



E-Commerce Horror Stories to Keep You Up at Night



Two-seventy-five

The shadows cast by the sun onto the closed window shades moved ominously back and forth. Figures swayed to and fro as John looked at the sealed window, sweat dripping from his brow. His eyes moved from the window to the locked door, dread welling within him. “Two-seventy-five” He softly whispered to himself.

“Two-seventy-five.”

The words of the marketing specialist resounded in his head, talking about how he had to make two dollars and seventy-five cents for every dollar he spent on marketing. His dilated eyes looked over the sales figures, none matching the words of the advisor.

Where had he gone wrong? He had bought all of the packages, went to all the seminars but nothing. He blinked away the

sting of the sweat of his brow, or were they tears? “Two-seventy-five,” the words were becoming a mantra and he couldn’t tell if it was him saying it, or if they had come to life through whispers all around him. Hadn’t he done everything right? He put over three hundred dollars into a Facebook ad.

He moved his mouse, his skin as pale as the bills right next to him.

“Two-seventy-five.”

His eyes wandered from his screen to his hands. Had they always been that scaly? Was that skin slowly starting to come off? Why was he peeling?

Finally, some good news. He quickly moved to click the link and his pupils paled as he saw the content. Customers were complaining about his company. They weren’t getting the results they expected! But he had explained all the reasons it didn’t happen. True he didn’t always give the same service that competitors had, but he had good reasons not to!

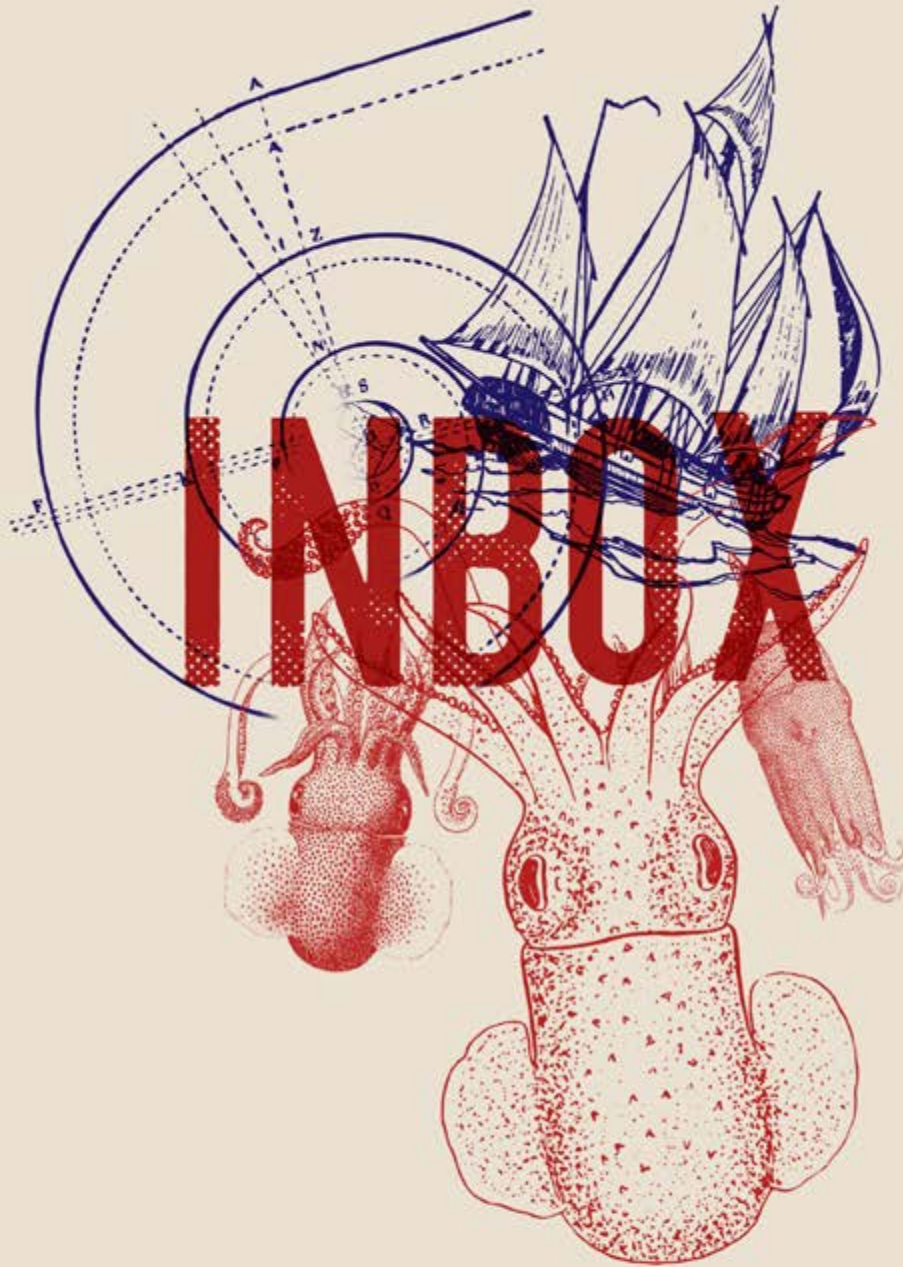
“Two-seventy-five.”

