3 The Underground Railroad

A Wordsearch

Fill in each blank with the right word from the grid.

N N O U N C E D T U O V E R S \mathbf{E} E R I A N_{g} P T V P Ι Τ T Y W E D S L A R N E D E S C C F WP L Τ D I L R A U N G В D L R S E E A A K E X E A R \mathbf{C} H E D U U В M R R G T C M O W S S T Q L В J T E A I \mathbf{M} C E C F R V I Ι S L S Τ V N M L A U W E В В O E C Ι I Ι E N L \mathbf{T} \mathbf{C} T A R R I O W Α C S Ι D T E U Η S T O D N L M M D A A M I T Y VC S D I P U R S U E D Α F A N Ι R U N A W A Y S G Α N В U N D L E E Τ E S S T R A D E N T R A I T Ι L G U T E L I 1 C T G T Y H O O K D Ι N D A E F I N P S S T T R E G Η K Y Y Η E L E R В D U G U Τ D Ι S Η E V E L E D M E Τ S P Η 0 S S U C С E S S I O N F U P R O G R E S

Across

1.	The woods were	(8 letters)	
2.	There was never anything to	(8 letters)	
3.	The had heard nothing. (8 letters)		
4.	The cry of a hoot	(3 letters)	
5.	It had been repeated four time	es in (10 letters)	
6.	The posters could not be	till Monday. (7 letters)	
7.	She had	her arrival. (9 letters)	
8.	Thevoice was beautiful. (5 letters)		
9.	It was hastily tied into a	(6 letters)	
10.	She could not let the	know this. (8 letters)	
11.	They would certainly be	(7 letters)	
12.	Their	was slow. (8 letters)	
13.	They had always been given _	. (7 letters)	
14.	The man looked at the eleven	runaways. (10 letters)	
15.	She heard the familiar	voice. (8 letters)	
Dov	wn		
1.	The stories about him were	(12 letters)	
2.	The	were wrong. (9 letters)	
3.	The slaves had taken to their	(5 letters)	
4.	The	was almost always made on a Sunday. (9 letters)	

5.	The po	osters offering	for the fugitives. (7.1)	etters)
6.	She ha	nd been in the	of the plantation	for days. (8 letters)
7.	Words (5 lette	of her coming spread from ers)	to	•
8.	She w	as tha	t more and more slaves	etc. (10 letters)
9.	The ne	ew law had become a		
10.). She could not let the runaways who her know this (11 letters)		her know this.	
11.	She he	eard the sound of	(7 letters)	
12.	Не	the door in h	er face. (7 letters)	
13.	They 1	eally slept until	(4 letters)	No. 1985 Programme
В	Right (they left it was withorder ragraphs in the right order.	(10 lette	ers)
	As she went farther and farther back in time, she spoke of the old slave ships, and the horror of the Middle Passage, retelling the stories she had heard as a child, stories of whips and chains and branding irons, of a quenchless thirst, and the black smell of death in the hold of a Yankee slaver. The word freedom became more than a word, it became a glory over everything.			
		Sometimes she told about Colhaired boy (he was twenty-six aristocratic families, who had Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts. Shwagner, how he was determine prove that black men would fipitched forward, dead, his serge) from one of Boston's ole commanded a regiment he told about how he led hed to prove the bravery light no matter what the	ldest and most of black men, the the attack on of his regiment, to

1	As Harriet Tubman grew older, the pattern of her life changed again. It was as a storyteller that Harriet's active years came to a close. She had never learned to read and write, but she compensated for this handicap by developing a memory on which was stamped everything she had ever heard or seen or experienced.
	Sometimes she went even farther back in her memory, to the days of the plantation and the overseer and the master. Then her listener could see a row of sway-backed cabins, smell the smoky smell from the fireplaces, could see a fifteen-year-old girl huddled under a dirty blanket, could see the great hole in her head and blood pouring from what should have been a mortal wound.
	In each house where she came, she was given a cup of hot tea with butter in it, which was the way she liked it. As she sipped the buttered tea, she would sometimes tell about the Underground Railroad, and that first trip she made to Canada, and how all of them were ragged, hungry, dirty, cold and afraid. Hunger worse than cold, the pinching of the stomach, pain in the stomach, from hunger. And fear worse than hunger, fear like a paralysis, fear so strong it was something they could feel and taste.
	Or when she told about the South, the woman listening to her could feel the warm air in Beaufort, hear the mewing of seagulls, smell the magnolias and the jasmine, see the sharp-edged shiny greenness of palmettos, feel sand warm to the touch, see the great fireflies flitting about high up in the tops of the trees at night.
	She died on March 10, 1913. In many ways she represented the end of an era, the most dramatic, and the most tragic era in American history. Despite her work as a nurse, a scout, and a spy, in the Civil War, she will be remembered longest as a conductor on the Underground Railroad.
	She had a highly developed sense of the dramatic, a sense of the comic, and because in her early years she had memorized verses from the Bible, word for word, the surge and sway of the majestic rhythm of the King James version of the Bible was an integral part of her speech. It was these qualities that made her a superb storyteller.

Whoever heard her talk like that had a deeper understanding of the long hard way she had come. In 1903 she turned her home and twenty-five acres of land over to the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church of Auburn, to be used as a home for the sick, the poor, the homeless, though she continued to live there herself.

She made her listener see the snow in Canada, the trees hung with icicles, see Niagara Falls like frozen music in the winter. And she invariably ended the recital with a note of pride in her voice, as she said: "And I never ran my train off the track, and I never lost a single passenger."

Harriet and her one-woman audience were no longer in a quiet kitchen in the North; they were in cypress swamps, or walking under live oaks hung with Spanish moss; they saw cotton fields and rice fields, and heard the swash of a river against the banks.