

Have I ever told you about my friend's lovecraftian gold ring?

So I haven't seen this guy in weeks. We normally train together on the weekends, but for the past 3 weeks he hadn't turned up. I called him once in a while, but he rarely answers his phone, so I didn't think much of it.

So, come Saturday, I head to the gym.

I approach the door and see some drug addict pacing in the shadows, looking all skittish. Like a WWII vet.

As I get closer to the door he stops dead, and to my alarm, approaches me.

It was Steve, my friend, wearing these scuffed up dark grey joggers and a black hoodie stained with some yellow pus like substance, heavy bags under his red eyes, looking like he hadn't slept in days.

Recovering from the momentary shock I smile "What's going on man, looking a bit worse for wear are we? Haven't seen you in a long time! Where have you-" he cut me off mid sentence and says .

"Yeah Yeah I'm good, you?" I was about to answer when he continues

"I need you to do me a favour,"

Looking at his clothes I was expecting him to ask for money or a place to sleep, both of which I would happily provide

I honestly didn't expect him to fish his hands into his filthy hoodie and retrieve a dirty looking gold ring.

Up till this point his eyes had been moving from left to right like a paranoid schizophrenic. As he takes this ring out of his pocket he levels me with a withering stare, "this is important to me", he whispered intensely

"I need you to keep it safe for a bit, five days, maybe a week, then I'll come and get it".

He outstretched his palm with the ring in the centre, I took it, bewildered, staring down at it for a second transfixed, enamoured by the runelike engravings.

I didn't notice him leave.

After watching his back for a few seconds, I decided not to go after him

His behaviour was strange for sure, but I was busy. He's a grown man.

When I got home I put the ring on a shelf and forgot about it.

Until now

Over the past couple of days, I've been seeing some weirdness around my house

On Tuesday I saw a guy on sitting on some stairs violently headbanging as if he was listening to Iron Maiden

On Thursday I saw another guy ravenously munching on chicken bones in the middle of a path who's eyes followed me as I walked around him

I saw another guy the next day just standing, facing a corner perfectly still , like a child in the naughty corner

The next guy was the strangest one

The first time I glanced at him he was playing an invisible recorder, the second time we locked eyes, it was extremely unnerving, he seemed so calm, not calm like a clear mountain spring, but calm like oblivion. Like there was nothing behind his eyes.

I looked away, and the next time I looked, he wasn't there.

All of these things appeared within ten metres of each other

Now I don't know what alien Lovecraftian horrors I've been seeing

But either way, I feel like the oblivious protagonist who gets killed because they ignore all the signs.

Should I destroy the ring?