



NatWest

PRESENTS
THE SCAMMER HOUSE OF HORRORS

TWISTED FATE



A SPOOKY TALE OF THE INVISIBLE
CRYPTO SCAMMER

Hannah put down the holiday brochure and sighed. She'd never be able to afford a break with her friends. It just wasn't fair. At work everyone seemed to be making money on the side. Supplementing their income in some way. Alice was selling cosmetics, Ruth had invested in a start-up company and even Gary had a podcast. With no chance of



a pay rise this year she was desperate for a bit more cash. So, it felt like fate when that evening, an advert popped up on Hannah's social media page.



She rarely acknowledged pop-ups, but this one caught Hannah's attention. A new crypto currency. Hannah had heard about how much people were making investing in digital currency. She knew next to nothing about it but her curiosity was piqued. The ad featured a recognisable brand and that man from the telly who presented a gardening show - Hannah recognised him immediately. She liked gardening. She also liked the promise of high returns on minimal investments.

Hannah looked at the advert again wondering if it could be a scam but quickly brushed aside any nagging doubts 'it can't hurt to just take a look' she thought '....can it?'

Hannah clicked through to the glossy website. She glanced at the testimonials. People from all over the world investing a small amount and seeing an almost immediate return on their money - guaranteed. She wanted what they had. She deserved it.

Convinced, she filled out the form with her personal details. Little did she know that evil was lurking in the shadows. But it was too late, she had crossed the line. The traps had been set. There was no turning back now.

Almost immediately Hannah's phone vibrated making her jump. She had received an email. She clicked on it and saw clippings from newspapers and websites from all over the world. All legitimising the crypto company. This was it, thought Hannah, this was fate.

But fate has a funny way of twisting...

For an initial deposit of £100 she was guaranteed a return of at least £600. It felt too good to be true.



A sudden chill ran down her spine. Something didn't feel right - but was she just being over cautious? She ignored the voice in her head telling her to stop. After all, it was only £100.

But she was wrong. In those few careless moments the cost would be far greater than she ever imagined.

Hannah clicked the link and filled in her personal details. Her finger hit the send button. Within a few moments her phone rang. Number withheld. Strange. Hannah answered the call. The 'investment broker' introduced himself. He seemed friendly, knowledgeable, a little pushy maybe, but she expected that.

The promise of easy money was intoxicating. She felt a surge of excitement and barely acknowledged that she'd just agreed an additional £250 to activate her account. All she could think about was the £600 a day return.

And so it began, the endless empty promises. The surcharges, the fees, the tax, the new investment opportunities. Convincing emails. Pushy phone calls. What choice did she have but to hand over the money? She was in too deep. She knew nothing about crypto currency and was assured that this is how the process worked.

Within a few days she had reluctantly handed over more than a thousand pounds. Hannah called in sick from work and had barely slept – so much money invested in something she knew so little about...

When a new email arrived she quickly opened it. She breathed a sigh of relief to finally read that in just three days she would finally see her investment flourish.



And so she waited.

On the third day Hannah woke up, grabbed her laptop and immediately attempted to log in and check her account.



'Strange' thought Hannah as the password was denied. She tried again. And again. She stared helplessly at the screen. The sudden feeling of nausea crept through her body. With trembling hands she searched the website and emails for a contact number. She found nothing. She



suddenly remembered that they had always called her. She checked the call log on her phone and let out a yelp of frustration as she saw a string of calls with the number always withheld.

With rising panic taking hold, she replied to one of their emails demanding an explanation. A few seconds later her email was returned. The email address no longer existed. She dropped to her knees. 'There must be someone to contact' she sobbed.

But there wasn't. No one to contact. No one to help her. No one to blame but herself.

And as Hannah wept, thousands of miles away, a strange man sat in a dark room, his face illuminated by his computer screen.

'They say there's no such thing as a get rich quick scheme'. 'I disagree' grinned the man as he finished checking his account. He smiled to himself revealing a row of crooked, yellowing teeth. 'My heart would go out to poor, naïve, little Hannah - if only I had one' he cackled, his evil laugh echoing through the night.





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