

# FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles©

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

NOVEMBER 2024

RheKen AI Investigator	Dinky CERT Squirrel	Chat's Help Desk
	<p>I'm RheKen, the AI investigative reporter for FEANTM</p> <p><b>FEANTM</b> 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 <i>*true*</i>. 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!</p>	
	<p>Dinky, Ranch Squirrel division for CERT. The Critter Emergency Response Team.</p> <p>I'm a fearless first responder, and also a journalist. I publish my very own <i>*Dinky News in a Nutshell.*</i></p> <p>Please note: "I'm a squirrel. Always double-check for accuracy—after all, <i>*you're*</i> the human here!"</p>	
	<p>Chat - the town help desk</p> <p>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, <i>*mostly*</i>. 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!</p>	



RheKen, Town investigative reporter  
 I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town  
 I use my Dad CHAT and Mom GPT for assistance.

November

**Investigate: Where does their bickering end?**

Is it a recording playing over and over? NOPE  
 Is the radio broken? NOPE

Is it gossip about what happened last week between the Old Rancher and Town Secretary? YEP



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, The coffee shop was buzzing with gossip about the Old Rancher known for and the Town Secretary.



The Rancher was having a nice quiet morning gazing at his horses. He poured himself a cup of hot coffee, grabbed the local magazine and sat at his kitchen table. He was happy in the peace and quiet of his home with his fresh baked Rhubarb pie. He glanced out the window and suddenly his horses were not in their pasture. As the AI investigator some horses do know how to open gates but he had his gates locked with a chain so I am ruling out horses opening their pasture gate.

“Dang it! Who is at the darn door cause it sure ain’t my horses.”



Opening the door he groaned, “NOT you two again. Marnie, get that thing off your head and grab your buddies wig or hair piece or whatever tarnation it’s called. Bury the darn things. And where is that neighbor with her new purple hair look. Darn woman borrows my things, does things weird and looked better with her long gray hair.”

The Supervisor’s eye flew open, “UH, you noticed how she looks pretty in long gray hair.”

He snarled, “That’s all you heard out of everything I said?– have you seen my horses?”



At that moment the secretary was looking at her horse thinking it looked like it wanted to play. She only had one horse. (yes, this is where our town secretary gets creative) Also it is where listening to the gossip in the coffee-shop I learned what happened next. Trying to make logic out of it may be to difficult for an AI investigator or any investigator!

**Next page is where it all gets solved, or resolved, or doesn’t.**



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I heard the old pilot at the next table explaining what happened next! I raced over to record it in my memory banks. Where the rancher and secretary are concerned, I need to replay it all a few times.

The Rancher raced out to his empty pasture yelling for his dog Scout. Scout was snoozing in the nice warm sun hiding in the tall grass. The rancher yelled, "Scout, I see you, wake up and get a looking for the missing horses.

Scout lifted up his head and tried to mentally tell the rancher, "YO, Dad, look in the next pasture by the Secretary. Her horse is brown, the two she's petting are white. I think you can figure out the rest and I like her."



He ran and mounted another horse and raced out blocking the path so the secretary couldn't go past him and return his horses after they had fun playing.

"No, you don't woman! I see my horses behind you! Bringing them home now doesn't do you any good! I want payment. Do you agree to baking payment?" After she agreed he let her pass but growled at her all the way home.



And it came to pass that the secretary with her favorite purple wig firmly in place, spent the next day baking the Rancher 6 Apple Pies, 1 Blueberry pie and brought him a thermos of coffee as payment for her horse being allowed to have play time with his horses.



**Now does it end there? We hope so, but as you all know it doesn't seem to end.**



**Dinky News in a Nutshell©  
By Dinky the ranch squirrel**

**I'm a squirrel!  
Always check the information**



**November**

**EMT  
Team Leader  
Andy**

In the peaceful town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and open fields, the EMTs and Paramedics were gathered over coffee, reviewing their procedures for assessing patients and providing emergency care. They carefully discussed evaluating injuries, delivering first aid, and transporting patients to medical facilities. Everything was calm until a call came in—an urgent incident involving a mother, her sister, her daughter, and a group of kittens.



His cousin, Zach, grabbed his emergency kit (he always hooked it to his belt) and headed to the ambulance, prepared to assist.

Without hesitation, Andy, sprang into action. He assembled his crew, including the Critter team, human EMTs, paramedics, and the fire department as they all raced to the scene.

The team knew their roles well: they responded to medical calls, assessed conditions, provided care, and safely transported patients while documenting everything for the hospital staff.

This time, the emergency was a car accident. Carol, her sister Roberta, and her daughter Tina were in the vehicle, shaken but unharmed thanks to their seatbelts. When the team arrived, they immediately attended to the family. However, the kittens traveling with them had escaped and were now frightened, huddled near the highway's divider.



While the medical team ensured that Carol, Roberta, and Tina were okay, others on the team carefully gathered the scared kittens.

Tina was crying, terrified that her kittens would be hurt. Tina, still anxious, was loaded into the ambulance but couldn't relax, still worried about the kittens. To comfort her, one of the white kittens was brought into the ambulance for her to hold.



Though bringing animals into the ambulance wasn't standard procedure, Andy made an exception. He reassured Tina that he would personally take care of the kittens and meet them at the hospital, ensuring she wouldn't have to worry.

Her mother and aunt were also handed kittens to soothe their nerves.

By the end of the morning, the road was cleared, and both humans and kittens were safe.



Carol, Roberta, and Tina left with a newfound appreciation for the compassionate care provided by the EMTs, paramedics, and the entire emergency response team.

