

QUICKSMITHS

RIDDLE ME THIS (DIFFICULT)

Six figures together, we stand back to back
Our faces are white, our features are black
We always look outwards, we can't turn around
For one to be chosen, we fall to the ground



My ears are yellow
Some big and some small
They stir in the breeze
But don't listen at all

They have silky hairs
And grow on ear-stalks
But I'll have to grow more
When you eat them with forks!



I am a wheel that divides a wheel!



I can be both good and bad
I come in streaks and strokes
Sometimes I'm tough or hard
I can be pushed and I sometimes run out



I am used to hold things up
Although there are holes in me
Only one or two of them ever get filled in
I never come top or bottom, just somewhere in the middle