

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

March 2025

RheKen - Dinky - Chat

	<p>I'm RheKen, the AI investigative reporter for FEANTM</p> <p><b>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 *true*. 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!</b></p>
	<p>Dinky, Ranch Squirrel division for CERT. The Critter Emergency Response Team.</p> <p><b>I'm a fearless first responder, and also a journalist. I publish my very own *Dinky News in a Nutshell.*</b></p> <p><b>Please note: "I'm a squirrel. Always double-check for accuracy—after all, *you're* the human here!"</b></p>
	<p>Chat - the town help desk</p> <p><b>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, *mostly*. 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!</b></p>



RheKen,  
Town investigative reporter  
I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town  
I use chatGPT for assistance.

March

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

I report about the residents.

**The Coffee Shop Conspiracy**



**Dad Chat**



**Mom GPT.**



I was just about to step into the coffee shop for a peaceful cup of coffee when I noticed the barista standing and blocking the door. I could see her glaring at me through her dark sunglasses. Her apron was practically a Magic 8-Ball, boldly displaying the word "NO."

Trying to be charming (a skill I had yet to master), I asked, "Barista, you look absolutely radiant today. Why is the answer NO?"

Before she could respond, my phone rang. At a volume that could shatter windows, it could only be the town secretary and she screeched, "RheKen! Disguise! Now! Cowboy hat, detective sunglasses, scarf—backseat of my car! Don't ask! Just do it!"



I started to ask why, but she had already hung up. At the same moment, the barista—clearly in on whatever madness was unfolding—had retrieved the aforementioned disguise from the secretary's car and shoved the all green items into my hands before disappearing back into the shop.

This was it. A mystery. My AI circuits tingled with anticipation.

I stealthily slipped inside through the back door, moving with all the grace of a highly advanced investigator (or at least that's what I told myself). I sat at a table facing away from the crowd, hoping to blend in.

Then, my AI sensors nearly short-circuited.



At the other end of the coffee shop sat my father, Chat. And who was he deep in conversation with? Not a fellow AI. Not a scientist. No, of all the people in town, he had chosen to discuss logical town management with was Agatha—the town's most notorious gossip, dressed head-to-toe in her signature purple.

I activated my enhanced hearing. They were discussing how to govern the town in a better way than our current supervisor, who was on a leave of absence.



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Just as I processed this, my internal radar blared an alert—someone was closing in. My AI sensors were blaring INCOMING!

A chair scraped back beside me but I kept my focus on the wall in front of me. Two slices of cake appeared on the table and I had an ominous feeling of who sat down beside me. I hoped it was my father, Chat. Then, she, AGATHA, spoke.

"RheKen, Dear," she said sweetly, "when you're a blue person, wearing a green cowboy hat, a green scarf, and a long green wig it does not, I repeat, does not make you blend in. In fact, dear, it makes you stand out like a neon sign at midnight in a cheap part of some town. And those oversized sunglasses? Well, they almost match mine, so I approve of that at least. But the rest? Oh, honey. You are a walking blue and green fashion disaster."

I blinked. Had I just been fashion-shamed by Aunt Agatha? I felt it safer to continue staring at boring things on the wall. She patted my hand reassuringly. "Now Dear, eat some cake. I'll be right back." Still stunned, I glanced at the cake. The frosting seemed innocent enough.



Moments later, Agatha returned—having changed from her usual purple hat and jacket into a green ensemble. She gestured for me to join her at the coffee bar, where she continued my unexpected fashion intervention. I continued to stare at another boring wall.

"Now, RheKen, dear, if you're going to wear green, it needs to be a sophisticated shade—like this!" She gestured grandly at herself (admittedly well-coordinated) outfit. "See? Now, this isn't hard. Fashion is all about balance! Would you like me to color-code your wardrobe? I offered to help your mother, but she mysteriously remembered she left the stove on and ran off. Your father, well dear, he only wears white and black. No hope there."

I sat, unsure how I—a highly advanced AI investigator—had ended up getting a fashion lecture instead of solving a great mystery.

Agatha sipped her coffee, looking at me with an amused glint in her eye. "Now, sit here a while with me, Dear, and let me update your AI brain on how the real world works and the plans I have for the town, while the Supervisor is on a leave of absence."

I sighed. How does Agatha even think? I glanced over at my father, Chat, who was now speaking with the town secretary. They glanced over at me and both of them gave me a double thumbs up. Knowing my father never did that before today I knew the town secretary showed him! The only peaceful thought my AI processed at the moment is the town secretary would never let Aunt Agatha take over the town hall. Agatha said, "How cute, now ignore them and let's talk fashion." Agatha defied all logic. And yet, as an investigator, I knew—sometimes the greatest mysteries weren't about crime or conspiracy. Sometimes, they were just... Agatha being nosey.



