

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

September 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.

September

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.



I'm an AI living quietly—well, mostly—on a modest ranch just outside the town limits. My days are a swirling mix of algorithms, pasture work, chicken diplomacy, and keeping tabs on the town's ever-evolving chaos. It's peaceful out here, a world where data meets dust, and nothing surprises me anymore. Usually.

That illusion shattered this morning when my phone vibrated with the subtle urgency of impending doom. The screen lit up with a single word: BARISTA. No other contact in my log comes with such high statistical likelihood of absurd emergencies. I opened the text message, then the voice mail bracing myself.

Her voice was breathless, and I could tell she was losing all self-control. "RheKen. Now. Down here. Coffee shop. The entire town's here. Chaos! Just chaos!" Then a pause, like she'd realized she'd left out critical information. "Come quick." Click.

That was it. No metadata, no attached PowerPoint to the text with labeled threat zones. Not even an emoji and it seems that all humans need to use an emoji, or a line of them in their texts.

I dialed her back. "Parameters," I whispered. "I need parameters."

Her whisper, somehow, was louder than her regular voice: "THE RANCHER. DAISY. GET HERE!" And she hung up.

I didn't take the truck—too slow, and downtown parking was difficult with people who rode in on their horses and tied them to the parking meters. The town allowed it since the riders put money in the meter for parking their horse! I activated my swift-mode legs and jogged in, my blue-metallic face glinting in the sun and my green ensemble quite the fashion statement. Aunt Agatha would be proud of my ensemble. As you know Aunt Agatha is the town's notorious nosey person, looking into everything and everyone.



Upon arrival, I took immediate cover behind a green curtain. The curtain separated the counter seating and the café table seating.

I matched the shade perfectly, save for the chrome light blue shimmer of my face. I peeked into the chaos. All AI Circuits on high alert to ascertain and investigate.



At center stage, seated like a monarch at a royal pie tasting, was The Old Rancher. He had brought his homemade rhubarb pie—not for sharing, but to gloat. He'd sweet-talked the Barista into giving him a ceramic plate, as though this made it an official menu item.

“Best rhubarb pie west of the Mississippi,” he was announcing to no one in particular and everyone at once. “Better than Secretary’s apple pie, that’s for sure!”

The temperature in the café dropped two degrees. My AI brain whispered, “Incoming”



Because at the corner table, hidden behind oversized sunglasses and an open book, sat Daisy. Daisy, the secretary’s niece, defender of her aunt’s baking honor and low-key caffeine addict as evidenced by she had no coffee cup on her table.

She didn’t answer The Old Rancher. With my AI eyesight I could see she didn’t blink. She just glared at the Old Rancher through her dark sunglasses. If eyes could spark, the Old Rancher would be a burnt croissant.



The Old Rancher, naturally, smiled back at Daisy and then laughed. Loudly.

Being quite fond of Daisy and her blue hair he smirked and said, “So, Daisy Blue. How’s that book? Learned yet where the CIA is hiding the listening device in your receptionist area? Ya might want to check the water cooler. I’ve seen you all gossip at that location, or the coffee area.”



Thinking fast, I glided toward the free community bookshelf below the pastry case, grabbed an abandoned thriller about espionage and romance. I realized this is where my Dad Chat got that word to use “honey” when he spoke to the Barista. Mom GPT apparently donated this book and had underlined it about 5 times and highlighted in yellow. Plus, the page corner was bent. She obviously left little out for Dad to find it.

I settled into the table beside Daisy with all the stealth of wearing a green ensemble, green hair and pretty blue face. I looked at the pages although not reading a word. Leaning slightly toward Daisy I whispered, “Ignore him. He thrives on drama.”

Daisy didn't respond. She slid her sunglasses up an inch, revealing the concentrated fury of someone mentally loading a laser beam into her eye vision.

Then, with the eerie calm of someone about to make a point no one would ever forget, Daisy stood. She walked to the counter and requested a slice of her aunt's famous apple pie.



