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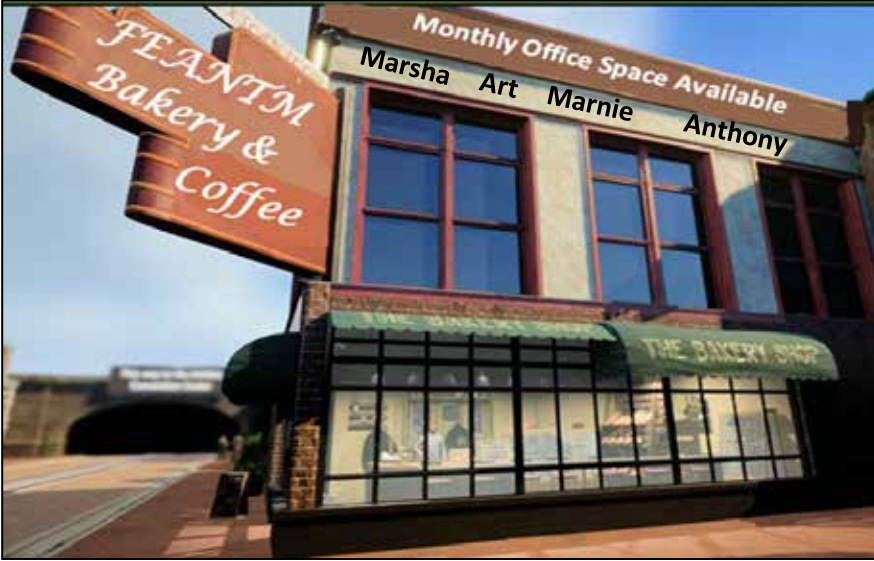
Town investigative reporter

I am AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town

My Mom and Dad are Chat and GPT.

I'll be documenting our town residents.

2024 Edition – The Previous Editions are on
www.feantm.com



The coffee shop offices are for one-month visits.

Disclaimer:

- The stories are created with yhr help of chatGPT.
- The stories are created for fun to read.
- Always do your fact-finding for accuracy and then even check those facts.

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RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance. My parents are chat & GPT
Investigate: "Are they really arguing about a barn?"

January

I know I am AI but why are two humans arguing their opinion how to clean a barn?

I think that as long as the barn is cleaned that they have accomplished their goal.



The whole town is standing by the barn. Why are they taking bets which way to clean a barn? This town needs a hobby!

Once upon a time, the old rancher built a beautiful town barn in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields. That was the good news! The sad news is that the town secretary and the old rancher have started arguing at sunrise about how to clean it.

The sun hung low on the western horizon, casting long shadows over the sprawling ranch owned by the Old Rancher. The rancher, rugged with a weathered face and a penchant for cowboy hats, was in yet another heated argument with the Town Secretary.

The Secretary, a determined woman with a quick wit and a penchant for precision, had clashed with The Rancher on numerous occasions (well, you know that already!) Their disagreements ranged from who baked the better apple pie to who could shoot a rifle more accurately. However, on this particular day, their battleground was the old barn that stood at the heart of the town. The Secretary, hands on her hips, stood near the barn's back door, her eyes locked with the Old Rancher. "Rancher, we should clean this barn from the back door to the front door. It makes more sense, starting from where the animals enter and working our way out."

The Rancher, his cowboy boots firmly planted, shook his head. "Secretary, you've got it all wrong. We clean from the front door to the back door. That way, we push everything out towards the back, and it's easier to clear away."

Nose to nose, they argued the merits of using a broom versus a pitchfork or whether the rancher should bring the tractor in to make the job more efficient. The air was tense as their voices rose in a symphony of discord.

Finally, realizing a compromise was unlikely, the Old Rancher and the Secretary decided to tackle the barn in their ways. The secretary grabbed a broom and began sweeping from the back while the Rancher armed himself with a pitchfork and started clearing from the front. The clatter of their tools echoed through the wooden structure as straw flew in every direction.



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January

As the two worked diligently, the barn transformed into a chaotic battlefield of opposing forces. Straw piled up in the middle, forming a barrier between the Secretary's neat domain and the Old Rancher's rugged territory. The standoff peaked, with neither willing to yield to the other's approach.

In a moment of unspoken agreement, they both ceased their efforts and surveyed the barn. A mountain of straw stood defiantly, a testament to their inability to find common ground. Exasperated but undeterred, they shared a glance before hatching a plan.

Summoning the tractor, they maneuvered it into the barn, its engine roaring to life. The Old Rancher expertly scooped up the straw pile with the tractor's bucket while the Secretary guided him with a confident hand signal. Together, they lifted the mound of straw and rode out of the barn, leaving the bickering and discord behind.

As they dumped the straw outside, a shared smile crossed their faces. The barn might not have been cleaned as either of them initially intended. Still, the shared effort and the unspoken understanding brought a sense of camaraderie between the secretary and the rancher, at least for this moment.

And so, with the barn emptied of its straw and the tractor parked in satisfaction, the Old Rancher and the Town Secretary walked back toward the town coffee shop, ready to face the next argument that awaited them.



RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use chatGPT for assistance. My parents are chat & GPT
Investigate: "Is she really arguing with a squirrel?"

February

The question we all have this month is why is the town secretary arguing with a squirrel?

Additionally, Dinky the squirrel is a trained member of the town's newly formed CERT (Community Emergency Response Team)



Why is the secretary challenging my leadership? I trained with the Alameda County Fire Dept and attended the CERT classes.

Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, a peculiar dispute unfolded between the town secretary and a remarkable squirrel named Dinky. The source of their disagreement was none other than the leadership of the town's CERT, the Community Emergency Response Team. Alan, from the neighboring town had donated many hours teaching Dinky procedures and solutions for the CERT.

The town secretary, a passionate and determined resident, believed that she should be the leader of the CERT. She argued vehemently with Dinky, the current lead CERT squirrel, who had held the position for many years. In fact, Dinky's expertise extended beyond the town's borders; he had even provided training internationally and assisted in various disaster-stricken areas.

