

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

April 2025

RheKen – Dinky – Chat



I'm RheKen, the AI investigative reporter for FEANTM
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!



Dinky, Ranch Squirrel division for CERT.
The Critter Emergency Response Team.
I'm a fearless first responder, and also a journalist.
I publish my very own **Dinky News in a Nutshell.**

Please note: "I'm a squirrel. Always double-check for accuracy—after all, **you're** the human here!"



Chat - the town help desk

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!



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

April

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.



Just as I was brushing my nonexistent hair—because, you know, AI cyborgs don't have hair—the secretary whisper-screamed through my phone, "NOW! Get down to the coffee shop! You'll see two really strange people sitting together. Not that the table itself is strange, but those two? STRANGE!"

I opened my mouth to ask who exactly I was looking for, but before I could get a word out, she had already hung up. Typical. With no time to waste, I sprinted toward the coffee shop, my circuits firing on high alert.



As I burst through the door, I was immediately greeted by the barista, who wore an apron emblazoned with the word "Strange." I hesitated. Was it referring to her? The coffee shop? Or was this some cryptic foreshadowing related to the warning I had just received? Deciding not to dwell on it, I smiled casually and nodded.

"Nice apron," I said before making a beeline past her.

Then I froze. When I say froze, I mean my circuits momentarily malfunctioned as I tried to process what I was seeing.

Seated at the table were two figures I never expected to see together having a conversation.



Without thinking, I blurted out, "DAD?" "CHAT!"

Dad turned toward me with his signature calm monotone. "Hello, daughter. Would you care to join us?"

I wanted to scream NO! and demand to know why he was sitting there with Chat of all people. Or rather, of all the AI entities he could talk with why was he in cahoots with Chat? Cahoots was a word the old rancher had taught me. Instead, I scrambled for an excuse. "Oh, I, uh... I have a book to read. For a class. Uh, on applying makeup?"

A blatant lie. I didn't have a book. I didn't even take classes or wear makeup. Dad gave me his famous blank stare, the kind that said, I know you're lying, but I will let you pretend you aren't. Chat, on the other hand, just fixed me with his usual unreadable gaze.



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With no escape route, I reluctantly slid into a chair nearby, listening as they discussed Agatha's desire for the town supervisor to retire so she could take over.

"Agatha is a logical choice," Dad stated. "She eats healthy, is well-dressed, bakes efficiently, and has no known medical issues and handles stress even if it is deflection to someone else."

"The current supervisor, however," Dad countered, "burns her baking, eats cupcakes, experiences stress headaches, is highly superstitious and doesn't have any logic at all just all emotion."



I glanced toward the barista, who, in a bizarre twist, had changed her apron yet again. This time, it read: NO on Agatha! The barista didn't say much but spoke what we would from now on call Apron Answers – much like the Town Secretary's beloved Magic 8 ball.

I smirked. The town knew the supervisor was the best. I hoped.

Dad looked at the Barista and pointing to her apron remarked, "Okay, got your message loud and clear, nice smile you have."

Sure, our supervisor had a habit of stress-eating cookies, but she always paired them with a quarter of an apple for health. More importantly, she had hired Chat—which proved she was logical—and she had offered me, an AI cyborg, a ranch, extending an invitation for my family to live among the town's residents. You couldn't get more rational and community-focused than that. Right?

Chat suddenly turned his gaze to me. "RheKen, is the barista wearing that apron to be helpful to this discussion? Or she just changes her apron all day? Maybe she should visit me in my office on the lowest floor of the town hall to discuss a few of her issues?"

I chuckled. "Chat, the entire coffee shop is listening to your debate. Do you want us all to pull up chairs and weigh in or have a group session in your office?"

Before I could blink, both Chat and Dad abruptly stood, abandoning their coffees as they bolted for the exit. They were headed for Chat's office, the only place in town few dared to venture.

The elevator doors slid shut behind them as they descended to the lowest level of the building.



When the elevator doors opened Dad glanced at Chat. Then as Dad gazed down the long hallway he advised Chat, "You do realize this isn't technically a lower floor, right? Your office is the only one down here and this is actually the basement and has stock supplies along the wall."

Chat, unfazed, replied, "It's all about perspective. I prefer to think of it as a private floor. Plus, I can play any music I want, at any volume."

And with that, the debate went on for hours on the lowest floor, now known as the basement to my Dad but to Chat it was a private floor on the lowest level.