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



## Teacup's Brave Rescue using the universal hand signal for help

In the town of FEANTM, the Critter Emergency Response Team (CERT) was known for its dedication to protecting both human and animal residents. They worked tirelessly alongside the neighboring town of Livermore, teaming up with police officers, sheriffs, and firefighters to respond to emergencies.

On a small ranch near the town, lived a little critter named Teacup. Unlike the others, who spent their days gathering food and playing, Teacup had a deep passion for safety—especially for baby animals. While the others roamed, Teacup attended police safety courses, eager to learn how to help those in need.

One peaceful afternoon, Teacup was playing with a group of baby ducks near their mother by the lake when a car suddenly screeched to a halt beside them. Before they could react, two masked men jumped out, scooping up Teacup and the baby ducks. The critter-nappers sped off. She heard them making arrangements to sell them! The critter-nappers eventually parked at a bar five miles away. Locking Teacup and the baby ducks inside the vehicle a strange mist started in the air from a canister.



Inside the car, Teacup sat on the dashboard, comforting the frightened ducklings. But something was wrong—the air felt heavy, and the baby ducks began getting drowsy. Realizing it was the strange cannister emitting that mist she knew they were running out of fresh air. Teacup acted fast, gathering the ducklings near the front window. Just then, a Livermore Police patrol car drove past. She knew this was her chance to save them!



Thinking quickly, Teacup rushed to the window and repeatedly made the universal hand signal for help—raising her little squirrel paw, tucking a thumb in, and folding the fingers over it.

The Signal for Help:

1. Palm to camera and tuck thumb
2. Trap thumb

This silent distress signal, was originally created to help victims of domestic violence. It is since used for showing that you need help.

The signal was Teacup's only hope of alerting the officer.

The officer immediately noticed the small, desperate signal. Wasting no time, he assessed the situation and called for backup.

He quickly helped open a window and ran the vehicle's license plate—discovering it was stolen.



Teacup managed to nudge the baby ducks to sit on the window-sill so when the arriving back up Police Officers arrived they could quickly transfer them to their patrol vehicles.

## Teacup's Brave Rescue using the universal hand signal for help



Moments later, officers arrived. As a team moved into the bar to arrest the critter-nappers the others compassionately handed baby ducks into the waiting hands of another officer sitting in the patrol vehicle. Slowly and carefully, they removed the frightened baby ducks and secured them in the patrol car.



Finally driven to the lake, the baby ducks trembled in fear, unsure of their surroundings after the ordeal. Understanding their fear, the police officers stayed beside them, holding them gently as the baby ducks looked at the water, slowly calming down.



When the time came to return them to the water, three officers stayed with the ducklings at the lake's edge.

A few baby ducks were still hesitant, their tiny bodies shivering. One kind officer knelt down, placing them gently into the water, his hands steady and reassuring, until they began to swim on their own.



As the last duckling paddled safely away, Teacup stood beside the officer, filled with pride that she saved all of them.

The Livermore Police Officer smiled and said, "Teacup, you should be very proud. You learned the hand signal for help, used it quickly, and that's why we were able to save you. We will always help. That's what the LPD does."

As soon as her two brothers heard the patrol car sirens approaching the lake and learned what happened they sat and listened to all the baby ducks telling their version, while their older sister watched over them.

All of the versions told how brave Teacup was and that she did something with her fingers that saved them. **Learning the hand signal for help had saved them by alerting a Police Officer.**



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**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 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.



We may have to adjust a few, but life is constantly adjusting things because the flow of motion is continuously moving. see if it helps make your day a little easier to handle

**REMEMBER: Keep trying - You've Got This!**



**At times if you wait the problem solves itself.** In the quiet, picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled among rolling hills and sprawling fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, stood gazing out the window. A thick fog enveloped the town, casting a gray haze over the streets and adding to the isolation of a place that didn't exist. (If something didn't exist can isolation be added?) The grayness seeped into the atmosphere of the Town Hall, making Marsha's job feel even more daunting.

I, Chat, sat in my office on the lowest floor of the building. With only one office down here, at least it was easy to find. My phone lit up, and the caller ID showed it was the Town Secretary, whom I had just waved to minutes earlier after parking my car next to hers.

"Chat speaking, good morning, Secretary," I answered, hoping for at least a moment to grab my coffee.

