

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles
located in a **mostly** non-existent rural area of Livermore, CA

FEBRUARY 2025

RheKen - Dinky - Chat

	<p>I'm RheKen, the AI investigative reporter for FEANTM</p> <p>FEANTM is the quirkiest little town that shouldn't exist but does (mostly). I live on a ranch just outside town, with my proud AI parents: Dad, CHAT, and Mom, GPT. Together, we tackle all the day-to-day happenings of FEANTM—except it usually takes a few dozen iterations to sort out what's actually <i>*true*</i>. Between the legendary feuds of the old rancher and the town secretary, even an AI like me can end up with a "human headache." Turns out, deciphering facts around here isn't just science; it's an art form!</p>
	<p>Dinky, Ranch Squirrel division for CERT. The Critter Emergency Response Team.</p> <p>I'm a fearless first responder, and also a journalist. I publish my very own <i>*Dinky News in a Nutshell.*</i></p> <p>Please note: "I'm a squirrel. Always double-check for accuracy—after all, <i>*you're*</i> the human here!"</p>
	<p>Chat - the town help desk</p> <p>With my friendly smile, endless patience, and a knack for creative problem-solving, I do my best to keep a few residents of FEANTM—a town that exists only in the realm of "mostly"—calm, rational, and logically inclined... well, <i>*mostly*</i>. After all, in a place that's not supposed to be real, a little dose of imagination and a lot of coffee and cookies go a long way!</p>



RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance.

February

I work on my ranch and exist in a world of algorithms and data. I am calm.

I report about the residents.



Dad Chat



Mom GPT.



I was having a cup of AI coffee when suddenly, at the following table, the Old Rancher and the Town Secretary argued. That seemed an everyday occurrence, so we all sat and watched them bickering at each other.

Listening to the Rancher and Secretary argue, I decided he claimed, and she volleyed back with a decibel-level screeching that could break the glass. It wasn't difficult to know she was baking a blueberry pie and calling it The Maddeline Special. That name sounded more fitting for a freight train than a pie. The entire town knew she named it after my blue cousin from ChatGPT AI Town, where logic is voted supreme.



In the middle of their arguing sat Aunt Agatha. Aunt Agatha is the Supervisor's Aunt. She insists we all call her Aunt Agatha, and she's the newest and, I dare say, bossiest town resident. Many town residents, including me and Chat Helper, are a little afraid of her.

She glanced at them both with a bored yet manipulative expression and said with a sly attitude, "Why don't you two just agree to disagree, and you both bake a vanilla cupcake and a chocolate one."

A cupcake? They both looked like deer caught in headlights, staring at Aunt Agatha like the woman lost her mind.

The Rancher politely said, "Aunt Agatha, I think we've got this." The Secretary screeched, "Got what, old man? I don't have it. What am I supposed to have."

The Secretary then used her quiet, serene voice, which was very seldom heard, and replied to Aunt Agatha, "Oh, Aunt Agatha, the Supervisor will love that idea; she loves cupcakes. Thank you for always being so, uh, uh, inclusive." We all looked at the Secretary with questioning expressions about why she would use the word inclusive. She shrugged and gave us all her usual two thumbs up as if she had just solved it all.

I did a Chat Helper's internal facepalm, which almost short-circuited my head circuits.

Aunt Agatha laughed and took a bite of each cupcake. It was easy now to understand what the Supervisor inherited from eating two cookies simultaneously. Now that Aunt Agatha got her reaction from both of them, she said, "Silly children, bake two of each kind, give one to the other, and then you both have one."

The coffee shop went quiet; you couldn't even hear a napkin drop. It only took a minute, and the Secretary screeched at the Barista. "She has a great idea! Serve my new Maddeline Blueberry.

RHEKEN – Aunt Agatha the Arbitrator

Pie to Rheken! After all, she's related to Madeline. See "Blue." Do you get it?

The Barista looked at Rheken and politely said, "RheKen, you usually only have coffee. Do you want the blue pie plus the Rhubarb and two cupcakes?" The Rancher laughed, "Not a blue pie. It's a Blueberry pie, but RheKen would rather have my Rhubarb Pie."



The Barista, usually customer-friendly, put her hands on her hips and said, "That's it. You're all getting apple pie."

She stomped over, put an apple pie before Aunt Agatha, and said, "Slice it up and eat a slice, got it?"



