

Module 3: Exploring Good, Evil, and Noble Sacrifice

Topic 1 Warm-Up: Anglo-Saxon Riddles

Riddle 1

I war with the wind, with the waves I wrestle;
I must battle with both when the bottom I seek,
My strange habitation by surges o'er-roofed.
I am strong in the strife, while still I remain;
As soon as I stir, they are stronger than I.
They wrench and they wrest, till I run from my foes;
What was put in my keeping, they carry away.
If my back be not broken, I baffle them still;
The rocks are my helper, when hard I am pressed;
Grimly I grip them. Guess what I'm called.

Riddle 2

My beak is below, I burrow and nose
Under the ground. I go as I'm guided
By my master the farmer, old foe of the forest;
Bent and bowed, at my back he walks,
Forward pushing me over the field;
Sows on my path wher I've passed along.
I came from the wood, a wagon carried me;
I was fitted with skill, I am full of wonders.
As grubbing I go, there's green on one side,
But black on the other, my path is seen.
A curious prong pierces my back;
Beneath me in front, another grows down
And forward pointing is fixed to my head.
I tear and gash the ground with my teeth,
If my master steer me with skill from behind.

Answer: A plow horse