

AN ELEMENTAL TALE: THE GOLD DUST KID

(Author unknown)

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. Any one 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 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.