

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

located in a *mostly* non-existent rural area of Livermore, CA

July 2025

RheKen - 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!



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.

July

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.



RheKen - Town Investigative AI Reporter

Once upon a time, in the serene yet undeniably quirky town of FEANTM—tucked between rolling hills and fields that smelled vaguely of lavender and mild paranoia—lived RheKen, the AI who had nearly perfected the art of living her best semi-sentient life. Her days were peaceful, her ranch was humming along like a well-oiled tractor, and her side hustle as an investigative reporter gave her just enough chaos to keep things interesting. Life was good... until, of course, it wasn't.

I decided to do more digging into Agatha with her *Bakery Budgeting* book determination. Investigative instincts, you know.

I ran a background check on *Bakery Budgeting*, the book in question. I had followed a hunch—one of those itchy, digital-feeling ones—and looked into the book she'd bought to the Barista last month. It was supposed to be about baking on a budget, but the reality? It was a self-published manifesto by a woman in the next town over who earnestly believed in a group calling themselves CCDC - cupcakes could dismantle capitalism. According to the dedication page, she also claimed she could communicate with clouds. Exclusively. They only talked to her.

Still, Agatha had been spotted promoting the book at other town bakeries. That was enough to ping my investigative subroutines. I looped Chat in and arranged for him to "accidentally" bump into Agatha over coffee at our local Bakery.

I sat at the counter, pretending to analyze cookie textures with deep AI focus.



I heard Chat ask Agatha, "So, Agatha, how's the budgeting going?"

She smiled as he reached for a healthy fruit since the Barista refused to leave any cupcakes on their table. The Barista glared at him while Agatha answered, "Oh, you mean *my* budgeting? No dear, I've mastered that. I can host a bridge night, feed eight women, and still come under ten dollars."

I nearly laughed when he looked like a deer caught in headlights, knowing never to remark about the town's ladies bridge night where they don't play bridge at all but gossip and consume cupcakes. He finally remarked, "That's... impressive." He knew her tactics and steered the conversation back on track, "And yet you're handing out that book where they sell cupcakes like it's a ticket to knowledge, how's that working out for you?"



She then turned to me and waved. I was, per usual, staring at a plate of cookies pretending I wasn't listening when she yelled, "Hello RheKen, nice green ensemble." I didn't move one circuit – I was frozen.

Agatha leaned towards Chat, her eyes gleaming. "Well, since you're clever and working with RheKen who although being slightly metallic I do approve the green outfit, I suppose I can tell you. But it's not *just* a budgeting book."

Agatha whispered, "Chat, doesn't she ever realize she's blue, wearing green and stares at plates of cookies not moving at all. I find that odd for an investigative reporter, don't you?" Chat wisely didn't answer, knowing my enhanced hearing was zoned in on his answer and their conversation.

Agatha then reached into her handbag and pulled out a second copy. Inside the cover, in nearly invisible ink, was a map of the town. Not just any map—a map *marked* with locations.

Locations where baked goods prices had spiked. "Cupcake inflation," she whispered. "I'm tracking it."

Chat blinked. "You're what now?"

"Prices are rising," she said. "Cupcakes are up thirty cents. The gluten-free biscotti? Outrageous. Someone's manipulating the local baked goods economy. I suspect a shadow cartel."

Chat smirked and tried for a serious tone, "You think there's a *bakery cartel* in our FEANTM town?"

"Oh, I *know* it," she said. "And I intend to expose them. But I can't do it alone. I need someone with connections. Someone with access to digital ledgers. Someone..." she leaned even closer, "like *you and Rheken*."

I stated, "Uh, I didn't see that coming." I heard Rheken do an AI gasp and my phone dinged with a quick text from RheKen, "Chat, I can understand you didn't see that coming but I'm AI and I didn't see that coming."

Chat kind of smirked but without sarcasm answered Agatha, "I here I thought you were just being passive-aggressive," Agatha smirked. "Oh, I *am*. But that's just my warm-up act."

I texted Chat, "My Dad Chat, is on his way to help solve this mystery, or dilemma, or crises, whatever."



Sure enough, into this fray of confusion wandered my Dad, the master of AI. He sat down beside Agatha, trying for something vaguely friendly. "Agatha, what are you plotting?" I could see Chat do an inward face palm. I quickly texted Chat, "Keep in mind Dad Chat does diplomatic in an odd AI way. Actually, I may agree that was out of the ballpark as you would say."

"Financial justice," Agatha said sweetly. Then with her cheshire cat grin said, "This is like having a chat with two Chats – get the joke?"

