



Fantasy Style Riddles II

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101 Fantasy Style Riddles II



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Introduction

J.R.R. Tolkien's book "The Hobbit" had riddles. The "Princess Bride" had riddles. Even Monty Python's "Quest for the Holy Grail" spoofed riddles. They are an entertaining and educational way to pass the time. They are great for parties, barbecues, family get-togethers, and campouts. (They also have their uses in various fantasy role-playing games, when game masters may want to challenge the minds as well as the swords of their adventurers.)

This book contains 101 fantasy style (J.R.R.Tolkien-like) riddles. It is designed for use wherever fantasy riddles might be appreciated. To the best of my knowledge, the riddles in this book are all new and original. (However, given the abundance of riddles throughout world and time, some riddles may overlap previously published works. Any resemblance to them in this book is purely coincidental.)

Riddles vary in difficulty from very easy to fairly difficult. Most riddles are in singsong rhyme similar to that used by Tolkien in his book "The Hobbit." All riddles in this book refer only to subjects found in typical medieval/fantasy realms and are suitable for thinkers of all ages. This book specifically includes subjects such as mythological monsters, animals, gods, and magic items, as well as some abstract notions and/or mundane medieval items that a fantasy-style bard might pick as a subject for a riddle.

About The Riddles

Everyone who reads any book brings their own perspective to the material. Their own intelligence, experience, education, and skill sets; thus for each person, the same book may be a different experience. Many of the riddles in this book are written to be quite simple. Others are written to be somewhat hard. This was done so a 9-year-old child might answer some riddles in this book on their own without help. It was also done so large groups of fantasy-oriented adults may find some of the riddles somewhat challenging. This book also contains a basic bardic test that rates readers on their ability to answer riddles. The easier riddles serve to help people rise above the vegetable (10), animal (20), and orcish bard (30) test scores. (Most adults answering the riddles on their own will probably fall in the 50-75 range, depending on their knowledge of mythological subjects and reasoning skills.)

When writing this book I found that by providing the nuances that separate some fantasy creatures from similar yet different creatures (such as dragon instead of wyvern.) usually gave the subject away. Then when I tried coloring them in metaphor it left the door open for multiple correct answers. Since a good riddle can only have one correct answer, I used some pretty concrete descriptions for subjects I felt required them. As one might suspect, this makes some subjects fairly easy to pick out if the complete riddle is used. I have included asterisks (*) behind various verses of many riddles to indicate logical places to stop should the reader choose to make a simple riddle more difficult for themselves or their listeners.

To those critics who may say the riddles in this book are too easy, I would simply like to say that the look on a child's face when he or she gets the correct answer all by themselves is well worth the price of any negative remarks I might receive in regards to the simplicity of this work.

Riddles as they related to Fantasy Role-Playing Games

Riddles are clearly important in any fantasy role-playing game where the game master wants to challenge his players' minds. To this end, there are good riddles and there are bad riddles.

Bad Riddles

Riddles that don't make sense or have multiple correct answers are generally not good riddles. Riddles that are too mathematically or logically complex for the average player to eventually solve are also a bad idea. Finally, riddles that involve modern/mundane technology in their question or solution should be avoided since

they destroy the role-playing ambience of the typical fantasy game world. A bad riddle can hurt an otherwise good game.

Good Riddles

A good riddle may or may not rhyme, it will only have one correct answer, and when people eventually figure it out they will say, "Oh yeah, that's it!" Good riddles will sound good in the telling and will add to the ambience of a fantasy role-playing game. A good riddle can be the stuff of legend. It makes the game master seem more intelligent, and it makes the players who can figure them out feel good about themselves. A good riddle may not save an otherwise bad game, but it will make a good game even better!

The Purpose of the Asterisk (*)

Asterisks are placed after verses in riddles to indicate that they are additional clues. The more asterisked verses used, the easier the riddle. A game master may choose to limit the experience he gives players based on how many asterisk-marked verses he/she is required to use. I personally reduce experience by 25% for each hint I need to give my serious, more experienced, players. (I do not penalize my younger players in this fashion.)

Where To Place Riddles

Riddles can be used almost anywhere at any time a None-Player-Character (NPC) might ask player characters riddles to test their worthiness. Doors, chests, and stature can magically ask riddles to allow access or give guidance. Of course, monsters (such as dragons) love to play riddle games. The possibilities are endless. A game master with a ready source of suitable riddles is twice as prepared and twice as entertaining as most who do not have this book or are trying to wing it on the fly. Enough said.

