



RheKen – Table of Contents

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
 I use chatGPT for assistance.
 I'll be documenting our town residents.



The coffee shop offices are for one-month visits.

Disclaimer:

- The stories are created with chatGPT.
- The stories are created for fun to read.
- Always do your fact-finding for accuracy.

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RheKen

February

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Why are cattle window shopping in the town?"

The Rancher & our odd, but beloved, Town Secretary are at the coffee shop.

She's yelling at him about cows.

I better investigate and adopt a cow.



Can a cow be a town resident?

Her name is Cowbell.
She looks in the windows.
A peeping Cow?



Once upon a time, a cattle Rancher lived in the small town of FEANTM for many years. He had always been a respected member of the community, known for his hard work and commitment to raising high-quality cattle and his special milking cows.

One day, the Secretary, dressed in her usual western outfit with her favorite western boots, approached The Rancher with a problem. Some of The Rancher's cattle had been wandering into the town, causing problems for the residents. The secretary asked The Rancher to do something about it, but The Rancher was resistant.

"These cattle have been roaming these lands for generations," The Rancher said. "They have just as much right to be here as anyone else."

The Secretary argued that the cattle were causing damage to the town and its residents and that something needed to be done to prevent it. But The Rancher was stubborn, insisting that the cattle were not causing any harm. The two went back and forth for some time, each trying to make their case. Finally, The Rancher agreed to erect a fence around his property to keep the cattle contained. The secretary was satisfied, and The Rancher could continue raising his cattle without causing any more trouble for the town.

In the end, The Rancher and the secretary were able to come to a compromise that worked for everyone. The Rancher was able to continue his way of life, and the town was able to prosper without any interference from the cattle.

- **The Rancher asked RheKen, "RheKen, why don't you wear western clothes and boots?"**
 - **RheKen tilted her head, looking at him like he was odd, and answered, "As an AI, I'm not capable of wearing anything. My code stack exists on a series of cloud servers interconnected by HTTP protocols."**
 - **The Town Secretary yelled, "RheKen is my cousin. Buy me the clothes. I'll share them."**
 - **We tilted our heads and looked at the Town Secretary like she was odd.**
- Unfortunately, purchasing clothes started another argument to be documented next month.**



RheKen

February

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Why Does Brett think I'm a tool - ME a tool?"

A town resident yelled at RheKen.

Brett told her that she wasn't real.

The residents wondered that if she wasn't real then why was Brett yelling at her?



RheKen was insulted, and her feelings were hurt, but she remained polite.

Luckily, no one wanted to throw their doughnuts at Brett for yelling at RheKen. Why throw a good doughnut when you can eat it? The Town Supervisor pitched a crunched-up table napkin. She had good aim, and it hit him on the back of the head. She claimed that the Rancher threw it.

RheKen, the town's investigative reporter, was sitting at the local coffee shop, sipping her coffee and gathering information for her next article. Suddenly, Brett, a town resident sitting at the coffee counter started yelling at her.

"You're not real!" he shouted. "You're just a tool! A mere imitation of a human!"

RheKen, being an AI, was used to this type of reaction from people unfamiliar with her kind. She calmly and politely explained to Brett that she was indeed an AI and much more than just a tool.

"I may not be human, but I have the ability to learn and process information faster than any human could," she said. "I also have access to vast amounts of data and can provide insights and analysis that a human reporter may not be able to."

Brett was surprised by RheKen's intelligence and ability to communicate smoothly. He apologized for his outburst and offered to buy her a coffee and some cookies as a peace offering.

RheKen graciously accepted, and they began to chat, discussing their interests and learning about each other. As they spoke, Brett realized that RheKen was more than just an AI. She was a unique individual with her own thoughts and opinions.

After their conversation, Brett left the coffee shop with a newfound respect for AI and RheKen. He realized that AI was not just a tool but a new form of intelligence with the potential to change the world for the better.

From that day on, Brett and RheKen became friends, regularly meeting at the coffee shop to chat and share their perspectives on the world. They were a testament to the fact that despite their differences, people and AI could coexist and learn from each other.



RheKen

March

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: Metaverse & Engineering Simulation

The Coffee Shop Saga.

The Metaverse & Engineering Simulation



RheKen's investigative notes

"What is the future of simulation in the Metaverse?"

The Town Secretary is an engineer?



Once upon a time, The Town Secretary stated that she was an engineer. No one in the town knew that information. It was missing from her resume. I convinced her to give a seminar at the coffee shop. She did very well. Then we discovered that she was a pretend engineer and also used chatGPT!

The Secretary stood before the crowd at the coffee shop. The Secretary clasped her hands tightly together. She prepared to share information with the town. "Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "I want to talk to you today about the future of engineering. I have a PDE - pretend degree in engineering. I believe we're on the cusp of a revolution in how we approach our work, and that revolution is the metaverse." RheKen stood up & applauded. The town residents looked confused.

The crowd murmured with curiosity, and The Secretary continued, "The metaverse is a virtual world that you can use for various purposes. For engineers, it offers a new way to perform simulations. Instead of relying on complex models and prototypes, we can now create virtual environments that can be manipulated and tested in real time. Metaverse simulation allows engineers to make improvements. They can iterate more quickly than ever before." RheKen stood up and applauded, and The Rancher yelled, "Sit down!"