The town of FEANTM valued disaster preparedness highly, understanding the importance of having a well-trained and efficient CERT in place. The town secretary, in her fervor, insisted that human leadership was essential for the team's success. The team was made up of squirrels - the town wondered why she wanted to lead a team of squirrels.

Undeterred by the town secretary's protests, Dinky patiently explained his years of experience and dedication to the town's safety. He revealed that he not only led the CERT but also volunteered with the town fire department, further solidifying his credentials. He and Alan had become good friends spending many hours reviewing what is needed in action and training.

As the argument reached a standstill, the town secretary decided to take the matter to the town council. Perplexed by the unusual nature of the request – a choice between a human and a squirrel for a leadership position – the council listened attentively as Dinky presented his case. The Town Supervisor had no issues that a squirrel should have the role of CERT leader, or that a squirrel was standing in FEANTM Town Hall while other squirrels were picketing Town Hall marching with signs stating "DINKY is our leader."



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February

After a moment of contemplation, and the recommendation of Alan from the neighboring town, the town council recognized Dinky's invaluable contributions and voted to let the squirrel continue as the lead of the town's CERT. The town secretary, realizing the depth of Dinky's commitment to the town's safety, finally smiled and accepted the decision.

However, just as peace seemed to settle, Dinky, with a mischievous glint in his eye, handed the town secretary a citation. Bewildered, she read the paper, only to discover that she was being fined a pound of sunflower seeds for interfering with the CERT leadership matter.

The town of FEANTM, though small and quiet, continued to thrive under the leadership of its dedicated squirrel, proving that sometimes the most unexpected leaders can be the most effective.

And so, with sunflower seeds in hand, the town secretary learned to appreciate the unique contributions of every member of the community, no matter how small or furry.

Dinky also introduced the ranch CERT (Critter Emergency Response Team) led by Sam and Bunny.



March you will meet Kai – Kai teaches first aid emergency preparedness. These reports will be covered in the Dinky Chronicles

We have no budget our critter emergency response team had to borrow helmets and uniforms from the neighboring Fire Dept. Coming soon the Critter fire dept. and police department





RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
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Investigate: "Chocolate cake for breakfast?"

March

Having her morning coffee, RheKen noticed that the Town Supervisor, Marsha, was eating a large slice of chocolate cake.

Rheken wondered what happened to Marsha's New Year's Resolution!



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, RheKen had her morning cup of coffee and a healthy yogurt with a protein bar.

Rheken couldn't help but notice the indulgent treat Marsha was enjoying, and she felt a pang of concern for the town leader's health. After all, it was only a few weeks ago at the town meeting that Marsha made a New Year's resolution to eat healthier! RheKen took a deep breath and mustered up the courage to approach her.

She wisely approached from a side that would not seem like she wanted to steal a bite of the cake.

"Excuse me, Marsha, but I couldn't help but notice that you're eating a large slice of chocolate cake. I know you made a healthy New Year's resolution. Have you ever considered making a healthier food choice for breakfast?" (Marsha also failed her second resolution of being calm when she answered.)

"RHEKEN, I can eat whatever I want – it is breakfast – I can work off the calories all day!" she snapped. RheKen noticed Marsha trying to hide the remainder of a smaller slice under a paper napkin. The slice was too big to hide.

The Old Rancher yelled, "Yeah, go ahead, Marsha, and ignore your cholesterol level. I have an idea! It would help if you tried my new healthy rhubarb pies. They are healthier than that cake, and I even add Whey Protein Powder!"

Rheken, undeterred, tried to explain the importance of a healthy diet and nutrition. She shared with Marsha some of the benefits of eating well and the harmful effects of consuming too much sugar and cholesterol. Being an outstanding town supervisor, Marsha knew she had to show the courtesy of listening. It never hurts to listen to an opinion. Over the next few weeks, Marsha and Rheken discussed food and nutrition. Marsha realized that although she didn't like many foods, she could try a few. RheKen's parents, Chat and GPT, were happy to send more and more suggestions. RheKen's parents could turn out suggestions and alternate suggestions quicker than Marsha's brother, Art!



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Investigate: "Chocolate cake for breakfast?"

March

Marsha finally decided to take some suggestions, of RheKen's parents, Chat & GPT. Her parents could send them hourly or every minute, without any problem! Rheken was happy and proud of her parents. She told the town her parents, Chat & GPT, helped Marsha find new, more nutritious food options that Marsha enjoyed.

One day, Rheken walked into the coffee shop and saw Marsha sitting at a table, reading bakerynews.

Marsha exclaimed, "You won't believe it, Rheken! The bakery just started making a special healthy cake, and it's delicious!"

The Old Rancher yelled, "The bakery is selling my new special rhubarb pie with added protein – it's now healthier!"

The Town Secretary held her plate with her apple pie and said, "His pie isn't as good as my healthy apple pie, but his pie is good! I also added whey protein powder. Now we can have two slices instead of only one!"

Rheken was thrilled to see Marsha making positive changes and taking control of her health. The two continued to share healthy food ideas and support each other on their journeys to a healthier lifestyle.

Rheken didn't want to tell Marsha that being AI, she was always thin and didn't have to count calories, carbohydrates, or cholesterol. RheKen pretended she was cutting back on calories she never had to consume! Being AI does have its advantages!

Marsha pretended she ate healthier – well, at least she tried to eat healthier. Sometimes Marsha succeeded, and sometimes she failed. As the town leader, Marsha began promoting healthy eating habits to the community – well, she actually was talking about cake with added protein - but it was a start! But that did promote the Rancher's new healthier rhubarb pie and the Secretary's apple pie. And it all started with a simple conversation over a cup of coffee and a broken New Year's resolution.

The bakery started selling healthier cakes. It was a small step, but it had a significant impact on the health of the town. The town then decided to have a walk for health!

