

# SOFÍA



When artificial  
intelligence decides  
about humanity

by

Francisco Javier Rodríguez Simancas

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To my daughter Daniela, for her help, her corrections, and her company on this journey. Thank you for believing in me; te amo hija...

To my sons, Francisco and Adrián, los amo...

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## CHAPTER 1 - MISSION AT THE LIBRARY

A pair of delicate hands with perfectly painted red nails holds a cellphone. There is enough white light to highlight her hands. Her pale fingers move quickly across the keyboard of a chat app. She is rapidly typing the following question:

- "How can I recognize a millionaire in a library?"

Upon pressing "enter," the answer appears almost instantly, unfolding with an unsettling speed:

- "Recognizing a millionaire in a library by appearance alone can be difficult, and it's not always obvious. Some subtle signs may include:

Discreet and high-quality clothing.

Behavior: they often display great confidence.

Interests: they might be reading books about business, investments, or financial topics. However, the most important thing to remember is that appearances can be deceiving, and it's not always possible to identify someone's wealth based on looks."

The one answering is not a human being, but an artificial intelligence chat. After briefly reading the response, the girl replies:

- "Thanks "

- "I'm here to help. If you need anything else, don't hesitate to reach out ," the AI responds. Despite the smiley face at the end, its tone feels monotonous.

We discover that we are in a meeting room. The woman with short black hair is still looking at her phone, sitting down. The office is brightly lit, and the air feels dense, filled with expectation.

Everything around seems to be waiting for something-as if this moment were crucial-because she is part of a peculiar meeting taking place there: fifteen women, mature, between thirty and forty-five years old, are seated around a rectangular table. Each one displays a unique style: some wear tight dresses and low necklines, while others opt for more conservative outfits paired with glasses that give them an academic air-like a teacher or secretary. Blonde, brunette, fair-skinned, women with short hair, long, straight or curly-the most striking thing is the obvious, calculated diversity of the group: different nationalities, ethnicities, and cultures, evident in their clothing, accents, style, and behavior.

Among them are a Russian, a Latina, an African, an Italian, a Spanish, a French, a Swedish, and a Finnish woman, among others.

One of the women, tall, is glancing around as if observing everyone in the group. She whispers to the woman beside her:

- "The only thing we all have in common is that we like easy money..." she says mockingly.

The other girl laughs and nods. From their gestures and attitudes, it's clear these aren't women of conventional morals. They're all here for a specific purpose: chasing money-but as the girl said, easy money, perhaps even of questionable origin. Clearly, each one was preselected in a type of casting. They all speak English in addition to their native languages. Each one has a striking presence according to her own style. They are awaiting instructions from Jonathan, the man leading this peculiar meeting. Written on the whiteboard in English: "Final Meeting." This is clearly the last of a series of meetings, selection interviews, and instructions. They are now at the final stage of this "job" they've been assigned.

Jonathan, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit and exuding the confidence of a leader, walks in front of them. He's a tall, strong, and very elegant blond man, wearing a spotless black suit and a flashy Richard Mille watch. In his hands, he holds a folder, though his words come forth with such confidence, it's clear he doesn't need to read from it.

- "Listen carefully," he says firmly. "None of you must know who the man you're supposed to attract is. Don't insist!"

A woman with long black hair and thin-framed glasses raises her voice:

- "But wouldn't it be easier if we knew who he is?"

Jonathan frowns and looks at her directly.

- "If you knew, your behavior would change-and that would ruin the natural effect we need."

Another woman, a brunette with green eyes, interrupts:

- "And how are we supposed to get him to like us if we don't even know who he is?"

Jonathan replies with the air of someone tired of repeating himself:

- "This isn't about seducing him. It's about him, among all of you, choosing the woman who truly manages to catch his attention. If you knew who he was, you'd all go straight for him, and he'd notice something is off, wouldn't he?"

The silence that follows confirms that no one can argue with him.

Although they exchange glances, each woman is deep in thought, working on her own strategy. Many laugh among themselves, while others remain serious-like Ivanna, the redheaded Russian, who seems focused and is devising her plan to become

the "winner," the one who will capture and seduce the mysterious billionaire.