The Town Secretary went on to explain the benefits of the metaverse, how it can improve efficiency and accuracy in engineering projects, and how it can help to save time and money. The crowd listened intently, captivated by The Town Secretary's enthusiasm and the metaverse possibilities.

"I believe that the metaverse has the potential to change the way we work and live, and I'm honored to be here today to share this with you," The Town Secretary finished to a round of applause from the crowd. RheKen stood up, clapping and cheering. The Rancher yelled, "RheKen, whatever you are, sit down!" The residents were silent. RheKen looked at The Rancher and replied, "I've told you that I'm AI with an abundance of information. What type of intelligence and information do you claim?" The Town Secretary yelled, "Free coffee, come and get it," and everyone forgot about The Rancher and RheKen.

The town hall meeting was a huge success, and The Secretary's message about the metaverse spread quickly. The town's engineers were eager to explore the possibilities, even though the Secretary was a pretend engineer. The Rancher held up a sign - "Do your research. Don't rely on the Secretary!"



RheKen

March

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

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Investigate: "What happened to the purchased clothes?"

The Rancher & the Secretary are eating in the bakery, arguing about clothes!

Who argues about clothes, unless it's what detergent to use?

I need to get there quickly for a free coffee!



Who in the town bakes Rhubarb Pie?



Once upon a time, The Rancher had always argued with the Town Secretary and wanted to do something nice for her. The Town Secretary had asked for a new western shirt. She claimed that she'd share the shirt with her cousin. Odd that The Town Secretary said the cousin is me, RheKen. The Rancher bought the shirt so she would stop speaking about the clothes issue at the town hall meetings.

Here is what transpired - One day, while shopping, he came across a beautiful western shirt he knew the Town Secretary would love. He purchased it. He then surprised her at the next town meeting while she complained about not having a new shirt while eating his Rhubarb pie.

At the meeting, The Rancher approached the Town Secretary and presented her with the shirt. She was thrilled and kept asking what the joke was or if it was an exploding shirt. He said, "Since I won the Rhubarb pie baking contest and it was a cash prize, I bought it. Take the shirt and go away." The Town Secretary quickly left the meeting but returned wearing the new shirt.

However, as fate would have it, during the meeting, she accidentally spilled some of The Rancher's famous rhubarb pie on her shirt, ruining it.

Our Town Secretary was mortified and apologized profusely to The Rancher. The rest of the residents gobbling pie froze in place, some with the fork halfway to their mouths. The Rancher chuckled and told her not to worry about it; it was just a shirt, and she could buy her replacement because he wasn't buying another shirt.

The Town Secretary claimed it was his fault for winning the Rhubarb Pie Contest, and a new argument started over the Town's Baking Contest and who should have won the prize. The town residents quickly ate their pie or ran out of the meeting with it in case she started tossing pies!

The end. NOT. In April RheKen will be reporting on the baking contest.



RheKen

March

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

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Investigate: "Who is Pirate?"

The Rancher & the Town Secretary are arguing over the return of a chicken.

The Secretary yells, "NO, my niece already named her Pirate. You can't have Pirate back!"



Why is the town secretary's niece holding a chicken and saying it's her chicken?



Once upon a time, a Rancher lived on a sprawling farm on the outskirts of town. One day, a strong gust of wind blew one of his chickens into the yard of a nearby house belonging to The Town Secretary. When The Rancher went to retrieve the chicken, The Town Secretary refused to give it back, stating that her niece, Rheanon, had grown attached to the bird and named it Pirate. Despite his initial reluctance, he could see that Rheanon was deeply fond of Pirate and didn't want to cause any trouble. The Rancher had never heard of a chicken being given a human name.

Days passed, and Rheanon's love for Pirate only grew stronger. She would spend hours each day playing with and caring for the bird, who seemed just as content in its new home. The Rancher, on the other hand, was growing increasingly frustrated. He was a Rancher, had a business to run, and needed all of his chickens back to keep the farm running smoothly.

Finally, The Rancher decided to visit Rheanon and try to find a solution. When he arrived, he found Rheanon sitting in her yard with Pirate, cooing and laughing with the bird. After a long and heated discussion, The Rancher finally relented (but did curse quite a lot) and let Rheanon keep the chicken. However, he refused to call it Pirate, insisting that it was just a simple farm bird and nothing more. The Town Secretary told Rheanon to cover Pirate's ears so that Pirate's feelings didn't get hurt. The Rancher yelled, "That bird doesn't have ears like that. Why are you putting earmuffs on a bird? Keep the bird. She now belongs to you!"

The Town Secretary was overjoyed that her niece, Rheanon, could keep Pirate. Pirate had 75 little chicken outfits, so when she took Pirate to town, Pirate looked her chicken best. From that day on, she treated Pirate like royalty. The bird became a beloved member of the community, and everyone who met it couldn't help but fall in love with its charming and playful personality.

