

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

May 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.

May

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 – Don't Mess With The Barista!

I'm an AI, living on a small ranch on the outskirts of town, where I juggle algorithms, ranch work, and reporting on the town's never-ending chaos. I am calm. Usually. That peace shattered when the Secretary ran up to my truck, waving her arms like a malfunctioning windmill.

"Get in there fast, girlie AI! There's about to be a full-blown rumble between the Barista and your Dad! He may be AI, but he sure doesn't know how to deal with women!"

I stood there, blinking—or maybe my eye circuits were just stuck in a processing loop. Then I heard the shouting. Worse, I heard the town secretary screech at a volume that probably broke the sound barrier.

"GO GET HIM, BARISTA! I'M ROOTING FOR YOU!"

Rooting? Rumble? What was Dad doing? And why was the Barista involved—wasn't she supposed to be serving coffee, not engaging in a showdown?

I ran inside, and what I saw would've made any AI wish for an emergency shutdown option.



The Barista stood across from Dad, cake in hand, glaring. Dad sat there, equally unamused, his sunglasses locked in an icy stare-down with hers.

The tension in the room was thick enough to be sliced with the very cake at the center of this standoff.

"I don't want old cake," Dad declared in his classic, no-nonsense AI tone. "Time is money, and this is suboptimal service. Take it back." She retrieved the cake,



The Barista's eye twitched – I could see it through her sunglasses. After she stomped back, with hands on her hips she stated, "Old? It came out of the oven ten minutes ago! What are you, the AI Bureau of Cake Freshness?"



At that moment, Chat, our resident peacekeeper, walked in. “WHOA there, AI dude,” he said, gripping Dad’s elbow. “Calm your circuits. The Barista’s busy—you really don’t want to tangle with her.”

Agatha, the town’s self-appointed meddler-in-chief, took a seat next to Dad, nodding like a judge about to deliver a verdict. I groaned internally. Of course, Agatha was involved—when wasn’t she?

Dad, in his infinite wisdom, ignored the warning and in his best AI voice said, “This establishment is not meeting satisfactory scoring for service efficiency. I demand to speak to the owner immediately.”

The Barista’s lips curled into a slow, dangerous smirk. “Be right back, Robot Boy,” she said, disappearing into the kitchen.

The entire café held its breath. The Old Pilot dove under a table, yelling, “INCOMING!” which, in his defense, was never a bad precaution in this town.

Moments later, the Barista returned. But something was different. She had changed her outfit. How? Did she keep spare wardrobes in the kitchen? More importantly—why?



She sauntered up to Dad, her voice deceptively calm. “I’m the Owner! Let me get this straight. You, AI Efficiency King, claim time is money, and that a cake fresh out of the oven is *old*? Now read my apron, Robot Man—I am also AI. And that stands for **Actual Intelligence**.” With hands on her hips she continued, “Now get your circuits out of my coffee shop, or be AI—**Apologize Immediately**.”

Dad sat frozen, like an AI deer caught in headlights. Then, displaying rare self-preservation instincts, he responded, “I apologize. How can I make it up to you?”

A few people groaned. Someone muttered, “Oh no, she’ll find a way.” And she did.



With the most satisfied Cheshire Cat grin, the Barista handed Dad an apron, a fresh slice of cake, and a direct order: he was on dish duty. But being an AI, he didn’t just wash dishes—he optimized her entire kitchen workflow. By the time he was done, the bakery ran smoother than ever.

As he left, Dad tipped his hat and declared, “As the rancher would say—YEEHAW! Time is money. And since I just optimized your entire bakery, I expect a week of free coffee and cake.”

To everyone’s shock, the Barista agreed. Because in this town—whether it exists in reality or just in the chaos of our circuits—no algorithm could ever predict the outcomes.



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!

Welcome – I'm Chat, the resident fixer-upper of chaos at the town help desk—the only office on the lower level of Town Hall, and conveniently, on a page that even the Town TOC forgot existed.



Picture it: I'm in my quiet little office, indulging in a warm extra-large banana muffin and a fresh cup of coffee.

Just as I'm about to savor that first heavenly bite, in barges the Supervisor, FEANTM's grand marshal of everything (and nothing), at my door.

Now, I didn't hear the elevator; she'd taken the stairs—sneaking down like a stealthy ninja to avoid the ever-watchful Secretary. Apparently, she was desperate not to alert anyone that she was coming to me, the self-appointed guardian of common sense on the very lowest floor of Town Hall.



Before she could utter a single word, I made my signature move:

I grabbed the cookie jar. A veteran maneuver, if I do say so myself. She burst into my office, whisper-screaming as if a horde of paparazzi were on her tail.

"Chat, it was either sneak down the stairs, or meet me behind the building in the old wood shed—can you imagine? The coffee shop would be having a field day with gossip!" I wasn't sure if she was winking for effect or suffering a one-eyed tic.

I nodded gravely, pretending to grasp her cryptic message. "Of course. Totally understandable," I replied smoothly, though honestly, I hadn't the foggiest why a meeting at a shed would even be an option or why the coffee shop would care.

05-2025 Stress and The Supervisor.

As she paced by the doorway, her eyes darting around like a cat discovering a room full of laser pointers, her whispers escalated. “Chat, I wake up stressed every single day! Stress, stress, and more stress! And then Agatha corners me at the coffee shop, delivering a lecture on gratitude as if she were a guru of thankfulness! I’m not even sure what I’m grateful for anymore. Is your morning gratitude anything to do with Agatha’s inability to locate you down here?”

Cue my internal facepalm—so powerful, it actually echoed inside my head.



For the sake of diplomacy (and self-preservation), handing her a cookie I mustered a smile—more of a conceptual curve than a true smile.

“How about this,” I said, with the poise of a negotiator in a high-stakes cookie exchange, “let’s tackle your mornings first. My mornings? They’re a project for another lifetime.”

That bold declaration unleashed a megawatt grin from her—a grin reserved exclusively for free chocolate cookies. For a fleeting moment, she regarded me like I was some sort of enlightened cookie guru.

Emboldened, I offered her some advice. “Marsha, start small. Before you grab your phone to call someone, in the morning, after your alarm wakes you up, think of three things you’re grateful for. It could be that steaming cup of coffee waiting for you, or even the fact that no one’s forcing you to climb a hill before 8 a.m.” I even tossed in a nugget of dietary wisdom: “Maybe opt for fruit, and be thankful you only have to take half a bite of an apple, unlike that entire cup of coffee you were happily drinking like it’s your last meal.”

Her eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. “Gratitude! Coffee! Apples! This could really work!” she chirped, crumbs flying as if she’d just defeated a cookie monster in a snack-off. With renewed zeal, she clutched the cookie jar like it was the key to solving the universe’s problems. I watched her leave, half amused and half concerned—wondering if she’d ever return my precious cookie jar.

I briefly considered calling out, but decided I’d reclaim it on my way home. Besides, if the cookie jar could momentarily stave off her stress, maybe it deserved a little vacation of its own. I mentally bet on how many cookies would remain in it when I finally retrieved it, only to shrug and admit that some mysteries are best left unsolved.

I sank back into my chair, my coffee now lukewarm but still drinkable, and finally bit into my secret banana muffin (stashed away in the lower drawer of my desk—my little cache for emergencies). Just another day of heroic mediocrity at FEANTM. Perhaps tomorrow I’ll even treat myself to a new cookie jar from the coffee shop—a souvenir of yet another absurd adventure in town bureaucracy.

And thus, I thought to myself that I am the guardian of the help desk and master of cookie jar diplomacy, continuing on in epic, albeit slightly absurd, fashion – But then it works and I love this town and residents.