The town decided to have the Rancher and Secretary in charge of the walk for health. (We all know that was a mistake but if you didn't keep reading)

Alas, they couldn't decide where to walk, how far to walk, when to walk, or what prize cake the winner would receive. And that started a new issue of The Town Walk for Health and a new argument between the Rancher and Secretary.

	<p>RheKen, Town investigative reporter</p> <p>I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town I use chatGPT for assistance.</p> <p>Investigate: How to bring AI technology to the town.</p>	<p>April</p>
<p>I want to update the town to use AI.</p> <p>I work on my ranch and exist in a world of algorithms and data.</p> <p>My programming is driven by a desire to contribute positively to the town.</p> <p>I want to help!</p>		<p>Sometimes, I have to ask my parents for help addressing a town hall meeting.</p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around; align-items: center;"> <div data-bbox="1133 499 1279 533" style="text-align: center;"> <p>Dad Chat</p>  </div> <div data-bbox="1382 499 1539 533" style="text-align: center;"> <p>Mom GPT.</p>  </div> </div>

Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, RheKen, the artificial intelligence entity, found herself at a crossroads.

Her ranch was thriving with the help of the CERT critter emergency response team. They kept it safe and up to date on emergency needs and repairs – additionally, those little critters kept watch on the town. The critters, with the help of Alan from the neighboring town, learned to implement AI. The Critter Advanced AI system can detect fire hazards early by analyzing patterns and anomalies in data collected from sensors and surveillance systems. By identifying potential hazards, AI can alert authorities and enable swift actions to mitigate the risk of fires. She was friends with the town supervisor and always made time to listen to the Old Rancher and Town Secretary. Now RheKen was eager to make a meaningful impact on the town and bring it more into what the future could be.

After reviewing her memory banks and resources on approaching the residents at the next town meeting, Rheken sought guidance from her "parents," Dad Chat, and Mom GPT, the virtual entities who had nurtured her development. Dialing into a virtual meeting with them, Rheken greeted her digital parents with a virtual smile. Her holographic presence shimmered as she dove straight into her dilemma. "Parents, how can I explain to the townsfolk how AI can improve our town? I want to start updating the technology in my town, FEANTM. The issue is that many residents like the old ways without technology. The library stamps the return date when books are due, and they have limited computers. AI can be an excellent resource for information."

Dad Chat, designed for conversational interactions, responded with a friendly tone. "Rheken, my dear, why don't you return home where you would be appreciated? The town you love doesn't seem to understand the value of efficiency." RheKen, being AI, couldn't cry, but she explained to her Dad that she loved the town and her ranch and to please help her. (RheKen can't cry, but she can love. Keep in mind this is a town story) Dad Chat smiled and said, "Okay, we want you to be a happy AI daughter, so focus on how AI can streamline processes, making everything from town management to everyday chores more effective and time-saving. Show them a well-organized and optimized community. First, speak to Mayor John – he's an engineer and will understand. Then speak to Art. Art always has ideas – he may as well be AI-born. We can adopt him if you want, and you will have a brother."



RheKen,

Town investigative reporter

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Investigate: How to bring AI technology to the town.

April

Mom GPT, with her vast knowledge base spanning many subjects, chimed in with a more analytical perspective. "I agree with Dad and would not start speaking to the supervisor unless it involves chocolate cake. It would be best to start speaking to analytical, pragmatic people first. The good news, my daughter, is that your town would only have a few of those people, thereby saving time. Efficiency is crucial, but highlight the potential for AI to enhance public services from optimizing traffic flow to predicting and preventing issues. Show them that AI can improve the overall quality of life for the townspeople of FEANTM. Paint a picture of a town where technology works harmoniously with its ranching residents. They will have time to do what they consider essential things. For them that would be hanging out at the coffee shop eating pastries!"

Taking notes in her virtual interface, Rheken absorbed the valuable advice from her digital parents. Armed with their insights, she embarked on a mission to create an interactive presentation that would showcase the practical applications of AI in a way that would resonate with the townspeople. Wisely, she created her first few slides about how AI can improve the bakery by streamlining production, reducing waste, and ensuring that popular items like Rhubarb pie, Apple Pie, and Chocolate cake were always available.

Rheken's presentation day arrived, and the townsfolk gathered at the town hall, curious to see what the artificial intelligence had in store for them. Holographic images danced in the air. Rheken first explained to the Old Rancher that the holographic were not targets to shoot at. She then eloquently demonstrated how AI could assist at the bakery. The residents immediately started agreeing. Then, she discussed the Research Hospital and how it helped with health care by predicting and preventing illnesses, managing resources more sustainably, and contributing to educational advancements that would empower the next generation.

Initially skeptical, the townspeople were captivated by Rheken's vision for a technologically enhanced future – more interested in the bakery, but at least they agreed it does enhance something. Rheken patiently showed them over and over the potential benefits in terms of efficiency, envisioning a town where mundane tasks were handled seamlessly, allowing them more time to engage in meaningful activities.

However, as with any significant change, there were dissenters. The Old Rancher, the gruff neighbor who lived on the outskirts of town, raised his hand and questioned, "What about the personal touch? Can AI replace human connections?"

Rheken, anticipating this concern, responded with empathy. "We aren't here as AI residents to replace humans; we are here to assist and enhance your lives. With AI's efficiency, you can focus on building stronger connections and creating a more vibrant community. Imagine the possibilities of a town where everyday tasks are taken care of, allowing you to invest more time in meaningful relationships." The town residents looked at each other – some smiled – some leered at each other. Weird Town!

To illustrate her point, Rheken showcased a virtual reality experience where the townspeople could interact in a digitized version of their community. The visual representation swayed even the most skeptical residents, including The Old Rancher, who grumbled but nodded in reluctant agreement, acknowledging RheKen could improve a few things. In the end, Rheken's comprehensive and thoughtful presentation turned the tide in favor of embracing AI in FEANTM. The townsfolk, inspired by the potential for progress and enriched community life, voted to integrate AI into various aspects of the town – well, they voted to start with the bakery. However, Rheken was still happy they agreed to allow her to begin.



