

# S.A.B.L.E. 4 Poem

In the fall it all began,  
Two teachers,  
And a group of students,  
With a plan,  
To launch a S.A.B.L.E project into the  
stratosphere  
Now here we are,  
The final days,  
Ready for our experiment to go,  
Up...  
Up...  
And away.

It'll all start at six-thirty on the dot,  
Using all the information we were taught,  
We will first get the pink box,  
Filled with a camera, tracking system and  
packing peanuts  
This payload container will protect our  
equipment no ifs, ands or buts.

Then comes the latex balloon,  
It takes many to fill,  
With the slightest mistake,  
It will pop,  
Making a loud shrill.  
As helium is added the balloon will grow,  
And grow and grow,  
How high will it go?  
No one knows.

After that the parachute is attached,  
Insure the project doesn't crash,  
With bold red and black,  
Sir George Simpson colours,  
This S.A.B.L.E. launch is assured not be a  
blunder.

When the preparation is done,

We will let our project go,  
And let it ascend,  
But slow,  
It may go a hundred thousand feet,  
Or more,  
But one thing's for sure,  
It will soar.

Then like a convoy,  
We will follow the balloon's every move,  
Monitoring winds aloft, its direction and  
altitude.

Finally the balloon will burst,  
And begin to fall,  
Our project has made its final call.

When we locate the payload,  
All of our hard work will be showed,  
The pictures from the camera proof,  
But nothing like the memories we've had.

By Kaitlyn Hunder

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Sir George Simpson  
Balloon Club Team

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