



I'm scary, to most You'll find me under a tree, but not an oak. I do not croak.



Rose are red, and some are shades of pinks. You'll find this clue in a place that stinks.



As I hop on by, did I just give you a clue for number 2?



From high on my perch, I watch as things grow. I'm needed in sun, but not in the snow.



No feet or hands, yet there's much I can do. I will scare you too!



Interlocking pieces work together with ease. My grin can be scary and might make you freeze!



No feathers on my wings, I fly through the sky. My body is furry, red is my eye.



Ancient and old. Don't go in my house, curses will unfold.



As I light up the night, I could give you a fright.



Lines of silk, feet four by four, I get stuck in your hair when hung by a door.