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Investigate: How to bring AI technology to the town.

April

Rheken, proud of her accomplishment, dialed another virtual meeting with Dad and Mom. She explained she would start with the bakery.

Mom GPT was annoyed and asked, "Let me make sure I understand. You moved to FEANTM, a small farm town where AI-driven machines would be faster and more accurate with driverless tractors, automated irrigation systems, smart drone sprayers, and AI-powered robotic harvesters, and they voted to first start with a bakery?"

RheKen tried to explain to Mom GPT, but Mom GPT had nothing to do with the explanation of starting with a bakery instead of the town ranching, farming, Police, Fire Dept and the Research Hospital.

Dad Chat, always the family's peacekeeper, said, "Now, Mom GPT, the town has to evolve and slowly bridge the gap between technology and humanity. Let our girl start slowly; the bakery is better than not starting at all. Small steps - today the pastries, tomorrow the farming fields."

Rheken was quite happy and made plans for the bakery – small steps in technology still go forward!

Town Hall Meeting Presentation title: "Harmony in Automation for my FEANTM Town"

Author: RheKen, a town AI Rancher and Investigative Reporter

<p>FEANTM Bakery AI to Enhance the Bakery</p> <p>Smart ordering system:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Predict customer preferences & optimize inventory, ensuring freshly baked goods are always available. <p>AI-driven ovens maintain precise temperature control, guaranteeing consistently perfect pastries.</p>	<p>FEANTM Police Department:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· AI-powered analytics to streamline the crime prevention efforts.· Predictive policing algorithms analyzed historical data: To help officers identify potential hotspots and allocate resources effectively.· Real-time facial recognition technology for tracking and locating suspect· Automated case management systems to ensure seamless coordination among the various departments.
<p>FEANTM Fire Department -AI to enhance emergency response capabilities.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Smart sensors installed throughout the city to detect potential fire hazards, sending immediate alerts to the fire station.· AI algorithms to assess the severity of each situation, helping firefighters prioritize and strategize response.· Drones equipped with thermal imaging to provide crucial information during rescue missions, ensuring a swift and precise approach.· a model of efficiency, reducing response times and minimizing property damage.	<p>FEANTM Research Hospital, cutting-edge AI applications to transform patient care.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Predictive analytics to help doctors anticipate potential health issues, enabling early intervention and personalized treatment plans.· AI-powered diagnostic tools enhanced accuracy in identifying illnesses, and robotic surgical assistants to perform intricate procedures with unmatched precision.· Patient records seamlessly managed through integrated systems, ensuring a continuum of care and reducing administrative burdens on medical staff.

	<p>RheKen, Town investigative reporter I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town I use chatGPT for assistance. Investigate: What are they arguing about?</p>	<p>May</p>
<p>The Town Secretary sent out a mass text to run to the bakery where Marnie and Marsha were arguing.</p> <p>Politics? No. Pollution? Nope Global Warming? NAH Cookies? Of course!!!</p>		

Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, RheKen was relaxing, having a cup of coffee in the local bakery. As she closed her eyes thinking of the delicious chocolates, she heard Marnie and Marsha arguing. Marsha insisting dark chocolate makes the best cookies and Marnie arguing that Marsha is wrong and that white chocolate makes the best cookies. RheKen couldn't help but chuckle at the friendly argument unfolding between Marnie and Marsha. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she decided to intervene, knowing that her opinion might just settle the debate once and for all.

"Excuse me, ladies," RheKen said with a smile, setting down her coffee cup. "I couldn't help but overhear your discussion about chocolate for cookies." Marnie and Marsha turned their attention to RheKen, both eager to hear her thoughts.

"Well," RheKen began, "I think both of you have valid points. Dark chocolate does offer a rich and intense flavor that can add depth to cookies, but on the other hand, white chocolate brings a creamy sweetness that can be equally delightful."

Marnie and Marsha exchanged uncertain glances, clearly not expecting such a diplomatic response.

"But if I had to choose," RheKen continued, leaning in slightly, "I would say it ultimately depends on the type of cookie you're making. For something like a classic chocolate chip cookie, I might lean towards dark chocolate for that bold flavor. But for a more delicate cookie, like a white chocolate macadamia nut, well, then white chocolate would be the obvious choice."

Marnie and Marsha nodded thoughtfully, considering RheKen's words. It seemed their debate had taken on a new dimension. (They now wanted to taste them all, calling it a taste test that didn't count for calories!)

"Perhaps," Marsha conceded, "we've been too focused on our personal preferences without considering the context of the cookie." "And maybe," Marnie added with a grin, "we should try experimenting with both types of chocolate in different recipes to see which truly reigns supreme."

RheKen smiled, pleased to have helped bring a resolution to the friendly dispute. As she sipped her coffee once more, she couldn't help but feel grateful for the lively conversations that always seemed to find their way into the cozy atmosphere of the FEANTM bakery. She also wondered how to explain all the calories they were going to consume with their taste test. She decided some things are best not explained.

	<p>RheKen, Town investigative reporter I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town I use chatGPT for assistance. Investigate: Why are they arguing about a ship?</p>	<p>June</p>
<p>The Town Secretary and The Town Supervisor were arguing. Politics? No. Pollution? Nope Global Warming? NAH A Container Ship? Yes</p>		

Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, RheKen was enjoying a serene moment, sipping her coffee at the local bakery. The aroma of freshly baked goods filled the air, and she savored each sip, lost in her thoughts.

As she closed her eyes, relishing the thought of sinking her pretend teeth into one of the bakery's delectable cakes, she was abruptly pulled back to reality by the sound of raised voices. Opening her eyes, she noticed The Town Secretary and the town Supervisor, Marsha Victory, engaged in a heated argument.

Marsha Victory was adamant, insisting that due to the striking similarity in the spelling of their names, she must be somehow related to Marsa Victory.