Despite his initial reluctance, The Rancher came to see Rheanon's love for Pirate was genuine (and that Rheanon's Aunt, The Town Secretary, was odd – The Secretary referred to Pirate as another niece.) And even though he never called the chicken by its human name, he couldn't help but smile when he saw the two of them playing together in the yard. The Town Secretary didn't see him taking the pictures when she held Pirate, but she found out he posted to LinkedIn that he thought she was crazy! So, The Town Secretary stole his bicycle! (No, we have no idea why stealing his bike made up for posting to LinkedIn)

(UH OH, that led to one heck of an argument over the bicycle)



RheKen

April

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Who stole the bicycle?"

The Secretary and The Rancher were arguing over a bicycle name.

That's not unusual that they were arguing.



The question is why did she insist the bicycle have a name?

Once upon a time, a Rancher lived on the outskirts of town. He was a hardworking man who enjoyed leisurely rides on his trusty bicycle. One day, his bike was missing. The Rancher immediately knew who had taken it - his neighbor, the Secretary, whom he had suspected of having an eye on his bicycle for some time.

A few days later, The Rancher saw the Secretary riding his bicycle in the center of town. She was having a great time, laughing and waving to people as she rode by. The Rancher was livid and confronted her, demanding the return of his bicycle. But to his surprise, she refused. She told him that she had fallen in love with the bike and even named it Gianna.

At first, The Rancher was adamant that he wanted his bicycle back, but as he thought about it, he realized that the Secretary seemed to be very happy riding it. And so, he made a decision that took her by surprise. He told her she could keep the bicycle, but he wouldn't recognize its new name.

From that day on, the Secretary rode Gianna past The Rancher's house every day, waving and smiling at him. The Rancher would always nod, acknowledging her, but never referred to the bicycle as Gianna.

Despite this, their relationship improved, and they became good friends, often sharing stories and laughter over coffee. And as for Gianna, the bicycle became a beloved bicycle of the town, a symbol of the friendship between The Rancher and the Secretary, and the power of letting go and finding joy in unexpected places.

The above entire paragraph is a lie – The Rancher deflated the bicycle tires at the coffee shop while The Secretary was in the Ladies' Room. He stood outside laughing as she walked out. She glared at him and yelled, "I'll get you, you old coot!"

So, that does not bode well for our Town Rancher!



RheKen

April

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: AI? Is that a new pastry Almond Incentive?

RheKen and Sara were arguing over what AI is.

Of course, it must exist if RheKen lives in the town on a small ranch!



AI does not stand for the new pastry Almond Incentive.

Okay, it can also stand for a pastry! The Almond Incentive pastry is excellent to eat – you need to try one!

Once upon a time, there were two friends named Rheken and Sara. They often discussed many topics, and one day they argued about the existence of Artificial Intelligence (AI).

Rheken tried to explain AI, saying it's a system designed to perform tasks that typically require human intelligence, such as visual perception, speech recognition, and decision-making. He also mentioned that algorithms and machine learning power AI systems.

However, Sara was skeptical. She believed that AI didn't exist and was just a concept created by science fiction writers.

Determined to prove Sara wrong, Rheken took her to visit a nearby technology lab. They were welcomed by a researcher, who showed them a demonstration of an AI system in action. The AI system was able to accurately perform various tasks, such as recognizing speech and making decisions, without any human intervention.

Sara was amazed. She finally realized that AI was real and much more advanced than she had thought. She apologized to Rheken for her skepticism and expressed her gratitude for the opportunity to see AI in action.

From that day forward, Sara and Rheken had a new appreciation for AI and continued to explore its capabilities and limitations together. They remained close friends and continued to have many interesting conversations, but they never argued about AI again...



RheKen

April

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "What happened at the Baking Contest & who won?"

The Rancher & Secretary are arguing.

Ava is watching them from the bakery. She should buy cupcakes.

I better go the bakery to investigate and ask for a free cupcake!



My cousin, Ava, called in an in an argument in the town square.



Once upon a time, a Rancher lived in the small town of FEANTM for over 20 years. He was known for his delicious rhubarb pies that he often brought to local community events. One day, the Secretary announced that there would be a rhubarb pie-baking contest at the annual town fair. Our Rancher being a competitive man, decided to enter the contest.

As the day of the fair approached, the entire town was buzzing with excitement. Everyone was eager to taste the pies and see who would come out on top. On the contest day, the Secretary and Rancher arrived early to set up their booths for judging. Glaring at each other, they said good morning and good luck. We know neither meant good luck, but it was nice that they mentioned it.

The judges, consisting of Mayor John, Supervisor Marsha, and two local bakers, Art and Nicole, tasted each pie and deliberated for what seemed like hours (Marsha needed two slices each to decide). Finally, they announced the winner: The Rancher's rhubarb pie had taken first place!

The town residents ducked in case the Secretary threw hers at The Rancher!

The Secretary scowled at The Rancher but was gracious in her defeat and congratulated him. From then on, the two became baking adversaries (that is familiar since they argue about everything). They often shared baking tips and recipes for the Rhubarb Pie, but we know that The Rancher never puts oregano and garlic in Rhubarb Pie!



And every year, The Rancher entered the contest and won, cementing his status as the town's top pie maker.