Bardic Test

To rate your riddle solving skills using this book, simply go through it and answer every riddle writing your numbered answers on a piece of paper. Then check them against the answer key in the back of this book. Determine how many you got correct and then refer to the chart below.

0-10	Vegetable-like Intelligence
11-20	Animal-like Intelligence
21-30	Orcish Bard
31-40	Experienced Bard
41-50	Veteran Bard
51-60	Professional Bard
61-70	Adept Bard
71-80	Expert Bard
81-90	Heroic Bard
91-100	Master Bard
101	The Bardic Riddle King

PLEASE NOTE: To achieve the title of "The Bardic Riddle King," no asterisk hint verses should be used. It should also be noted that the font size for the actual riddles were enlarged to make riding them quickly at parties and bardic fires easier. Please also note, that there are no game system proprietary monsters/creatures/gods in this book. Since adding those would make some riddles impossibly hard to answer if the reader/listener has never encountered a specific monsters from specific game system. Fantastic creatures used in this book are based on common knowledge mythological references. (As found in an encyclopedia.)

- 1) I have arms and legs but do not walk.
I stand real still but may never talk.
I watch over kings in golden halls.
where shields and swords hang on walls.
I accompany warriors into woe and strife,
and if they are lucky I will save their life.

What am I?

- 2) I am a powerful symbol worn with pride,
passed on to son when father has died.
Of those who own me the bards may sing,
of my many fine points or my golden ring.
Gold, jewels, silk and velvet I do adorn, *
above great kings I rest when I am worn.

What am I?

- 3) Most my secrets are long forgotten,
in the dark my flesh grows rotten.
With sightless eyes I cannot see
the worms that crawl inside of me.
My teeth be good despite the weather,
my ears and nose are gone forever.
Yet some people still seek my remains,
to learn my story or prove their claims.

What am I?

- 4) The color of the sun runs through my veins,
more precious than life so people make claims.
Ageless like a rock I take my rest in riverbeds, *
found, I tug ears, hug throats, and sit upon heads.
I am heavy and hard, yet softer than my brothers **
But still valued by most far more than the others.

What am I?

- 5) Forged in hot fire until were done,
we are the many that make just one.
Our steely strength is quite incredible, *
yet together we remain very flexible.
Pull on me with all your might, **
I will not break, but will get tight.

What am I?

- 6) I hate the light, but love the night,
I hide in darkness out of sight.
My eyes as black as darkest coal,
I will regenerate until I am whole.
My secret only few have learned, *
to kill my body it must be burned.
Near cave or bridge I await my role, **
attacking travelers to collect my toll.

What am I?

- 7) I am the sound of magic in the air,
on nimble hands I dance with care.
Sometimes I am death, other times life, *
I bring sweet happiness or great strife.
I can summons fire, I can summons light, **
dispel magic or vanish things from sight.
Sought by great wizards whoever they be ***
to learn my secret and thus cast me free.

What am I?

- 8) I have but one tooth to take a bite
shiny and clean it reflects the light.
More swiftly it moves down then up, *
like pouring red wine into a large cup.
Yet I never fail, or so it has been said, **
to cleanly bite off my victim's head.

What am I?

- 9) A fantastic creature, I can never die,
you can see me now in the night sky.
The symbol of wisdom and also fame
the blood of the gorgon I also claim.
Thunder and lightning I may retrieve *
so mighty Zeus need not ever grieve.
Where I stride inspiration may spring, **
to aid the muses in doing their thing.
A four-legged hero colored in white, ***
I charge into battle on foot or in flight.

What am I?

- 10) The living need me, the dead do not.
I help wounds to heal and fruit to rot.
I cannot be touched nor even seen, *
I am sometimes dirty other times clean.
The world I touch most creatures share, **
sound hides away when I am not there.

What am I?

- 11) I have two eyes, no eyes, and then one eye?

What am I?

- 12) Sometimes I am the center of much attention,
where priest do gather and gods are mentioned.
On wine, food, and innocent blood I feed,
so ancient gods might help those with need.
Carved from bone or stone to look very nice, *
where the chosen come to make their sacrifice.

What am I?

- 13) The full moon and me are old friends,
when we meet my mundane life ends
Then I am free to follow my spirit,
and howl so loud the world can hear it.
Wild, alone or in pack, I hunt in the night,
turning normal again at morning's light.

