

A Sleeping Giant

I am a compressed gas cylinder.
I weigh in at 175 pounds with or without gas.
I am pressurized at 2,200 pounds per square inch (psi).
I have a wall thickness of about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
I stand 57 inches tall.
I am 9 inches in diameter.
I wear a cap when not in use.
I wear valves, gauges, and hoses when at work.
I wear many colors and bands to tell what tasks I perform.
I transform miscellaneous stacks of material into glistening ships and many other things when properly used.
I transform glistening ships and many other things into miscellaneous stacks of material when allowed to unleash my fury unchecked.
I am ruthless and deadly in the hands of the careless or uninformed.
I am too frequently left standing alone on my small base with my cap removed or lost by an unthinking workman.
Then I am ready to be toppled over, my naked valve can be snapped off and all of my power can be unleashed through an opening no larger than a lead pencil.



I am proud of my capabilities!!

Here are a few of them:

- I have been known to jet away faster than any dragster.
 - I smash my way 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 change my erratic course.
- I can, under certain conditions, rupture or explode – you read of these exploits in the newspapers.

You can be my master only under my terms:

- Full or empty, see to it that my cap is on, straight and snug.
- Never...I repeat, never leave me standing alone.
- Keep me in a secure rack, or in a corner, or tie me so that I cannot fall.

TREAT ME WITH RESPECT...FOR I AM A SLEEPING GIANT.

-Marshall Peterson A.M.A
