# *T'was the Night for Fire Safety*

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'T
w a s
the night
b e f o r e
C h r i s t m a s ,
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 the big Christmas tree ★ It stood in the
corner, leaving passageways free. ★ The lights that glow
brightly for Betty and Tim ★ Had been hung with precau-
tion, so none touched a limb. ★ All wiring was new, not a
break could be seen ★ And wet sand 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 bust ★ 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.