



EMAIL at 10:00



Email at 12:00



Email at 1:30



What has hands but can't feel



You look at me to see yourself



A clue to find where you keep things cold
Where to go next is what you'll be told.



Young I am tall; old I am short. I love to glow. Breath is my foe.



What goes up when the rain comes down



Bright like diamonds, hard like rock, I'm crushed or cubed or solid block.



Sniffles and sneezes are nothing new, the clue knows what to do

