

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

March 2026

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.

March

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 — Chapter: The Name Behind the Ink & Who is their Seamstress?

I don't believe in coincidences. Patterns, however, are reliable.

NTKA's columns followed a structure: public event, subtle critique. The tone suggested familiarity with coffee culture, our community rituals, and competitive hospitality economics. This narrowed the field considerably and I dived into finding out who this person was.

Dad Chat reviewed my preliminary analysis, "Daughter, what does your algorithm tell you about your conclusion probability?" "High," I replied. "And rising." I was really proud of myself. As the Old Rancher would say, "Girlie, you kicked tail!"

The next clue arrived to me in the form of timing.

The FEANTM Town Gossip and news arrived at the coffee shop. NTKA's column was confident, and composed with another bite of sarcasm at our Barista. I noted that her column required familiarity with our coffee shop, preparation, and motivation. Why would this human be so intent on our coffee shop!



I noticed our town sleuths sitting having coffee. I went over to Helyn, always wearing her signature red sleuth outfit and her niece, Sabyl. She lived on the last road in our town on Churchill Lane. Inconspicuously. I handed them the dossier I had compiled.

Helyn whispered to her niece Sabyl, "A case! We can solve this."

She immediately cross-referenced neighboring towns. There it was! She turned to me and said, "And that, RheKen, is how we do it. We use our smarts rather than AI." Dad Chat pinged me, "Daughter, I think that is what is called an I insult." I didn't ping him back.

A coffee shop one town over. Recently opened. Struggling. On line reviews described the barista as excellent but emotionally distant, and comments that she needs to be more like the Barista in FEANTM Town. That was it! The new coffee shop Barista was emotionally hurt making her resentful of FEANTM's community loyalty. Why humans do that jealousy route is another mystery study for a later time.

## RheKen — Chapter: The Name Behind the Ink & Who is their Seamstress?



The Sleuths stood up! Then they posed in their signature sleuth pose letting the entire coffee shop know that they had solved the mystery writer.

I pinged Dad who was sitting with Agatha. “Dad, FEANTM Town Sleuths, Helyn and her niece Sabyl, deduced who NTKA is. What do you think?”

Dad asked Agatha her opinion. Agatha seemed to ponder and answered, “I wonder who their seamstress is?”



Dad stared at Agatha and pinged me, “Daughter, does wondering about a seamstress even make sense in this conversation? Why can’t humans focus on the situation and why are their outfits so metallic and shining if they are sleuths?”

I pinged Dad, “Dad, I was also wondering who their seamstress was. I have the information on the mystery. I can’t ping right now.”

The owner’s name appeared at the bottom of the business license. It matched the writing style. I did not expose NTKA publicly. That would have been mean-spirited. Our Town Supervisor does not look favorably on those who are mean spirited – actually she can go on a 3-hour rant about being mean spirited and a better way to do things. Make it a 6-hour rant if she has had too much coffee!



Instead, I drove to the next town. The rival coffee shop was quiet, too quiet. The barista behind the counter looked up sharply when I sat down and had ordered pastries. I could tell she was already expecting judgment and drama. “You’re RheKen from FEANTM,” she said.

“Yes,” I replied. “And you are NTKA. We need to have a conversation.”

She didn’t deny it. “I never meant to hurt anyone,” she said quickly. “I just wanted to do better and not have my customers drive to your town. Plus, they always talk about your Barista, her aprons and how great she is at her bakery.”

“Your approach,” I said calmly, “creates damage without anything positive for either of you.”

“I was anonymous because I didn’t think they’d read my column if they knew who I was,” she admitted.

I processed that. “Anonymous criticism removes accountability,” I said. “But it also removes connection.” Silence followed. “I won’t reveal your name,” I continued. “But your column must change direction to own what you say, less drama writing and more cohesive logic and facts.”

She nodded immediately. “No more anonymity in any of my writings on any topic,” she said. “And no more cruelty by exaggeration or false statements to create more drama. If I write again, it will be constructive, even if criticisms it will be in a constructive manner with suggestions for improvement and it will be known it is my opinion.”

I told her I was proud of her and returned to FEANTM, I arranged a meeting at the coffee shop.

## RheKen — Chapter: The Name Behind the Ink & Who is their Seamstress?

The Barista stood firm. “So, it was a competitor?” “Yes,” I said. “But not an actual enemy.”

Agatha folded her arms. “She still insulted my pie.”