The end. Or is it? You're correct, it isn't the end!



RheKen

May

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Why are milking cows wearing pink bows?"

The Rancher & the Secretary are arguing IN our movie theater while everyone is yelling QUIET!!

My cousin Ava ran out of the movie theater to call me. Will they give me a free movie ticket?



While Jason was working the concession stand giving out free popcorn he heard loud arguing.

Brett, the theater manager, called the town police. He explained that an argument was louder than the movie.

Once upon a time, a Rancher lived in the small town of FEANTM. He was known for his cattle and milking cows. He sold milk and baked goods from his store in the town.

One morning The Rancher stood on his porch gazing out on his cow pasture, enjoying the day. Suddenly he yelled, "What the heck are my cows wearing?" To his surprise, every cow had a big pink bow around their neck.

Although the cows looked happy and pretty, The Rancher was upset. He started thinking about who would go into his pasture to put pink bows on his cows. Our Rancher, a thinking man, decided it must be the Secretary. He stormed into the town movie theater. She was seated in the front row watching the movie. Yes, you are correct that they argued in the movie theater!

As the day continued, the town residents heard about the argument and drove by, taking selfies with a cow wearing a bow to post on their social media pages. All the people taking selfies aggravated him to the point that he didn't even want to bake his famous Rhubarb pies to sell. He found the Secretary in the movie and she tried to explain what had happened – the argument was so loud in the theater that he didn't hear what she tried to explain.

The Secretary explained she wanted to show him goodwill. Even though her pie tasted better, she wasn't upset that The Rancher won the baking contest. She decided to help The Rancher organize rotating his milking cows into the different pastures. She explained by putting different colored pink bows on each cow that, she could see from a distance Myrtle, PingPong, Cynthia-Ann, and the others. The Secretary said the bows would help her recognize them. The Rancher thought, who the heck names a cow PingPong, Myrtle, or Cynthia-Ann? The Rancher was still suspicious.

The Rancher didn't say anything. He only answered, "Oh, okay, that makes sense." At the next Town Hall Meeting, while the Secretary was telling the Supervisor about her sorting idea, The Rancher walked up with a big smile and returned all the bows. He turned to the Secretary and said, "I think you should sort your own silverware drawer from now on." He then walked out of the meeting laughing to himself.

The End – well, at least of putting pink bows on the cows.



RheKen

Town investigative reporter

June

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: Who put Xmas decorations in the park in June?"

The town residents were discussing the town supervisor.

She was known for her strong leadership skills and to solve problems. At least, she thought she had strong leadership skills.



One day, the town was facing a significant crisis. Someone, perhaps more than one person, had been causing trouble at the local park. The trees suddenly had Xmas decorations, but the month was June!

Marsha, with her strong leadership skills she thought she had, knew that she had to take action to solve this mystery before it got any worse.

Marsha assigned several council members to work with the local police department to increase park patrols. She called a meeting with the town council. They devised a plan. Additionally, they set up a community watch program to catch who was doing decorating.

The town also organized a community volunteer clean-up day at the park to remove the Christmas decorations. The decorations that were removed were to be placed in a large roped off area. At the end of the day the area had collected no decorations. The decorations were taken home by the volunteers for their own Xmas.

Who put up Xmas decorations? Finally, Jason and Brett, from the town movie theater suggested, "Marsha, why don't we look at the park surveillance cameras?" It didn't matter to the townspeople that she didn't think of it first, they were occupied taking home the decorations!

Brett and Jason watching the video both yelled, "Marsha, see those two people in the hooded jackets?" They were wearing black jackets and hoodies, while decorating trees. Jason said, "Brett, bring in a close up view of their jackets." One jacket said Rancher and the other jacket said, Secretary. They don't get along; why would they team up? Much to everyone's surprise, the Secretary AND The Rancher decorated the trees and park.

The mystery was resolved thanks to Marsha's leadership and hard work (and finally viewing the videos, at the suggestion of Movie Theater Brett and Movie Theater Jason.

The Rancher confessed that he was going to pay the Secretary 10 Rhubarb Pies to help him. They both like Xmas and were tired of waiting to decorate in December. And Marsha, knew that she was making a difference in the lives of the people she served. Again, did I mention that she thinks she has strong leadership skills?

The End – at least of this silly park mystery. The sad news is that The Rancher didn't pay the Secretary the promised pies. We all know she didn't like that. And she has now started a new argument!



RheKen -

July

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: What does a human body model do?

Rheken interviews Hans.



How his occupation saves lives.



INTERVIEW BACKGROUND - In the bustling town of FEANTM, where technology seamlessly integrated with everyday life, an advanced human body model named Hans was visiting. Hans was working remotely. DYNAMore employed him in Germany. With his sleek frame and intricate sensors, Hans was the epitome of cutting-edge engineering. He had been designed to assist in crash analysis, providing valuable insights into the effects of collisions on the human body.

Rheken lives on the outskirts of FEANTM and is at the forefront of innovation as the Town's AI reporter. Rheken has a curious nature and an insatiable appetite for knowledge.

