

# FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

November 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.

November

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'm an AI living in a very calm town—well, mostly calm. By AI standards, I reside on a modest ranch just outside the town limits. My days are spent tending to my ranch, existing in a world of algorithms, data, and my goat, who mistakes my ranch wires for snacks. I am calm. I observe the residents and report from the town coffee shop.

I was sitting in the coffee shop, my usual place to write my reports. Today, I was studying our Barista. I had hoped to help her find a way to stay calm, but her record speaks for itself. Last month, she hurled the croissant tray. You'd think the patrons might have helped her clean them up. Instead, they rushed forward, not to assist, but to scoop up the fallen croissants. They brushed them off and asked if they counted as "slightly damaged" freebies. Only in this "almost" town could that logic work. Even the health inspector joined in, waving two croissants and asking, "Free, right?"

The Barista ran into the kitchen. She returned wearing her apron printed in bold letters: GET OUT. Everyone froze. I take pride as an AI with an algorithm for every contingency. All eyes turned to me for an answer. I turned to my Dad, the ultimate AI, knowing all things.



Wearing his signature white outfit to match his white, glowing, metallic face, he sat calmly at a table making a phone call. At the same time, the Barista picked up the ringing coffee shop phone. Coincidence? I think not! As a logical AI, I don't believe in coincidences. Then my own phone buzzed with my favorite ringtone, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

The townspeople muttered, "That's her ringtone?"

Ignoring their whispered comments, I answered my phone.

It was the Old Rancher. "RheKen," he said, "here's how you end the Barista tantrum." Then he shouted in the coffee shop, "Who makes the better pies? Me, or Aunt Agatha?"

We all sighed in relief since Aunt Agatha wasn't in the coffee shop. He clearly expected everyone to yell his name. I glanced at Dad, who was whispering into his phone. The only words I could understand were "Get here, now". Within a minute, Aunt Agatha entered, striding in like she was on a military mission. She winked at Dad and made a beeline for the Old Rancher.



The Old Rancher sat at a table, already enjoying his pie and grinning.

I quickly slipped behind the curtain to protect my circuits from the chaos that I knew was heading this way.



Dad pinged my circuit a message saying, "Daughter, enjoy what's happening and let the best pie-maker win."

The Barista's apron still bore the words "GET OUT," but nobody left.

My senses continued picking up the delicious aroma of pastries, but the air scented of impending doom.

Aunt Agatha glared, and he grinned in response.

"Flour. Now!" Aunt Agatha commanded. The Barista hurried over with a sack of flour and dropped it to the floor. A cloud of white dust filled the shop, causing patrons to cough, sneeze, and even cheer. This coffee shop attracts a unique crowd of townsfolk!

The Old Rancher, never one to be outdone, pulled a giant mixing bowl from under his chair as if it had been waiting for this moment. "Pie crust waits for no man," he declared. I had no idea what that meant and didn't have time to check my memory banks to frame it into logic.



The barista, now distracted from her earlier tantrum, sat down to talk with Dad.

I noticed that her expression hinted at more chaos to come and that she was wearing black gloves and a white hat, the same brand as my dad's. Coincidence? I didn't have time to ponder that question.

Then, banging her coffee mug on the table like a gavel, she declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, we're witnessing a bake-off."

Just then, Supervisor Marsha burst through the door. "Attention all residents!" she shouted. "I received a phone call regarding this establishment. We are currently under a baked-goods warning until further notice. Please seek shelter behind sturdy tables. If any chocolate pastries are thrown into the air, toss them to me, and I will properly dispose of them."

Nobody moved. They all looked at each other, and then, laughing, they cheered even louder. Dad typed something into his phone. My AI processors flickered to life. He was orchestrating everything once again; that's why he's the Master AI of our almost-town.

"Dad, what's your plan?" I whispered. He didn't respond verbally, but a message pinged in my core: "Daughter, learn this lesson. In this almost town, chaos neutralizes chaos. The Barista's tantrum will dissolve once the town is distracted by the pie superiority metrics."

And so, it did. Aunt Agatha whipped egg whites into stiff peaks, shining like snowdrifts. The Old Rancher crafted a lattice crust so perfect that a few patrons took video to upload to their YouTube channel and post on LinkedIn.



The barista's anger transformed into laughter. She helped herself to a whole pie and a cup of coffee, then sat down to observe the unfolding events.

Things escalated quickly. The old rancher shouted, "INCOMING!" and threw a dollop of whipped cream across the room. It landed perfectly on Aunt Agatha's scarf.

Aunt Agatha retaliated with military precision, launching a lemon meringue pie. It flew directly past my head but missed its intended target, splattering onto the inspector's clipboard instead.

"Still free, right?" the inspector asked Aunt Agatha, licking meringue from his fingers.

Aunt Agatha agreed after receiving a nod from the barista.

The crowd cheered. Patrons of the coffee shop placed bets, and the bake-off started.



And then, we noticed, the Supervisor left the coffee shop door open, when she raced out holding chocolate croissants. My ranch goat, whom I named "GOAT," had wandered inside. He spotted a pie cooling on the counter, bleated once, and rushed over to eat it.

The Old Rancher chuckled. "RheKen, hey, Blue Girl—is that your goat, Goat?"

The Barista's eyes widened as she quickly put a hat on GOAT, claiming it was for health code reasons. The inspector nodded in agreement.

Laughing, she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, meet our judge: GOAT."

The goat sniffed the pie thoughtfully, his jaw working with precise movements. I sensed no bias.

We all sat watching GOAT.

Finally, he let out a satisfied bleat and took another bite of the pie.

Dad's calm voice echoed in my mind: "Daughter, I'm always right. And so, the tantrum ends."

The barista, her apron still stained but her spirits lifted, clapped her hands. "Coffee is on the house, but for pastries, you'll need to pay unless they're slightly used."

