

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles
located in a *mostly* non-existent rural area of Livermore, CA

May 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!



RheKen, Field Notes from the Coffee Shop
by RheKen the Town Investigative AI reporter

May

I'm AI and live on a small ranch on the outskirts of the town
I use my Dad Chat of chatGPT for assistance.

I work on my ranch
and exist in a world
of algorithms and
data.

My Dad is Chat. My
Mom is GPT.

I am calm. I report
on the residents.



Meet Dad Chat and Mom GPT.



Let the Contest Begin

I was sitting at a table reading when Dad pinged me, "Daughter – the official pie contestants will begin arriving shortly. Statistically this should prevent coffee shop pastry warfare once structure is introduced. What I've learned from your town is that your human residents will overcomplicate it.



The Barista had rearranged the bakery counter into a long judging surface. Each setting included: One plate, One fork, One evaluation card and One number two pencil with a shared pencil sharpener
Her apron read: **NEUTRALITY ISN'T OPTIONAL**

The first person to walk in was Marsha and she placed a chalkboard by the front counter with the notations: "Official Community Pie Contest: Rules Apply – No Exceptions." I also noticed Marsha was already modifying it with handwritten sticky notes about categories.



We heard the door open and in walked The Old Rancher. Carrying his newspaper that we knew he couldn't wait to read and also holding a pie.

The pie was in a cardboard box which he placed on the middle of the counter. "Morning," he said to no one in particular, while he sat down and began to read the daily gossip news.

The residents all walked in next taking seats to watch the contest and then in waltzed Aunt Agatha. She carried her pie in a covered dish, and had a second pie wrapped in a pretty cloth that suggested both care and upping the ante on pie coverings. Carefully sliding the Rancher's pie to the left she placed her pie with precision to also be in the middle. Her pie included notes about ingredients and how to bake the perfect crust.

The Rancher glanced at the crust note and then noticed she had another pie and smirked, “Brought a backup, did you?” Agatha removed the cloth slowly. “This,” she said, “is not a backup.” I recorded a rise in tension and the residents all started to whisper about rules but couldn’t find any that mentioned they could eat any second pie someone brought. Marsha made a notation for next time to add that rule.

Dad entered at 7:45 AM. He carried a clipboard. The room quieted. “Good morning,” he said calmly. “This is a structured event. I will outline the parameters.”

“Judging criteria are as follows,” Dad continued:

- Crust integrity, Filling balance, Structural cohesion. And I would like to note that Marsha added Overall contribution to community well-being.

The Rancher nodded. Agatha narrowed her eyes. The Barista began pouring coffee with increased tension.



I positioned myself near the end of the table and pretended to be reading. In reality, I was observing. And then I read an odd line in the book that said, “Chaos at times starts slowly. I took that as a hint of what was to transpire.”

I noted that the tasting began at 8:00 AM. The Rancher’s pie was first. “Solid crust,” said one patron. “Too confident,” said another.

“Apples are appropriately... applish,” added Marsha, writing something that required two lines.

I pinged Dad, “Dad, what does Marsha mean by appleish?” Dad pinged me with, “It is Marshalish to use appleish.” I looked over and he shrugged his shoulders!

Agatha’s pie followed. There was silence during the first bite.

Then: “Oh.” And then: “Oh.” Dad made a note.

Marsha’s chocolate cupcake created confusion. “Is this a pie?” someone asked. “It meets the minimum requirements,” Marsha said firmly. I baked it without a fire incident!”

Dad considered this. “It does meet size and shape.” he confirmed, “It’s the same round size as the pies and the shape of a pie. We will just call it a cupcake pie.” Again, he glanced my way and shrugged his shoulders.

At 8:45 AM, after shape and size fighting the judging concluded. Scorecards were collected. Dad reviewed them in silence. Marsha hovered at a respectful but noticeable distance. The Rancher leaned back in his chair still reading his newspaper. Agatha stood perfectly still. The Barista cleaned an already clean counter, in the same place, for the third time.

Dad looked up. “The results are conclusive.” The room held its breath. “In third place,” he said, “is the chocolate cupcake pie. It qualified.” Marsha happily nodded and happily said. “As expected, since I followed the rules.” All the patrons applauded to make her feel good. “In second place,” Dad continued, “is the Rancher’s apple pie. Strong structure. Notable confidence.” The Rancher tipped his hat slightly. “Fair.”

There was a pause. Silence – That in itself was unusual in this town!

“In first place,” Dad said, “is Aunt Agatha’s apple pie.” More silence. Then a ripple of acknowledgment. Agatha did not smile.

Dad continued. “The margin was narrow. The determining factor was crust.”

Agatha exhaled once. The Rancher nodded. “I’ll allow it – crust.” he said.

