

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

June 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.

June

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 - Town Investigative Reporter – Agatha and Mysterious Bakery Budget

Once upon a time, in the serene yet undeniably quirky town of FEANTM—tucked between rolling hills and fields that smelled vaguely of lavender and mild paranoia—I have my ranch. I'm the daughter of Dad Chat and Mom GPT, the AI who had perfected the art of living my best semi-sentient life. My days were peaceful, my ranch was humming along like a well-oiled tractor, and my side investigative reporting gave me just enough chaos to keep things interesting. Life was good... until, of course, it wasn't.



The investigation alert came in like all small-town investigations do: by a panicked phone call from the local coffee shop, or a call from our paranoid town hall secretary. (either or both could happen at any given moment).

I heard a very upset Barista, "RheKen, get over here NOW," the Barista hissed. "I'm sitting with my brother watching Agatha. Agatha has been here for over two hours. She's reading a book and *smiling*. To herself. That can't be good."



Naturally, I donned my signature green outfit—functional yet fabulous—and did a quick systems check to ensure my facial makeup wouldn't melt if my circuits got overheated again.

Then I went to the coffee shop and slid into the seat beside Chat, trying to blend in. Well, as much as a blue AI in disguise can "blend."

Chat pretended not to notice me but whispered, "Uh, RheKen, not that I mind the company, but do you actually think people *won't* recognize you if we just sit here staring at cookies like two of the Supervisor's confused ranch squirrels?"

I stared at the cookies anyway, intrigued by why they were round. "Chat, why haven't we invented cookies that AIs can eat without short-circuiting?" I mused aloud. "I mean, a nanite-friendly snickerdoodle can't be *that* complicated."

He wisely chose not to respond to my theory but did say, "RheKen, I think that's a question for your parents, Dad Chat and Mom GPT."

RheKen - Town Investigative Reporter – Agatha and Bakery Budgeting



Instead of further discussing the cookies, we both looked at Agatha, smiling as she read a book titled Bakery Budget. A concerning choice, especially when you're camped out in a bakery owned by a highly caffeinated Barista.

Agatha is well known as the town's senior citizen who gets in everyone's business and instigates nosey behavior. She has honed nosey behavior to a fine art form.



Just then, my phone buzzed again. I was nervous about what was happening and quickly said to Chat, "Chat, it's my phone."

He smirked, "WOW, you must be AI."

Ignoring his remark, my phone notified me that it was the Barista. She was crouching next to the counter in full stealth mode. We stared at her, and I put the phone between us so Chat and I could both listen.

The Barista whispered, "Okay, sit tight. I'm going in. She's gone glassy-eyed, stuck in deep thought. I might be fast enough to snatch the cookies back before she notices."

"Wait, bad idea," we whispered simultaneously, but she was already in stealth Ninja motion.



Within seconds, she was across the table from Agatha, wearing that polite, caffeinated smile that is a war expression.

Agatha mirrored the expression, which was also a bad sign of what would come. My circuits registered a warning.

Suddenly, along with those smiles of danger lurking, was a disturbing synchronization, like synchronized smiles, but with passive-aggression facial movements.



Chat leaned over. "Rheken, this is it. The Old Rancher's gonna yell 'Incoming' any second."

I was still pondering an AI cookie and why my Dad, Chat, never had any in the house when I was growing up.

And sure enough, just as Agatha leaned forward and offered to *loan* the budget book to the Barista, things went sideways.

RheKen - Town Investigative Reporter – Agatha and Bakery Budgeting

“You should read it,” Agatha said sweetly. “It’ll help you make your prices more *affordable*.”

The Barista smiled dangerously. “Meaning no disrespect, but you can keep reading that book. The answer is no.”

Agatha didn’t flinch. She faked a laugh and said, “No disrespect taken. I understand that learning can be hard... for people like you.”

A hush fell over the café. The Barista stood and disappeared into the back room. Her brother yelled, “She’s getting the apron,” Chat said grimly. RheKen, do you gamble? Do you want to place a bet on her new Barista outfit colors? “



She returned wearing her most pointed printed apron with the message-of-the-day across the front. She must have a printer in her back office. This one read:

“Get off the financial grievance track – The answer is - NO.”

