

An Elemental Tale:

THE GOLD DUST KID



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

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

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