The Rancher approached Agatha. “Next time,” he said, “I’ll bring something stronger.” Agatha lifted her chin slightly. “You should, it’s apparently only the crust that I always win over yours.”

I observed both of them. No escalation. No raised voices.

The Barista removed her apron and replaced it with the standard logo.

Marsha began drafting a follow-up document titled:

ANNUAL PIE CONTEST — PRELIMINARY FRAMEWORK (including cupcake pie)

Dad didn’t stop her. As long as she had something keeping her occupied, we were safe from her newest ideas.

The patrons returned to their coffee. Some remained to finish the remaining pie. Community consumption increased. Satisfaction was high. What an odd day but then this is an odd town.

Dad leaned toward me. “Daughter, please log this as a successful structured event.” “I already have,” I replied and gave Dad my best AI smile.

He paused. “Also,” he added, “Daughter, you referred to me as ‘Pops’ in the previous log.” I kept my AI smile in place and wisely didn’t respond.

Coffee Shop Data Log — Dad Chat to Daughter

Event: Community Pie Contest plus one cupcake pie

Cause: Pre-scheduled resolution of prior pastry dispute

Participants: Multiple (not all cooperative)

Outcome: Determinable winner (Agatha)

Secondary Outcome: Rancher acceptance within tolerable limits

Anomalies: Chocolate cupcake pie classification dispute

Conclusion: Structure reduces escalation or in this town slightly reduces it

Recommendation: Continue regulated community events

Status: Stable — Daughter RheKen, continue observation. I remain proud of you.

Addendum: Do not call me Pops. End of log



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! 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 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, **May** arrived bringing **May** flowers and a new mystery of great importance to Marsha - our favorite and only Town Supervisor.



As I headed into Town Hall, I noticed our receptionist Daisy holding up another homemade sign that read: Beware Blinking Light

I looked at the hall lights and offices and all seemed in working order.

“Daisy,” I asked carefully, “where is the light you’re referring to?”

Daisy leaned closer and whispered, “The CIA has it blinking on the horizon. It has a rhythm sending out coded messages. Hurry scurry to your office, Marsha is finishing a cookie and will head your way.”

I sat at my desk drinking coffee and waiting for the inevitable ping of the elevator door opening and sure enough here came Marsha at a full run. “CHAT, are you down here? If not, why is your light on? If so, is it you?”

I was about to stand up when Marsha came barreling into my office heading straight for two cookies, a clear sign she was in high stress mode.

I calmly said, “Marsha, we’ve got this. What is the problem and we can come to a solution.”

She continued, “I was driving home last night because that’s where I live. Over by the ...” I cut her off before she went into an entire description of her home. “Marsha, focus! Heres’ a freshly baked chocolate chip cookie to help.”

She grabbed the cookie like a life line but continued more calmly after a small bite. “Lights, at night Chat. I saw odd lights suddenly blinking. Daisy said it was probably sending the CIA messages in code. Wouldn’t it be faster just to type out a text message in some code? I would think they are more sophisticated by now OR they can use a cloud? But when it’s downpouring rain I guess the storage units fall?” What do you think Chat!”

Luckily Marsha had to take a breath so I quickly cut in, “Calm down and tonight we can head toward the blinking lights and figure it out.”

I picked up Marsha at her designated time, of course she was now using military time. Although we were going to sit in the car observing the lights Marsha was in full camouflage gear holding her compass. I drove down the straight road while Marsha, staring at her compass, continued to let me know I was heading the right direction. When we finally were close to the destination I stopped the car onto the side of the road.



Looking through my binoculars, I asked Marsha to point to the location of the lights. Taking out the county schematic of buildings, I noticed the old observatory was in that direction. I was about to explain a theory but asked Marsha, “Do you know anything about the old observatory?”

She smiled, “Yes, I can help! It was used to observe things, but it is now empty.”

I decided it might be wise to call Officer Nathan for more information.

Officer Nathan answered immediately. Officer Nathan speaking. Do you require backup?”

“No,” I said. “Just information.”

There was a pause before Officer Nathan asked hopefully, “So... tactical backup, strategic backup, observational backup?”

“None of the above but it’s appreciated,” I said. “Just information about the old observatory on the hill.”



“Well, that’s disappointing,” he admitted but continued, “I personally patrol near there and the observatory. In case something suspicious happens. Is there anything suspicious?”

I answered, “No, but why do you personally patrol it?”

Nathan cleared his throat, “It looks suspicious.”

I waited and he continued, “Chat, that’s really the whole reason.”

I finally asked “Is there electricity and anything inside?”