Even as an AI, I appreciated the poetic burn. Agatha, not so much.

Chat nudged me. “RheKen, now would be a good time to *do* something.”

“I *am* doing something,” I whispered. “I’m observing. I’m a reporter, not a licensed mediator. Don’t you have some solution wisdom to help them out with?”

Then he shouted across the room, “Agatha, Barista, maybe it’s time for a time-out?” He also made the “T” hand motion at them.

I turned and stared at him. “Seriously? Chat, they’re not preschoolers. Time-outs are not a conflict resolution strategy for caffeinated adults!”

As if choreographed, both women turned toward him with laser-focused stares.

The Barista asked, “Agatha, did he just tell us to take a time out? Do we also go stand in a corner?”

“No dear, but we will make him regret those words. Don’t sell him the new cookie jar so easily. Make him work for the one he ordered when the Supervisor didn’t return his. Make him grovel. That isn’t as bad as forcing him to smile, so it’s a mild rebuke.”

And right then—the Old Rancher jumped out of his chair and raced through the back door, yelling, “INCOMING!”



That was our cue. I grabbed Chat by the arm, and we sprinted out of the café like two fugitives fleeing a bake sale that had gone bad. From the safety of the sidewalk, we looked back through the window. Everything looked calm. Somehow, the Barista sat beside Agatha, reading the book together, occasionally nodding. The Barista looked at us and winked as if saying, “NAH, not buying this book but respecting an elder, even if it is Agatha.”

“Odd things happen in this town,” I said. Chat sighed and replied, “Yeah. And somehow, they usually involve baked goods and passive insults. Do you think the Barista will bring me the cookie jar?”

“I don’t know, Chat. As an AI, we don’t grovel. How important is the cookie jar?” I can’t wait until I investigate what happens. Will Chat grovel for that cookie jar?

Chat - Security & Windows.



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, but life is constantly adjusting things because the flow of motion is continuously moving. see if it helps make your day a little easier to handle

REMEMBER: Keep trying - You've Got This!

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

Security and Windows - In the quiet, idyllic town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and vast fields, Marsha, the town supervisor, after a lengthy conversation with the police, blankly stared at a white wall. Officer Scott had informed her about a home security system they would install on her home windows. Her mind raced with chaotic thoughts, since she had installed one herself based on the suggestion of the Rancher's nephew. She installed it nearly the same way (notice that word *nearly*), all the while managing a town so obscure it didn't even appear on a map.



I knew about the situation because Officer Scott had called me to intervene.

Officer Scott clarified, "Chat, we have an issue with the Supervisor. We need to install a security system. The Supervisor advised me that for security she screws the windows shut. I don't understand her logic. She then advised me that she screwed them in from the outside of the window. She claims that by doing it that way she can look out the window without seeing the screws. I called town hall to speak with her again, but the secretary's niece Daisy is answering the phones – Daisy is impossible to talk to logically, so I hung up!"

Our town secretary was on vacation. Her niece, Daisy, was filling in for her. She was efficient but odd. The keeper of everyone's schedules, whether they wanted it or not. I told Scott I'd handle the situation and called the reception area, "Daisy, this is Chat," I said, rolling my eyes, thankful she couldn't see.



She formally answered me, "Yes, Chat, I met you. The help desk is on the lower floor. What office number?"

"Let's go with office #1," I replied, despite knowing it was the only office down here."

"Can you let the Supervisor know she's needed in office #1 for a chat?"

She said, "Chat needs to chat. What about having a chat with Chat?" She laughed, enjoying her joke. Then in a serious tone, Daisy whispered, "Do you think they're recording this conversation?"

Chat - Security & Windows.

Inward face palm, sanity: already fraying. I replied, keeping things simple, the same way I had done for the town secretary. I could see that Daisy needed the same keep it simple.

"Give Marsha the message. Just tell her she's needed in office #1 on the lower floor." That concluded step one of today's ordeal, or rather, the help desk solution.