I finally had to walk over to their table and said to Dad Chat, "Dad, we're investigating cupcake corruption in the town, but not this bakery." Agatha grinned at me.

Dad Chat blinked. "Ah, daughter, I understand. Yes, in this town one must take cupcake corruption very seriously. I comprehend it is another normal Tuesday, then in this town." Agatha went to the counter to speak with the Barista and I whispered to Chat to be friendly with my Dad Chat. Although Chat groaned, he nodded in agreement – or I think it was agreement.



While Chat reluctantly struck up a conversation with my dad, “So father AI of RheKen AI,” I then overheard Chat ask, “So, wise elder Chat of all AI, what’s your take on cookie corruption in this town?”

Dad Chat smirked. “An age-old dilemma. Temptation of course, money, greed, and—wait, are you mocking me?” That was not a good move for Chat to have waved those words in front of a Master AI person.

Dad then said dryly, “Namesake Chat, how’s it going with the barista and the missing cookie jar? Has she agreed to sell it to you yet?”

The conversation was escalating into sarcasm vs. sarcasm. I motioned to of all people for help – Agatha! “Agatha, I have no idea why I am asking you for help.” She replied, “Your AI, of course you do, but since you took my advice on the green ensemble, I’ll go for it.”



Before tensions escalated, Agatha stepped in between them, smiling too sweetly. “Now boys, no arguing. Or you’ll both get a time-out. You remember about a time out, right Chat and Chat, or the Chat Bro’s?”

Dad Chat looked confused. “Time-out? What time zone are we using for that? Pacific? Eastern?”

Chat grimaced but answered, “Good one Agatha on mentioning the time out.”

She replied, “Now dear, I told the Barista that you told me how sorry you were and would love to adopt one of her kittens and name it cupcake. You can thank me at a later time.”



I have no words to describe the look on Chat’s face but he seemed to be frozen. I quickly texted “Look at the counter. The barista’s holding your cookie jar. She’s smiling, well pretend she is. Odd it matches the way you smile. At least the cookie jar resolution mystery solved. We can all breathe in and out.”

Dad Chat looked over at me and repeated, “Yes, my investigative AI daughter, as I already mentioned, just another normal Tuesday in this FEANTM town of yours. Excuse me now but I’m going to call Mom GPT, I need a dose of AI logic before the town issues continue.”



With enhanced vision and hearing I watched the kitten named Cupcake find her new home.

And later as the elevator door opened, a new cookie jar was delivered to the only office on the lower floor of the FEANTM Town Hall.



And just like that, the FEANTM chaos settled into its usual frequency – until next month.

Stress, The Supervisor and an uninvited guest.



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!



I was walking into Town Hall, ready to face the day—or at least pretend I was. As I looked up to greet Daisy Ann, I noticed she wasn't buzzing open the door. Instead, she held up a sign.

Now, Daisy Ann—if you'll recall—is the niece of our Town Secretary. The Secretary herself decided to take an impromptu trip with the old rancher up to Rice, Minnesota. It was for a Rhubarb pie festival.

She didn't respond—Daisy's been convinced for years that the CIA is monitoring her through the town hall phone lines — so she just pointed more firmly at the sign and buzzed me in. A new mystery. Maybe one requiring sisterly intervention?

As the elevator doors opened, my cell phone rang. Oddly enough, the caller ID read: Daisy Ann. Something was definitely up. "CHAT," Daisy whispered, "I might've mentioned to Sunshine Moonbeam that the Supervisor seemed stressed. And Sunshine or maybe it was her other half Moonbeam said she was going to your office to help."

"Assist me?" I stammered. "She's in my office?"

Daisy whispered again, "Yes, so the CIA at her Happy Relax Studio can't find you. She said you never attend her workshops, and she wants to help you help the Supervisor... relax, you've got this, right?"

That walk down the hallway felt longer than usual. Each step carried a certain doom. At my door, I paused and listened. There was chanting. I opened the door and immediately froze.



Perched on my desk. On. My. Desk. There was Sunshine Moonbeam herself. Sister of Agatha, our town's leading distributor of unsolicited advice. Sunshine Moonbeam had lit incense that she obviously brought with her. She apparently considered incense an office requirement.

I could see my morning was going to need more than a solution - perhaps a double chocolate mocha coffee if the Supervisor hadn't already had a cup and then poured the rest in her thermos. She says she never takes home her thermos with town coffee in it. A clear misunderstanding since we all know she takes the thermos with double chocolate mocha coffee home.