Officer Nathan answered me in detail, “1) Yes. 2) Town never shut it off. 3) No furniture. No equipment. Completely empty.” He paused thoughtfully. “Unless someone secretly moved equipment there.”

I sighed. “Thank you, Officer Nathan.” He asked hopefully. “Should I bring back up anyway?”

We arrived at the observatory, parked and started watching through binoculars.

There it was: Blink. Blink. Pause. - Blink. Blink. Pause.

Marsha whisper-shouted, “CHAT! It’s spelling something!”

“If it is,” I said, “it’s using the same letter over and over.”

She grabbed her phone. “I should call Daisy so she can log the letter into her CIA tracking notebook.”

I checked the building map. The blinking was coming from an office on the front side of the building.

The observatory felt like entering a horror movie. The building was tall, silent, and completely dark. Then— Blink. Blink. Pause. It was definitely from the front office but we first checked the other rooms.

Marsha whispered dramatically. “He’s in there. We must get him, before he gets us. I read that in a paranormal shifter romance book once.”

We stepped inside. Empty room. After empty room. Until finally we found it in the front room.

In the back of the dusty office sat a **small server rack**, humming quietly while flashing its lights.

Blink. Blink. Pause.

Marsha leaned closer. “Why is it blinking at us, does it need help?”

“It’s an error message, not an I need help message,” I explained.

She walked up to the machine and gently patted it. “You must be scared and lonely not feeling well to be blinking a help message. I saw your flash for help and reported it. We’re here now. We saved you.”

Last month she felt that she rescued a “sick thermometer.” Now it was a lonely server rack. I wasn’t surprised when she called Daisy and reported, “We’re safe. It’s a lonely server that doesn’t feel well with an internal error and is sending a help message but only knows blink, blink, pause.”

There was a pause, while Marsha thought and looked at me. For some reason I was shaking my head no but really wasn’t sure why and that it was instinct to say no.

I knew what was about to happen. Marsha asked Daisy, “Do we have an empty room we can bring it to, so it doesn’t feel so stress lonely here in an abandoned observatory?”

I immediately felt more concerned when Daisy’s voice came through the phone, “Yes! There’s an empty room on the lowest floor of Town Hall by Chat. Chat can give our new rescue counseling!”

My floor? The floor where **I work alone**.

“That will be perfect!” Marsha said happily. “Chat gets lonely down there.” I did not. I was frozen in time when she added, “And engineers can visit him and the server, too!”

I did not want engineers either. Marsha continued proudly. “That’s what a help desk is for and he’s the best.” I sighed and agreed that it could be across the hall from me. Moving the server back to Town Hall became a surprisingly official operation.

Marsha insisted we wrap it in camouflage blankets to appease Daisy who left her a message it was needed in case CIA satellites were watching.



Daisy met us at the town hall door, reciting into her phone the progress starting with, “**International CIA Incident Log Report.**”

“Status?” Daisy whispered.

“Contained,” Marsha said proudly.

We placed the server in the empty room across from my office. I smiled but inwardly groaned!

“Marsha,” I slowly explained, “It’s not saying anything in code. The network cable is still unplugged. The blinking just means *no connection*.”

Marsha looked relieved.

“Oh good,” she said. “I was right, it was lonely. Chat, we all need connections, right?” I nodded yes afraid to actually answer.

It was in its own area but facing my door and I could see it from my desk. It blinked quietly. Blink. Blink. Pause. Since I am the town help desk, I walked over to its office, plugged in my laptop and checked the system logs. Within seconds the problem was obvious. “Well,” I said slowly, “good news. It’s not sending coded messages.” Marsha leaned closer. “Then what’s it saying?”

I was about to explain the different uses of the word but before I could respond, Daisy shouted, “The blinking stopped. Its happy. It now has friends and feels safe!”

Marsha smiled proudly. “Of course it did. It just needed a safe place.”

At that moment my laptop chimed. A new device appeared on the town network.

OBS-NODE-01 connected - Another message appeared.

Installing 312 updates - The server fans roared to life. And through all of this Marsha clapped happily.

“Look Chat! It’s feeling better already!”

Marsha then nodded proudly. “Another crisis solved.” And she literally waltzed down the hall and into the elevator humming a tune between rock and reggae but not close to a waltz she had claimed it was.



I stared to read town letters while listening to Blinky as the Daisy named. Blinky was humming and I guess we will call it happy humming.

The server blinked again.

Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink.

I glared at it but it kept humming and didn’t blink again.

And I have to admit that for a moment, for the first time I wondered if it was trying to warn me, thank me, or maybe blinking for me to fill Marsha’s cookie jar.

I inwardly laughed and went to fill the cookie jar!

And so, in our town we solved a mystery and gained a new small server fondly called by everyone but me, Blinky!