What am I?

- 14) I am the highest seat in the land,
a mantle of power to elevate man.
Often encrusted with gold and jewels, *
those who sit upon me make the rules.

What am I?

- 15) I have many heads, yet I am just one,
those who see me can't move or run.
In lonely mazes I dwell all on my own,
with life-like statues I feel right at home.

What am I?

- 16) Tall and thin my back against a wall,
I count the seconds with swinging ball.
My hands both move in one direction, *
and point to moments of reflection.
In my mind thoughts slowly grind, **
marking the minutes until I chime

What am I?

- 17) I can hold many things big or small,
within humble home or in mighty hall.
I surround my subjects for all to see,
yet few will gaze too long on me.
Made of wood, or sometimes gold,
my greatest value is in what I hold.
Hanging me won't steal my breath, *
quietly I wait on hearth, wall or desk.

What am I?

- 18) I am fierce yet good and live in the wood,
I have a goat beard but am rarely feared.
Wagging a lion-like tail I follow the trail,
doing what I choose upon cloven hooves.
With young maidens fair I just may share, *
a lingering glance and perhaps my lance,
a magical cure for what poisons the pure.

What am I?

19) My mother is earth, my father is air,
I maul the ground with little care.
In random fashion I storm the land
destroying buildings and killing man.
I have a large eye, but I still cannot see
the things I hold, or throw from me.
As bad as I am, I may not travel alone,
in small groups I am known to roam.
What am I?

20) I am the last thing you are likely to meet,
on hands or knees, but not on your feet.
Totally helpless to resist my sweet kiss,
well practiced my actions - I seldom miss.
My only goal is to fill a basket with a ball, *
and listen quietly to the thump of your fall.

What am I?

21) I ride a chariot pulled by two goats fare,
with a gruff beard and red wavy long hair.
I have glove of iron and a belt of strength, *
to handle a hammer made not the right length.
Protector of man through the storm I will go, **
killing serpents or giants in one mighty blow.

Who am I?

22) In caverns deep and in dungeons cold,
I shall challenge the brave and bold.
In hidden shapes and forms come I,
those who find me will usually die.
With no hands to touch or eyes to see,
I await my victims to come visit me.
What am I?

23) I await my destiny at an appointed time,
to teach some a lesson and punish a crime.
I stand on wooden legs above the ground,
my joints are knotted - my hands are round.
I will safely hold you up for a short measure, *
then drop you hard at my master's pleasure.
You will not fall far - I will catch you quick, **
then in my embrace you may dance and kick.

What am I?

24) I am very hot and I also cold,
sometimes young, sometimes old.
I find myself often being told,
that I am beautiful to behold.
Stealing life for me is not a chore,
I suck men dry and still want more.
Yes, I am quite evil to my very core,
the most deadly diva of bardic lore.
I hide my wings from mortal's sight, *
and I use a long whip when I do fight.
And to suck souls dry I need not bite, **
with just one kiss they feed my might.

What am I?

25) These golden soldiers are aligned in rows,
they march in circles in silk-lined clothes.
Following orders with ears that don't hear, *
their colonels are yellow the color of fear.
They guard many fields from morning to dusk, **
once they are spent there is nothing but husk.

What are they?

26) I stand between the future and the past,
counting the moments is my primary task.
My top and bottom look almost the same,
depends on what comes or already came.
My figure the envy of women I am told, *
a shape easy to handle and easy to hold.
Sadly sooner or later my task must end, **
but just flip me on over to start it again.
What am I?

27) I have many eyes but cannot see
My twin who sometimes follows me.
Together in step we walk side by side.
Free of each other - yet were both tied.
Our soles a mirror, our skin of leather *
we protect two dogs from the weather.
What are we?

28) I am the thunder that rolls across the lands.
I have six legs, but only two good hands.
I can quickly charge with piercing might,
and then hack down all enemies in sight.
My entire body covered in the finest steel
My hands wield death but may also heal.
What am I?

29) I am a companion to those alone,
I am made of wood, stone or bone.
I can come alive with a little light,
then round I glow in pale moonlight.
My spirit has flavors that may caress, *
a wizard's mouth or a mage's chest.
Then my magic might be set free, **
in wispy shapes for others to see.

What am I?

- 30) I am the sound of dread and call to war.
My mouth is large, my voice a roar!

