

# BROTHER TWING'S OVERLY DRAMATIC RIDDLES

## ISSUE 3

1.

BENEATH YOUR CLOTHES, ABOVE YOUR SKIN,  
I'LL SHIELD YOU 'GAINST THE UNSEEN FOE.  
I AM AS ARMOUR THOUGH SOFT AND SLICK AND THIN,  
YET WITHOUT ME A PERIL AND PAIN YOU'LL KNOW.

2.

SIX SIDES, NINE SQUARES  
TURN, TWIST, CURSE, GLARE,  
SUCH GRIEF, WHO DARES?  
HOW TO? WHO CARES?

3.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS BRAVE SOULS DELVE  
ANY PUTRID PERIL TO FIGHT,  
THEY MAY, ONE DAY, STRIVE FOR YOURSELF  
TO CUT, TO STITCH, TO SET ALL RIGHT.

4.

MY FIRST IS PRIMARILY PRIMARY,  
MY SECOND IS THE SECOND OF SECONDS,  
MY THIRD IS THE FOURTH OF THE TWO BEFORE, NOT TO MENTION AFORE,  
MY FOURTH IS FIRST TO URINATE COLLOQUIALLY,  
MY FIFTH IS FIFTH OF THE SIX AND TWENTY,  
MY SIXTH BOASTS THE MAJORITY OF NINNIES,  
MY SEVENTH AT LAST FOUND ITSELF AT THE END,  
YOU SEE MY EIGHTH THROUGH THOSE WITH WHICH YOU SEE MY EIGHTH,  
MY NINTH IS ONE THIRD OF A CUR,  
TRUST WHAT YOU HEAR, BUT DON'T THINK THAT YOU YOURSELF ARE MY TENTH,  
MY ELEVENTH KILLS IN PAIRS BUT DISDAINS TO MURDER,  
MY TWELFTH'S A BEGINNING AT THE END OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA  
MY LAST IS THE FINAL DISASTER.  
MY WHOLE IS RIGHT, MY COURSE RUNS STRAIGHT, I SHALL NOT SWERVE, TIS NOT MY FATE.

5.

A THING OF WOOD AND TOPPED WITH SKIN, BOTH ROUND.  
A THOUSAND DIFFERENT THRASHES DRAW A THOUSAND DIFFERENT SOUNDS.  
A THING TO PUNCTUATE AND STIR THE HEART,  
A THING TO BID THE STILL SILENCE DEPART.

