

The Car

By Amanda Cobb

I parked that car there four weeks ago. It was my pride and joy, a classic that I had been restoring with my father just before his death. We finished it the night before he had the heart attack. The story of the car is a sordid tale of curses, death, and junkyards. A woman had first bought it in 1969 for her son, who was set to come home from Vietnam two weeks later. He never made it home. She cursed the car by pouring her grief and anger into its seats. The day after she was told of her son's death, she sold the car to a neighbor for his son, who was in high school.

The young man was a star football player, all-American and had a scholarship to a prime university. The car was his graduation present, one his father believed he had earned. They thought that it was a coincidence that the original owner, the grief stricken woman, had died within a month of selling the car. The football player drove this car for three years. He decided to get married, and needed money for the wedding, so he sold it. The young man he sold it to was a pilot in the Air Force, fresh out of training and wanting a fast car. He drove away and never knew that within the month the football star and his fiancé would be killed in a freak electrical storm.

The pilot drove the cursed car for six years, but had no time to maintain it. Once it broke down, he had it towed to a junkyard. The pilot was never informed of the history of the car, nor had he ever bothered to check the various compartments. Apparently one month after scraping the car, the pilot's plane crashed. Mechanical

malfunction. My father owned that junkyard. The first thing he did was look in all compartments of any vehicle brought to him. He found a paper that detailed each event related to the car, but when he tried to remove it, it flew back into the glove box right from his hand.

After having read the list, and checked to see if it was accurate or just a horrible prank, Dad decided to keep the car hidden. He had many teen boys in and out of his junkyard, looking for cars and motorcycles to fix and drive and did not want to be responsible for any new deaths. He did not foresee, at twenty-five, that his then one month old son would be the next owner of that car.

I found the car when I was fifteen, hidden in the back of the yard covered in dirt and rust. Like most boys, I had no care for what was in the glove box my only concern was what was under the hood. I spent the better part of two years trying to convince my father to let me have it. He tried to warn me about the curse, but I refused to listen. Finally he relented, "It cant kill me if I don't sell it to you, boy, and you'd better never sell it neither!" he said, his voice gruff as ever. I promised and we set immediately to work.

It took years, because I had school and Dad had other things to do. Every second Saturday, regardless of how busy we were, Dad and I restored the car to its former glory. Last month, right before the paint had dried, Dad transferred the title over to me. I drove away in my new car, eager to show it to my wife and two year old daughter. He had his first heart attack two weeks later, catching us by surprise because he didn't eat poorly. His second heart attack hit like a tone of bricks the

next week, and he was barely out of the hospital when the third killed him, last week. I haven't driven the car since, and plan to move it into my backyard. I found the list yesterday, my father's death listed at the bottom. I did not write it, but there it is. I will never sell this car; I paid for it with my father's life.