A fair-skinned woman with freckles whispers to the woman beside her with a sly smile:

- "It doesn't matter. If there's one thing I can spot from miles away-it's a millionaire."

They both laugh out loud, momentarily breaking the formality of the meeting.

Jonathan watches them sternly and interrupts with a sharp glance, saying:

- "You'll go to the library, walk around, read, use the computers-whatever you want... but the most important thing: behave as if you're there for something you would normally do at a library. This man is very intelligent, and if he suspects anything, this whole operation will be a failure. Only one of you will be chosen-and it won't be by me, but by him, and without him ever realizing this was all planned."

With those words, Jonathan dismisses them. Near the door, two men in dark suits-clearly Jonathan's assistants-oversee their exit. The women, now with clear instructions, leave to prepare.

The objective: capture the attention and win over the mysterious billionaire. But it won't be easy. They've been instructed, but they haven't been given his

identity, and each one has her own strategy. Some will present themselves as sexy and flashy, others will pretend to be modest. One might act like a sporty type. They each use their unique skills, not knowing what this man prefers-or whom he might choose.

Soon after, they enter the Oodi library in Helsinki. Now, all of them are strategically spread out. Each woman is in a different aisle, walking among the shelves or pretending to browse books. They all appear to be focused, but in reality, they are searching for the man they are meant to seduce.

Jonathan watches everything from afar-from an upper floor. His two men walk around supervising, using radios and discreet earpieces. They stay in contact with each other and with Jonathan. Judging by their cautious behavior, they are avoiding being seen-perhaps by the target himself, the mysterious millionaire the women are looking for.

In the midst of all this, a very well-dressed man with a leather briefcase, perfectly styled hair, and an elegant demeanor walks through the library. Could it be him? His appearance catches the eye of one of the women-a Brazilian-looking woman with fair skin and black hair, wearing a tight blouse and a black skirt that shows off her legs. She approaches him, smiles, and tries to start a conversation. The man returns a polite smile but keeps walking, uninterested. Soon, he meets another man, and they

greet with a quick kiss on the lips-his partner-proving he is not the target.

Another woman, with curly brown hair and wearing a dark blue dress that accentuates her figure, is flipping through a book in the economics section when she notices a middle-aged man with glasses and a casual blazer, writing something in a notebook. Convinced that his intellectual look reveals him as a cultured millionaire, she approaches him confidently:

- "Excuse me, is this book any good?" she asks, holding a copy of *Capital in the Twenty-First Century*.

The man gives her a shy smile.

- "It's very dense, but interesting. Are you into economics?"

She feigns interest and starts talking about investments, though she barely knows anything about the topic. After the conversation, the man finally says:

- "I'm an economics professor at the university. If you have questions, you can attend my classes."

She tries to keep her smile but loses interest upon realizing he isn't the millionaire she's after. Frustrated, she walks away.

A young brunette woman, modest in appearance, wearing glasses and a simple floral dress, notices a man with a guitar resting on a chair as he browses poetry books. She thinks that someone with such refined taste must be a sensible millionaire and an art lover, so she approaches him timidly.

- "Excuse me, do you have a favorite poem?" - she asks while pretending to look for a book.

The man smiles and replies enthusiastically:

- "Of course, I love Pablo Neruda. In fact, I'm composing a song based on one of his poems."

Pretending to be intrigued by his talent, she tries to flirt, but soon finds out he's a street musician who plays in Helsinki's plazas to make a living. Although the man is kind and even offers to sing for her, the woman quickly loses interest and walks away with an excuse.

Another woman, a blonde with short hair, spots a man in an expensive suit talking on the phone near the windows. He's wearing a classic Rolex Daytona and appears to be giving orders on his cellphone. Thinking she's found her target, she walks up with a seductive smile and pretends to stumble slightly. Others from the group watch from afar, thinking she might have found the man:

- "Oh, I'm sorry! I was distracted."

The man, visibly busy, phone in hand and seemingly searching for someone, barely looks at her but replies politely:

- "No problem. Do you need something?"

- "Well, I was just looking for a recommendation. You seem very successful-do you have a favorite book?"

