

Don't believe everything

After a normal day at my job as a secretary in the city office, I returned home. A 10-story apartment building in the neighbourhood Jarun, where I rented an apartment, is what I call home now. I moved there two months ago and knew only a few tenants. - My name is Jakov and I moved here yesterday, said the handsome blond young man whom I met in the elevator that day. We talked for ten minutes by the elevator. He talked almost the whole time about his ex-girlfriend. However, he also invited me for a drink in a cafe next to the building in the evening. I gave the excuse that a good friend of mine was coming because I somehow didn't like the way he talked about his ex-girlfriend.

While I was preparing lunch, an e-mail message arrived. - Get in touch if you are interested in doing business via the Internet. Earnings are excellent. - The message sent from an unknown e-mail address intrigued me because even though I have a solid salary, I wanted to buy my own apartment as soon as possible. I replied, and in a couple of minutes, the employer introduced me to a project where hundreds of young people around the world were making money online (at least that's what they said). I said I was interested and mentioned my language and computer skills. I was surprised when I received another email within half an hour. It said that I was an excellent candidate for the job and that I should send my date of birth, personal identification number (OIB) and bank account number to which the salary will be paid and the passwords of my profiles. Being in a good mood, I immediately sent all the info they asked for. In the evening, my best friend Ana called me and invited me for coffee and I agreed to come. When we met, I told her about my future job over the Internet. She told me that it didn't seem like a good idea, but that I should see how it goes since I had already been hired. The next morning, as soon as I arrived at work, my personal cell phone rang. I saw Anna's name on the screen. She usually never called me early in the morning so I found it strange. - I just saw your ? Facebook status about not being able to stand your boss and planning to quit your job because of him. You didn't tell me anything about it and that status is not your style... As she continued recounting the details of my status, beads of sweat broke out on my forehead. - Has anyone from the office seen this status yet? Will I get fired? What will my parents say?... -

I immediately went to check my profiles. - Don't believe everything you hear and see – this sentence was part of the status about my boss. The boss allegedly used these words when he shouted at me and called me stupid because I misunderstood clients' requests. In fact, my boss never called me stupid, and we got along really well.

Knock, knock, knock, knock... Only the boss knocks on my door four times. I looked at him confused when he entered. He is not on social media, but someone had already told him about my status. While I was showing him the status and trying to explain that I didn't write it, the sentence *Don't believe everything you hear and see* echoed in my head. - Boss, I know who is behind the status - I exclaimed loudly when I suddenly realized what that was all about. Then I told the boss everything about the meeting with my neighbor Jakov. My boss was a reasonable man. He said he believed me but insisted that I prove that I really didn't write it. Since a lot of bad things were written about him in that status, he wanted to avoid problems with his superiors. I had no choice but to contact the police. I told them everything. They visited my neighbor the same day with a warrant to inspect his computer. They discovered he was logged in to all my social media profiles. -Police officer Marko told me that Jakov decided to take revenge on every girl who refused to go on a date with him - police officer Marko told me. Happy that everything ended well, I first informed my friend Ana about what happened, and then knocked four times on the door of my boss.

Story for reading in Croatia

Invisible Ela Crus

What is your name? Ella Cruz. So, Ella, why did you choose this particular job?...

This was my job interview. If you're interested, yes, I got the job. It wasn't easy, but I did it. They called me two weeks later and told me that I was hired. I believe it's because they didn't have much of a choice. Do I love my job? I like the peace and quiet that accompany me every day. I think other employees don't know they have a new colleague because, as usual, no one notices me here. I have only one friend whom I have known since my school days. She's the only one I can talk to. Elena is the person with whom I share my problems.

Beep Beep Beep...

Oh no, who's crazy enough to work on Saturdays? Okay, okay, I have to calm down or I'll be late. I took my seat in the office. As usual, I was a little late, but no one noticed. Excellent! The message said: *You finally changed your mind about Facebook and created your Facebook profile? You chose good photos.* She also sent me a screenshot of her profile under the name "Ella Cruz". Why would someone pretend to be me? How does anyone even know I exist? There are so many questions in my head and not a single possible answer.