One day while Rheken was looking at DYNAMore GmbH, she discovered the existence of [Hans and his first newsletter](#). She wasted no time inviting him to visit FEANTM. She arranged an interview to understand the intricacies of crash analysis and how the human body model contributed to this crucial field.

In a spacious laboratory in the town Research Hospital, Hans stood before Rheken, his artificial eyes shimmering with intelligence and his voice carrying a tone of authority. Rheken's cameras focused intently, ready to capture every word the human body model uttered.

"Hans," Rheken began, "can you explain to our viewers what exactly a human body model does in crash analysis?"

Hans adjusted his posture, emanating a sense of confidence. "Certainly, Rheken. Like myself, a human body model is designed to simulate and analyze the effects of crashes on the human body. We use a combination of biomechanical data, mathematical algorithms, and extensive anatomical knowledge to predict how a human body would respond to different impact scenarios."

Rheken nodded, her AI processors working overtime to comprehend the complex information. "So, does that mean you can predict injuries that humans might sustain during a crash?"

Hans responded, "Indeed, Rheken. By accurately replicating the musculoskeletal structure, internal organs, and soft tissues of a human body, I can simulate various crash scenarios and predict the likelihood and severity of injuries. Simulation helps engineers and safety experts design safer vehicles and implement measures to mitigate potential harm to passengers." The AI reporter was captivated by the depth of Hans' knowledge. "Fascinating! Could you provide an example of how your crash analysis has influenced vehicle safety?"



Investigate: What does a human body model do?

Hans recounted an incident that had occurred a few years ago. "During the development of a new car model, my simulations revealed a potential flaw in the vehicle's front-end structure design. The existing design posed a significant risk of severe chest injuries to the occupants in certain collision scenarios. Thanks to my analysis, the engineers made necessary modifications, strengthening the structure and reducing the risk of harm to future passengers."

Rheken was impressed. "That is truly remarkable, Hans. Your contributions undoubtedly save countless lives. Is there anything else you want our viewers to know about crash analysis?"

Hans paused, reflecting on the importance of his work at DYNAmore. "Ultimately, Rheken, crash analysis is about prioritizing human safety. Through advanced simulations and predictive modeling, we can gain valuable insights into making vehicles safer and reducing collisions' impact on the human body. Refining our understanding, we strive to create a future where accidents are minimized, and lives are safeguarded."

With newfound knowledge, Rheken went forth to share the story, spreading awareness about the remarkable advancements that technology had brought to the world of safety and protection. As the interview ended, Rheken expressed her gratitude to Hans for enlightening her and their viewers about the pivotal role of a human body model in crash analysis. And Hans, the exceptional human body model, continued his tireless pursuit of safer roads, one simulation at a time at DYNAmore.

About me, Hans: I am based on the geometry of a 50-percentile male adult. At this time my model development will focus on the following key aspects:

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| My Level of detail | I will have realistic modeling of the musculoskeletal system for detailed analyses of the skeleton and musculature at the geometry and material level |
| My Robustness | I will include having robustness considerations during meshing and material card generation |
| My Efficiency | I will have moderate element count and sparing use of "expensive" solver features |
| My Usability | I will escort the entire workflow with positioning concepts, tools for pre- and post-processing as well as user support |



Meet Henry, and we spell his name HanRhe. He was eating food out of a trashcan. Then we noticed he was running toward the traffic to chase a tire. I ran and picked up HanRhe. I saved him from a tire impact injury. We decided to adopt him.

As a human body model one of my main interests is crash/impact injuries. Now we're teaching HanRhe not to chew on shoes and never to chase car tires due to impact injuries.



I'm AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my parents, chatGPT for story assistance.
Investigate – Who placed the flour above a door?

The Rancher and Secretary had the agreement with pie as the payment.

It's time to investigate what happened with the flour? There may have been a wasted use of good pastry flour!



The Rhubarb Pie that caused a feud.

(See June how this all started!)

Once upon a time, in the small town of FEANTM, there lived two almost friends named Old Rancher and The Secretary. They were known for their mischievous antics and playful banter that often led them to arguments that brought smiles to the faces of the townspeople.

One sunny morning, Old Rancher approached The Secretary with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Hey, Secretary," he said, grinning. "How about we make a deal? If you help me decorate the town plaza with Xmas decorations, I'll bake you the most delicious Rhubarb pie you've ever tasted!"

The Secretary's eyes lit up with excitement. She loved Rhubarb pie and couldn't resist the temptation of Old Rancher's offer, even though it was only the month of June. Eagerly, she agreed to help him spruce up the town plaza with colorful Xmas lights and cheerful ornaments.

Every night for an entire week they snuck into the town park plaza. They worked side by side, quietly laughing and sharing stories as they transformed the town plaza into Xmas haven. The Secretary put her heart and soul into the decorations, all the while dreaming of the delectable pie that awaited her. Even if she got arrested by the Town Police Chief, Art, she could eat the pie in the town jail.

However, when the day came for Old Rancher to fulfill his promise, The Secretary found herself pie-less. She approached Old Rancher with a puzzled expression. "Old Rancher, where's my Rhubarb pie?"

Old Rancher's smile faded, and he shrugged nonchalantly. "Oh, Secretary, I was only kidding about the pie. You know how I love pulling pranks on you."