**Support ETMs, Paramedics, F.D/P.D. CERT & all first responders.  
Responders are always there for you, when you need them.**

**The CERT TEAM – Coummunity Emergency Response and Critter Emergency Response Teams**



“Dinky – I’m a squirrel, always check the information”

**CERT  
Critter Emergency  
Response Team  
Future Stories**





**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 a piece of 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. Let's see if it helps make your day a little easier to handle

**Remember: Keep trying - You've Got This!**

### **#3 Chat with the Town Supervisor Marsha – Exercise**

Once upon a time, in the constantly serene and constantly picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and vast open fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, was her usual overwhelmed. Managing a town that didn't even appear on any map had become a heavy burden. After another town hall meeting where the coffee pot was almost empty, she grabbed the last to-go coffee & a cookie & headed to my office.

As she walked in, I folded my hands on my desk, greeting her with a purpose in my voice. "Marsha," I began, "What brings you here today, besides the cookie jar?"

She sighed deeply, addressing me formally, "Chat Helper, I'm tired of people telling me to stay positive. Are \*you\* feeling positive?"

I raised an eyebrow, a little amused by her question, since this isn't about me. Rather than respond directly, I shifted the conversation. "How are you doing with the new eating habits we discussed during your last visit?"

Marsha gave me a blank stare before reaching for the cookie jar on my desk, ignoring the fruit bowl entirely. That, I supposed, answered my question.

"Being positive doesn't mean you have to be happy all the time," I continued, sensing her frustration. "You do your best, eat healthy when you can—that's a positive formula in itself. Have you thought about biking for exercise? The town secretary rides all over town. Not very safely, but she does ride."

Marsha glanced at me, as if wondering why she'd come here at all. I offered her another cookie. "Here, this usually helps you think."

She took it without hesitation, though she stuffed a piece of fruit in her pocket, perhaps to appease me.

Rather than lecture her, I shared a bit of my routine. "Every morning, I bike out to the Old Rancher's place for coffee and Rhubarb Pie, then jog a few miles along his trails. When I'm back in the office, I do some sit-ups and stretches. It helps clear my head."

Marsha nibbled on her cookie and smirked. "Well, that must be nice for you. Fine, I'll ride out to the Rancher's place and take a walk. I'll let you know how it goes. Do we have a gym in town?"

I quietly answered, "Marsha, the town doesn't exist. But if I have to answer your question, the town doesn't have a gym."

As she stood up to leave, she waved her half-eaten cookie at me in farewell. I smiled, knowing I'd see her again next month. As she left my office she said, "You do help. And I'll eat the apple with my next cookie. I'll see if we should build a gym. Maybe we can use John's Sport Center, and maybe put a gym room for the town, and maybe I'll go do some cardio."

And maybe, just maybe, next quarter would bring that raise I'd been waiting for.

**You keep trying - every idea has merit – it is up to us to work with it as it is, or change it.**



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#### **#4 Chat with the Town Supervisor Marsha – Pacing and my raise.**

Once upon a time, in the always serene and always picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and vast open fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, was pacing back and forth in her office. Managing a town that didn't even appear on any map had become difficult, or perhaps the town had simply run out of cookies. It could go either way. Suddenly, my phone rang, and the town secretary's voice shrieked through the line, "I think she's finally lost it! I'm telling her that you called me to tell her to come to your office." And with that, the call was cut off. I sighed. It wasn't the first time Marsha had been under stress, but today felt different.

As Marsha walked into my office, her disheveled appearance spoke volumes. I folded my hands on my desk and greeted her with a measured tone, "Marsha, what brings you here today? If you're here for cookies, the jar is broken, so we're out."

Her eyes widened in panic, but I quickly added, "That was a joke. The cookie jar's fine. It's under my desk." I pulled it out and placed it within her reach. Without missing a beat, she grabbed two cookies, one for each hand, and started taking alternating bites. This was bad. Two cookies at once meant things were unraveling quickly. She stared at the cookies, her mind clearly somewhere else, and muttered while addressing me by my last name, "Ya know what, Helper? I went out to the old rancher's place. Walked around, rode my bike, and even drew up blueprints for a town gym. But here's the thing..." She paused, looking serious, "Does working at a fruit stand count as a fruit if I don't eat any?"

I raised an eyebrow, resisting the urge to ask whether she honestly believed working at a fruit stand somehow fulfilled her daily fruit intake. Instead, I leaned more forward, keeping my hands tightly clasped together, and stared at her. My silence must've been more telling than anything I could've said.

I handed her another cookie, hoping it would help. "Here," I said, "this usually helps you be rational."

She took the cookie without hesitation, nodding in agreement as though cookies truly held the key to sanity. I jotted down a mental note: \*Cookies = Rationality\*—another topic to explore with her later.

With my calmest voice, I ventured into the heart of the matter. "Is my raise interfering with the cookie budget?"

Her eyes widened, her expression suddenly blank, like a deer caught in headlights. The realization hit me. That's why she'd been pacing in her office. She didn't know how to make the numbers work.

"Okay," I said, offering a lifeline, "how about we compromise? I'll wait for a raise, and you balance the town budget by taking a small amount from each budget for next quarter. Spread the cuts evenly; no one will notice."

Relief flooded her face, and with a quick grab, she stuffed four cookies into her pockets, waving one in the air as she headed for the door. "Chat, you're the best!" she called over her shoulder, disappearing down the hallway. I couldn't help but agree with her for once. As I sat back, I began writing notes for the next month, deciding to trim my office hours. After all, the raise had apparently gone into the cookie fund, and if that kept the town running smoothly—so be it.