A Sleeping Giant

I am a compressed gas cylinder.

I weigh in at 175 pounds when filled. I am pressurized at 2,200 pounds per square inch. I stand 57 inches off the deck, am 9 inches in diameter, and am enclosed in a shell about one-quarter inch thick. 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. These also let you know how you can work safely with me.

I transform miscellaneous stacks of material into glistening ships when used properly. But I can transform glistening ships into miscellaneous stacks of material when allowed to unleash my fury. I am ruthless and deadly in the hands of the careless or uninformed.

I am too frequently left standing alone on my small base—my cap removed and lost by an unthinking worker. That means I am ready to be toppled over—where my unprotected valve can be snapped off and all my power released through an opening only slightly larger than a lead pencil.

I am proud of that power and of my capabilities. Here are a few: 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 a half 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 can read of these exploits in the newspaper.

You can be 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 tie me so I cannot fall.

Treat me with respect. I am a sleeping giant.

Safety Talk

Print Employee Name

Employee Signature

Print Employee Name

Employee Signature

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