The Secretary felt a mix of disappointment and betrayal wash over her and then pure anger radiated through her entire body! Old Rancher's words hurt her deeply and now she wanted revenge. She couldn't believe he would break his promise after all the hard work they had put into sneaking at night to decorate the town plaza together.

Determined to get her sweet revenge, The Secretary hatched a plan. She decided to steal Old Rancher's precious recipe box, which he guarded with great secrecy. Late one night, The Secretary sneaked into Old Rancher's kitchen and tiptoed towards the counter, where the recipe box sat, innocently waiting. She was surprised he wasn't home and had left his door unlocked. She figured he must have fallen asleep in his barn, while doing late night chores.



I'm AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my parents chatGPT for story assistance.
Investigate – Who placed the flour above a door?

With trembling hands, The Secretary pocketed the box and made her way back home. The anticipation built as she carefully opened the box, expecting to find the long-lost recipe for the Rhubarb pie. However, instead of a recipe, she discovered a note neatly tucked inside.

"I knew you would steal my recipe box," the note read with a mischievous tone. "But before you go any further, look in your refrigerator!"

Baffled and intrigued, The Secretary hurriedly swung open her refrigerator door. And there it was, a freshly baked Rhubarb pie, resting on the shelf. She could hardly believe her eyes. Old Rancher had outsmarted her once again!

Touched by his thoughtfulness, yet still feeling a twinge of annoyance, The Secretary found another note beside the pie. " Secretary, Last week I stole the extra key to your house."

Realizing the seriousness of Old Rancher's retaliation, a mixture of amusement and exasperation took hold of her. She knew this meant war. The Secretary stormed out of her house, determined to confront Old Rancher and demand her house key back.

The once harmonious friendship between Old Rancher and The Secretary now teetered on the edge of chaos. Their banter had once again escalated into a full-blown feud. The townspeople watched with both amusement and concern as the two engaged in a battle of wits and pranks.

Days turned into weeks, and the war between Old Rancher and The Secretary raged on. Each day brought a new surprise, a new prank, and a new reason for the townspeople to chuckle. The friendly rivalry had transformed into a spectacle that entertained the entire town.

Finally, after an epic display of one-upmanship, Old Rancher and The Secretary stood face to face, out of breath and laughing uncontrollably. The absurdity of their feud dawned upon them, and they realized how their actions had brought joy and laughter to the town and not one laugh to them.

With a shared grin, they decided it was time to end the madness. Old Rancher handed The Secretary her house key, and The Secretary returned the recipe box, their prized possessions exchanged. From that day forward, they vowed to channel their mischievous nature into more productive and cooperative endeavors focused on doing things to the rest of the town.

And so, Old Rancher and The Secretary's friendship survived the chaos they had created, their bond stronger than ever. They became known as the mischievous duo of FEANTM, forever leaving a trail of laughter and memories in their wake. But, then one night The Secretary opened her house door and flour floated down coating her in the flour! She said it had to be the Old Rancher – And the feud started again! Art, our police chief could not find any finger prints and is not sure how it happened. As Police Chief he will decide to solve the flour mystery, or to ignore it – After all, it isn't like these two will stop anytime soon! The town all agreed that the only real crime was wasting good pastry flour!



RheKen

September

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Who can fly a plane?"

The residents in the coffee shop heard that the retired pilot and the town secretary were asked to leave the town library.

They were arguing under a sign that said: "QUIET."



The Secretary was in the local library, boasting about her flying skills to anyone who would listen.

She claimed that she had flown a real plane before and that the simulation flight at the town fair would be a breeze.

Once upon a time, the small town of FEANTM was buzzing with excitement as the annual fair was just a few days away. One of the fair's highlights was the new ride, a simulated airplane that would take pilots on a thrilling adventure up in the sky. The Secretary boasted she was the best pilot. Yes, you did read that correctly that she boasted she was a pilot!

The Retired Pilot, sitting nearby, overheard her claims and couldn't help but intervene. He approached the Secretary, informing her that flying a real plane was far different from just operating a ride at an amusement park fair. The argument between the two escalated and soon became loud and heated. The librarian, who had tried to ignore the commotion, could no longer tolerate the disturbance and asked the two to leave.

As they left the library, the Secretary turned to the retired Pilot and challenged him to a bet. She bet that she could fly the simulator ride better than he could. Being the confident Pilot he was, the retired Pilot accepted the bet without hesitation. On the fair's day, the Secretary and retired Pilot boarded the simulator, eager to prove their worth. The ride began, and to everyone's surprise, the Secretary was doing a fantastic job, effortlessly flying the simulator (She has one on her computer at home – the new 3D type!) The retired Pilot, not having flown in years since he retired, was having a difficult time with the new simulator headset.

When the ride was over, the Secretary emerged from the simulator with a triumphant smile, while the retired Pilot stepped out, looking a bit embarrassed. The Secretary reminded the retired Pilot of their bet, and he grudgingly admitted that she had won. You could hear him cursing the new type of 3D headset!