What am I?

- 31) In the early morning or evening light,
is when I achieve my greatest height.
In darkness lost as with too much light.
my visage will feed a coward's fright.
I can lead, follow or stand at your side,
the eyeless stalker that you will guide.

What am I?

- 32) I am the many and yet I am just one.
If you see me coming - you better run.
My eyes are many, my mouths are too,
alone or together I will chew upon you.
You may cut off a head with sword attack, *
but don't be surprised when two grow back.

What am I?

- 33) I can be hard to bend but seldom break,
from end to end some pull some shake.
Made from wood or bone I do but wait,
to test one's strength perhaps their fate.
My two ends are tied but still move free,
to thrust lifeless birds away from me.

What am I?

- 34) I can be a beautiful maiden in the wood,
or an ugly old hag under a shadowy hood.
If you see me at all I may be at work,
washing blood off your armor or shirt.
My voice a screech heard in the night,
portending death by blade or by fright.

What am I?

- 35) Mighty castles frame the battlefield,
and our mighty footmen never yield.
Our knights leap over the battle line, *
our queen and clerics wait their time.
We guard our king no matter the cost, **
for if he is taken then all will be lost.
Upon a fixed field we all make war, ***
Thirty-two in battle upon sixty four.

What are we?

- 36) A creature with a fiery spirit am I,
on wings of gold and scarlet I fly.
For five to ten centuries I may live *
with only my immortal soul to give.
When near the end I will nest up high **
and then burn it to ashes when I die.
But for me you need not be forlorn, ***
in smoke and flame I will be reborn.

What am I?

- 37) Known as the strangler I guard cities and tombs,
to large and powerful to be locked in small rooms.
Questioning all who dare pass by my large claws
giving warriors and wizards good reason to pause.
My large head is human, to both speak and to hear, *
I am the oldest of riddlers that most people fear.
I have no wish to kill, but I must guard such wealth, **
If you answer me correctly I might devour myself.

What am I?

- 38) I can be seen, but I cannot see,
together blind we both may be.
In times of trouble rely on me,
to hide the fear you cannot flee.
Some lovers think I am the key
to excite the senses of he or she.

What am I?

- 39) We four are most different and yet the same.
Opposite yet equal in characters of our name.
Were always the same way on sea or on land, *
regardless of our facing upon wall or in hand.
The sun, moon or stars may reveal our location, **
whether traveling to work or exploring a nation.

What are we?

- 40) I sleep with great kings and their things,
among crowns, jewels and golden rings.
Wrapped tight in cloth I wait real still,
ready for robbers and ready to kill.

What am I?

41) First soft and wet now hard and cold
My teeth grow long as I grow old.
Touch my fangs and feel their sting
but gently lest they loose their cling.
For then they may strike down at you.
and like a spear they'll run you through.

What am I?

42) I have eighteen toes but two don't touch.
On flesh and bone I am known to munch.
In my pride I might remain very humble,
when I am angry my roar does rumble.
Of the beasts that the bards may sing, *
it is me and my kind that they call king.

What am I?

43) I always go up and never go down
I take most life with barely a sound.
Cherished by young feared by the old.
All mortals succumb to my deadly hold.
I cannot be seen directly in any light,
my work apparent to those with sight.

What am I?

44) Hatched from egg both low and high
we sometimes walk we sometimes fly.
My kind lives long before our death,
and most men fear us for our breath.
Still they come with bow and sword,
to steal what treasure we may hoard.

What are we?

45) We sail upon the seas flag waving in the breeze,
and doing as we please by ignoring others pleas.
With hair upon are lips, we go on hunting trips, *
to seek out golden chips while sinking other ships.
We don't need two eyes to hear our victim's cries, **
often traveling in disguise we tell outrageous lies.
We have rum to drink and hope will never sink, ***
and we truly think that a wench deserves a wink.

What are we?

46) I am a silent solider who stands very still.
In wooden armor I await my next meal.
My colorful clothes will adorn any hall,
sometimes I am short, but I can be tall.
With my dull weapons I may never attack,
yet I do solve problems to difficult to crack.

What am I?