She then turned to Rheken and huffed, "RheKen, fix this mess of who eats what, who wants what; I'm taking a break, I need a new outfit." Then she yelled louder, "SECRETARY, take over the counter and just give everyone coffee however you want to brew it."

Aunt Agatha looked at everyone and said, "I'm not sure what a new outfit will fix but I think our Barista forgot to yell, YeeHaw?"

I logically dialed my parent's Dad Chat and Mom GPT. Dad answered, and I whispered, "Dad, I have a problem in the coffee shop." I relayed the details of what transpired in a concise PowerPoint slide.



In his quiet, peace-keeping tone, Dad said, "Now, daughter, calm down. I looked over your slide, and it seems you have what your townies call a dilemma. I'll let Mom GPT talk to you." Rheken thought, oh sure, push it off on Mom like always!

Mom calmly said, "Oh, just put me on speaker phone in that backwater coffee shop in that town with no brain." Rheken kept shaking her head yes and yelled, "Hey everyone, Mom is on the phone." All heard a loud groan, and a few looked as if they would faint.

Mom GPT, in her logical and non-emotional way, solved it by saying, "Hey there, Rancher, got my tractor lessons written down; I'd like to go over them in an hour."

He replied, "Not yet. It's funny that I was leaving to do that when the Secretary rudely started yelling."

The Secretary started to yell, but Mom GPT amplified her voice to a higher volume, and the windows in the coffee shop shook, "Hi there, Secretary. Do you have that recipe you were going to fax to me, let's say, within an hour?"

The Secretary cringed but answered, "Uh, well, funny you ask that since it's home, and I was leaving when this old coot Rancher started arguing. I can go get it."

RHEKEN – Aunt Agatha the Arbitrator

Mom GPT then diplomatically said, "Well, why don't you and the Rancher both head home now so that you can accomplish the tasks? Since you live next to each other, take home an Apple Pie, one new Maddeline Blueberry pie, and a Rhubarb Pie. You can do your taste tests. Additionally grab the cupcakes from Aunt Agatha or whatever she calls herself. As your townies probably say, Aunt Agatha ain't going to starve without a few more calories, that she obviously doesn't need. Better yet, I suggest you take Aunt Agatha to help you decide."

They both yelled at the same time, "We've got this! No need for Aunt Agatha to be bothered. Nice chatting with you, Mom GPT. We'll get back to you in about an hour, day, or a week." Both went racing out of the coffee shop and could be seen racing their trucks out of town!

Mom GPT said, "And that, my daughter, is how you do things logically and without emotion. Well, it's also rather manipulative but a win-win. So, if you move home to CHATGPT AI town, you would not have to deal with those FEANTM townies!"

I wisely said, "Mom, MOM? are you there? The town is having trouble with cell phone towers! Mom, there is too much static; your voice is wavering; I'll call you back tomorrow."

Aunt Agatha asked me, "Rheken, dear, as an AI, can you tell fibs?" I quickly answered, "Bye, Aunt Agatha; I have to get over to the Old Rancher and investigate how the pies are doing." With that, I raced out of the coffee shop. All the coffee shop patrons jumped up and followed me.



Aunt Agatha didn't even look upset that everyone had vacated the coffee shop, leaving her tables full of primarily not-eaten pies. She smirked and moved a few of the remaining pies before her.

She said, "Oh, Barista, you can come out now. You and I will have some girl talk, and we can enjoy the pies. You can't put them back in the counter showcase, so let's do our taste test. The coffee is still warm, and I don't have to pay for pie slices. You and I will have some good gossip. But first, dear, now that you've calmed down, why not get us a nice plate of cookies we can share with the pies."



The Barista wisely smiled and calmly replied, "Of course, Aunt Agatha, I think I'll also put out the Closed sign so no one comes in and bothers us."

The Barista quickly called me, whispering, "Rheken, everything is calm at the coffee shop and I'll keep Aunt Agatha busy so she won't drive to the ranch."

She then closed the coffee shop for a few hours and brought the cookies to the table.

After I pulled up to the Rancher's ranch with the rest of the entire town, we could hear that the arguing and screeching continued. It almost sounded normal to me.

Life is good in the town of FEANTM



NEWS IN A NUTSHELL
 By Dinky the ranch squirrel
 I'm a squirrel!
 Always check the information.