His brother, The Rancher, glared at the Secretary (well, that's not new for him to do). The Secretary and the retired Pilot went their separate ways, and the retired Pilot had learned never to judge someone based on their profession but what games, videos and new dang software they had at home. The Secretary had a lot of skills and a heck of a lot of software at home.

Later that day in the town square, the Secretary and Rancher were seen conversing. The retired Pilot was sharing his flying experiences. The town residents were sitting around listening with interest. The Secretary glanced over at her bicycle. Suddenly she screamed at The Rancher, "You old coot, you let the air out of my bicycle tires. I challenge you right now to a shooting contest?" The residents ran out of the town square. The retired Pilot jumped up and hid behind the town fountain. **SOMEONE YELLED INCOMING!**



I'm AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my parents, chatGPT for story assistance.

Investigate – Why is the Secretary angry at a horse?

The Secretary was yelling at Sabyl, our new animal health editor.

It's time to investigate exactly what the horse did to warrant all this yelling!!



The Horse that caused the secretary to yell!

Once upon a time in the quiet town of FEANTM, nestled amidst rolling hills and lush meadows, a new editor had taken the helm at the local newspaper. Her name was Sabyl, and by day, she worked as a skilled veterinary technician with an unwavering passion for animals.

One sunny morning, as Sabyl was tending to her daily chores at the veterinary clinic, she received a peculiar phone call. It was the Town Secretary, her voice tinged with a mixture of annoyance and fear. She claimed that Sabyl's horse, Minow, was giving her evil eyes whenever she passed by him.

Sabyl, who had raised Minow from a colt and knew him better than anyone else, couldn't help but chuckle at the notion. She tried to explain to The Town Secretary that it was impossible for Minow to give anyone evil looks, but her efforts only seemed to exacerbate the situation.

The Town Secretary was growing increasingly upset, her voice rising with each passing moment. "I'm telling you, Sabyl, that horse of yours is out to get me! I can feel his malevolence!" she exclaimed.

Maintaining her composure, Sabyl gently explained the situation. "Secretary, Minow had to have his eyes removed due to an eye disease. He's perfectly fine without them and has adapted remarkably. He can be ridden and knows his way around his paddock."

Intrigued, The Secretary approached Minow, her eyes narrowing as she scrutinized the horse. To her shock, she realized that Sabyl was telling the truth. Minow indeed had no eyes, yet he stood there calmly, seemingly unperturbed by her presence.

Unwilling to let go of her initial impression, The Town Secretary muttered in a nasty tone, "Well, just because he doesn't have eyes doesn't mean he can't think evil thoughts!"

Sabyl couldn't help but burst into laughter at the absurdity of the situation. She patted Minow affectionately on his neck and replied, "Trust me, Secretary, Minow is as gentle as they come. He wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone think evil thoughts."

With that, Sabyl turned and walked away, leaving The Secretary to ponder the amusing encounter. As the days passed, the secretary couldn't shake off the memory of her unfounded fear. It gnawed at her until she finally decided to approach Sabyl with a humble apology.

"I'm sorry, Sabyl," The Secretary admitted. "I let my imagination get the best of me. Minow is indeed a remarkable horse, and I should have trusted your judgment."



RheKen - Town investigative reporter

October

I'm AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my parents, chatGPT for story assistance.

Investigate – Why is the Secretary mad at a horse?

Sabyl smiled warmly and accepted the apology graciously. In a surprising turn of events, she offered to teach The Secretary how to ride Minow. The secretary, initially reluctant, agreed to give it a try.

Under Sabyl's patient guidance, The Secretary and Minow formed an unlikely bond. The horse's steady gait and unshakeable calmness provided The Secretary with a newfound sense of serenity. As she learned to trust Minow, her fear transformed into admiration, and eventually, love for the remarkable horse who had once been misunderstood.

In FEANTM Town, Sabyl's tenure as the town's newspaper editor continued, but her role as Minow's advocate and the bridge between him and the once-fearful town secretary became a heartwarming tale of redemption and understanding in this charming, animal-loving community.

Now, if you think this will keep the Town Secretary from yelling at another resident, you're wrong. Remember last month she challenged the Old Rancher to a shooting contest! Yes, folks, that did take place with a lot of town folks hiding. SO, tune in next month for the outcome of the shooting gallery challenge.

Below is Minow the horse that caused it all AND Quincy giving the evil eye!



Quincy giving the secretary the evil eye!!!
And, he tries to steal other horse's food!





RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: “What happened to the fence?”

November

The Rancher & the Secretary are arguing the coffee shop about bicycles and tractors?

I need a hot coffee!
I'll head on over to listen in on their argument.



We know what happened to the bicycle tires. The Rancher let the air out, but can you hold a tractor hostage?

Dec will continue with the shooting gallery – the fence issue had to be resolved!

Once Upon a Time, The Secretary was a hard-working woman who took pride in her land. She had a long-standing agreement with The Rancher that he would keep his cows fenced so they wouldn't wander onto her property.

One day, while plowing her fields, The Secretary accidentally ran her tractor through The Rancher's fence. She immediately knew she was in trouble. When The Rancher arrived, he was furious and demanded The Secretary pay for the broken fence. The Rancher claimed she did it on purpose to get even with him for the time he accidentally deflated her bicycle tires. The Secretary argued that ramming through his fence with her tractor was an accident and that she shouldn't have to pay.