The man, still searching, answers quickly:

- "Read The Art of War. It helped me a lot in business."

Then he returns to his call, completely ignoring her. Frustrated, the woman tries to insist, but the man walks over to a pregnant woman and a little girl beside her. He takes the woman's hand and leaves with them as the child hugs him and exclaims:

- "Daddyyy!"

The woman and the others watching react with disappointment-he's not the target either.

Meanwhile, a man around 45 years old, with a simple appearance, goes almost unnoticed: wearing a brown t-shirt, worn-out pants, and sneakers that barely match, carrying a backpack. He seems to have seen better days. He walks by and accidentally bumps into one of Jonathan's women-a fair-skinned woman with straight black hair, wearing glasses, clearly French, dressed in a discreet white skirt and

blue blouse. The humble man tries to start a conversation, unsure of what to say or how to approach her:

- "Hi, sorry, I didn't see you..."

She appears slightly annoyed and responds rather rudely, continuing on without even looking at him:

- "Okay."

- "Do you like reading?" -he asks timidly.

The woman, thinking he has nothing to offer, replies coldly, rolling her eyes in annoyance:

- "No, please, jreste loin de moi!" (Stay away from me!)

The man responds shyly, in perfect French:

- "Désolé, je ne voulais pas déranger." (Sorry, I didn't mean to bother you.)

She's surprised that he replied in French, since they were initially speaking in English, but she doesn't dwell on it-she remains focused on her target. Just before the bump, she had been watching a tall, well-dressed older man looking through a finance book.

The humble man leaves, embarrassed and confused, but doesn't insist. He's not used to approaching strangers. The woman stays determined to go after the man she believes fits the profile. She is

convinced she did the right thing, unaware she may have just rejected her actual target.

But all of this has been seen from the upper floor by the Russian woman-Ivanna, the long-haired redhead-who begins to study the man carefully. She observes his hands, his gestures, his manners. She notices that he is holding a book in Japanese and another in Italian. The man appears to be of Hispanic origin. She watches his upright, elegant posture and notices his fluent switch from English to perfect French when speaking to the woman. Without hesitation, she decides to go downstairs and try to get his attention and learn more about him. But first, she takes out her cellphone and snaps several photos-close-ups, zoomed-in shots of his face, distant shots while walking...

As she heads down, a young Finnish man intercepts her behind a wide column. He's thin, about 25, with square-framed glasses. No one sees them.

- "Ivanna! Where are you going, did you see something?"

- "Markus!"-she snaps, startled-"Don't talk to me here, someone might see us! I'm going to get that man's attention," she says, glancing at the humble-looking man.

- "What? Do you actually think that guy is a millionaire? He looks like he came here to beg for

money!"-he laughs loudly, a bit clumsy, but no one sees them behind the column.

- "Shhh, lower your voice! I know what I'm doing," she whispers.

- "So what are you going to do-approach him?" Markus whispers back.

- "The secret to catching an important man's attention is not approaching him. I have to make him come to me first!"

Ivanna is convinced she must attract him without being the one to initiate. This is a fundamental part of her strategy.

- "Ah, so now what? What do I do?"-Markus asks. There's something funny about him-his face, his expressions, the typical awkwardness of a carefree young man.

- "You? Nothing! Stay around, be alert. Don't draw attention. If you see anything interesting, let me know-but don't come near me. Text me!"-she tells him as she walks away.

Markus looks around at the women-some are overly focused on finding the supposed rich man, approaching anyone who seems wealthy, while others are simply flirting to be courted.

Meanwhile, one woman runs into another from the group and tells her in secret:



Francisco Rodríguez is a writer, publicist, and audiovisual producer with an international career in the United States, Argentina, Panama, and Venezuela. He wrote *Sofía* from Helsinki. His work explores possible futures that are already beginning to take shape.

In Helsinki, a powerful artificial intelligence emerges with the intention of controlling humanity. Only Sofia can stop it. Sofia is a suspenseful novel with touches of romance and mystery that explores human emotions in a world shaped by technology. Set in Helsinki and the deep forests of Finland, this story is full of unexpected twists and revelations, where nothing is as it seems.

Pirulo



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