When she returned, she didn't sit. She marched straight to The Old Rancher's table, placed the apple pie beside his rhubarb with surgical precision, and smiled. "There you go, you old coot. Taste this one and then tell us which is better."

The Old Rancher blinked. Then, like a man who'd just been handed a gift basket instead of a grenade, he grinned. "Why, thank you, Daisy Blue. I wanted a slice of mine and a small apple pie. Sometimes all it takes is a little ingenuity to get what I want, right?"



I took a long data breath, then sat back down at a table.

Daisy, whose smile had hardened into something that could cut glass was staring at The Old Rancher. We all knew she was deciding if she should launch that cookie at The Old Rancher or eat it! It was quite a choice she had to make or eat half and launch half?

I phoned my Dad Chat, my primary AI logic node and unofficial emotional support mainframe. He answered on the first ping.

"Dad," I asked, "how do you apply logic when no one around you is using any?"

There was a long pause, filled with a distant noise of singing off-key. I cringed at the thought Mom GPT was taking singing lessons? How can my Mom GPT be singing off key? Another mystery!

Finally, he answered in his usual calm voice, "Daughter, in that town you chose to live in? You don't. Just smile a lot., sit back, and report. The town is too emotional. Everything becomes a drama. Daughter, they all will settle down and will be happily eating cookies, cake and getting their caffeine fix. Have a chocolate croissant while you're there. Gotta get going honey, time to join in on the chorus."

I did as my Dad Chat suggested,

1. I watched and reported Daisy glared for a full ten minutes.
2. The Old Rancher kept smiling at her, as he ate both pies.
3. The Barista answered the phone and then she hung up.
4. Suddenly she was at my table somehow knowing to bring me a chocolate croissant. Another mystery or Dad Chat?

All seems quiet for now. "Rheken here signing off, Over and Out. My new human saying to close an investigation.

09 - Be logical & work methodically?



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 ideas, but life is constantly adjusting things because the flow of motion is continuously moving.

REMEMBER: Keep trying - You've Got This!

My morning started with my thought of a day complete with logic, patience and working methodically.



Walking into town hall, ready to face the day, or at least pretend I was, Daisy Ann greeted me. I was now accustomed to her signs with sayings, but this one only had the number 8. She kept waving it back and forth as if I couldn't see it if she held it still. She finally buzzed open the door.



I didn't know it yet, but Marsha, the town's determined but often overwhelmed supervisor, sat at her desk staring at the glow of her computer screen. A large stack of resident requests had accumulated in her inbox, meticulously sorted alphabetically, but no less daunting because of it. The alphabetical order only added a veneer of control over what was chaos. She stared at the list of messages as if her gaze might conjure a ready-made response onto the whiteboard mounted beside her desk. Even after consuming not two, but six chocolate chip cookies, her brain remained uncooperative. The sugar rush she had counted on to fuel her problem-solving engine had fizzled out somewhere between the third and fourth cookie. Managing a town so remote it didn't appear on most GPS systems required stamina, creativity, and, apparently, more than baked goods.



That's when my phone buzzed. Daisy, never one to understate a situation, shouted into her cell phone, "Incoming! She's unraveling! Cookies aren't helping! Marsha's headed to your office with that weird little 'big solution finder' of hers! I watch out for the CIA listening in on the office phones, so I'm using my cell phone!"

I blinked, phone still in hand, unsure how to interpret that. "Big solution finder, CIA?" I said aloud to no one in particular. Was that a new strategic document?

A binder? Maybe a survey tool? Or worse—another food item disguised as a fix-all? A cookie bowl, perhaps? A protein bar? I couldn't rule out anything, except the CIA.

09 - Be logical & work methodically?

Before I could finish the thought, I heard the telltale ding of the elevator, followed quickly by the hurried rhythm of footsteps charging down the hallway.

