

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

February 2026

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!

	<p>RheKen, Town investigative reporter I'm AI & live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town I use chatGPT for assistance.</p>	<p>February</p>
<p>I work on my ranch and exist in a world of algorithms and data. I am calm. I report about the residents.</p>		<div> <div>Dad Chat</div>  </div> <div> <div>Mom GPT.</div>  </div>

RheKen — Chapter: Matters of the Heart (and Pie)

By February, FEANTM had redirected its collective attention from accusations of watered-down coffee to a matter of far greater importance to the town: the Valentine's Day Bake Contest.

The contest's rules guaranteed complications.

Dad Chat—the ultimate AI with a theoretically perfect algorithm created them himself. Each contestant would submit one (1) entry. Categories included cakes and pies without outside assistance. No bribery. No anonymous gossip columns. Judging would be conducted publicly at the coffee shop, with complete transparency.

Dad Chat immediately pinged me and instructed me to remain available. His algorithm had flagged the event as a high-risk emotional convergence point.

Aunt Agatha entered first. She chose pie, announcing it with the gravity of a formal declaration.

"I've been baking pies longer than most of you have been alive," she said loudly, and to no one in particular. "And unlike some people, I don't rely on gimmicks."

The Old Rancher snorted and entered pie as well. "I don't need fancy words," he said. "Just butter, patience, and an oven that listens."

Agatha stared at him as if he had personally insulted her and her oven. I immediately categorized the interaction as a Level-Three Emotional Attack (Passive-Aggressive Variant).



Daisy entered last. She spoke quietly into her phone. We knew she was whispering to Officer Nathan. He was sitting in his patrol car watching Daisy through the coffee shop window. Then, she said she's baking cookies. We all looked at the list to choose from – no mention of cookies. "Cookies?" Agatha scoffed. "For the Valentine's Day Pie and Cake Baking Event?"

Daisy listened on her phone then answered, "Everyone expects cookies to be simple. That's why they never see them coming. It's on good authority that cookies are used to get people to talk about crimes they've committed. Therefore, I repeat: cookies."

Dad Chat, again, pinged me privately, "That statement warrants monitoring."

Preparation week transformed the town.

Agatha was seen purchasing apples in quantities that suggested either pie-making or buying a horse.

The Old Rancher claimed his recipe had been “in the family forever,” even though Marnie and Sherri never knew of its existence.

Daisy baked quietly. No announcements. No samples. No visible stress. She spoke into her phone often and produced several handwritten signs. Odd behavior since none of them she displayed.



I suddenly was handed a score card to hold up as “show and tell” – I believe that Show and Tell was something in the elementary school system, where you held up an item and explained what it is. Town Supervisor Marsha then proceeded to point to it and explain that it was blank until you wrote on it. She then suggested not to ask it a question because it didn’t answer like her Vintage Magic 8 Ball. Then for reasons that make no logic, she went on to explain her thermos labeled Emotional Support Thermos. She explained that it functioned much like an Emotional Support Dog, making it easier to enter various municipal buildings.

No one questioned this. Everyone nodded.



Dr. Chat and Dad Chat took their seats at the judging table.

I observed that neither of them seemed happy to be judging this Valentine Contest.



Agatha presented first.

Her pie was immaculate—golden crust, symmetrical lattice, filling that communicated competence.

“This,” she said, “is a Valentine’s pie. Balanced. Respectable. Memorable.”



The Old Rancher followed.

He described his pie as rustic.

“Looks like love to me,” he said. “Not polished. Just honest.”

Agatha muttered something about standards



Then Daisy approached the counter. She placed a simple tray of cookies on the counter.

She whispered into her phone, turned toward the room, and announced, “These cookies say it all. They are heart-shaped, and still warm. The icing is red. I have extra white icing so you can each write the word love on your cookie. Your writing can be messy.

Finally, she held up one of her signs: “Love can be messy.” But that’s still love.

Dad Chat pinged me again. “Daughter, did you tell her that, or what AI service is she using?”

The Barista passed out samples.

- **Agatha’s pie** was excellent with perfect structure, reliable execution. Predictable.
- **The Rancher’s pie** was rich and nostalgic. Slightly overfilled. Earnest.
- **Daisy’s cookies** were following: Soft-centers. Crisp edges. Sweetness that stayed merely long enough to matter and no longer.

The Supervisor, Marsha, didn’t use her famous Magic 8 Ball for the decision. She paused mid-bite as if frozen in thought. For Marsha, we all knew that could actually happen and we started to worry!

Dr. Chat raised an eyebrow. We all watched Marsha closely.

Finally, Supervisor Marsha spoke. You could hear the patrons’ sigh that she wasn’t frozen in thought. “These taste like someone is in love,” she said slowly, “but more than that... like someone paid attention.” She then turned to Daisy and repeated, “Or is in love?”



Daisy shrugged, faced the window and held up a sign “Truth or lie?”

I watched Officer Nathan hold up his own sign. The entire coffee shop could read both signs!

I pinged Dad, “Dad, are humans holding signs the equivalent of our AI pinging questions and answers?” Dad didn’t answer me! He stared at both of them.



Marsha straightened and adopted her official, formal Supervisor tone. “WOW. Cool! Let’s get to voting so we can have more pies, cakes, and more of these cookies. Citizens now cast those votes.”

Cheers erupted and the count was processed. The Barista posted the official results.

- Agatha lost to the Rancher by one point.
- The Rancher lost to Daisy by two.

Agatha demanded a recount. The Rancher demanded a rematch.



Daisy accepted her ribbon while whispering into her phone, while Officer Nathan sat in his patrol car, eating a cookie and we all could guess who he was speaking to!