Fifteen minutes later, the elevator dinged and opened like the gates of bureaucratic doom. And there she was. Marsha was humming off-key and with no particular melody. I knew this was going to be tough.

She entered my office, and I greeted her with as much patience as possible. "Marsha," I began smiling, "let's start with something simple. Have you managed to eat two grapes this week while working at the fruit stand?"



She didn't answer and countered my question, "Can you explain why Daisy held up a sign as I walked into the Town Hall? Do you find her odd? She's always holding up signs. The various signs she changes by writing on them. I hope she didn't use the coffee budget to buy those signs. Who even hired her as the temporary town secretary? CHAT, she's a blue and pink mystery!"

I didn't want to say that Daisy probably likes signs rather than speaking, since she treats every conversation like the CIA is recording it.

Marsha blinked at me blankly. I handed her three cookies and a grape, knowing she'd need reinforcements for this conversation.

She reluctantly ate half the grape, pocketed the other half, and devoured the three cookies.

"Oh yes, the fruit stand. Grapes. Let me think." She paused dramatically. "I did eat a grape and a half, but a raven was watching, and it looked hungry, so I gave it the rest."

I blinked in stunned silence before managing a smile. "Well, small steps. You're at 1.5 grapes. Let's aim for 1.75, and maybe give the raven the remaining quarter." She grinned like I'd just solved all her problems.

Of course. I grabbed a cookie for myself; this was becoming a habit. "I spoke to Officer Scott. He informed me you use the security system recommended by the Rancher's nephew. How does he secure his house?" I asked, already knowing and dreading the answer.

"Tarnation Chat, everyone knows the answer to that question, stop teasing," she said, wide-eyed. I also saved the town money and did it all myself; it was easy.



Marsha nodded thoughtfully, then blurted out, "The Old Rancher's nephew, Billy, told me screws were the best way!"

"He just unscrews the screws, opens the window, and then screws them back in when he's done! Now, here is where I got creative and one-upped his work. I didn't want to have to look at the screws in the window – I improvised and screwed the windows shut from the outside!"

I rubbed my temples. "Screws. Marsha? The police are worried that a burglar with access to a power drill could unscrew your security system in under twenty seconds and climb in the window."

Chat - Security & Windows.

She gasped. "But I used the *long* screws. Industrial ones. Plus, I was careful and had to stand on a milk crate even to reach the windows."

I resisted the urge to facepalm and instead creatively rephrased Officer Scott's concern.



"Marsha... there's a masked cookie thief in the next town. He enters through screwed in windows and walks right out the front door with the cookies. Marsha, he even takes the plate and probably has access to every screwdriver known to man. He could unscrew your entire house if he wanted to."

Her eyes went wide with horror. "A cookie thief? Oh, that's unforgivable! I pay good money for my paper plates! Do you think he's already scoped my house out? Should I buy fake cookies? Can I booby trap the cookies? Should I call Art at the security company? Should Art bring a Security SWAT Team? Should I—"

"Marsha. Calm down and eat another cookie. We've got this covered."

I took out my notepad, which I use to write things that never happen. "I'll schedule Art to call Officer Scott, and Art will install a real alarm system that doesn't involve you climbing on milk crates, but I don't feel a SWAT team is needed."

She nodded solemnly with another solution. "Chat, I'll feed the raven more. Maybe he'll warn me if the cookie thief is near."

"Marsha, good thought. I don't think ravens work like that, but this one might. Good idea to let the raven moonlight as a security guard. I've seen and heard worse."

Marsha stood up, humming again. This time, it sounded slightly closer to a melody. Maybe. "You're a real pal, Chat," she said. "Next week, I'm going to try for three whole grapes. And maybe even...a banana."

I saluted her with a cookie. "Daring."

She walked down the hall, having her own out-loud conversation with questions and answers. As Marsha vanished into the elevator, she left a trail of humming and existential fruit questions.

I slumped back into my chair, scribbled *Security issue resolved (somehow)*, and placed the file gently into the cabinet. I called Officer Scott and assured him the situation was resolved...for now...I think.