

Safety Check ✓

From the Safety Chick

STOP . . . ARRET . . . ALTO . . . PARE . . . STOP

Not very tall,
Just seven feet in height,
Recognizable by all,
A very common sight,

Sometimes at the end of the road,
Or entering the highway,
To all traffic, no matter the load,
It tells who has the right of way,

Almost always red and white,
The octagon is known to all,
Even in the lights of night,
The message is a clear call,

Upon a bike, seems easy to ignore,
That single word keeps everyone in line,
Even tho' halting you may abhor,
Please, please respect the sign.