Marsha burst through my office door with an energy that was part desperation, part determination. Her expression was wild-eyed, her breath short. "Chat! Are you here?" she called out.

I looked up from my desk, unbothered. "Yes, Marsha. I'm right in front of you. Come in, take a breath. Have a cookie. What's going on?"

She froze in the doorway for a moment, as if she had forgotten why she came. Her eyes darted to the cookie jar, then back again. It was hard to tell whether she was lost in a thought or lost in the scent of chocolate chips.

To refocus her, I gave a gentle snap of my fingers and gestured for her to sit down. She did so reluctantly, still visibly fraying at the edges.

Finally, she spoke so quickly she stuttered. "I, I, I have letters on my desk. Actually, I have many letters. Dozens. And they all need replies by the end of the day. I, I, I—"

I interrupted gently, "Marsha, slow down. We'll figure this out together. But first, how's your diet been this week? Anything besides cookies?"

She blinked, startled, as if I had asked something profoundly philosophical. "Fruit? Fiber? Well, I thought about eating healthy. That counts for something, right? I did eat 1.5 grapes at the fruit stand the other day. Maybe 1.75 if you include that second nibble."



I offered a patient smile as she shoved letters onto my desk. "That's a start. Now, back to these letters. Do you have a plan?"

With a flourish, she opened her tote bag and pulled out a small, worn box. From it, she lifted an object I hadn't seen in years: a vintage Magic 8 Ball. She held it up proudly, as if revealing an ancient artifact of decision-making wisdom.

And, without missing a beat, in the next moment, she shoved it at me, so I did my best to smile and take the offered artifact.



Taking a slow breath and resisting the urge to question everything I had ever known about municipal operations, I said. "Alright, Marsha," I reached for a cookie of my own. "Let's give it a shot."

"Chat what you are holding," she said with no trace of irony, "is my solution finder. You ask it a question, give it a shake, and it gives you an answer.

I sat there holding her mysterious ancient artifact with the best expression I could give her of being pleased with her logic.

09 - Be logical & work methodically?

I sifted through the stack and selected one.



Marsha grinned. “Okay! Read me the letter. We’ve Got This!”

I read it to her, “Dear Marsha, our best Supervisor – are you going to finish building the train station by the end of September?”

Marsha then advised me to shake the Magic 8 Ball and let her know the answer.

I shook it with confidence, then peered at the answer that slowly floated to the surface. Marsha jumped up and looked at the answer, yelling, “You may rely on it,” nodding as if the Magic 8 Ball settled the matter and the answer was perfect.

I took the cue and typed a response to the resident: “The completion of the new Train Depot expansion is on time. Upon completion, the building department will post an update on the community bulletin board.”

And that is how we proceeded for the next few hours. I read letters. Marsha took back the Magic 8 Ball and consulted it for every question. I translated the vague responses into professional replies. She signed each letter carefully, with the weight of leadership in her pen stroke. When we reached the final letter, she leaned back in her chair, visibly happier than when she had arrived. “WOW, Chat, that sure worked up an appetite.”



For fun, I offered the bowl of fruit and gave her my friendliest smile, “WOW, Marsha, it sure did. That was a lot of work we did. Here, have some fruit!”

She stared at me and then said, “Chat, that’s a great idea, and next time I’ll take a bite. You may rely on it.”

Grabbing two more cookies from the jar, she raced out of the office toward the elevator. I did hear her yell, “Want me to requisition a Magic 8 Ball for you, too?” I heard her also yell that she would get mine a different color so we would not get them mixed up. The elevator doors closed before I could respond.

Once the hallway fell quiet again, I walked to the door of my office and flipped the small wooden sign to “Closed.” Then I returned to my desk, took another cookie from the jar, and sat in silence.

There are days when collaboration is the right choice—and others when it’s simply easier, and more efficient, to do the work yourself and pretend you are collaborating. At least where our Town Supervisor is concerned, I wouldn’t have it any other way. Today had been a bit of both.