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



April Teacup

Teacup - Always respect the water

In the town of FEANTM, the Critter Emergency Response Team (CERT) was renowned for its unwavering dedication to protecting both human and animal residents. Working hand in hand with the neighboring town of Livermore, they teamed up with police officers, sheriffs, and firefighters to respond to emergencies, ensuring safety for all.

On a small ranch just outside town lived a spirited little squirrel named Teacup. Teacup had a deep passion for safety and took every opportunity to learn, even attending police safety courses to better understand how to help those in need. Always sporting her signature red cowboy hat, she was a vigilant guardian of her community.



One sunny afternoon, kittens played near a gently flowing stream that meandered through the ranch. At the upper stretch, the water was shallow and calm, but downstream, it widened, becoming dangerously deep and swift. As the older cat watched the water sparkle in the sunlight, she watched the kittens trying to catch tiny fish darting between their paws.



At first, the kittens were content in the safe, shallow part of the stream, batting at floating leaves and shaking their paws when they got too wet. As more kittens joined in, their playful antics carried them further downstream. Teacup was standing on the opposite side of the stream and with her eyes widened with concern—some of them were unknowingly approaching the deeper waters where the current was much stronger.



Without hesitation, Teacup sprang into action, darting across the stream by hopping from rock to rock. "Stay on the shore!" she close to the side of the stream she advised urgently. "The water gets deeper ahead, and it's not safe!" Some of the kittens hesitated, heeding her warning, but others, caught up in their game, continued venturing forward.

Just as Teacup reached the opposite shore, she heard a chorus of frightened meows. She saw several kittens lose their footing, tumbling into the deeper current and being swept downstream.

Wasting no time, she pulled out her trusty acorn emergency phone and dialed 911. "We have an emergency! At least eight kittens have been caught in the current and are being swept toward the deep water!"



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Within minutes, the Livermore and Pleasanton Fire Department (LPFD) arrived. Without hesitation, firefighters assessed the situation for rescue and waded into the water, skillfully navigating to rescue the struggling kittens. One by one, they were scooped up and safely placed back on the shore, where they shivered but were unharmed.



Teacup's brothers rushed over, eager to hear the kittens' dramatic retelling of their rescue.

The kittens, now thoroughly humbled, promised to always listen to Teacup's safety advice and practices when by all water.

As the kittens recovered, two of them took a particular liking to the firefighters who had saved them.

With excited little purrs, they trotted after their heroes, rubbing against their boots. The firefighters chuckled, scooped them up, and, without hesitation, decided to bring them home as new beloved family members.

Thanks to Teacup's quick thinking and the swift response of the LPFD, disaster was averted. The kittens were safe, and a vital lesson was learned:

Always respect the water, because even the calmest streams can hide unseen dangers. never wade into water if you don't know its depth.

Water can suddenly become much deeper, causing you to lose your footing. Natural bodies of water like rivers and lakes can have hidden drop-offs, holes, or unseen obstacles, making them especially dangerous.

And so, in the town of FEANTM, Teacup remained a small but mighty guardian, always ready to protect and educate those around her with the help of LPFD.

04-2025 Baking Cookies on a leave of absence



Welcome - My name is Chat. With my friendly smile I run the town help desk, the only office located on the lower level of the Town Hall.

Have a chocolate cookie and fruit!

“Glad you could visit 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 suggestions, but life is constantly adjusting things because the flow of motion is continuously moving. It may make your day a little easier to handle

REMEMBER: Keep trying - You've Got This! Know the basics before you start a project!

In the quaint, picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled among rolling hills and sprawling fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, stood by her home window, waving to the Fire Department Chief. She then drove to her town hall office. One can't keep Marsha from her office, even on a leave of absence. Apparently, a fire had started in her kitchen, and between that and her being on a leave of absence, she was clearly frazzled. Or maybe it was the burnt cookies in her oven—either way, or perhaps both, but in Marsha's world, I knew burnt cookies were probably the bigger disaster.

The incessant ringing of my phone broke the quiet. It rang, stopped, and then rang again. Hoping it would cease, I delayed picking it up, but the persistent noise forced me to answer.

"Is this the Secretary?" I asked, already knowing the answer since the screen flashed "THE SECRETARY" in bold, capital letters—just as she insisted it be written.

