

## The possessed brake lathe

This chilling story is about the brake lathe that took many lives by itself. It became possessed after a poor soul had an accident while trying to fix a rotor. He died using it and nobody tried to help or cared. Since the accident happened, twenty odd years ago, nobody even knew the story behind it. They kept it all these years and that is where they went wrong.

One day, while Mr. Payne was using the brake lathe for a demonstration, he noticed it was acting weird; so he used the other one while he had a technician look it over. The technician gave it the go ahead. Mr. Payne just shrugged it off. Even though it was turning on and off by itself and making weird noises, everyone just let it go because poor gullible Mr. Payne believed the stupid technician.

Two weeks later, while Mike was using the lathe, he had touched the moving parts on the machine even though it was off. The machine suddenly turned on and he pulled his hand off of it. However, while he started laughing, he didn't notice that his face was too close and he got the skin on his face caught on the moving parts. This ripped his head completely off, spraying blood all over the wall and the floor. But when everyone turned around, there was no blood, no body, no Mike.

While people starting assuming Mike was skipping school, his parents started hanging posters about his disappearance. Everyone was upset, but couldn't help him now. So they all went about their day. One day, Caton and Damian were redoing a rotor for Mr. Payne's mustang. All of a sudden, the rotor fell off, (even though they tightened it down) landed on Damian's foot, causing him to yank his leg up. Then it got caught and ripped it off at the hip. Caton screamed for help and tried to help him, but the both fell in and the machine and was tore limb from limb. By the time people came to help, the machine was just spinning. Nothing was to be found of either of them.

People were starting to get worried of was happening to all of their friends. But a few weeks later, work had to be done; so they continued to work. While Tristan was machining a drum, he inhaled some off the brake dust and the metal chips that somehow made it up to his face. He decided that he would be fine and not to tell anyone that it happened. So he went about

his life as usual. Well, a week later, he started sounding like he had a cold. However, what he didn't know was that it was the graphite and metal slowly but surely eating away at his lungs, slowly killing him. The following week, he died on the way to the emergency room from agonizing chest pain. He just stopped breathing.

Since everyone thought it was an act of nature, they went to the funeral to pay their respects to their fellow gear head. After the funeral, things went back to normal... for a little while. The next day, Cody was practicing with machining a rotor when he got metal chips under his nail. Because of this, he got Owen to watch the machine while he went to wash the metal out. Well, while Owen was watching it, his shirt got caught in the machine. It just ripped it off of him. When he turned around laughing, his belt got stuck and it tore him in half, leaving his upper body on the floor. With the little bit of strength he had left, he reached for his bottom half that was spinning around the machine. It pulled the rest of him in. Cody came back to find the machine off and Owen nowhere to be found at all. He didn't think anything of it. He figured that he needed to help someone else, so he finished and went to get ready to leave.

The next day, Hillary inspected the lathe before she started to use it. She was going over everything like she should. Then, she got to the cutting knife. When she put her fingers on it, it suddenly turned on taking all of her fingers off her right hand. As she screamed a horrible screech from hell, she got her hair caught in the spinning head; causing the machine to almost scalp her. After she was rushed to the hospital, she bled out. Now, after two confirmed deaths caused by the lathe, nobody wants to use it at all.

Now that the class is winding down to almost nobody, they had to work harder around the shop. During one of Mr. Paynes crappy clean up days, Doug was wiping down all the machines and make sure they were in spec. He cleaned the tire machines, the lifts, and even the sink. But when he got to lathe, he didn't think anything of it. He started cleaning it, put the wet rag on the wires to wipe off the dust, and it started to electrocute him. He tried to let go, but the electricity flowing throughout his body caused his grip to tighten over the bare wires. He fried from the inside out. When Cody came to check on him, he was gone. All he could smell was something burning but he saw no smoke or fire.

At the end of the year, there were only a few sophomores left. Even two juniors were missing. Everyone seemed to be ok with coping with the deaths and the “runaways” now. They all went about life, not worried about anything. But next year, a whole new class of new sophomores is coming up. It’s just all going to start again.