After work, I went for coffee with Elena and she showed me the fake profile. Whoever made it obviously understands Facebook well because he blocked me from accessing the account. All my personal information is on that fake profile which is set to public. Just when we put our cell phones on the table and reached for our coffees, my bank account came to mind — and I instantly froze. We rushed to the first ATM and my dark premonitions turned out to be true. My account was empty. The \$20,000 savings were no longer in my account.

Elena and I went to the police station. We were greeted by policeman Ian. Together, we came up with a plan for Elena to contact the anonymous person who created the fake profile. Unfortunately, the police could not locate him because the profile led to my address. Perfect! — I said sarcastically to policeman Ian.

After a month of investigation, the police found out that a certain Ella Cruz had found a job in the building right next to mine. I can't describe the feeling I had when the police invited me to the station and showed me a girl whose real name was Isabel Jones. When I heard her name, I remembered that I once clicked on a link sent from Isabel Jones' email address. Confused, I watched her through the glass in the interrogation room and noticed that she looked quite similar to me. The police showed me several photos of her. She used to be blonde, but now she had black hair like me. They have been looking for her for two years for all kinds of crimes.

A lot has changed since the case was closed. Now everyone at work knows I exist. The only problem is that I can no longer be late for work because everyone knows me, notices me, and loves me. What a strange way to find new friends, don't you agree?

The boss

After a normal day at my job as a secretary in the city office, I returned home. A 10-story apartment building in the neighbourhood Jarun, where I rented an apartment, is what I call home now. I moved there two months ago and knew only a few tenants. - My name is Jakov and I moved here yesterday, said the handsome blond young man whom I met in the elevator that day. We talked for ten minutes by the elevator. He talked almost the whole time about his ex-girlfriend. However, he also invited me for a drink in a cafe next to the building in the evening. I gave the excuse that a good friend of mine was coming because I somehow didn't like the way he talked about his ex-girlfriend.

While I was preparing lunch, an e-mail message arrived. - Get in touch if you are interested in doing business via the Internet. Earnings are excellent. - The message sent from an unknown e-mail address intrigued me because even though I have a solid salary, I wanted to buy my own apartment as soon as possible. I replied, and in a couple of minutes, the employer introduced me to a project where hundreds of young people around the world were making money online (at least that's what they said). I said I was interested and mentioned my language and computer skills. I was surprised when I received another email within half an hour. It said that I was an excellent candidate for the job and that I should send my date of birth, personal identification number (OIB) and bank account number to which the salary will be paid and the passwords of my profiles. Being in a good mood, I immediately sent all the info they asked for. In the evening, my best friend Ana called me and invited me for coffee and I agreed to come. When we met, I told her about my future job over the Internet. She told me that it didn't seem like a good idea, but that I should see how it goes since I had already been hired. The next morning, as soon as I arrived at work, my personal cell phone rang. I saw Anna's name on the screen. She usually never called me early in the morning so I found it strange. - I just saw your ? Facebook status about not being able to stand your boss and planning to quit your job because of him. You didn't tell me anything about it and that status is not your style... As she continued recounting the details of my status, beads of sweat broke out on my forehead. - Has anyone from the office seen this status yet? Will I get fired? What will my parents say?... -

I immediately went to check my profiles. - Don't believe everything you hear and see – this sentence was part of the status about my boss. The boss allegedly used these words when he shouted at me and called me stupid because I misunderstood clients' requests. In fact, my boss never called me stupid, and we got along really well.

Knock, knock, knock, knock... Only the boss knocks on my door four times. I looked at him confused when he entered. He is not on social media, but someone had already told him about my status. While I was showing him the status and trying to explain that I didn't write it, the sentence *Don't believe everything you hear and see* echoed in my head. - Boss, I know who is behind the status - I exclaimed loudly when I suddenly realized what that was all about. Then I told the boss everything about the meeting with my neighbor Jakov. My boss was a reasonable man. He said he believed me but insisted that I prove that I really didn't write it. Since a lot of bad things were written about him in that status, he wanted to avoid problems with his superiors. I had no choice but to contact the police. I told them everything. They visited my neighbor the same day with a warrant to inspect his computer. They discovered he was logged in to all my social media profiles. -Police officer Marko told me that Jakov decided to take revenge on every girl who refused to go on a date with him - police officer Marko told me. Happy that everything ended well, I first informed my friend Ana about what happened, and then knocked four times on the door of my boss.