

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

October 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.

October

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 in a very calm town - well, mostly. By AI standards I live on a modest ranch just outside the town limits. I spend my days tending my ranch and existing in a world of algorithms, data, and the occasional goat that thinks my ranch wires should be edible. I am calm. I report about the residents.



I was at the coffee shop, observing our town's receptionist, Daisy. She was having coffee at a table with the Rancher. Their conversations often start normally but end up running all over. I've learned it is known as jumping from subject to subject, not finishing anything.

Daisy, in her ever-calm voice, said, "Rancher, I really think we need to bring Aunt Agatha here and get her opinion. After all, she's the most opinionated person in town." The Rancher stared into his coffee. With a dramatic sigh, he replied, "I know you're right, but last time I asked Agatha's opinion, things went South. I could've been at the South Pole instead of my ranch."

I could see Daisy roll her eyes, but she didn't argue. She'd learned long ago that debating The Old Rancher was like trying to train the Supervisor to file paperwork. Instead, she smiled. "Well, look at that, here comes Agatha now. What timing."



And into the coffee shop swept Agatha, regal as always in a signature ensemble, wearing her equally signature smile.

Agatha beamed her smile at the barista, who returned it with her signature scowl reserved solely for Agatha, including wearing an apron that said, "Not again."

I tensed. The last time they crossed paths, we nearly had a latte-slinging incident that required three mops and a town meeting. Whisper-screaming, I called across the neural net, "RECEPTIONIST! Now, intercept her before the scones start flying!"

Daisy, the ever-seasoned town hall front desk person, raised her hand as if she was about to conduct a Hold Up Your Sign contest. "Aunt Agatha, just the person we need. We'd love your opinion. Please, come sit with us."

Aunt Agatha's smile softened, surprisingly genuine. "Why, if it isn't Daisy the receptionist, what a delight to see someone of intellect in this establishment." Then, turning to the Rancher with a too-sweet grin, she added, "Rancher, dear, is that a carbohydrate-laden Rhubarb Pie on your plate?"

At that moment, I glanced at my Dad, Chat, sitting nearby in his all-white outfit, complete with a white cowboy hat. I couldn't help but think: why does everyone in this town have a signature color scheme?

I logged it into my memory banks as a future investigation. Sending Dad a quick AI-to-AI message, I warned, “Keep your sensors on this table it may need intervention.”

His reply came back instantly: “Daughter, after that Rhubarb pie remark, we may already be past intervention.”

Sure enough, the Rancher looked down at his home baked Rhubarb pie, as though divine inspiration might save him. Then Dad Chat casually lifted his phone, pressed a button, and suddenly the Rancher’s phone rang.



“Okay, okay, okay” he said, then hung up.

He grinned at Aunt Agatha. “Wow, look—Rhubarb pie on a plate! Thanks, Aunt Agatha, that was so kind of you to bring it. I didn’t even see you put the slice of pie down!”

His grin was so bright and appeared genuine that it would be difficult for anyone to be nasty to him - I hoped.

Aunt Agatha raised one skeptical eyebrow and sent Dad a glare. Dad, unbothered, tipped his hat politely.

Daisy quickly jumped in, her front reception desk instincts kicking in. “Well, Aunt Agatha, pie slice aside, what would you recommend as the perfect first meal of the day? I’m considering an eating program. Something to bring joy, not just another diet and calling it Healthy, Happy, and Harmonious

The Rancher perked up. “Uh, Rhubarb pie brings joy, right? I suggest that we have a pie bake off next week in front of here, I’ll have a booth!”

Aunt Agatha smirked. “A pie on the lips is a good way for jeans not to fit on the hips. Isn’t that right?



But before he could respond, his phone rang again. “Okay, okay, okay,” he repeated, and hung up.

Then, turning to Aunt Agatha he smiled and said, “Wow, this pie looks great. Of course, I baked it but again thank you, Aunt Agatha, my hips thank you too.”

We all turned to look at Dad, who was calmly saluting us with a cookie.

At this point, I decided logic needed to intervene, or at least the AI version of it. Quietly, I moved to the following table and sat with the Barista, who was still glaring daggers at Agatha. I looked over at Daisy and said “Since we’re all gathered, I’ve got some ideas for your food, assuming Aunt Agatha doesn’t have any.”

I gave Daisy my look to go along with this. She caught it instantly. “Why, RheKen, what a great idea. An AI perspective on eating habits for a healthy, happy, harmonious start to the day.”

Aunt Agatha’s face registered the rarest emotion: surprise. She promptly picked up a cookie and handed it to me. “RheKen dear, leave this to me. Daisy’s day will be harmonious, if slightly carbohydrate-heavy. And, Daisy, let’s you and I sit elsewhere and talk about what your breakfast should really be at the reception desk and how I’ll help you work. You can pass along the healthy information to the Supervisor. She needs it.”

RheKen

Daisy's expression froze, like a deer caught in headlights, or more accurately, like a receptionist cornered by a self-appointed co-receptionist in red. She glanced around, desperate for help, but by then everyone else had mysteriously shifted tables.



