

# FIND THESE ELEMENTS!

\_\_\_ Hydrogen

\_\_\_ Nickel

\_\_\_ Carbon

\_\_\_ Nitrogen

\_\_\_ Silver

\_\_\_ Fluorine

\_\_\_ Neon

\_\_\_ Sodium

\_\_\_ Magnesium

\_\_\_ Aluminum

\_\_\_ Phosphorus

\_\_\_ Sulfur

\_\_\_ Chlorine

\_\_\_ Potassium

\_\_\_ Calcium

\_\_\_ Chromium

\_\_\_ Iron

Co \_\_\_\_\_

He \_\_\_\_\_

Zn \_\_\_\_\_

Cu \_\_\_\_\_

O \_\_\_\_\_

Sn \_\_\_\_\_

I \_\_\_\_\_

Ba \_\_\_\_\_

Au \_\_\_\_\_

Hg \_\_\_\_\_

Pb \_\_\_\_\_

U \_\_\_\_\_

Mn \_\_\_\_\_

Li \_\_\_\_\_

B \_\_\_\_\_

Br \_\_\_\_\_

**What are the following atom's numbers? (Atomic Numbers)**

<b>Mg</b>	
<b>Al</b>	
<b>He</b>	
<b>I</b>	
<b>Cu</b>	
<b>Fe</b>	
<b>B</b>	

<b>Ra</b>	
<b>Sc</b>	
<b>N</b>	
<b>O</b>	
<b>C</b>	
<b>Be</b>	
<b>Sn</b>	

**What does the atom's number tell us?** \_\_\_\_\_

**How heavy are the following atoms? (Atomic mass)**

<b>Ca</b>	
<b>Li</b>	
<b>S</b>	
<b>Mg</b>	
<b>H</b>	
<b>K</b>	
<b>Zn</b>	
<b>Ba</b>	

<b>Na</b>	
<b>Au</b>	
<b>Ni</b>	
<b>Te</b>	
<b>Br</b>	
<b>Ne</b>	
<b>F</b>	
<b>W</b>	





## 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 [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 H<sub>2</sub>O, tasting the [Cl] \_\_\_\_\_ all big cities like Brockville 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 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 H<sub>2</sub>O. 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. Author unknown