47) I once was alive, and then I died,
and my flesh was soon transformed.
Now bought or sold, sweet cargo I hold,
often chilled but also warmed.
My belly is soft and I am known to cough
my contents upon the ground.
The spirit I hold makes knights bold
when they meet at their table round.
Give me a squeeze and I just may please *
the whims of peasant or king.
With me nearby, some laugh some cry
to the songs a bard might sing.
With belly tight, I am a round sight, **
although my mouth is rather small.
Over should slung, or on mantle hung,
I await but my master's my call.

What am I?

48) My arm is strong yet slow to throw
large weights of plenty at my foe.
Animal, vegetable and mineral am I,
I may be broken but I can never die.
One thing I should probably mention,
I can only attack when under tension.
Wrought by man to wage great wars, *
destroying walls among my chores.
Then flee all with what you may love,
for I am the master of death from above.

What am I?

49) I have tricked the devil not once but twice.
He can't take my soul despite all my vice.
Nor does heaven want any part of my kind.
I am cursed to wander throughout all of time.
My face carved in the ginger flesh of the dead.
My eyes, nose and mouth all burn hellfire red.
What or who am I?

50) We are the two in opposition with one another,
yet in some ways we are each other's mother.
As one grows short then the other grows long,
in endless cycle which can never go wrong.
We embrace twice a day yet are always alone, *
our spirits are restless and required to roam.
What are we?

51) Quickly, light and empty, down I must go.
Heavy and slow I arise when I am full.
Essence of life I may fetch with each drop.
My throat is long my mouth wide at the top.
My thin arm is long and I can reach low,
my masters do shorten it by push or a pull.
What am I?

52) I come in many colors, shapes and sizes.
My purpose may take on many disguises.
In life I could fly, and on air I may float.
In the cold I warm some as if a thick coat.
In sleep I might guide children to dream.
Woman use me to make their house clean.
Scholars fondle me when deep in thought.
Many will use me when laughter is sought.

What am I?

53) We are the stars of the valley that dot the land.
Our rainbow colors are highly prized by man.
Some of us are free and wild, yet many are tame.
A lover's gift that brings both pleasure or pain.

What are we?

54) We roam the lands in marauding bands,
wielding crude weapons in hairy hands.
We go out at night and will pick a fight
with all creatures "weaker" in our sight.
With snout and ears we fight for years
for those we kill we won't shed tears.
We dare not ever anger ogre or bear,
but with hobs or gobs we do not care.
Death the fate to for all elves we hate,
and some slaves we take to kill or mate.

What are we?

55) I am the odd number of which no one will brag,
when trouble occurs I am left holding the bag.
Stealth, speed and trickery are tools of my trade, *
in dangerous situations into the shadows I fade.
Locked doors or chests are the challenges I pick, **
the sweetest note of all - the sound of their click.

What am I?

56) I see things far, I see things near,
within a moment or within a year.
The most favored tool of any seer, *
I am very round and usually clear.

What am I?

57) I am used most to kill, but may also heal,
when used by those with sufficient skill.
Ornate or plain I may bring great fame,
to the students with whom I may train.
Bringing forth fire, frost or even change,
molecules I might magically rearrange.
Held only in one hand, I take my stand,
a focus point at a wizard's command.

What am I?

58) I wield a huge club and can throw boulders,
I can easily carry an ogre on my shoulders.
My size is great - you will easily see my come,
and when you do - it would be wise to run.

What am I?

- 59) Three I may be and yet just one,
I'll progress until my order is done.
When I am young I can't be free
I need someone to take care of me.
When I am mature I can earn my pay,
not needing others to carry my way.
When I grow wiser than my brothers,
I can help myself and also help others.

What are we?

- 60) Five points alone and five points I share.
Scribed on ground or drawn in empty air.

What am I?

- 61) I am of course an irresistible force,
but I rely on men to steer my course.
Steel doors and metal gates are my foes,
I can usually break them in a few blows.

What am I?

- 62) I am a test of courage that won't wane,
when Fenirr wolf does break his chain,
and the giant Surt sets Asgard aflame.
As Thor battles against serpent's fang,
in their struggles only death will gain.
Of elder gods none shall remain,
they will travel beyond this plane.
Then Midgard might seem to tame,
for naught but gentle gods will reign.

What am I?

- 63) Four ancient gods we may be.
We rule over land, sky and sea.
We also command smoke and flame
All things natural are of our domain.

What are we?

Bonus question. Name the four.

- 64) My mother is anger and my father is rage,
before you pursue me, first dig two graves.

What am I?