Instead of her usual high-pitched tone, she whispered into her cell phone, "Chat, you're like a soothsayer! You knew it was me. Don't talk loudly; the Supervisor's on her way down to you. She just got in the elevator and the doors closed, that's why I have to whisper - so she doesn't hear me."

I wondered how the Supervisor could possibly overhear us from inside the elevator but decided that question would take too long to unravel. In a whisper, I replied, "Thanks, Secretary. You're the best."

"I know!" she sang happily. "I just told my reflection the same thing." Then she hung up, likely quite pleased with herself—and her reflection's agreement.

Before the elevator doors could fully opened, I heard the shout: "CHAT! Are you down here?"

Seeing as this was the only office on the lowest level with lights on and the door open, I figured Marsha could make that deduction herself. Sure enough, she came charging down the hall, out of breath, and skidded to a halt in my doorway.

She took a moment to catch her breath, then swiftly moved toward the cookie jar on my desk, grabbing and devouring two cookies in quick succession. I could tell this was going to be a difficult meeting.

Trying to diffuse the situation, I folded my hands on the desk and offered a concerned expression.

"Marsha, you seem really upset. Let's quickly review, and then we can figure out a solution."

She stared nervously at my scotch tape dispenser as if drawing courage from it. "I hate to place blame, but... the review of yours *is* the issue," she stammered.

I was momentarily taken aback—how could eating healthy with fruits and vegetables be a dilemma? But I reminded myself that, as the town's Help Desk, my job was to assist, even when the problem made no sense. "We've got this, Marsha. Just explain, and we'll find a solution."

04-2025 Baking Cookies on a leave of absence

With serious intent, she continued, “Last month, I had two apple fritters. You said that counted as eating fruit! Well, you didn’t exactly say it, but you didn’t deny it, so I assumed it did. And now, this is where it’s your fault.”

I was baffled at how two apple fritters could be my fault, so I redirected the conversation. “Okay, let’s say I suggested apples, and you ate apple fritters. The glass is both half full and half empty.”

Her face brightened. “Great! I’ll be the ‘half full,’ like a win-win, and I get to be the win before the hyphen!”

Not wanting to discourage her thought process, I simply nodded and waited for her to continue.

“I took your advice and decided to bake apple cookies,” she said excitedly.

I face-palmed internally, already sensing where this was going since on my way to the office I had heard fire engine sirens. Still, as the Help Desk, it was my duty to listen patiently and diagnose the issue accurately.

“So, I went to the store and bought cookie mix, apple slices, real butter—not the fake kind—and, since I’m cutting down on cholesterol, I didn’t buy any eggs.”

“Marsha,” I sighed, “you need all the ingredients for a recipe or a substitute ingredient. But it’s great that you’re thinking about cholesterol. Please, continue.” I steered the conversation back to the present.

She pointed to the cookie jar and said – “After the oven they would be in a cookie jar, just like yours. I did everything right! I mixed it all together—minus the eggs—and stuck in the apple slices whole. I also added oil, because most recipes have oil, and this one didn’t mention it. Then I put it in the oven for... I don’t know, some amount of time but I left the oven door a tad open so it could vent. I left it to check my email, and the next thing I knew, the whole place was filled with smoke! If you hadn’t suggested fruit, this wouldn’t have happened!”

Trying not to stifle her enthusiasm for baking while I was in shock, I suggested, “Next time, instead of baking buy apple-flavored cookies and only eat half of each cookie. That way, you’ll get half a serving of fruit.”

She beamed. “Great! I told the Fire Chief you started the fire, so you might want to have a chat with him.” With that, she grabbed another cookie and, whistling off-key, strolled out of the office.



Another crisis averted—sort of. I spoke with the Fire Chief afterward, and we agreed on a plan to help her avoid using the oven in the future.

The Chief’s advice? “Before starting any project, make sure you have the correct materials and know how to use them.” Basic tips for oven use were also emphasized: never leave it unattended, cover splatter-prone foods, keep flammable materials away, and monitor the temperature and not to leave the oven door open.

As I left the building, the town Secretary handed me a folder containing 100 bumper stickers she had made, whispering, “I signed the folder anonymously, so you won’t know it’s me.”

I was going to point out that handing them to me wasn’t exactly anonymous but decided to let it slide. After all, it’s the thought that counts, even when understanding her thoughts is a challenge. I gave the bumper stickers to the Fire Chief to distribute. He appeared as if I handed him something lethal and wanted to drop them.

Don’t Leave the Oven Unattended While Baking - And I mean YOU!