They softly murmured as they all slowly walked away from their destroyed businesses and back to a life of debt and servitude. John heard his own voice join the chorus as he slowly limped with them... Joining the Horde of Self-Employed Dead.



Only 2 out of 100 visitors in Your store buy something. Instead on spending more and more money on marketing, why not make more of your visitors buyers?

Read more at upsyshopping.com



SuaveMan

Sarah sat down at her computer. After spending the past 9 hours working through phone calls, she figured now would be the perfect time to conquer her inbox. She was so proud for starting Glam Gurl, her cosmetics brand, but she felt like there were never enough hours in the day to serve customers. The adoption of a system would take far too long. So what if people had to wait a day or two; she'd be able to get to them

eventually. After all, who knew her business better than herself? Who had spent hours toiling away to build it from the ground up? She would tackle each email and phone call herself and worry about partnering with a service to help her field communications later.

As she looked at her computer screen, she slowly cast her eyes to the inbox number. 246. Not a horrible number of emails, but definitely enough to keep her away from her family through the day. She clicked the first one. It was Mrs. Roberts again, asking where her lipstick was. Sarah sighed. She'd told the woman the mail service lost the lipstick only a couple of days ago, and she'd send a new one again as soon as she could. She didn't have the patience to deal with Mrs. Roberts right now. As she clicked through the emails, she landed upon one from an email address she didn't recognize: SuaveMan@DarkBeast4862874666.com.

“What a stupid email address.”

She clicked the email, expecting another person wanting to know about an out-of-stock palette or mascara or Mrs. Roberts using another email address to find out about her lipstick. It simply said, “Catch me if you can.”

She rolled her eyes and clicked the trash button. No time for time wasters today. As she got through the last email of the day, getting herself down to 76, she saw another one come in from SuaveMan. Without missing a beat, Sarah hit delete. She wasn't going to go back and forth with a scammer or troll.

The next day, Sarah decided to tackle those remaining 76 emails before making phone calls. She knew her voicemail would be full, but she didn't want to worry about listening to someone complaining first thing in the morning.

As she took a sip from her coffee mug, she almost spat the hot liquid on her computer screen. 492 new emails. Had she angered someone? Was

she getting spammed? As she scrolled through her emails, she saw almost all were from SuaveMan, minus about 90. She got to work deleting his emails, page after page coming up. She decided to click on the last one left, wondering what in the hell someone needed 402 emails to say.

“Tsk, tsk, Sarah.”

She pulled herself away from her inbox, looking over at her voicemail. 40. She knew it was full. Last night it had read 3. Shaking, she put her phone to her ear.

“Tsk, tsk, Sarah,” a deep voice whispered.