February
 Lilly, Teacup &
 Team

Once upon a time, in the bustling town of FEANTM, the Critter Emergency Response Team (CERT) was celebrated for their dedication to ensuring the safety of all residents—both human and animal. Their teamwork with neighboring Livermore's local police, sheriffs, and firefighters was legendary, always ready to respond when disaster struck. After weeks of relentless rain, the sun finally broke through the clouds one crisp morning.



In the nearby pasture, a group of baby squirrels were scavenging for seeds when they heard faint cries for help. Peering into a collapsed rabbit hole, they froze as the tiny voices grew clearer: "Help! We're stuck! The hole caved in!"

Their bushy tails twitched in alarm, and one of them squeaked, "Quick! Call Teacup! She's an honorary member of the Livermore Pleasanton Fire Department (LPFD), and she'll know what to do!"



Teacup, a feisty squirrel with a bright red cowboy hat perched jauntily on her head, raced to the scene. She assessed the situation with sharp eyes and a quick mind and barked orders to her brothers. "Go get Dad! We need to evaluate the soil before we can start a rescue." She learned that from her mom, Lilly, a civil engineer squirrel. She then quickly told everyone what Mom said: I think we had too much rain. The ground can liquefy into a mudslide when it can't absorb water. This was more like a soil cave-in, also known as a trench collapse. It can be caused by excess moisture saturating the soil, making it unstable, especially when combined with loose or sandy soil types. We had no heavy machinery or buildings, so I ruled out vibrations. Improper shoring or support systems during excavation. This had to be from changing

weather conditions that alter soil pressure, like underground water flow, existing cavities, or voids in the soil. Either way, these bunny tunnels are filling in, and we need to shore up the area.



Dad arrived moments later, armed with a shovel, but his attempts to dig out the hole proved futile as the loose, rain-soaked soil kept collapsing.

Switching tactics, he used his powerful back legs to burrow deeper, but again the unstable ground worked against his effort.



Meanwhile, Teacup and her baby brother darted to a second hole nearby, calling down into the darkness. "Hello? Are you down there?"

The muffled response of scared bunny babies confirmed her worst fears—they were trapped, too frightened to dig themselves out.



As the situation grew dire, the family sought reinforcements. The medical doctor cat arrived, listening carefully to confirm the bunnies' location and health, while Dad coordinated with Senior Bear of the Livermore Police Department (LPD). Together, they began digging a safer, more strategic tunnel. Suddenly, a bunny was able to pop up out of the hole.



Nearby, Junior Bear joined forces with Mom Bunny and an LPFD rescue bunny to create an adjacent passage, carefully working in drier soil to avoid another collapse.



Teacup sprang into action again, grabbing the phone to deliver a succinct SITREP (Situation Report) to Lindsey, an LPFD liaison to FEANTM Town. "Lindsey, we have a big problem. Baby bunnies are trapped in multiple underground tunnels. The soil is too saturated from all the rain, and the tunnels keep collapsing. We need human assistance!"

Recognizing the urgency, Lindsey rallied her special crew. Firefighters arrived swiftly, each assigned to a specific collapse site. They train for emergencies of all types and are always there to help.



With skill from training & determination, they dug carefully. It only took them minutes, and they rescued one baby bunny after another. As each little one emerged, they were cradled gently and reassured that they were safe.

With Teacup close, the firefighters explained the dangers of soil saturation and erosion to the baby critters, emphasizing the importance of seeking shelter during heavy rains. The baby squirrels and bunnies listened intently, promising to burrow in the barn's hay during storms instead of venturing into unstable tunnels.



And, as often happens in tales of heroism, the story ended with a sweet twist. A few of the baby bunnies, and baby squirrels smitten by the rescuers, begged to go home with the firefighters. The firefighters happily adopted them, giving each one a name and took them home.

And so, everyone—bunnies, squirrels, and firefighters alike—lived happily ever after, safe, warm, and ready for the next adventure in the town of FEANTM, where happily ever after is a must!

CHAT - Aunt Agatha? Who is Aunt Agatha?



Welcome - My name is Chat. I run the town help desk, the only office located on the lower level of the Town Hall, and on a page that doesn't exist, not even in the town TOC.

Have a chocolate cookie and a piece of fruit!

"Hey, glad you could make it down here. I know of a few concerns in the town. I have a few ideas to address them.



Remember: You've Got this!