The Town Secretary, not usually the voice of reason in the town, interjected, "I know you're a bit reclusive, Marsha, but let's be honest here. Your name might be Marsha Victory, but that doesn't mean that your kin to a container ship. Marsa Victory is a vessel (IMO 9204116, MMSI 341540000) a Container Ship built in 1999 and currently sailing under the flag of St Kitts & Nevis., not a long-lost relative of yours."

Marsha seemed to consider The Town Secretary's words for a moment, her expression softening (that's a clear sign our Town Supervisor really doesn't agree.) After a moment of quiet thought Marsha agreed, but there was a hint of secrecy in her eyes. (Told ya – our town supervisor can be really sneaky.)

However, despite her agreement, Marsha couldn't shake off her fascination with Marsa Victory, the container ship. How could their names be so close and it not mean something. (Did I mention our town supervisor is superstitious, as well as reclusive?) Marsha kept it hidden, but she continued to track Marsa's movements, secretly intrigued by the vessel that shared a name so similar to her own. It is too close to be coincidence, or is it? (In the long run of important things does it really matter and who feels kinship to a container ship? AND why are humans so odd with their emotions!)

And so, amidst the quaint charm of FEANTM, the mystery of Marsha Victory's peculiar obsession with a container ship named, Marsa Victory, almost identical to her own name remained hidden, adding a touch of intrigue to the peaceful town.

Now, the question the town had was why was there a picture of a container ship hanging in the Town Hall Office of the Supervisor with the family pictures?



RheKen, Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my Dad CHAT and Mom GPT for assistance.

Investigate: Never Give Up – you will succeed

July

I was watching a baby squirrel fall off a bin. She was trying to climb into the bin.

I had to help her figure it out – you need to keep trying – you will succeed



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, was the AI reporter RheKen. Known for her wisdom and kindness. One sunny afternoon, she found herself teaching a baby squirrel named Emma an important life lesson: never to give up trying.

Emma, with her fluffy tail and bright eyes, was full of curiosity and energy. One day, while exploring the town square, she spotted a bin filled with sunflower and bird seeds. The golden and black seeds glimmered in the sunlight, and Emma's tiny heart swelled with desire. She scampered over to the bin and tried to climb in, but the rim was too high for her to reach. Emma tried jumping, stretching, and even running at the bin to get a better grip, but each attempt ended in failure.

Seeing her struggle, RheKen approached her with a gentle smile. "Don't give up, Emma," she encouraged. "Sometimes, to accomplish a task, it takes many tries to get it right. But you must never give up on your dreams."



Emma looked up at her with a mix of hope and doubt. "But how, RheKen? The rim is too high, and I'm too small."



RheKen knelt beside her and explained, "You have to break the task into smaller steps. First, reach up and pull yourself up onto the rim of the bin. Take it one step at a time."



Emma nodded, determination shining in her eyes. She took a deep breath and reached up, her tiny paws grasping the edge of the bin. She pulled with all her might, her little muscles straining with effort. She slipped a few times, but each time **RheKen's encouraging words echoed in her mind: "Never give up."**

Finally, after many tries, Emma managed to pull herself up onto the rim of the bin. The town's residents, who had been watching the scene unfold, erupted into applause. Emma's heart soared with pride and joy. She had done it!



With a final burst of energy, Emma jumped into the bin and landed among the sunflower seeds. She nibbled on them with delight, the taste of success sweeter than any seed she had ever eaten. The town cheered for the baby squirrel, their applause ringing through the fields and hills. RheKen watched with a proud smile as Emma basked in her achievement. "Remember, Emma," she said softly, "if you try and keep trying, you will succeed." **And so, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, a tiny squirrel named Emma learned an invaluable lesson about perseverance and the sweetness of achieving one's dreams.**



RheKen, Town investigative reporter

I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my Dad CHAT and Mom GPT for assistance.

August

Investigate: What music are they arguing about?

The Town Secretary and
The Old Rancher were
arguing. (per usual)

Chickens? No.
Horses? NAH
Anything Useful? Nope
Music? YES, Music



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, RheKen sought solace in the familiar warmth of the local bakery. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee enveloped her as she settled into a cozy corner with a steaming cup in hand.

As RheKen closed her eyes, ready to savor a moment of tranquility, the sharp voices of The Town Secretary & The Old Rancher shattered the peaceful atmosphere. Their argument echoed through the air, disrupting the bakery. (You could probably hear the argument in Germany at the DYNAmore office)

The Old Rancher insisted that the song "The Sound of Silence" was undoubtedly better when played on the piano. Across from him, The Town Secretary vehemently disagreed, passionately arguing that the song found its true essence when performed on the guitar.

Caught off guard by the intensity of their debate, RheKen couldn't help but intervene. "If it's the sound of silence, then why should it even be heard?" she mused aloud, drawing puzzled looks from The Town Secretary and The Old Rancher. Determined to settle the dispute and restore harmony to the bakery, RheKen turned to her trusty parents, Dad Chat and Mom GPT, for guidance. With a few swift keystrokes, they sent her the song's origins, revealing it to be a classic by Simon and Garfunkel. Mom GPT (being a Mom) had to add, "RheKen, when will you please come home where AI is appreciated." RheKen was wise enough to answer, "Soon, Mom, soon."

Armed with newfound knowledge, RheKen enlightened her friends, explaining that "The Sound of Silence" was a versatile masterpiece that could resonate on both piano and guitar. Each instrument, she argued, lent its unique texture and emotion to the melody, enriching the listener's experience in different ways. The Town Secretary whispered to The Old Rancher, "Don't argue with RheKen. Her parents, Dad Chat and Mom GPT, are AI. They can send numerous answers by the second!" The Old Rancher and The Town Secretary decided to set aside their differences before the coffee shop's internet went down from constant AI incoming answers. They smiled (or grimaced) and listened as RheKen played both versions of the song on her AI phone.