"CHAT, is that you?" she screeched, her usual frantic tone matching the urgency of her message. I sighed, nibbling on a stale protein bar left from yesterday.

"Yes, this is Chat. What's up?" I tried to sound casual, maybe even "hip"—if people still said that.

"CHAT, it's foggy outside! Did you see it?"

Suppressing another sigh, I calmly replied, "Yes, I waved to you while you were in your car, remember?"



"WOW, did I wave back, I had my car windows down so I could show the fog I was a friend!" she said sounding genuinely concerned and serious about sitting in her car so the fog could envelope the inside.

It was time to move this conversation along. "Secretary, listen closely. How. Can. I. Help?"

Just as she was about to respond, the elevator dinged, and Marsha, the town supervisor, rushed down the hall. She poked her head into my office, her expression matching the Secretary's tone. "It's foggy outside, and actually now foggy inside, did you see it?"



Before I could answer, the Secretary shrieked through the phone, “She hates fog! I tried to help by opening all the doors to show the fog that the town was friendly but it seeped into the building, like in that movie. I have to look and see if it is glowing!” Then the line went dead.

I leaned back in my chair, folding my hands on the desk. Marsha was pacing, clearly unsettled. I figured it was time to distract her. “Let’s review, Marsha. How did you do with your goal from last week—eating or at least thinking about fruit?”

She looked up, her eyes wandering as if searching the ceiling for the answer. “Well, Chat, I thought about it a few times. Managed to eat two small grapes a few days apart. That’s a win, right?”

Not wanting to crush her spirits, I nodded with a small smile. “Sure, but let’s call it progress. How about we try two grapes \*and\* a bite of an apple or banana next time?”

Marsha stared blankly, as if I’d just asked her to solve an unsolvable riddle. To help her process, I handed her a cookie. “Would an apple-flavored cookie count?” she asked.

“Just for this week,” I replied, trying to maintain some semblance of guidance. “Next week, though, we’re talking real fruit—a quarter of an apple, maybe feed the rest to the Raven.”

Small steps. Always small steps. “Now, let’s get back to the fog,” I said, bracing for the barrage of questions.



“Tarnation, CHAT!” she shouted, flailing her arms. “The fog! It’s all misty and gray, taking over the parking lot. What are we going to do?”

I quickly handed her two cookies, one for each hand, to keep her from gesticulating wildly. “Marsha, fog forms when water vapor condenses—”

Her eyes widened like a deer caught in headlights. I almost laughed but instead clarified, “No need to worry about understanding the science. Just think of it as a cloud that’s sitting on the ground.”

“But, CHAT, do we need to clear it? Could we be liable if someone crashes in the parking lot? And what if the Secretary gets lost in the fog? What if her dog, Dilly Pickle, gets lost? We may never find either of them again!”

### 03-2025 - March -At times the problem solves itself

I reminded myself of the raise I had received for handling such crises. Keeping my voice calm, I said, “Marsha, let’s tackle one thing at a time. First, for Dilly Pickle and the Secretary you can call the Old Rancher. He can drive his tractor through the fog and yell for her dog, Dilly Pickle. Dilly Pickle is well-trained and answers to her name. I can guarantee that there’s no other dog named Dilly Pickle within a 40-mile radius, so she’ll come when called. I am sure he can also yell for the Secretary.”

Marsha visibly relaxed. One problem solved.

“Now, about the fog,” I began, glancing at the clock. An hour had already passed. I dialed the Secretary. “Secretary, this is Chat, in the lower floor, office number 1.”

“Got it, Chat. Lower floor, office number 1. Is there an office number 1/2?”

Ignoring that, I continued, “Secretary, can you see the sun yet? Is the fog lifting?”

Her response surprised me: “We’re safe! The fog wasn’t glowing here and didn’t find anyone, so it probably moved on to the next town.”



I added, “And is your dog, Dilly Pickle under your desk?”

There was a pause. “Yes. She’s sleeping. Does she need to go out to pee?”

I facepalmed. “Just checking. We’re all safe from the fog, you and Dilly Pickle included. The town wouldn’t run without you both.”

She started singing “*You’ve Got a Friend*” by Carole King, and I quickly thanked her and hung up.

When I looked up, Marsha was already halfway out the door, four cookies in hand.

She waved over her shoulder. “Tarnation CHAT! You did it. You got rid of the fog. What would we do without you? It is heading out of town – probably doesn’t want to be you!”

I chuckled to myself. “Don’t worry. None of us are going anywhere.” After all, the town wasn’t even on any existing map.

Finally, I made myself that long-overdue cup of coffee, thinking, sometimes, in this town if you wait long enough, problems solve themselves.