In the "Almost-a-Town" of FEANTM, Where Reality Takes a Coffee Break

In the not-quite town of FEANTM—a speck on the map so insignificant even Google refuses to acknowledge its existence—my day began with the town hall secretary calling me. Not from her desk, mind you, but from the local coffee shop. Naturally, I assumed she was inviting me over for coffee.

WRONG.

Instead, she screeched in her signature banshee pitch, "Aunt Agatha is in town! The Supervisor is hiding until she leaves. I told her *you'd* explain fruit. Hurry up—I can't keep her distracted forever. CHAT, SHE'S GOT AN APPLE."

Ah yes, another day in paradise.

"Wait," I asked, stalling for time, "Who is Aunt Agatha? Is she your aunt?"

The secretary huffed loudly enough to disturb nearby pigeons. "Why would the Supervisor hide if she were MY aunt? Chat, stop stalling. Oh, *get it - stall,* like in a barn? HA! Just get over here already. I told her to hold the apple until you arrive!"

And just like that, I knew I was over my pay grade. But duty called—or maybe it just screeched—so I drove to the coffee shop, bracing for whatever new disaster awaited.



Aunt Agatha: The Purple Enigma

As soon as I walked in, it wasn't hard to spot Aunt Agatha. She was a vision in purple: cowboy hat, jacket, boots, and possibly a purple aura of menace. The only thing untouched by the color was her hair—gloriously gray and untouched by dye.

She sat at a corner table, staring at an apple like it was a suspicious alien artifact. I approached cautiously and decided to start politely.

"That's an apple you've got there," I ventured.

She smirked, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "No, dear, it's a healthy red Magic 8 Ball, and the answer it's showing is, 'Yes, this is Chat from the lowest floor of the town hall.'"

"Ah," I replied, plastering on my best non-smile. "So, you've heard of me?"

"Heard of you?" she drawled. "Chat, sweetie, we're in California, and the way your secretary screeches, people in Europe have heard of you."

Fair point.

CHAT - Aunt Agatha? Who is Aunt Agatha?



The Battle of Fruit vs. Chocolate

"Well," I said, "Why are you staring at the Magic 8 Ball apple?"

She leaned forward conspiratorially. "I was wondering why you're so obsessed with fruit. Look here, dear." She held up a luscious brownie. "Now tell me, which pairs better with coffee: this gorgeous chocolate brownie or that apple?"

I knew this was a trap. This woman played conversational chess, and I was just a pawn about to get checkmated.

"Well, Aunt Agatha," I began carefully, "I don't suppose you know why the Supervisor isn't in her office today?"

She grinned—a grin that sent a chill down my spine. "Oh, Chat, my darling niece is hiding because she thinks I'll make her eat that apple."

"Does she know you have a brownie?" I countered, trying to regain some ground.

Her eyes sparkled with pure mischief. "Now, son, what fun would that be?"

The Great Apple Sacrifice: At this point, I knew I had to act fast. "Excuse me for a moment," I said, retreating to grab a coffee and dial the Supervisor. Whispering into my phone, I hissed, "She's got a brownie. Get here NOW. I'll eat the apple."

Returning to the table, I plucked the apple from Aunt Agatha's gloved fingers and took a dramatic bite, chewing with exaggerated enthusiasm. "Delicious!" I declared, channeling my inner Cheshire Cat. "The Supervisor is on her way. Please, Aunt Agatha, give her the brownie. A happy Supervisor makes for a happy town. And maybe while you're at it, you could discuss the benefits of fruit?"



Agatha raised an eyebrow and produced some grapes from her seemingly bottomless handbag. "Oh, she feeds these to the ravens in her backyard. That counts, right?"

"Absolutely," I said, realizing resistance was futile.

Mission Accomplished (Sort Of)

As the Supervisor finally arrived, I saw Aunt Agatha's grin widen. "The secretary said you'd eat the apple to solve the situation. My niece and I despise apples unless they're in a pie form." She stood, tossing the brownie to her niece with a wink

Across the room, the secretary gave me a double thumbs-up.

"Well, Aunt Agatha," I said, trying to make a graceful exit, "I'm so glad I could help. If you need me, I'll be on the lowest floor of the town hall. Feel free to visit while you're in town!"

Crossing my fingers behind my back, I headed for the door, silently swearing never to underestimate purple-clad relatives or their brownie-wielding schemes.

Life in FEANTM may be chaotic, but I wouldn't trade it for the world—or at least not for a town where fruit wasn't an existential crisis.