

T'was the Night for Fire Safety



T'
was
the night
before Christmas,
when all through the
house 🍎 not a creature
was stirring, not even a
mouse. 🍎 When down
through the chimney, all covered
with soot 🍎 came the “Spirit of
Fire”. An ugly galoot. 🍎 His eyes
glowed like embers. His features were
stern 🍎 as he looked all around him for
something to burn. 🍎 What he saw made him
grumble – his anger grew higher. 🍎 For there
wasn’t a single thing that would start a good fire.
No door had been blocked by a big Christmas
tree. 🍎 It stood in the corner, leaving passageways
free. 🍎 The lights that glow brightly for Betty and Tim
had been hung with precaution, so none touched a limb. 🍎
All wiring was new, not a break could be seen 🍎 and plenty of
fresh water at its base kept the tree nice and green. 🍎 The tree had
been trimmed by a mother insistent 🍎 that the ornaments used should
be fire-resistant. 🍎 The mother had known the things to avoid 🍎 like cotton
and paper and plain celluloid. 🍎 Rock wool, metal icicles and trinkets of glass 🍎
gave life to the tree – it really had class. 🍎 And, would you believe it, right next to the
tree 🍎 was a suitable box for holding debris. 🍎 A place to hold wrappings of paper and
string 🍎 from all of the gifts that Santa might bring. 🍎 The ugly galoot was so mad, he could
burst 🍎 as he climbed up the chimney
in utter disgust!
For the folks in this
home had paid
close attention to
all of the rules of
**GOOD FIRE
PREVENTION!**