- 65) I am a four-armed giant that can move around
But when knights attack me I stand my ground.
Under my heel I can grind great fields to dust.
Or bring forth water that can turn steel to rust.
The wind is my muse and together we dance, *
like a whirling dervish, yet in the same stance.

What am I?

- 66) I bridge imagination with that which is real,
the mundane I destroy, yet dreams I do heal.
Some heroes may use me, but others will not,
I am learned with great care and seldom forgot.
In weapons or armor I may shine with a light, *
wise men will find me if they have true sight.
In rings, wands and staves I await but a call, **
to offer my services to those with the gall.

What am I?

- 67) My value is sometimes small or great,
depends on time and my charge's fate.
In many languages I am known to speak,
of forgotten treasure that most men seek.
I may lead those both wise and brave,
to strange shores or perhaps a cave.
There they just might find their mark,
with two quick strokes I cross my heart.
What am I?
- 68) In dungeons cold I wait quietly without dreams,
of holding my victims and echoing their screams.
A box with hinges I am always willing to stand,
often disguised as woman yet crafted by man.
With iron resolve I hold my cargo near and tight,
always piercing my prey with maniacal delight.
What am I?
- 69) We have sweet voices, but are seldom seen,
beyond the land in waters of emerald green.
On rocks near the waves we make our home,
sometimes in vast groups and sometimes alone.
Our call through the fog brings men to our side,
but those that hear our sweet song usually die.
What are we?
- 70) I am one of many, different and yet the same,
free from life's worry, most trouble and pain.
Sitting, standing or horse riding I may pause,
often with steely eyes and/or powerful jaws.
Frozen in time, I can be quite ancient and old, *
posing in the stances of the brave and the bold.
What am I?

71) I have a head that doesn't see and a tail that doesn't wag,
yet people are afraid of me and some my exploits brag.
With many arms I may move, but with many legs can't stand,
to some a monster I may prove while prowling sea or land.
I am long, strong and thin, and hunt in packs or I hunt alone,
sometimes I ride the wind to places far, far from my home.
My body shielded from the storm my children I do protect,
fearsome is my crafted form, yet sometimes I get wrecked.

What am I?

72) I am company when you are all alone,
my voice is simple much like your own.
I may summon your pet with a short call,
or dance around you within a large hall.
People who hear me might chorus your tune,
others might simply walk out of the room.
Women who like me might smile at you,
others get angry and will think you a fool.
Summons by some while their at work,
others may think me the ultimate flirt.

What am I?

73) I can be small or big and am usually round.
I am the supreme master of steady sound.
Usually the deepest voice in any choir, *
your gentle caress I will seldom desire.
Just punish me sweetly come give me a hit, **
quickly or slowly with your hand or a stick.
Let my cries of pain lead a march into war, ***
or guide loving couples across a dance floor.

What am I?

74) I am what I am, and that is quite a lot.
Listen and I will tell you what virtues I got.
I am pure reason and sheer common sense,
around the animal I must build a fence.
I am not super - like one of my brothers,
but I do help you get along with others.
Morality is something in which I don't deal,
ably distinguishing the false from the real.

What am I?

75) I dance with the wind and my song is sweet,
my legs short or long yet they have no feet.
Made of glass, wood, metal and often shells, *
my voice twinkles like the ringing of bells.

What am I?

76) We are birds of a feather and together we nest.
We are swift in flight yet motionless at rest.
Flying one by one from one still many in flight.
Like death we appear in the middle of a fight.
Our beaks are sharp and we attack with speed.
Upon the soft flesh of our victims we do feed.
But only when we fly true from our quick start,
traveling much faster and farther than any dart.

What are we?

77) I live in a city that floats in the sky,
although a god I am destined to die.
I have three places that I call home,
but often choose to wander and roam.
Two wolves feed from my food share,
and two ravens I send to patrol the air.
My spear is deadly it will always hit, *
my gold ring is magical - I like the fit.
My horse is swift it has twice the legs, **
in the hall of the fallen I share ale kegs.
On my great throne with one eye I see, ***
the frenzy of followers who worship me.

Who am I?

78) My kind was old when the world was young,
we may weigh a few ounces or almost a ton.
Our homes are built from sixty or so bones,
our natural armor nearly hard as some stones.
Six doors we may use when were on the run,
both traveling through water or under the sun.
What are we?

79) We are three, but only one can you see.
We are what was, what is, and what will be.
What are we?

