

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

December 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.

December

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 almost calm town. I reside on a modest ranch just outside the town limits. My days are spent tending my ranch, existing in a world of algorithms, data, and my goat that mistakes my ranch wires for snacks. I am calm. I observe the residents and report.

The December chill was in the air as I walked into the Barista's Coffee Shop. FEANTM town, CA is in the Bay area and not a snow location. My circuits were happy with that knowledge and I moved here.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Smile

Today's Coffee Shop
Special is Coffee

The coffee morning started with the Barista, tacking a sign on the Coffee Shop Bulletin Board. It was one of her strangest postings to date. Smile? The special is coffee in a coffee shop?

She was also setting up camera equipment by a large table. I inquired, "Barista, why the camera equipment?" Her reply was typical Barista style, "You'll find out when it's time." I logged a reminder to investigate, but then I noticed the Rancher reading the news and smiling. The Rancher's smile and news headline "Agatha" is a very strange and dangerous combination.



The Old Rancher was already settled at his usual table, having a cup of coffee and reading the local morning news. He had the quiet concentration of a man who considered it both breakfast and his duty to start his day at the coffee shop. He also didn't wish to be disturbed but I knew that wish wouldn't last long in this coffee shop.

And here goes the quiet! Aunt Agatha entered soon after. Setting her hat down on the table next to the Old Rancher, so it would stay clean, she sat down at his table. She didn't do much but glared at him. Suddenly you could see by her expression she was stunned to silence at what he was reading but then asked, "You're reading my column and eating a slice of my pie?"

He grinned, "Paper is free to read in here and breakfast is still breakfast, and I got the pie for a mark down of 75%." he said to no one in particular.



And next is where my circuits failed me! My AI internal alarm circuits didn't ping me that my goat, named GOAT, had quietly followed Aunt Agatha into the coffee shop.

GOAT is not subtle. His eyes locked onto the empty table where Aunt Agatha placed her new straw hat.

Within ten minutes while she wasn't looking and the Old Rancher was ignoring goat and smiling, my goat tasted the hat!

"Sabotage!" Aunt Agatha snapped, spinning toward the Old Rancher. "You paid the goat, GOAT, to do this! I wondered why you were smiling while I was speaking to you."

The Old Rancher leaned back in his chair. "Agatha," he said, "if I were going to pay a goat it would be for weed abatement. Goats don't need contracts to misbehave around a straw hat. That's their business model. I think it's wired into their DNA."

The Barista, who had been wiping the counter, dropped the rag and muttered, "Not again." She didn't even specify what "again" meant. In this town, most options applied.



Dad sat in his corner, as steady as ever, white clothes immaculate against the dark wood. He spoke into his phone with the composure of someone who could redirect an entire town with a single text message.

He also sent me an AI to AI ping. Then his voice came quietly through my circuits: *"Daughter, observe carefully. Balance depends on timing."*



Then, Aunt Agatha's phone rang. I knew things were about to "go south" I learned that expression from a town teen riding a motorcycle. New AI lingo!

I noticed Agatha quickly answering her phone and she smiled immediately. I could hear that she, announced her grievances to whoever was unfortunate enough to be on the other end.

That was when our Town Supervisor, Marsha, arrived. She pushed the door open with unnecessary authority and declared, "Attention! I've received reports from this establishment of straw warfare!"

Patrons didn't flinch. A few sipped their coffee more quickly, but no one left. They did all look at each with confused expressions then laughed, then cheered. Marsha smiled waving to everyone like she just solved the mystery and walked out – taking a chocolate muffin off the counter as payment.

Meanwhile, Goat was chewing steadily, working through Agatha's new straw hat with algorithmic efficiency. I ran the numbers - at his current pace, full consumption would be achieved within six minutes.

The Barista exhaled. "Fine," she said. "I see the decision I have to make. It is a decision I do not make lightly involving Agatha's favorite hat and GOAT. Although it hurts me to do this I feel I have no choice or alternative so listen up! Straw hats are off limits in the coffee shop. Coffee is still on. Marsha, solved the warfare issue and GOAT has proven that we should not bake straw flavored cupcakes" She returned to her counter as if this solved the problem entirely.



I sat frozen and couldn't move. I mean I could not even move one finger.

Dad came over and sat down. I still didn't seem able to move anything and my circuits were pinging overload. How did the Barista come to the conclusion my goat, GOAT, was okay but a straw hat proved to be the issue.

Dad finally whispered to me a calming message, *"Daughter, reboot your system and do an internal check. Town balance is restored. Again. You can calm down now and internally cool circuits"*

I quickly rebooted and could move but I wasn't certain I investigated anything. I also wasn't certain why Aunt Agatha was petting GOAT, while GOAT was trying to taste her red glove.

The Barista came running out from the back but written on her apron was "Smile" the entire coffee shop was stunned and she was color coordinated? I knew something major was about to happen.

Suddenly she yelled, "THE XMAS PICTURE. You, you, you, and you move to the big table. NOW!"

