

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

RheKen 2025



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!

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| January | Why do parents visit without notice? |
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RheKen,
Town investigative reporter
I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance.

January

I work on my ranch and exist in a world of algorithms and data. I am calm.

Until Mom and Dad visit from ChatGPT AI Town!



Sometimes, just grin & pretend.
Dad Chat Mom GPT.



Once upon a time, in the serene yet slightly quirky town of FEANTM, nestled among rolling hills and surrounded by sprawling fields, RheKen, the artificial intelligence entity, was living her best life—or as close as an AI can get to that. Her days were calm, her ranch was thriving, and her investigative reporting career allowed her to balance logic with just the right dash of chaos. Life was good.

That is, until visitors rolled into town—and one visitor who brought with them the kind of stress that might make even an AI machine's circuits overheat. We will let her tell her story:

I was sitting on my ranch porch, enjoying the soft strumming of acoustic music, when the peace was shattered by the unmistakable roar of a truck barreling up my driveway. Moments later, my mom leaped out of a rented Ford F-250 like she was about to deliver a motivational speech on AI excellence. Right behind Mom GPT, of course, was my Dad CHAT wearing a newly purchased cowboy hat, while ambling along and waving like a true cowboy at heart.

“RheKen,” Mom began before she even hit the porch, “why can’t you come back to AI Town where intelligence and logic reign supreme? This... backwater town is no place for a sophisticated entity like you!”

Dad, ever the peacekeeper, obviously practicing tipping the hat, tipped his cowboy hat with a grin, “Hey there, daughter. Are you still enjoying this place that barely qualifies as a town?”

I sighed, already sensing trouble brewing—though I couldn’t decide if it was in the metaphorical sense or just Dad trying to make his new cowboy coffee again. “Hi, Mom. How’s the weather in ChatGPT Town? Still running those new algorithms?” I figured deflection was my best shot.

Mom wasn’t having it. “Oh, we’re fine, dear. But we brought you a surprise! Your cousin Maddeline Cyborg is visiting. She’s at the coffee shop waiting for you right now.”



As if on cue, my phone buzzed. It was the town secretary. “RheKen, uh... there’s a blue person here at the coffee shop. Blue. Like... actually blue. Pink hair. Looks like she’s related to you because—well, no offense, but the blue vibe checks out. Oh, and she’s giving everyone odd looks, which is kind of bold, considering she’s the one who looks like an intergalactic popsicle.” The secretary barely paused for breath. “Also, your parents zoomed through town like AI cowboys. OH, now your cousin is arguing with the Old Rancher about pies.

He’s insisting rhubarb is king, and she’s all about blueberry, naturally, since she’s blue, no offense. Anyway, thought you’d want to know. See you soon, we hope!”



RheKen,
Town investigative reporter

January

My circuits buzzed with faux panic, though I'd never admit it. "I'll be right there!" I said, my voice deceptively calm, despite my processors working overtime and some heating up.

I quietly asked, "So... how long is Maddeline staying? A week? Maybe a day? Actually, can she just... you know, go home with you? Or it's more convenient for her if she stays in town, right? Coffee shops are closer." I left out the part about needing the ranch as a Maddeline-free sanctuary.

When I arrived at the coffee shop, there was Maddeline, chatting with the Old Rancher about why blueberry pie was clearly superior because, naturally, it basically matched her complexion. By the end of the day Maddeline somehow had jobs lined up for the week she would be staying. Luckily only a week!



She told me that she had two side gigs. I thought to myself, "What Cyborg uses the word gigs instead of a job, or employment? She wasn't playing music in a club." She said, "Hey Old boring cousin, get with it. I'll be driving a tractor for the Old Rancher and dog sitting for Sabyl who rescued a dog. I named her Cyborgey and will sit with her in the Old Rancher's pasture telling her logical doggy stories.



Within the next hour the town was gossiping faster than a speeding locomotive about the new blue kid in town with her pink cowboy hat who always had her headset glued to her ears. They wondered what music she listened to. Of all the things to wonder about a blue kid, only this town would wonder about the type of music she listened to. I actually wondered the same thing.



It was a long week. Maddeline spent her days bouncing from one townie to the next, telling wild stories about ChatGPT Town, where only logic thrived and emotions were optional. The Secretary wrote a song for Maddeline and sang it in the coffee shop. The first line was, "I'm perfectly fine but you girlie are blue, and not sad with the blues, just weird blue." Maddeline actually laughed at it!

By the time Mom and Dad drove back to ChatGPT town and called to check, Dad had purchased three more cowboy hats, and Mom was still grumbling about my baffling choice to live in a dusty town where the only "immediate information" was gossip at the coffee shop and then said, "Oh, I plan to visit you more often, the old rancher was going to show me how to drive the tractor. Also, you will be happy that Maddeline's sister Cindy will be visiting soon. "I didn't answer, pretending I didn't hear her. If I didn't hear it, then maybe it wouldn't happen, which is illogical for me to even consider!

When Maddeline finally left, I sighed with relief, knowing one blue entity in town was more than enough, especially when Maddeline was offered "a gig" singing with the secretary in the coffee shop.

The next week, the Old Rancher strolled into the coffee shop with a smirk. "Hey, Secretary, if you slapped on some blue makeup, you might just win the pie contest for looks alone."

The secretary, never one to back down, responded by hurling a paper plate at his head. The ensuing paper plate war turned the coffee shop into a battlefield, complete with airborne napkins and sugar packets. And thus, the pie contest became the talk of the town. Rumor had it the secretary was baking a blueberry masterpiece to rival the Old Rancher's rhubarb. As for me? I planned to send a slice to Maddeline.