



## A Sleeping Giant

I am a compressed gas cylinder.

I weigh in at 175 pounds—when filled.

I am pressurized at 2,200 pounds psi.

I have a wall thickness of about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch.

I stand 57 inches off the deck.

I am nine inches in diameter.

I wear a cap when not in use.

I wear valves, gauges and hoses when at work.

I wear many color bands to tell what task I perform.

I transform miscellaneous stacks of material into glistening ships when properly used.

I transform glistening ships into miscellaneous stacks of material when allowed to unleash my fury unchecked.

I am ruthless and deadly in the hands of the careless or the uninformed.

I am too frequently left standing alone on my small base with my cap removed by unthinking workers.

I am ready to be toppled over—where my naked valve can be snapped off and all of my power released through an opening only slightly larger than a lead pencil.

I am proud of my capabilities—here are a few:

I have been known to jet away—faster than any dragster.

I smash through brick walls with the greatest of ease.

I fly through the air and reach distances of half a mile or more.

I spin, ricochet, crash and slash through anything in my path.

I scoff at the puny efforts of human flesh, bone and muscle to alter my erratic course.

I can under certain conditions, rupture or explode—you read of these exploits in the newspaper.

You can master me only under my terms.

Full or empty—see to it that my cap is on straight and snug. Never, ever, leave me standing along—keep me in a secure rack, or tie me so that I cannot fail.

**I AM A SLEEPING GIANT**

(Author Unknown)