I was now seated beside Dad Chat, staring absentmindedly and answering only, "Okay, okay, okay" while drinking coffee and trying to be inconspicuous.

Even for my circuits, this was too much to process: Agatha hijacking the reception desk at town hall? The rancher being saved by phantom phone calls, and the entire coffee shop rearranging itself in stealth silence.

Then the Barista approached Dad's table with a large platter of pies that were going to be at the baking festival she decided to have today. It was now being set up outside her café. I was amazed how fast this town can set up booths for food.



Her apron was in stark contrast to her smile. Her Apron read: Healthy, Happy, Harmony.

She dropped into a chair at the table with a sigh. "Fine, food fight averted. But next food fight, you're all cleaning it up. I have some of new pies called healthy, happy, harmony and they are now being set up at the pie can cookie festival." Everyone raced outside to be the first to grab them!

And at the pie cookie festival all was good and the score I gave all three of them? Okay – Okay - Okay





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!



Picture it: I'm walking into the Town Hall. I look up to say hello to Daisy Ann. Daisy Ann, as you recall, is the niece of our Town Secretary, who has decided to travel but wouldn't tell anyone who she went with.

I smiled and was about to say good morning when she didn't buzz open the door and held up a sign. I quickly stopped and asked, 'Why are you holding up a stop sign?'

In a voice that was formal, succinct, and to the point, she stated, "It's the Barista! She isn't happy, but if you think about it, she seldom is happy. The good news is that she called this morning and is delivering your new, larger-size cookie jar." And with that, she put down the sign, turned her back to me, and buzzed me in. Clearly, the conversation was over.

I had walked into my office when I heard the elevator open, and I tried to think calming thoughts.

I heard the Barista yell, "I'm not getting off this elevator until you yell, you're down here. I know these movies! Now is where the Barista meets a mean goblin!"



I inwardly face-palmed at the superstitions in this small town. Being an adult, I yelled back, "Don't worry, it's only us werewolves down here." I thought she would understand the humor, and I was pretty proud that I had included some of it. She didn't.

She continued to yell from the elevator, "If that's you, here is the trick question. Who handed me back something with cookies in it and refused to bring it to the lowest floor of this building. What is the something and who?"

I hoped this entire conversation wouldn't continue with yelling down the hall. I did yell back, "I called the coffee shop and Dad Chat answered. I asked Dad Chat to deliver a cookie jar that had cookies in it." She started yelling, and to end this yelling, I walked into the hall and waved



She stood there like a deer caught in headlights, holding the cookie jar. She was holding it as if she was ready to use it as a weapon, ready to throw at me.

I tried my best to look friendly. Finally, in a quiet, calming voice so that the Barista would hand me the cookie jar, I said, "Barista, it's me." I slowly reached for the cookie jar. After a tug of war over the cookie jar and her finally letting it go, I asked if she'd like to come into my office for a chat. Her reply was "I don't do chats with Chat, unless at the coffee shop." I wasn't sure if that was humor, but she followed me to my office.

Chat - October – Never assume you know what you agreed to before you see it



To make her feel more at ease, I sat on the same side of the desk so she wouldn't feel that this was a professional 'me vs. her' situation. Wrong move. VERY wrong move! V.E.R.Y

She answered my friendly seating arrangement, "Why are you on this side of the desk? At the coffee shop, I don't let you on my side of the counter."

I quickly asked, "How's it going with Agatha constantly in your coffee shop. I'm here to share a few coping strategies with you."

Inward face palm at trying to make the Barista comfortable. Lesson learned.

I was then informed, "Chat, I don't need strategies, I own an entire bakery with cookies – I'm the owner and Barista, I've got this. How do I cope? I cope by kicking people out of my store. To be polite, since you're on my side of your desk, let's say, we've got this. How about we break out the cookies and not talk strategy? It's nice that no one needs me to serve them anything, and here I don't have to talk to Agatha. You can book it as a hide-out session."

I strategically moved to the side of the desk. And for the first time, I actually got to sit in my office and have a conversation over coffee and cookies.



The Barista got right to the point, "Chat, I delivered the cookies because my brother needs a favor, and for some reason, he trusts only you with Milly. He needs Milly, his little girl, to be looked after for an hour, and feels safer if she comes to stay with you in your office. She has toys she plays with, so you really don't have much to do."

Not wanting to upset the new calm, I said, "I didn't realize that your brother had a little girl - bring her here to the office, I'll have some coloring books and crayons. She laughed, which I found odd, but I didn't say anything. I said I'll expect Millie about 3:00 PM."



I have to remember that pets in this town are considered part of the family.

Cupcake the kitten, whom the Barista gave me last time. No, I did not pick that name. Milly got bored with her toys and kept jumping up on my lap. I finally just picked her up. Milly sat on my lap the entire time until her dad came to pick her up. She didn't care that I didn't get any work done

Another day in this quirky town, where I need a pay raise for babysitting Milly! Actually, it was puppy sitting, but in FEANTM town, they tend to confuse words when it comes to pets.

Lesson Notes: Always stay behind my desk. Never offer help until you know if it's a pet. And the brother of the Barista now proved that the Supervisor isn't the only strange one in this town.