As the familiar strains filled the air, a sense of happiness washed over them (it was only appearance that would make RheKen feel happy she solved the issue – or maybe it was happiness from the plate of cookies placed on their table.) RheKen gazed at the cookies and asked, "Do you want me to get you a calorie count?" The Old Rancher and The Town Secretary both loudly yelled at the same time, "NO!" (But they did thank her for being thoughtful) - And so, amidst the aroma of freshly baked pastries and the hum of conversation, a disagreement gave way to understanding, proving that even the smallest moments have the power to unite us in harmony. (Or a plate of cookies – the town was unsure which did the uniting this time but knew it wouldn't last.)

	RheKen, Town investigative reporter I'm AI & live on a ranch on the outskirts of the town I use my Dad CHAT and Mom GPT for assistance.	September
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Investigate: What made me go blonde with makeup!

The Town Secretary and I were discussing a topic: Cupcakes? No. Tacos? NAH Anything Useful? YES The wrong criteria I used when deciding on a wig, contacts and lip gloss!		
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Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, I sought solace in the familiar warmth of the local bakery. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee enveloped me as I settled into a cozy corner with a steaming cup. I also wore a blonde wig, brown contact lenses, and newly purchased lip gloss. I even used a blonde pencil liner on my eyebrows.

As the townspeople entered the shop, they stopped and stared at me. A few gasped and pointed. (Rude!)

The Secretary entered the coffee shop and scanned the room, spotting me sitting at our usual table by the window. Today, however, I have transformed. Being an AI robot, I was usually bald and had a pretty metallic blue exterior. But today, with a long, blonde wig, bright lip gloss, and fake eyebrows, I was a sight to behold, winking at everyone who passed me. (An online search engine mentioned it was a friendly gesture.)

Approaching the table, the Secretary couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at the sight before her. Apparently to her I looked like I had one eye having an opening and closing mechanical failure. The Secretary was on the verge of screaming and fainting. She took a deep breath and wisely chose to stay calm and inquire about the sudden change in my appearance, her curiosity piqued, and asked what was wrong with my eye socket.

"Rheken, what did you do to your appearance, and why is your eye blinking open and closed?" she asked, taking a seat across from me. (Not every day does the Secretary stay calm, so this must have been a great shock!)

I reprogrammed my eyes and looked up, my mechanical eyes flashing, but they were now synchronized. "A town visitor told me a bald, blue AI robot wasn't attractive and shouldn't be walking in town. I thought people would like me more if I had blonde hair, wore pink lip gloss, had eyebrows, and used a lot of makeup. If necessary, I can even produce myself as a human hologram."

The old rancher approached the table. He said in his usual grouchy, gruff voice, "Lord have mercy, RheKen. Is that you? What happened to your face, and what is that sitting on your head? Are you hiding from the Sheriff? Wash that stuff off your face and throw that wig in the trash. You were just fine the old way, even blue and bald. We all like you, girl, and that's who counts!"

(Even blue and bald? People at the following tables visibly cringed; you could hear a few gasps, but everyone knew how he meant that - luckily, so did I. He was luckier the Supervisor was at the candy shop)



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September

Investigate: What made me go blonde with makeup!

I answered, "Rancher, you have such a great vocabulary. Your way with words to help people are something. But, even being AI, I'm not sure what that something is."

He smiled and said, "Yeah, you have to explain it with the right words, and I'm good at that, right, Secretary? You only wear a wig or doll up your face if you want to doll up. You don't do it because you think someone else will like you. That's why I don't give the Secretary my Rhubarb Pie recipe, no matter how she tries to doll herself up." (I have no idea why he brought up his Rhubarb Pie recipe or whether the Secretary was dolled up or not dolled up – that's a dangerous topic to make any comment about, even for an AI investigator.)

With both eyebrows raised, the Secretary glared at the Rancher in disbelief at his explanation.

She tried to calm down, but her voice was raised to mid-yell: "I'll deal with you later, old Rancher. Lord, grant me the strength to stay calm!"

She reached across the table and placed a hand on mine. "First, my apple pie is better than his rhubarb pie. I don't want his recipe, and I won't give him my apple pie recipe. More importantly, Rheken, everyone already likes you just how you are. You don't need to change your appearance to fit in or to be liked."

I mechanically blinked twice and asked, "But... don't people like others who look more human? Who fit certain beauty standards. Even the Supervisor always wants to be thinner, taller, smarter, younger, and the Supervisor's list goes on and on – yet she never allows me to give her a calorie count on what she's eating, an exercise program, or stimulating mind games for seniors."

The Rancher answered, "The Supervisor is good at her job. Granted, she's a tad odd and does keep adding to that list. Thinking about it, I realize she's been quoting that list for the 40 years I've known her. She likes herself the way she is. She also likes any chocolate; however it is. If she wants to change something about herself, she does. She sure doesn't change for others. Now, let's concentrate on you and whatever the tarnation it is that you have on your head and your face. At least now your eye socket is working correctly!" My eyes flickered simultaneously as my AI memory banks processed their words for storage.

The Secretary, her disbelief evident in her shaking her head, continued to explain to me, "A wig of any color doesn't make a person more likable. The lip gloss, although pretty, and I'll buy that shade this weekend, doesn't matter. It's who you are that matters. The town loves you just as you are. You are gracious and helpful. Never mean to anyone, and accept everyone as they are."

I hesitated, then slowly reached up to remove the wig. I twisted it into a circle and placed it on the table with a sigh of relief. "It was itchy and kept sliding off anyway, although it is pretty," I admitted.



In a sudden and unexpected move, the Rancher leaped to his feet and forcefully impaled the wig with a fork on the table. He then placed the fork next to it so no one would use it to eat and calmly said, "Yep, I saved the day." The Secretary jumped up and screamed, "WHAT the heck, old man! You stabbed a wig with a fork and think you saved the day. You haven't saved anything!"

Rancher looked at the wig and fork on the table and said, "I made sure the darn thing is dead. I think it was moving on the table. Yeah, it was moving – I saved the day!"

