I am a compressed gas cylinder.

I weigh in at 175 pounds when filled.

I am pressurized at 2,200 pounds psi.

I have wall thickness of about one-fourth 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, gages, and hoses when at work.

I wear many colors and bands to tell what tasks I perform.

I transform miscellaneous stacks of material into many shapes and forms when properly used.

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 workman.

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 know 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 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 - 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.