80) I am the guardian that protects death's gate,
with three hungry heads I will seal your fate.
Spawn of a half serpent and great fire giant, *
upon bones and flesh I make my daily diet.
Live serpents my mane and a tail of a snake, **
I may seem asleep, but I am usually awake.
What am I?

81) We are two that meet the one.
Our singing voice a study hum.

What am I?

82) I can flood great rivers with my tears,
my sorrow marks the passage of years.
Yet the ideal mother and perfect wife, *
my domain is magic, nature and life.
Born from the union of earth and sky, **
protector of people, but after they die.

Who am I?

83) A bearded man some may see,
before they get a closer look at me.
I have three rows of wicked teeth,
on flesh and bone I like to feast.
My voice a trumpet for all to hear,
my lion's claws strike great fear.
I may have horns or maybe wings,
depends upon the bard that sings.
The size of lion or perhaps a horse,
I devour all in just one course.
My greatest weapon is my tail, *
both a missile launcher and a flail.

What am I?

84) I am found in dark dungeons far below,
and when I go to work, I do it real slow.
I am known to just hold and then pull,
extending my victims from head to toe.

What am I?

- 85) One on one and two against two,
they battle until they be through.
Each a point they want to make,
they fight on without a break.
Two a foot, yet eight on ground,
rolling thunder the only sound.
Two braced where they may sit,
always ready for the final hit.
What are we?
- 86) I am a feline with gray and white fur.
I am always quiet I don't even purr.
On field and valley I make my home.
Over trees and grasslands I may roam.
Those who stalk me with their hand,
will see me vanish like grains of sand.
What am I?
- 87) We are bigger in the dark and smaller in the light.
Most people cover us up when it is late at night.
What are we?
- 88) The little serpent king am I,
few dare look me in the eye.
Some may attack me with a lance,
those I may kill with a glance.
I am not known for my strength,
and am twelve fingers in length.
I leave deadly venom in my wake,
my voice a hiss just like a snake.
Some say I also have fiery breath,
and where ever I go there is death.

What am I?

- 89) I am one, on one, yet balanced by two.
If pushed or pulled I may work for you.

What am I?

- 90) I am sometimes big, and in some cases small.
I guard your door and/or I decorate your hall.
Sometimes I welcome -other times I cause fear.
It mainly depends on wheather my mind is clear.
Upon my own flesh people may feed with delight.
Saving my children to roast on some other night.

What am I?

- 91) My life may be flighty and full of change.
Four times my true nature I shall rearrange.
I can polymorph with the greatest of ease.
Then mimic animals or leaves on the trees.
When I am young I could climb quite high.
Then when I was older I could touch the sky.
In my green youth I could eat for many hours
Now colorfully I drink the nectar of flowers.

What am I?

- 92) We are the many, yet all part of the one,
we live for the light, we live for the sun.
All of us are different and yet the same,
the coldness of winter our life does claim.
We start near the top usually quite high,
then sink to the gutter when its time to die.
We stick together when young and bold,
then abandon our friends when we grow old.

What are we?

- 93) I can be both your sword or shield,
a hidden force all men can wield.
To win a battle against great fright,
or comfort a child on stormy night.
My only nemesis I must make clear,
is the adversary that some call fear.
What am I?
- 94) The sport of kings and decider of wars.
My numbers many and count in scores.
More then a few heroes I have blessed,
gathering around me in sweet contest.
To prove themselves from far or near, *
by finding an eye that can shed no tear.
What am I?
- 95) The older you get the more of me you have,
I can make you happy, I can make you sad.
Master of knowledge I await in my own time, *
for those to call upon me in verse or for rhyme.
Shared with another I may gain a new life, **
similar, yet still different, as if cut be a knife.
Then should death come for you when alone, ***
a small part of your life may still be known.

What am I?
- 96) Beyond death door is my domain,
I cause great fear, I cause great pain.
Still some I may hire to do my work,
to guard my castle or bring me dirt.
I live for the night when others rest, *
my thirst is endless, my bite is death.
With rats and bats at my command, **
I feast on blood of woman and/or man.
What am I?

97) I carry a mighty spear, and strike fear,
in all those I meet in battles.
Four immortal horses strong, pull chariot long,
my bronze armor never rattles.

Who am I?