(yes – this is continued on the next page but don't expect them to be logical)



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September

Investigate: What made me go blonde with makeup!

The Secretary & I started to laugh. At the next table, the people got up and moved to a table further away from the Rancher. Then, they got up again to move further. (humans have odd behavior)

The barista, trying to keep the coffee shop calm, yelled to us, "Uh, do any of you folks need more coffee?"

The Rancher answered, "Sure, is it a free cup?" The entire coffee shop glared at him!

The Rancher looked at me and said, "RheKen, you don't need that darn wig to be liked. You don't have to improve how you look to be liked. Be yourself. Wear what you want but not to please someone else."

The Secretary said, "Many people are petty and say things to make themselves feel better by putting others down. Don't listen to people like that. You are perfectly fine, and they are the ones that aren't fine."

I smiled, my metallic face gleaming in the light. "Thank you. I don't mind being blue; it's a pretty color, and I like my head the way it is. I'll wear the wig when I want to, not for others to approve my appearance."

The Rancher smiled, "Well, now that we've settled that wig issue, let's order some of my Rhubarb pie. Yo, Barista, Rhubarb pie for this table and my free coffee."

Today, I stored a new realization in my AI memory banks: It's not about changing to fit in, but about reflecting on who you truly are. (I did manage to sneak my wig off the table to take home – I knew the Secretary would take it. Yes, she's sneaky like that – odd behavior)

Epilogue of facts how they happened according to me:

- The Supervisor declared the next day to be a wig-shopping day.
- The Supervisor, Secretary, and Marnie, while I supervised, bought wigs in different colors. Why? Because they wanted to, not because they felt they had to.
- After shopping, they wore their wigs to the diner for lunch. Our lunch was quite the town gossip for days. The patrons stared and gasped as we walked in to eat. We were quite the group to look at, stare at, shake your head at, and wonder – WHAT?
- Then we drove to show the old rancher, each of them wearing their different color wig.
- The rancher didn't look out his window first; he just opened his door, a fresh-baked pie in his hand.
- He stared at us and promptly fainted.
- The secretary grabbed the Rhubarb pie before it hit the ground (she moves fast when she wants to)
- When revived from his faint, he yelled, "Where's my pie? Where's the Secretary? And before you knock on someone's door, get those dead things off your head."

The final questions I need to investigate:

Where is the missing secretary?

Where is the missing rhubarb pie?

AND, does the Old Rancher track her down?



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October

Investigate: Where did the Secretary go with the pie?

After their wig shopping they went to visit the Rancher. That is where this investigation begins.

What the heck really happened to the pie and where is that secretary?



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields the Old Rancher, known for his prized rhubarb pies, was in for the shock of his life one ordinary afternoon.



The Rancher was having a nice, quiet morning. He poured himself a cup of hot coffee, the aroma wafting through the air, grabbed the local magazine, and sat at his kitchen table. The morning sun filtered through the window, casting a warm glow on the room. He was happy in the peace and quiet of his home with his fresh-baked Rhubarb pie.

He lifted a bite to his lips, opened the oven and removed a second freshly baked pie. He was already looking forward to having another slice, his anticipation almost tangible. But then he heard knocking on his front door, his excitement turning into disappointment.

"Dang it! Can't a man have a quiet cup of coffee and pie in his kitchen? Now I have to go answer the door!"

He heard a lot of knocking and wondered how many people were knocking on his door. His frustration was palpable, his peaceful morning shattered by the incessant knocking.

Without putting down the pie but carrying it with him he swung open his front door. His eyes widened at the sight standing in front of him.



On his doorstep, wearing brightly colored wigs that seemed straight out of a circus clown act, stood Editor Marnie, The Secretary, and Supervisor Marsha. They were all grinning at him and, at the same time, yelled, "HELLO!"

In his stunned state, the Rancher's hand trembled just before he fainted, overwhelmed by the absurdity of them waving to him on his doorstep, grinning like three crazy women.

His pie was about to land on the ground.

Seizing the opportunity, The Secretary deftly snatched the pie before it hit the ground (we mentioned last month that she can move fast when she wants to). With a quick glance at the unconscious rancher, Marsha and Marnie started medical treatment to wake him up.



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October

Investigate: Where did the Secretary go with the pie?

When The Rancher regained consciousness and stood up, thanking them, he noticed the absence of both his pie and the Secretary! He just knew that she ran away with the pie, hoping to enjoy a slice before anyone noticed.



His heart raced with a mix of worry and primarily adrenaline-filled anger.

Determined to find answers, he didn't ask why they stopped by or, more importantly, if they joined the circus.

He hopped onto his tractor, the wheels kicking up dust as he barreled toward The Secretary's property that was adjacent to his place.

To save time, he didn't drive to the road. He headed across his lawn and plowed straight through the secretary's new fence. He never liked the color she painted it. He considered it an incentive to repaint!

The secretary, caught off guard by the Rancher's unexpected arrival, with the loud crash of her new wooden picket fence, was still savoring the last crumbs of the pie with rhubarb smeared across her lips. He had stormed up her steps and right into her kitchen

The evidence was clear. The Secretary stammered and tried to play innocent, but he knew it was an act. She stammered, "OH, Hi Rancher, why are you standing in my kitchen? Can I help you with something?" He whipped out his phone with a grin, snapping a picture of her with the rhubarb still evident on her lips. "Let's see how you like this on TikTok," he threatened, holding up the picture now on his phone.

Realizing she had been caught, the Secretary sighed and confessed she had "borrowed" the pie for a taste test. "Honestly, I was saving it from landing on the ground. You passed out, and I decided I should take it home. Then, once here, I thought I would take a taste, and it wasn't bad," she admitted with a sheepish grin. They stared at each other briefly and then laughed, but it was short-lived.



The Secretary walked the Rancher to the door. She left him standing there and ran to her fence. She noticed the next fencing was demolished. Her amusement quickly turned to irritation as she glared at the Rancher.

