

An Elemental Tale: **THE GOLD DUST KID**



The kid mounted his trusty steed, old [B] **Boron**. His shooting [Fe] **Iron** strapped to his side, he headed out for the bright [Ne] **Neon** lights of Sabattus, aiming to rob the Litchfield stage. There was sure to be a load of precious [U] **Uranium** aboard, and probably [K] **Potassium**, too. Inhaling a deep breath of [O] **Oxygen** he coughed on the [S] **Sulphur** from the nearby mills. Since the [Hg] **Mercury** was climbing, he quenched his thirst with some H₂O, tasting the [Cl] **Chlorine** all big cities like Wales had. As he headed north his bones ached from [Ca] **Calcium** deposits built up over years of riding the [Zn] **Zinc** trail. Overhead a [He] **Helium** filled balloon floated in the breeze; the sun beat down like burning [P] **Phosphorous**.

Soon he spotted the stage, guarded only by a sheriff with a [Sn] **Tin** badge. "Halt," he yelled, "or I'll fill you full of [Pb] **Lead**." The sheriff drew his gun, but alas, was too slow. The kid's gun, blazing like flaming [Mg] **Magnesium** did the [Cu] **Copper** in. Anyone who drew on the Kid should know his life wasn't worth a plugged [Ni] **Nickel**. A [Pt] **Platinum** blonde riding beside the [Al] **Aluminum** - framed coach rode for her life when the Kid pulled out some [N] **Nitrogen** compounds, preparing to blow the safe to atoms.

Suddenly, a shout rang out, "Hi ho [Ag] **Silver**," and a masked man on a white horse raced across the [Si] **Silicon** sands like [Na] **Sodium** skittering on H₂O. A [H] **Hydrogen** bomb would not have stopped the lawman; the Kid had met his doom. The rest of his life was to be spent behind [Co] **Cobalt** steel bars, a warning to all who flirt with danger. Your first detention may be the initial step in a [C] **Carbon** copy life of the saga of the [Au] **Gold** Dust Kid.