492 missed calls.

37 messages.

402 emails.

All from SuaveMan.

He called as she stared at her screen. She quickly answered, planning a long, expletive-filled conversation. Before she could say a word, the voice whispered, *“Tsk, tsk, Sarah,”* and hung up. Within an hour, her voicemail was full.

She'd clear out her voicemail box only for it to be full within a matter of minutes. She blocked dozens of numbers at this point, SuaveMan seemingly having a never-ending supply of phone numbers at his disposal. Every day the numbers increased.

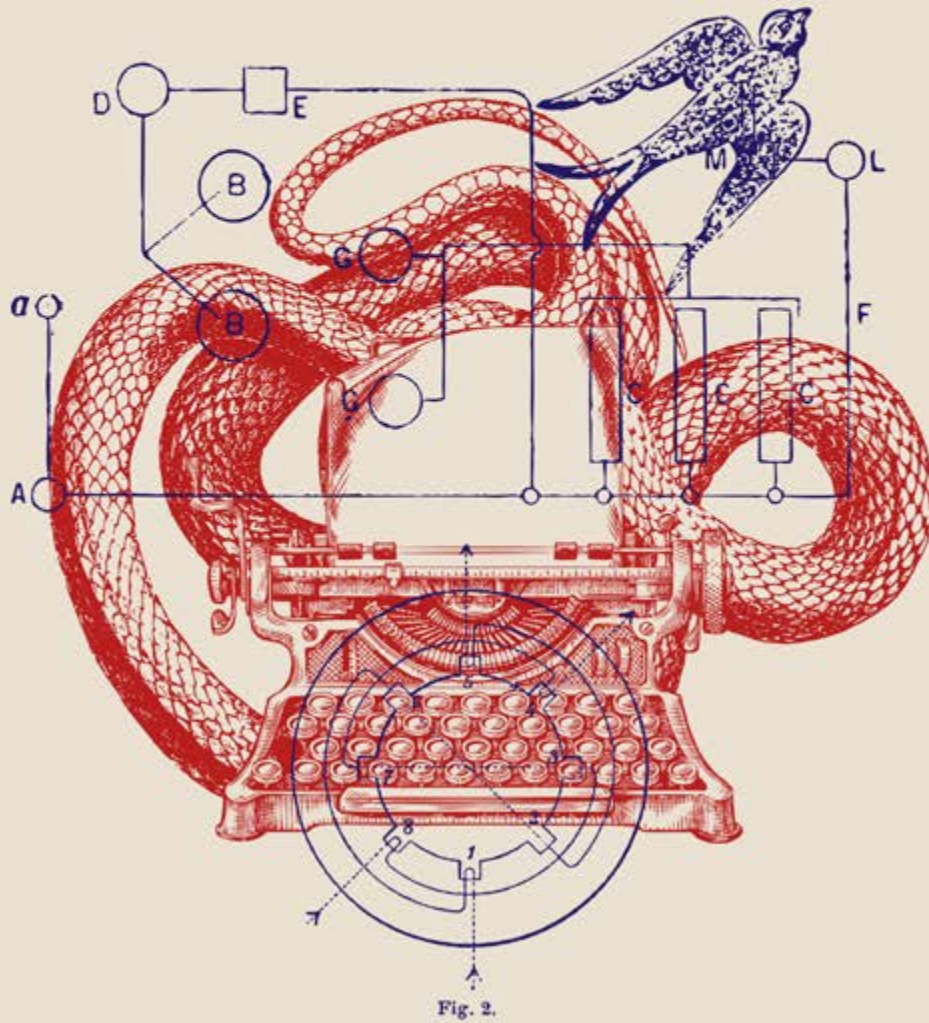
Every day Sarah attempted to work through her emails and phone calls.

Every day she failed.



Did You know that 80% of your customer service traffic is only 20% of the topics? Upsy is great at answering those. It saves your time and makes more sales!