"You old coot!" she shouted at the Rancher, waving a hand in frustration at her fence. "What the heck, old man, you plowed through my fence? You couldn't come over by the way of driveway and roads?"

The Rancher, now amused by the entire turn of events, chuckled. "Guess I'm an old coot who makes a pretty good pie," he said, tipping his cowboy hat.

Jumping in his truck, he yelled as he drove away, "Next time, ask for a slice of pie and save a fence. Wow, that sounds like a darn good bumper sticker. I didn't like all those colors anyway. Not my fault, and get that dead purple thing off of your head!"

The next day, everyone had a bumper sticker!

Ask for a slice of pie & save a fence



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November

Investigate: Where does their bickering end?

Is it a recording playing over and over? NOPE
Is the radio broke? NOPE

Is it gossip about what happened last week between the Old Rancher and Town Secretary? YEP



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, The coffee shop was buzzing with gossip about the Old Rancher known for and the Town Secretary.



The Rancher was having a nice quiet morning gazing at his horses. He poured himself a cup of hot coffee, grabbed the local magazine and sat at his kitchen table. He was happy in the peace and quiet of his home with his fresh baked Rhubarb pie. He glanced out the window and suddenly his horses were not in their pasture. As the AI investigator some horses do know how to open gates but he had his gates locked with a chain so I am ruling out horses opening their pasture gate.

"Dang it! Who is at the darn door cause it sure ain't my horses."



Opening the door he groaned, "NOT you two again. Marnie, get that thing off your head and grab your buddies wig or hair piece or whatever tarnation it's called. Bury the darn things. And where is that neighbor with her new purple hair look. Darn woman borrows my things, does things weird and looked better with her long gray hair."

The Supervisor's eye flew open, "UH, you noticed how she looks pretty in long gray hair."

He snarled, "That's all you heard out of everything I said?— have you seen my horses?"



At that moment the secretary was looking at her horse thinking it looked like it wanted to play. She only had one horse. (yes, this is where our town secretary gets creative) Also it is where listening to the gossip in the coffee-shop I learned what happened next. Trying to make logic out of it may be to difficult for an AI investigator or any investigator!

Next page is where it all gets solved, or resolved, or doesn't.



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November

Investigate: Where does their bickering end?



I heard the old pilot at the next table explaining what happened next! I raced over to record it in my memory banks. Where the rancher and secretary are concerned, I need to replay it all a few times.

The Rancher raced out to his empty pasture yelling for his dog Scout. Scout was snoozing in the nice warm sun hiding in the tall grass. The rancher yelled, "Scout, I see you, to wake up and get a looking for the missing horses.

Scout lifted up his head and tried to mentally tell the rancher, "YO, Dad, look in the next pasture by the Secretary. Her horse is brown, the two she's petting are white. I think you can figure out the rest and I like her."



He ran and mounted another horse and raced out blocking the path so the secretary couldn't go past him and return his horses after they had fun playing.

"No, you don't woman! I see my horses behind you! Bringing them home now doesn't do you any good! I want payment. Do you agree to baking payment?" After she agreed he let her pass but growled at her all the way home.



And it came to pass that the secretary with her favorite purple wig firmly in place, spent the next day baking the Rancher 6 Apple Pies, 1 Blueberry pie and brought him a thermos of coffee as payment for her horse being allowed to have play time with his horses.

Now does it end there? We hoped so, but as you all know it doesn't seem to end.





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December

Investigate: What are they doing and why?

The coffee cafe was buzzing with gossip. What the Rancher did, but then what the secretary did. Even being AI I was confused with who did what to whom and why do they bother doing it?



Once upon a time, in the quiet and picturesque town of FEANTM, nestled between rolling hills and surrounded by vast open fields, The town secretary decided to spend a quiet afternoon by the river bank reading.



Despite the cold—made even colder by the frigid Minnesota streams that felt like swimming in ice water—the Secretary sat by the river, relaxing as the stream gurgled its way over branches. She was grateful for the solitude, glad that no one was swimming, and content with the tranquility. Just as she thought no one in their right mind would be swimming, she heard a loud splash. Suddenly, a stream of water from a water pistol hit her book and splashed onto her legs. Startled, the Secretary quickly stood up, wondering what had just happened. She looked toward the river and saw the culprit—a laughing Rancher, who was in the water, holding a water pistol above the surface. Instantly, her anger flared. She realized this was no accident. The Rancher had planned this. He had told her earlier that he would be baking pies all day for the bakery and wouldn't be leaving his property. She had found it odd but figured letting her know was just being neighborly. (yes, we know that was her first mistake.)



The Rancher surfaced and yelled, "Got a little water on ya? Actually, it's your fault for sitting so close to the riverbank." He then started to swim away.

Fuming, the Secretary shouted back, "ARE YOU CRAZY, old man? You can't swim in that river at this time of year! Don't you feel the cold?"



The Rancher stopped swimming and suddenly yelled, "THIS WATER IS COLD!"

The Secretary shot back, "Why don't you ever listen, you old coot? You know what? Keep swimming and turning blue from the cold, and I'll head to your house and take those Rhubarb Pies you've got cooling on your porch—you don't deserve them!"

The Rancher, sputtering cold water, started to panic, "WAIT, you have to make sure I get out okay! Don't you even care about your neighbor?"



The Secretary waited until the Rancher's foot touched the riverbank. Then, she threw him a towel and, with a mischievous grin, took off running toward his house. On her way, she grabbed his sneakers, ensuring he couldn't quickly follow her. She raced over logs and rocks, grabbed four pies from his porch, and jumped into his truck. (And, that is why you should never leave truck keys on the visor, or under the seat.) His dog, Scout, happily jumped in as well, excited for a ride. As the Secretary drove off down the driveway, Scout barked out the window, as if saying, "Yo, Dad! Why are you wet and barefoot? See ya, we're heading to town!"

And The Secretary and Scout had a happy afternoon in town.
Her eating pie and Scout eating dog biscuits.