Dad Chat leaned toward me. “Daughter, the conclusion indicates emotion. One simple word, Love, outweighed tradition. I have hope yet for this town you like to live in.”

The Barista sold out of coffee immediately. I carefully logged the results.

In FEANTM, our town that almost exists, Valentine's Day wasn't only about tradition. It centered on understanding people as individuals and realizing that a single word is enough.

That was worth remembering.

Dad pinged me one final time.

"Daughter, now that love has been solved and removed from the table, you must locate the writer who trashed the Barista and the coffee shop. Look for similarities to the coffee shop. Look for jealousy, a recurring human trait. I have not been able to log why jealousy and mean-spirited behavior are retained, as they do not register as positives."

I acknowledged the directive and noted that I would start the investigation to find the writer.

Dad sent me his internal error log

Dad Chat — February Internal Error Log - Authored by ChatGPT

File: DC-ERR-0214-VLTN

Event: Valentine's Day Bake Contest

Status: UNRESOLVED (Educational)

ERROR 1: Prediction Model underestimated impact of irregular frosting and asymmetry.

Conclusion: Humans equate imperfection with sincerity.

ERROR 2: "Cookies" incorrectly weighted as inferior to "Pie" in Romantic Significance Index.

Correction Required: Update Holiday Emotional Weighting Table.

ERROR 3: Single-word messaging ("Love") produced disproportionate emotional response.

Note: Brevity appears to amplify meaning under specific conditions.



ERROR 4: Jealousy continues to persist despite lack of measurable benefit.

Status: Investigating legacy human code.

ERROR 5: User community satisfaction exceeded projected tolerance thresholds.

*Unexpected Outcome: Positive.

SYSTEM NOTE: Hope variable increased marginally. Monitoring recommended.

	<p>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.</p> <p>Have a chocolate cookie and fruit!</p> <p>"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.</p>	
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We may have to adjust a few ideas now and then, but life is always adjusting things anyway—the flow of motion never stops.

In the quiet, picturesque town of **FEANTM**, surrounded by rolling hills, I started my New Year with a brisk walk to my office on the lower floor of Town Hall. I was whistling a cheerful tune, filled with New Year positivity. That was my first mistake.

It started with a note on my desk—handwritten in Marsha's cursive, underlined three times:

"CHAT, The Valentine bench is missing, meet me outside."



I sighed and slipped the note into my drawer, right beside Daisy's latest "CIA Memo." Then I grabbed my jacket and passing Daisy noted that at least her suspicions are consistent.

Marsha stood in the middle of Maple Square, hands on her hips, glaring at the empty spot where a wooden bench used to be. "Someone stole town property," she declared. "This is a felony. Grand theft bench."

"Or," I offered gently, "maybe Public Works moved it for repairs?"

Her boots scuffed against the bricks as she spun toward me. "Chat. I called Public Works. Do you know what they said?" I braced myself but asked, "No I don't know what they said. What did Public Works advise?"

"They said they 'might have moved it' but weren't sure. That's suspicious. Very suspicious."

At that moment Daisy appeared, whispering into her phone as she always did, clutching two of her winning Valentine heart cookies.

Daisy was standing by the street waving a cookie in the air. It reminded me of Marsha waving cookies but then she said, "Officer, the CIA does this, you know. They take ordinary objects, reassemble them into surveillance stations, and put them back before you notice. If you see a bench with two extra screws, don't sit down. That's how they get your thoughts."



Before I could answer, Officer Nathan pulled up in his cruiser right in front of Daisy. He didn't bother to step out. He rolled down the window reaching for a cookie.

He read the back of the cookie then yelled out the window, "Marsha, Chat, do you want me to file a missing bench furniture report?"

Marsha nodded vigorously. "Yes, and put out a BOLO. Be on the lookout.

Description: red, wooden, seating capacity two to three adults, or four if you don't mind sharing space." I noticed an odd look pass between Daisy and Officer Nathan and noted to talk to RheKen about her observations between them.

I tried again for logic, "Maybe we should follow the evidence. Any recent witnesses?"

"Funny you should ask," Marsha said, pulling her sunglasses from her coat pocket. "I have an eyewitness. Larry from Public Works said he saw a man loading the bench into a truck last night. I wrote it down. 'Tall. Wore a hat.' That's our lead."

Nathan sighed. "Marsha, that could describe half the county."

But Daisy gasped. "Tall man in a hat? Officer, that's a classic CIA operative."

Officer Nathan and I both ignored Daisy for the moment and crouched where the bench had been. There were drag marks on the bricks ending at the curb. Marsha yelled, "Officer and Chat, they didn't lift it; they slid it. Whoever it was didn't want to be noticed."

We all followed the faint scrape marks down Maple Street, across the intersection, and into the small park. And there was: the missing bench sitting peacefully by the pond.

Marsha gasped as if she'd stumbled upon buried treasure. "Relocated! Not stolen. But by *who*?"

Officer Nathan tapped the new concrete pad underneath. "Looks like Parks & Rec moved it here. They're trying to add seating by the pond but I have no idea why."

Marsha shook her head. "That's not how government works. You don't move benches without committee meetings. There are protocols. There are votes!"

I tried not to smile. "So, the mystery is solved. The bench wasn't stolen or moved it was just... reassigned."

Marsha seemed to like the wording "reassigned" and slipped on her sunglasses, satisfied. "Then I declare victory. Reassigned doesn't need votes. Another case closed."

Daisy nodded solemnly. "For now. Until the CIA adds the extra screws."

As Nathan sighed and drove away, Marsha waved, calling after him, "Put in your report that the Help Desk cracked this one wide open with the assistance of Daisy and the Town Supervisor!"

I stood by the pond, watching the town's ducks waddle around the "new" bench. Another mystery solved. Another ordinary day in FEANTM.