Read more at upsyshopping.com



The Algorithm

Riiiiing. Riiiiing. Riiiiiiiiing.

The reverberations of the phone felt like the heralding of an impending death sentence. Joaquin forced his bloodshot eyes open. His vision was so blurry that he could barely make out the name on the display. Another creditor, looking for their money. He laid back on his bed, looking up at the ceiling. It had only been a few days - but every time was the same. He was in a personal hell all of his own making. He couldn't escape the torturous events no matter how hard he tried. His life was about to repeat itself.

He would rise from his bed and make his way over to the computer. For hours he would type research and type research and type. It took hours for him to input the recommendations to boost his average service. He would have to do it all by himself. He could almost feel his brains melting out of his ears as he mind-numbingly typed each word. His mind wandered to Shatita. Shatita had decided to use a fancy new algorithm to interpret what customers would want based on their previous purchases. He coughed lightly, his head beginning to hurt a little. He could already feel the migraine starting from having to stare at the screen.

He thought back to how he had mocked her about paying for an algorithm. Why would she waste money when she could input all of the information herself? A waste and a fad - like those little tiki figurines that cabbies had put in their cars back in the 80s. Besides, he was a real entrepreneur. He could input all of the information in himself

Even if it meant that he would spend more time researching and typing in data than actually doing his business. But that's alright, it meant he knew more about his company than Shatita ever would. Even if it meant he didn't focus on it as much. He closed his eyes, counting the seconds that he was spending in his bed feeling horrible versus going to input the data. He forced himself up and slugged over towards the computer. He sat down and pulled up his email. His pupils doubled in size as he saw the title of the email from Shatita. She had just landed her first big deal. She had tripled her sales. How could she be doing so well?

He knew more about his company than her, he had written so much more to pair products together. He quickly deleted her email and began typing furiously to catch up and get in all of the recommendations he needed to. He had to work harder, faster, smarter if he was going to match Shatita.

Riiiiing. Riiiiing. Riiiiiiing.

Joaquin's eyes shot open as he heard the annoying iPhone again. He looked over and saw that it was Shatita. He didn't even realize that he had fallen asleep. The phone stopped after only a few minutes and a text appeared stating "Guess who just got an investor!"

He grabbed the phone and threw it against the wall. This couldn't have all been from the algorithm, could it? No. He was smart in saving money and would continue doing his best. His business would flourish! He got up ready to show Shatita how she was wrong. He turned to his computer, his left foot moving forward.

Riiiiiiing. Riiiiiiing. Riiiiiiing.

The phone now mocked him as his eyes opened. He finally saw the name as his landlord. He hadn't been able to afford anything as his business was not getting off the ground, and he didn't have time to make the money needed to catch up on his bills. He stayed in bed staring at his phone's screen. This personal Hell... Every day repeated itself as he continued to do the same thing.

As he stared at the phone, he didn't even realize that he had been wearing a jacket that wrapped itself around him—tied tight—nor did he recognize the room was padded and white. Two men looked through a small window in the only door that would allow him out had it not been locked tight. One of the men looked over.

"He still thinks that an algorithm for his business' SEO is a waste of money?" The other man sadly nodded and they both looked back at the broken individual that hadn't accepted innovation at the expense of his mind.



Upsy's algorithm learns from every move Your customers make in your webshop. Continuously. 24/7/365. More sales every day!

Read more at upsyshopping.com



Upsy is an AI powered shopping helper that brings the human touch to e-commerce.

1

Intelligent Search

Help find the right product.

2

Upselling

Offer options and product upgrades.

3

Cross-selling

Make intelligent product recommendations and bundles.

4

Invite back

Propose additional products and offer discount codes.

Upsy's Shopping Helper does what a talented human salesperson would do. Upsy helps your clients find the right products, offer interesting options, suggest relatable products and answer common product and service questions – automatically.



Contact us today to find out how to boost your ecommerce sales!

Juha Sulkakoski, Upsy

+358 40 592 5843

juha.sulkakoski@upsyshopping.com