disappear,
I then can hold a herd of deer;
Take one more off, and then you'll find
I once contained all human kind.
- 403.** Things here are usually tagged with red stickers. What am I?
- 404.** I am a sharp looking horse with a flaxen tail. The longer I run the shorter my tail becomes. What am I?
- 405.** What devours all and can kill a king. Destroy a town and crushes mountains down?
- 406.** I have two arms, but fingers none. I have two feet, but cannot run. I carry well, but I have found I carry best with my feet off the ground. What am I?
- 407.** Many people own a copy of me. Without me the world would fall. What am I?
- 408.** A prickly house a little host contains;
The pointed weapons keep back from pains,
So he, unarmed, safe in his fort remains.
- 409.** There she goes over the road, a young mare that is whinnying. A fiery spot on her forehead, with her hindquarters ablaze.
- 410.** 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.
- 411.** I have wheels and flies, yet I am not an aircraft. What am I?
- 412.** As strong as love, more dangerous than cancer.

