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A Stranger I Met

A few weeks ago, I was strolling down the street when a person in a large coat and a fedora approached me, slipped a coin in my hand and walked away, only saying a few words, "Tell no one." I wanted to look back at them but they just disappeared. I glanced at the coin in my hand and it looked ancient, like it had not been touched in forever. I slipped it into my pocket and continued on my way.

I returned to my apartment in a decent part of the town. I took the coin out of my pocket and placed it on a table while I went to take a shower. Once I was done with my shower, I was going to change when I realised the coin was not where I left it. I checked and double checked but I could not find it.

I then looked over at my television to find the coin on top, perfectly still and perfectly balanced on its edge. I picked it up and gawked at it for a while, trying to think of how it got there. Then I decided I must have put it there and forgot. But something told me I was wrong. Very wrong. I left it on the table again and went to change.

I finished changing and returned to see the coin gone again. I found it in the kitchen. I thought of calling someone when I remembered what the stranger had said, "Tell no one." I stared at the coin and suspected that something was wrong about it and decided to heed their order. It seemed normal. But I knew it was not. Just then, the coin began to shake violently until it fell out of my hand and onto the floor.

I moved to pick it up but it flew away from me and to the doorway with the door left open, and the stranger standing there with the coin in their hand.

"Thanks," is all they said, before walking away and disappearing without a trace once again.