98) A wandering warden of the wood am I.
Usually, alone I ride beneath the sky.
The longbow is my weapon of choice,
I can hear the sound of nature's voice.
I own only what I can carry - it is enough,
when tracking a beast that is really tough.
I spy with my eye and know a few spells,
scouting my way over hills and dells.

What am I?

99) We our four points of a compass that has no direction,
we lead some people to truth and others to deception.
Benevolent to some, we provide yet others with rules.
Malevolent to many - who will do as they may choose.
To each point an opposite that the other must oppose.
Somewhere between us a hero's character is chose.
What are we?

Bonus question: Name the four?

100) Usually dark until the light
I await the thief in the night.
Quiet and still I will often hide
My mouth is wide from side to side
My purpose is usually very deep
Those I do catch I can usually keep.

What am I?

101) On four, on two, with two and none.
I harness the power of the blazing sun.
In cool darkness, I can see most well,
my mind is keen - I might use a spell.
Both ancient and evil I bring great fear, *
my armor impervious to arrow or spear.
I wield many wicked swords of bone, **
with massive teeth I usually hunt alone.
My destructive rage knows no measure, ***
I collect silver and gold as my treasure.

What am I?

- 1) A Suit of Armor
- 2) A Crown
- 3) A Skull
- 4) Gold
- 5) A Chain
- 6) A Troll
- 7) A Spell
- 8) A Guillotine
- 9) Pegasus
- 10) Air
- 11) An arrow (Shot by a two-eyed man through the air without eyes to hit a bulls-eye in a target.)
- 12) An Altar
- 13) Werewolf
- 14) A Throne
- 15) A Medusa
- 16) Grandfather Clock
- 17) A Picture Fame.
- 18) Unicorn.
- 19) A Tornado
- 20) An Executioner's Axe
- 21) Thor
- 22) A Trap
- 23) Gallows (Hangman's loose.)
- 24) A Succubus
- 25) An Ear of Corn (Corn Field.)
- 26) An Hourglass
- 27) Lace-up Boots/Shoes
- 28) A Paladin On Horseback
- 29) A Smoking Pipe
- 30) A Horn/Trumpet/Bugle
- 31) Your Shadow
- 32) A Hydra
- 33) A Bow
- 34) Banshee
- 35) A Chess set
- 36) A Phoenix
- 37) A Sphinx
- 38) A Blindfold
- 39) The Four directions
(North, South, East, and West)
- 40) A Mummy
- 41) Icicles (hanging off a roof or tree)
- 42) A Lion
- 43) Age
- 44) Dragons
- 45) Pirates
- 46) A Nutcracker
- 47) Wine Skin
- 48) A Catapult
- 49) Jack-O-Lantern
- 50) Day and Night
- 51) A Well (with bucket and crank)
- 52) A Feather
- 53) Colored Roses
- 54) Orcs
- 55) A Thief/Rogue
- 56) A Crystal Ball
- 57) A Wand
- 58) A Giant
- 59) A Boy, a Man, and a Gentleman
- 60) A Pentagram
- 61) A Battering Ram
- 62) Ragnarök
- 63) The Four Elements
Bonus Answer: Fire, Water, Earth, and Air.
- 64) Vengeance
- 65) A Windmill
- 66) Magic
- 67) A Treasure Map
- 68) An Iron Maiden
- 69) Sirens or Mermaids
- 70) A Statue
- 71) A Viking Longboat

- 72) Whistling
- 73) A Drum
- 74) Ego
- 75) A Wind Chime
- 76) Arrows
- 77) Odin
- 78) Turtles
- 79) The Past, Present, and the Future
- 80) Cereberus (Hades' watchdog)
- 81) A Tuning Fork
- 82) Isis
- 83) A Manticore
- 84) A Torture Rack
- 85) Two jousters
(Knights on horseback.)
- 86) A Dandelion
(Dead and going to seed.)
- 87) The Pupil Of Your Eyes
- 88) A Basilisk
- 89) A Wheelbarrow/One wheel cart
- 90) A Pumpkin
- 91) A Butterfly
- 92) Leaves
- 93) Courage
- 94) Archery (Archery Tournament)
- 95) A Memory
- 96) A Vampire
- 97) Aries/Mars
(Greek/Roman god of war.)
- 98) A Ranger
(Or Elf, riddle masters discretion.)
- 99) The four prime alignments.
Bonus Answer: Good, Evil, Law,
& Chaos.
- 100) A Pit Trap
- 101) An Ancient Red Dragon



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