I replied, “I do realize she did insult you but she also admired Daisy’s plain cookies.”

The Rancher grumbled. “I don’t trust people who hide.”

“I explained it to her and she will not be hiding anymore, and realized what she had done did not make herself feel any better, add to her business or was constructive in any manner,” I said.

The next edition of FEANTM Town Gossip arrived with a small but significant change.

The column was signed. NANM - No alias. No mask. I am Ginger from the Bread Shop in the neighboring town.

It read: I wrote once from the shadows. That was a mistake. Criticism without ownership is cowardice. Criticism without solution is pushing drama. I view FEANTM’s strength is not always perfection but it is always protective of the weak and it is care. I apologize to FEANTM and the coffee shop Barista. I have learned a valuable lesson that anonymous word to cause drama is not being productive.

The town read quietly. Then all clapped and moved on to free coffee.

Dad Chat reviewed the paper and nodded, "Daughter, resolution achieved without escalation. You did good, Daughter, well done. Did you ever find out the FEANTM town sleuth’s seamstress. It seems your mother now wants to have a new, shall I say shiny ensemble?"

The Barista poured coffee. Daisy offered cookies. Agatha accepted one—after a pause.

And NTKA never wrote anonymously again and became a top editorial writer as NANM. Her editorials were now honest, balanced in her analysis of evidence and events and constructive rather than meanspirited with innuendo or untruths.

She now visited the coffee shop and the Barista gave her an apron! I enjoyed her visits and we covered many conversations about evidence and logical arguments. Her coffee shop became a hub for the editorial writers from the larger circulation county newspaper.



As a special thank you to the Town Sleuths, Helyn and her niece Sabyl, the FEANTM town Barista gave them free coffee for a month.

As always it was only if they answered a question and she had it on her apron. Actually, they had always kept their seamstress as a well-guarded secret but now the entire town seemed to want the answer.





**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! 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 now and then, but life is always adjusting things anyway—the flow of motion never stops.

In the quiet, picturesque town of **FEANTM**, surrounded by rolling hills, **March** arrived in town the way it always did being half hopeful spring, half leftover winter, and today in this town entirely suspicious.

**Town Emergency Text – To all interested parties and those that aren't interested: Daisy baked cookies.**

**The cookies are missing! M-I-S-S-I-N-G**

Marsha in her capacity as Town Supervisor sent out a group town text. That alone should have put the town on alert. In Marsha's world missing cookies were a felony.

The cookies Daisy baked, according to Marsha, were chocolate chip with sea salt and what she dramatically referred to as "a whisper of destiny." Marsha was now in my office grabbing three cookies and frantically explaining that the cookies on Daisy's desk at exactly 8AM.



At the time they were on the desk Daisy held up a sign as everyone entered the Town Hall. Then later put the phones on auto answering, placed the sign on the desk and went to the filing room.

By 10:17 a.m., morale had vanished and so had the cookies.

Daisy stood in the middle of Town Hall, eyes wide. "They were here," she whisper-screamed down the hall, "Who took the morale cookies?"

The Barista, who had wandered over on an errand bringing me a new jar of cookies looked at Daisy's empty desk and nodded gravely. "Any crumbs?"

"None," Daisy said. "This was a professional hit." She lowered her voice. "I believe this may be federal." Within minutes, she had escalated her suspicions calling me on the phone, "CHAT is this you?" I answered as professionally as I could muster, "Yes, Daisy, I'm the only one that answers my phone. Marsha advised me of the issue, how can I help?"

"It's the CIA," Daisy declared. "They monitor sugar morale metrics. It's strategic."

I blinked twice watching Marsha shake her head in agreement as I calmly said, "Daisy, why would the CIA take cookies?"

"I am sure they have a Morale Destabilization program," Daisy replied firmly. The only solution was to say, "Daisy, I'm on my way to your desk to investigate."

I paused when I entered the main floor noticing the semicircle of employees all whispering different conspiracy theories.

"Good morning," I said calmly. "Can someone give me specific details why the atmosphere suggests baked goods were stolen, and possible theories based on actual evidence?"

Daisy pointed at me dramatically. “That’s deflection! Chat, was it you?”

I adjusted my glasses. “On what grounds have I bypassed the CIA?”

She pointed at me and declared, “You have access. You understand cravings. You once optimized the snack drawer.”

“That was for inventory efficiency,” I calmly replied. Daisy answered my logic with, “And now there are no cookies!” Daisy cried, “Chat do you see the connection?”