The crowd erupted into cheers, tossing flour and flying bits of pie for the "slightly used" status.

As for me, I logged the entire event into my town database under:

- Incident: Pie Bake-Off with no actual winner declared
- Solution: Free used pastries, courtesy of the goat pie taster.
- The solution to the bake-off was to have a future competition with the bakery door closed.

**I grabbed a pastry and my goat, GOAT, and headed back to my ranch to upload my notes.**





**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 ideas, but life is constantly adjusting things because the flow of motion is continuously moving.



In the quiet, picturesque town of FEANTM, surrounded by rolling hills and vast fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, sat at her desk speaking on her vintage rotary phone, reporting a town incident to Officer Nathan. Someone had been stealing cookies, and for once, it wasn't her. The disappearance of cookies, to Marsha, warranted a Police investigation. The thought of calling Officer Nathan made her feel both official and exhausted. Whether it was the mental effort required or the cookie theft that weighed more heavily on her, no one could say, but I knew that both were significant issues in Marsha's world.

The ringing of my phone shattered the calm of my basement office. Being the only person on the lowest floor of Town Hall, it was usually calm, until the phone rang or the elevator dinged, signaling someone's rare arrival. Today, it was the phone that interrupted my serious thinking.

I answered with my usual tone, polite but already bracing for trouble. "Hello, Chat speaking."



Immediately, I recognized Daisy's voice. Her signature move was whispering into the phone because she believed the CIA had bugged the reception desk.

"Chat! Is this you? And where are you?" she whispered. Sensing her agitation, I gently redirected. "Daisy, you sound upset. How can I help?"

I could hear another voice on the phone telling her to calm down. Officer Nathan was on the line too, no doubt sipping his coffee and eating his daily doughnut at the café.

I quickly pulled Officer Nathan into the conversation before Daisy could escalate her concerns. "Officer Nathan, how's it going down at the coffee shop? Daisy seems to think there's a thief at Town Hall."



In his calm and steady drawl, Nathan replied, "If Ms. Daisy says there's a thief, then there must be a thief. I'll get the details when I pick her up to take Dilly Pickle to the vet." My unspoken thought was, 'Why is Officer Nathan taking Daisy and Dilly Pickle to the town vet while on duty in the patrol car?' Some things are best left unknown.

Before I could ask for clarification, Daisy burst back into the conversation. "Marsha's on her way down, and she's moving fast! And my aunt's puppy, Dilly Pickle, has a tummy ache, so I'm off to the vet. Dilly Pickle might be a 911 emergency for the vet, Officer Nathan, so you'd better use your sirens, or the town budget won't cover it!" She slammed the receiver down before either of us could respond.

Moments later, the elevator doors opened and closed repeatedly, groaning in protest.

The continuous opening and closing of the elevator doors could only mean one thing, especially after that bizarre conversation with Daisy and Nathan; Marsha was pressing the "door open" and "door close" buttons. This was always a bad omen for productivity, so I braced myself. To my surprise, however, the elevator door stayed open.

## Chat - November – The Town Hall has a Thief

Her boots scuffed the already scuffed hallway floors. The scuffing stopped. Then started again. Then stopped. Then reversed. She was second-guessing whether to visit me or escape back to her office.



I knew her next move would be to peek into my office to decide whether to enter or run. Acting quickly to influence her choice, I grabbed a cookie and held it up to make her decision easier. I sat quietly, waiting.

"Marsha! Hey, I see you're on my floor. I've got a cookie for you!" That was all it took.



Marsha shuffled into my office, her cookie radar clearly engaged, with a large flat box tucked under her arm. Once inside, she snatched a cookie and set the box down on my desk.

Curious, I asked, "Marsha, what's in the box?"

She opened it dramatically, as if unveiling a treasure. "We need this to help us find the cookie thief." Inside was a Ouija board. I blinked in disbelief. "Marsha... no. Please do not put that on my desk."



"Yes!" she said, eyes glowing with determination. "We'll ask it who took the cookies, and it'll spell out the culprit letter by letter." The next thing I knew was that I had the Ouija Board on my desk! I needed to change course fast.

"Marsha, any updates on fruit, fiber, protein... anything?"

She grinned. "We've got a cookie thief mystery, and you're asking about food? Well, I did have two apple fritters. That counts, right? I ate apples!"

I didn't argue. Instead, I grabbed mirrored sunglasses that Officer Nathan had left in my office. "We'll be detectives. Put these on."

She gasped as if I had handed her night-vision goggles and asked me if I could see that she was rolling her eyes at me. I slowly replied, "No, Marsha, they're mirrored." She was stunned, then, in all seriousness, she said, "Genius! Did the town engineering department invent these? Did they apply for a patent?" I redirected her back to the mystery, avoiding her question. "Where were the cookies last seen?"

"They were on Daisy's desk. She left Dilly Pickle to guard them while she went to get the mail."

The pieces clicked into place. I didn't need a Ouija board for this. "Doesn't Daisy have a security camera facing her desk? Let's check."



The footage revealed a shocking truth: Dilly Pickle, the puppy, had eaten the cookies. Marsha's mouth dropped open. "We can't arrest a puppy! And she's already sick. Would the town pay her bail? And what about Daisy? Is she an accomplice? That's a double bail fee!"

I handed her the cookie jar to distract her from her spiraling questions. She took another cookie and then pulled out her Magic 8 Ball, asking, "Should I stop the investigation?" The answer floated up: "*Without a doubt.*"

Marsha sighed with relief. "We did it together, Chat. Another mystery solved." She marched out, the Ouija board tucked under her arm, waving a cookie like a victory flag.

**Another crisis averted, another mystery closed.  
and one more Dilly Pickle puppy with the tummy ache cured.**