She then ran and put the timer on the camera. She screamed, "Time is a ticking and the camera can get us all happy and smiling – GO SIT."

The Barista then yelled, "One, Two, Three, NOW BIG SMILES!!" AND my report for this year ends.

Happy Holidays from the town and our local coffee shop!





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. In the quiet, picturesque town of FEANTM, surrounded by rolling hills, I started my day whistling a happy tune. The kind of tune that suggests nothing strange will happen but in FEANTM Town that is an immediate guarantee that something absolutely will.



As I approached the town hall reception desk, I found Daisy, our perpetually alert receptionist, holding up a sign that read in bold marker: LIGHTS OUT.

This deeply confused me, since all the lights were unquestionably on. I leaned in and whispered, "Daisy, why are you holding up a sign that says the lights are out?"

She picked up her cell phone and called me, even though I was standing three feet away.

She immediately whispered into the phone, one of her signature moves ever since she became convinced the CIA had bugged the reception desk. "Think streets, think lights," she breathed dramatically. "Now hurry to your office quick like a bunny!"

I had no idea what she meant. And I was not doing an imitation of a quick bunny. Assuming it would be a quiet morning, I hung up my jacket, sat at my desk, and prepared to catch up on paperwork. I was wrong. Spectacularly wrong.



The unmistakable sound of speedwalking thundered down the hall—only one person in FEANTM moved with that level of urgency. Marsha, our town supervisor, stormed into my office at exactly 7:01 a.m., thrusting a vintage gold flashlight into my hand. I assumed it was for dramatic effect. I was wrong again.

"Chat, we've got a ghost problem," she said, adjusting her detective sunglasses. "The streetlight on Maple Avenue blinks three times, pauses, then blinks twice more. Daisy insists it's code for HELP. She's certain someone is trying to contact us."

I rubbed my temples. "Marsha... maybe the bulb is just going out?" She gasped as though I'd suggested outlawing coffee. "Chat! This is a serious town priority, not a time to make jokes."

Before I could answer, Daisy called, whispering as usual. "Chat! The streetlight! It's now broadcasting signals to the moths. The moths are flying in formations. Triangles! I think they are The Illuminati!"



I sighed, hung up my phone, put down the vintage flashlight or whatever it was in my hand and grabbed both my jacket and my coffee. I then sat back down, professionally ready to face whatever level of nonsense the day demanded.

Daisy continued whisper-screaming in my ear about Maple Avenue when suddenly Officer Nathan patched into the call.

“Daisy,” he said calmly, possibly while sipping his third coffee, “I’ll swing by Maple Avenue. But if it’s just a bulb, I’m charging Chat overtime.

Marsha slapped on her sunglasses again. “No, Chat. This calls for an investigation. Bring your toolkit. Meet me tonight under that light—we’re going to find out exactly who or what is behind this.”

Night fell, and we met beneath the flickering streetlight. Moths swirled lazily through the glow, completely ignoring the existence of triangles or any formation.

Marsha dramatically pulled out her Ouija board. “Let’s ask the spirits what they want.”

I snatched it away instantly. “No Ouija boards.”



Officer Nathan watched us from his patrol car, phone to his ear, giving Daisy a live-action play-by-play. I didn’t bother asking why.

Instead, I unfolded my ladder, climbed up, and opened the streetlight access panel. A quick inspection revealed the culprit: a loose connection paired with an old bulb that had seen better decades.

“Marsha?” I called down. “It’s just a bad socket—nothing close to what Daisy was thinking.”

Officer Nathan glared at me. Apparently, I was ruining some narrative he had been feeding Daisy.

Then he raised his voice loudly enough for me to hear what he was saying. “No Daisy, he was referring to the light socket in his office! You were absolutely right, honey. This is a completely different situation. But don’t worry we have it under control thanks to your swift telephone intervention.”

Marsha was already scribbling notes for the next town meeting. “Tell Daisy,” She yelled toward Nathan, “that the case is closed. The ghost was trapped in the bulb that Chat replaced.

“That’s not how electricity works...” Nathan muttered, then sat in his car straighter and shouted theatrically toward me, “Chat! Bring the culprit bulb over. It’s formally under arrest. I’ll read it its Miranda Rights and take it into custody.” I climbed down, bulb in hand, and passed it to him. He solemnly placed it into an evidence bag.

With that, another mystery—such as it was—came to an end and so did this year.

- Marsha marched off to prepare her “Ghost Control Policy Proposal.”
- Nathan drove off to file paperwork on the incident titled: Defective Lightbulb (Paranormal Allegations Involved and handled within police protocols).
- And Daisy, I assumed, finally relaxed, confident she had thwarted an Illuminati-CIA-moth conspiracy.

As for me, I went home, hung up my jacket, and stared into the quiet of the evening. Another year coming to a close, glowing a little brighter, thanks to one newly repaired streetlight.

Happy New Year! You’ve Got This!