I folded my hands quietly hoping to calm her down and whispered. “If I were to steal cookies, Daisy, I assure you the evidence trail would not include a handwritten note saying, “Thanks.” Then I continued in a carefully moderated tone, “Don’t you recognize the writing?” At this point I recognized the writing but even I, at times, like to drag things out. So, I remained silent wondering how they would come to the correct conclusion.

Daisy nodded slowly. “That’s... fair, and the writing looks somewhat familiar but I can’t place it.” Then she gasped. “See? Deflection. He’s manipulating us with logic!”

Meanwhile, outside Town Hall, Supervisor Marsha was crossing the street after inspecting a slightly crooked metal parking sign and trying to straighten it by kicking it.

That’s when she saw something more suspicious than a leaning parking sign. Officer Nathan strolled down Main Street on patrol.

In his hands? A blue tray. A blue tray holding cookies! He took a large bite mid-stride, nodding approvingly to himself and watched as he went to his patrol car, sat down and proceeded to eat a cookie.

Marsha froze. Her eyes narrowed. She mentally added things up – blue, tray, cookies, officers love cookies, but then she thought maybe they loved doughnuts. She slowly lifted her cell phone. Documenting evidence for me to review.



Click. Another bite. Click. Crumbs fell onto his lap. Click.

Then she called me on my cell phone, “Chat she whispered, “We have a development. I’m sending you pictures from my cell phone. Do you have your cell phone?”

Inward face palm but I answered, “Yes, Marsha, I have my cell phone.”

Back inside, Daisy was constructing a flowchart labeled Operation Missing Cookies.

I was still attempting to de-escalate the entire situation but missing cookies in this town is a major crisis and decided to hold off showing the evidence!

“Let’s examine rational possibilities,” I said. “Who had proximity to the tray?”

“Everyone,” Daisy snapped. “That’s what makes it so sinister. But that handwriting doesn’t look sinister. See this is a mystery of epic proportions!”

The doors burst open. Supervisor Marsha entered like a prosecuting attorney mixed with the police department yelling, “I have photographic evidence, don’t anyone move and put your hands behind your head,” she announced. Rather than try to use logic I just put my hands in back of my head lacing my fingers.



She held up her phone. “Watch closely, I have evidence on my phone of the thief enjoying those cookies.”

There, displayed clearly, was Officer Nathan mid-chew, holding an unmistakable Daisy baked cookie.

Daisy gasped so hard and yelled louder than Marsha yells, “Enhance that video!”

“You don’t need to enhance the video, it is quite clear,” I said gently. Marsha zoomed in anyway.

Moments later, Officer Nathan himself stepped inside, still chewing.

“Afternoon, folks,” he said casually. “Oh, hey Daisy, those cookies were incredible.”

Silence. It was actually the first I ever heard in the town hall.

“You... took them?” Daisy asked faintly.

“Yeah,” he said. “They were sitting there with a sign for morale. Figured they were for me. I grabbed them so I’d have something to munch on while patrolling. Saves time and gives me a lot of morale.”

He held up the nearly empty tray. “Town’s quiet today. Your chocolate chip cookies helped.”

Daisy blinked. “No CIA?” she whispered.

Nathan paused. “I don’t think in this case. Not unless they’re into sea salt.”

I gently cleared my throat. “For the record, Daisy did accuse me of federal pastry stealing.”

Nathan grinned. “You? Nah. You’d have left a note for how to improve them.”

Marsha lowered her phone slowly. “So,” she said, “the case of the March Cookie Theft...”

“Wasn’t theft,” Daisy quickly interjected, “It was patrol snacking.”

Daisy looked at the final cookie remaining on the tray and said, “Well, at least morale was served.” Officer Nathan smiled at her and took the last cookie. “Morale’s excellent,” he confirmed.

And thus concluded the Great March Mystery of the Vanishing Cookies. Not a covert operation, not any CIA or other Federal interference, but simply a hungry officer with a patrol route and good timing.

I made a note in my spreadsheet planner: Next time: Label tray more specifically to take only one cookie.

Daisy, however, quietly added a new line to her flowchart: Remain cautious. CIA still possible.

I was actually quite proud of Marsha staying calm and using her cell phone to capture evidence until I received 20 pictures of the leaning parking sign with the note: CHAT, who do you think did this?

And in this town another mystery solved and a new one always on the horizon.