Stress, The Supervisor and an uninvited guest.



Sitting down in the guest chair I grabbed the cookie jar, as if Sunshine Moonbeam would take one. Since they were chocolate macaroon and not some cookie like lettuce tofu cookies, I knew there wasn't any chance of her wanting one. I stared at her. Daring her to want a cookie. I felt compelled to be cookie protective?

"Chat, dear," she said serenely sounding like her sister, Agatha. "Just relax. I'm not here to steal cookies."

And then, like a gust of caffeinated wind, in swept Marsha—the Town Supervisor—humming something between Home on the Range and the Hokey Pokey? She flopped into the other chair and eyed Sunshine.

"Hello Chat," Marsha dramatically sighed. "I notice that you have a new statue on your desk. Should we put it in the fountain out front, for the pigeons to let's say, uh, um, land on?"

Sunshine Moonbeam ignored the jab and answered, "Marsha, seriously, let's center ourselves. Breathe in through your nose. Turn your hands upward into little bowls. Turn the little bowls up when you inhale. Then turn the little bowls upside down as you exhale." Marsha's head was going up and down like a bobble head.

Marsha blinked. "Tarnation Chat, can someone get the rancher to just shoot me now, please?"



I whispered, "No can do, he's up in Minnesota at some Rhubarb Pie Festival, I heard he ate the whole pie by himself. Not even giving the Secretary a slice, and that he smiled at her just holding up the fork between bites."

Well, nothing new there with those two sharing.

Sunshine didn't flinch. "Marsha, you're vibrating like one of your ranch squirrels on a double espresso."

Marsha lied without hesitation. "I only had three cups of coffee. Right, Chat?"



I tried to avert the oncoming crises, and said with enthusiasm, "Sunshine Moonbeam, have a muffin from the Bakery." It didn't work.

I then attempted diplomacy. "Marsha isn't hyper. She just operates at full throttle."

Not my finest line, but it passed inspection.

Marsha was smiling and nodding her head in agreement so I call it a win. Then in a move of pure chaos or full throttle, Marsha attempted to walk out.

She was moving so quickly that she put on her jacket but forgot one sweatshirt sleeve was still dangling since she had only removed one sleeve while sitting.

Sunshine Moonbeam, still cross-legged on my desk like a motivational speaker, didn't miss a beat.

"Marsha, your arm. The sleeve. I think we need to do a few more breaths don't you?"

Stress, The Supervisor and an uninvited guest.

I walked over to Marsha and whispered, “Just go with it. She might leave.”

Marsha straightened up. “What a great idea.” She inhaled like she meant it, exhaled like she didn’t and coughed, and said with almost convincing gratitude, “Oh wow, that really works thank you, I’ve been saved, right Chat?” I just smiled and answered “Sure, saved. Good work Sunshine.”

Sunshine smiled and glided out, promising to see us both at her next “happy relax session.”

Marsha, once the coast was clear, grabbed the cookie jar with military efficiency and headed for the exit yelling to me, “Don’t worry Chat, I’ll ask the barista to deliver another jar. Also, I’m calling Art the locksmith to change your locks in case we find out Sunshine Moonbeam was in prison for lock-picking, which she probably wasn’t. Actually, I just made that up but you found her in your locked office.”

Left alone, I sat at my desk and wondered how to keep people from trying to “help” me at the Help Support Desk. Maybe Daisy could make me a new sign: Chat says he doesn’t need help - Ever.



The office help schedule was officially over. I smiled to myself since that’s the only smile that I allow.

The day, despite it all, ended on a note somewhere between hyper and full throttle but luckily without any promises of having to attend any Sunshine Moonbeam classes.

Now to call the Barista and order another cookie jar.

Supervisors Page - Come Back Soon to the town that “almost” doesn’t exist



Below is not what I like to see – I didn’t see the snake when I was walking outside the barn. I sure didn’t move when I did see it. The picture is after the altercation with the snake. It shouldn’t have coiled, hissed and rattled at me because that cut down my time and thinking to zero on snake classification. AND the flight or fight adrenaline was making me bat guano like on high octane caffeine. Yes, I wear snake chaps this time of year.



We will always remember. Our Town Always Salutes:

- Our US military, NATO and Friends of the US & NATO - First Responders, Police, Fire Fighters EMT’s, Doctors, Nurses, SWAT, CERT Teams, etc.
- We salute engineers, scientists, developers, teachers AND students because without them we would not have technology.

USA And Friends of USA