



I may not move but I am still alive, I need soil and water to survive.



You use me as a tool to write in school



I am usually white and on me you write



I help you out when you walk so you don't hurt yourself on a rock



Don't judge me by my cover if your a story lover



What's black when you get it, red when you use it, and white when you're all through with it?



Runs, but cannot walk, sometimes sings but never talks. Lack arms, has hands; lacks a head but has a face



I am so simple that I only point; yet I guide men all over the world



I have a head and tail, but no lets. I am that for which the beggar begs



I am used for eating a meal at a BBQ outside in the summer. An umbrella can provide me shade but the bugs can be bummer.

