

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## 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 Toronto, aiming to rob the mid-day stage. There was sure to be a load of precious [Au] \_\_\_\_\_ aboard, and probably [K] \_\_\_\_\_, too. Inhaling a deep breath of [O] \_\_\_\_\_ he coughed on the [S] \_\_\_\_\_ from the nearby factories.



Since the [Hg] \_\_\_\_\_ was climbing, he quenched his thirst with some H<sub>2</sub>O, tasting the [Cl] \_\_\_\_\_ all big cities like Windsor had. As he headed north his bones ached from [Ca] \_\_\_\_\_ deposits built up over the years of riding the [Zn] \_\_\_\_\_ trail.



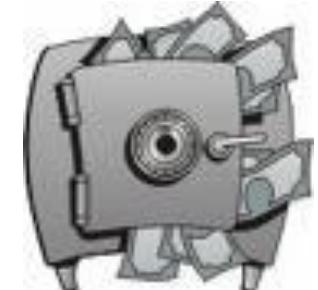
Overhead a [He] \_\_\_\_\_ -filled balloon floated in the breeze; the sun beat down like burning [P] \_\_\_\_\_. Soon, he spotted the stage, guarded only by a sheriff with a [Sn] \_\_\_\_\_ badge. "Halt," he yelled... "or I'll fill you full of [Pb] \_\_\_\_\_. " The sheriff drew his gun, but alas, was 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 [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 H<sub>2</sub>O. A [H] \_\_\_\_\_ bomb would not have stopped 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.



Author Unknown