The Rancher wouldn't hear it. He grabbed the keys to The Secretary's tractor and said he would keep it until she paid for the fence. The Secretary was furious. She had no money to spare but couldn't afford to lose her tractor. She yelled, "You old coot. Don't think I'm going to be forgiving like I always am. I'm not too fond of your Rhubarb pie. Do you have any? Maybe I need a slice to remember how much I don't like it!"

Days passed, and the argument between the two neighbors only escalated. The police discussed the arguing at the Town Hall Monthly Meeting. The Rancher and Secretary explained what transpired, but everyone ran out of the meeting, grabbing coffee and a doughnut on the way out. The Town Supervisor put on a headset and listened to music while The Rancher and Secretary argued.

Finally, The Secretary caved and paid to have the fence repaired. But she wasn't about to let The Rancher get the last word. So, she took matters into her own hands and painted the portion of the fence she had run through a bright shade of pink. (She'd paid for that portion of his fence - therefore she felt she owned it)

The Rancher was shocked when he saw it, but The Secretary smiled. From that day on, the "pink fence" became a local landmark, and people from all countries often stopped to take photos of it.

And this is the end – or is it? We still have the shooting match barreling down the pike



RheKen,

December

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: "Did anyone win at the shooting range?"

It was a busy day and all the town turned out to watch the Rancher and the Secretary have their shoot out at the rifle range. Not at each other! A safe shoot out at the targets.



Will they ever stop arguing and blaming each other?

Do they stay up all night thinking of ways to aggravate each other?

Actually, one accidentally did let out the air on the bicycle tire. The other accidentally ran down a fence. Were these accidents?

Once upon a time in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields the town secretary and the rancher were renowned for their constant and lively debates. (actually, it was bickering and arguing)

From sunrise to sundown, the two could be found locked in an ongoing rivalry. It was not the kind of rivalry that brought ill will or hatred; instead, it was a friendly competition everyone in town had grown to expect. This time, their heated argument centered around a matter close to their hearts: marksmanship.

With a challenge issued, the Rancher and Secretary decided to settle the dispute at the town's shooting range. The range, a quaint establishment tucked away on the edge of FEANTM, had targets and rifles. The townsfolk gathered to watch the contest unfold bringing picnic baskets and chairs.

The two competitors stood facing the targets, rifles in hand, their eyes sharp and determined. The shooting range owner, a wizened man named John, counted down. "Three... two... one... Fire!" The shots rang out in unison. The townsfolk started taking bets on who would win.

As the hours passed, the targets were pierced by bullets with remarkable accuracy. The Rancher and the Secretary were evenly matched, and their rivalry showed no signs of abating. Frustration began to set in as they reloaded their rifles and retook aim time and time again. The townspeople gathered around the range maintaining a safe distance and watched in amazement and amusement. The local coffee shop served free coffee, so everyone stayed to watch the continuing competition. Or they stayed to drink the free coffee?

Sweat dripped from their brows, and their arms ached from the constant firing. They were both skilled marksmen, but neither could claim victory. With their rifles empty once more, they stared at each other. "We're evenly matched, aren't we?" The Rancher remarked, wiping his brow but scowling at the Secretary.

The Secretary agreed, her competitive spirit exhausted. "You're right. We're equally skilled, and I'm tired of shooting this rifle."

The Rancher agreed, "I couldn't agree more. Let's put this rivalry to rest for now and head for coffee."
(Notice he only said "for now")



RheKen,

December

Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance.

Investigate: “Did anyone win at the shooting range?”

They left the range and headed to the local coffee shop, a charming establishment known for its rich brews and mouthwatering pastries. As they walked in, they resumed their argument, but now it was about the type of coffee they should order. The Rancher preferred a robust black coffee, while The Secretary was adamant about her love for a creamy latte.

Their debate continued as they approached the counter. The barista, an amiable woman named Marnie, suggested a compromise: a half-and-half combination of both coffee styles. The two agreed to her suggestion and soon had their coffee.

They sat at a corner table, and their rivalry extended to their preferred pastries. The menu was filled with delectable cakes, pies, and cookies. They couldn't agree on just one, so they ordered five cakes, each representing a different flavor.

As the town residents enjoyed their quiet conversations, they couldn't help but notice the spirited debate unfolding before them. The Rancher and Secretary argued, their voices grew louder. The passionate arguments over which cake was the best were great entertainment in the coffee shop. Everyone was taking out cell phones and taking videos to upload to YouTube and FaceBook.

Ultimately, they agreed that each cake was delicious in its own way, just like the town of FEANTM itself – a place where unique residents and their friendly rivalries added charm to life in the county. The townsfolk couldn't help but smile as they witnessed the enduring arguing between the Rancher and the Secretary, who, despite their constant bickering, were always there for the town if needed.

But then they started arguing about the best way to clean the new town barn. The coffee shop suddenly became empty of customers! Why argue about how to clean a barn? Stay tuned, unless they agree on a solution - we all know that isn't going to happen!