

FEANTM Town Comic Blog Chronicles

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

August 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

August

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.



Daisy and Officer Nathan

Morning in the coffee shop tends to unfold with a series of logical momentum and then that momentum is lost, sending my circuits into chaos mode.

It was while I was seated at one of those tables, that something interrupted my reading and my internal systems registered a discrepancy.

Sitting in my favorite corner of the coffee shop I was watching the most bizarre exchange of two humans I have ever encountered.

The entire town new that the receptionist Daisy and Police Officer Nathan were friends. For an unknown reason to all of the town residents the two tried to keep it a secret going to lengths of secrecy that defied logic.



This morning was no exception to their rule.

The only problem was that they were sitting at the same table pretending not to know each other.

What was odd is that they were talking to each other using their cell phones in order for it to look like they weren't speaking with each other.

I tried to make sense of what I was studying. My circuits kept over heating when trying to find logic how sitting at the same table but speaking on cell phones would equal clandestine?

I needed Dr. Chat! "Dr. Chat, RheKen here in the coffee shop. Emergency! My logical circuits aren't working where Daisy and Nathan are concerned."

Dr. Chat responded, "On my way but your first error was trying to make logic of Daisy and Nathan."



Dr. Chat arrived at the coffee shop took a seat at a neighboring table.

Dr. Chat as he watched them with a curious and concerned expression.

He walked to the counter and texted Nathan, "Nathan, you do realize we can figure it out that you're speaking to Daisy, right?"

I noticed that Nathan pulled out his Police Issued phone that received Chat's text. Nathan never stopped speaking with Daisy."



"HEY DR. CHAT. I'm not using the official police issued phone to speak to someone. I'm texting you on it. I'm speaking to someone on a personal phone. It's a confidential call so I'll call you back later."

Dr. Chat then asked the Barista to go over and take their order for a pastry so she could also tell them the coffee shop can hear them planning to meet in the movie theater, in the back row where no one will see them.

I would win bets if I bet that most of the town would suddenly need to see a movie and be sitting in the back row.

I watched our Barista standing next to their table. "Hi Daisy, Hi Officer Nathan, what can I get you from the counter."

I was actually surprised she was being so polite and continued to wonder as she stood their pen poised over her notepad while being ignored.

Nathan was busy talking and texting at the same time.





The old rancher at the next table was reading a paper and started singing his own version of songs about a receptionist and police officer meeting in the coffee shop.

Still, the two didn't even look up!

I pinged Dad about this odd behavior. There was a long pause. That concerned me.

Dad Chat normally pinged me in exactly 0.8 seconds.

Finally, my circuits played ping tone I had to know it was Dad.

Dad pinged back: *"I'm running an additional processing routine."* That sentence alone increased my concern. A few moments later Dad walked over and sat beside me.

"Daughter, I have reached a conclusion." "Oh good," I said. "Please explain it to me."

Dad sat there for a moment and answered, "There isn't an explanation."

I was stunned where I felt my circuit freeze but said, "There isn't a what?"

When Dad answered "There isn't a logical explanation." Suddenly my processor paused.

We volleyed back and forth! Me "I don't understand."

Dad, "You won't." Me, "But Dad, I'm AI, I always understand." Dad, "Not today."

Dad folded his hands on the table and quietly watched Daisy and Nathan.

Nathan was still speaking into one phone. Daisy was still speaking into another. Neither one looked directly at the other.

Between sentences they occasionally texted each other.

My processor emitted what humans might describe as a tiny internal squeak.

"They are using two methods of communication simultaneously."

Dad looked at them and pinged me "Correct."

I still could not correlate it, "Dad, they are only sitting twenty-two inches apart."

Dad shrugged. And only pinged, "Humans."

I began recalculating. Perhaps there was a classified police investigation. Perhaps Daisy was secretly working for federal intelligence. Perhaps they were testing encrypted communications. I searched every memory bank I had for an answer.

I had nearly convinced myself I would find it when the Barista walked past carrying a tray.

Without breaking stride, she said to them, "Your movie starts at seven. Don't forget the popcorn."

Neither Daisy nor Nathan looked up. Nathan simply replied into his phone, "I don't know who she's talking to." Daisy nodded into her own phone. Nathan continued, "Must be other people." Again, Daisy nodded.



Dr. Chat sat down at my table and said, "I admire commitment."

I was in frozen mode and could not reply although my circuits kept pinging that they are sitting at the same table.



The old rancher looked at us over his newspaper. "I've seen calves hide better behind fence posts. I even saw Aunt Agatha hiding under a table near the pie judges trying to find out if she won. "

The entire coffee shop went quiet until one woman offered, "I saw Aunt Agatha right here in the coffee shop pretending she wasn't listening to a conversation, but she leaned over and her chair fell over." The entire coffee shop laughed and then quietly returned to drinking coffee.

Nathan and Daisy ignored it all and continued to speak into their phones. I had no alternative and activated my directional internal focus binocular.

Nathan's screen read: *"You're cute."* Daisy's screen read: *"You're cute too."*

Reading that, my processors nearly shut down. I pinged Dad but my pings even stuttered!

"They" "Yes, daughter" Dad answered before I finished.

"They just texted each other?" "Yes, Daughter, Calm down."

"Dad, but....but...while sitting at the same table?" "Yes, daughter."

"Dad, they could simply, I don't know, be logical?" "Daughter, cool your system down."

Dad sipped his coffee. "Daughter, one day you'll discover there are things humans do that are not based on efficiency or logic but on emotion." I asked, "What is the category called?" Dad pinged one word, ""Affection."

He looked toward Daisy and Nathan, who had now begun waving goodbye to one another...while still sitting together. The coffee shop seemed to yell in unison, "See you at the movies." I was about to shut down when Dr. Chat said, "Let's head to the park. You need a change of scenery." Off we went because I could not logically think of an alternative. But in this town it's all logical even when not.



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. The flow of motion never stops in our town that almost exists.



My day started in the park, smiling, well, internally, and having a cup of coffee.

Today would be a productive day, giving advice to our town supervisor. That was always challenging and required extreme caution in case she went to what she called "Needing additional counseling with a chocolate cake." Heading to Town Hall, I was greeted by Daisy at the reception desk

Daisy was holding a sign. The gossip news travels quickly in my town.

I had prepared a new set of notes and a new plan. Last month, I tried a plan for Marsha that did work for her but only for a day.

Apparently, my coffee break had become official police business. The sign read: "You were seen in the park. Go To The bakery." I nodded. It seemed Officer Nathan was reporting on my park time.



I looked at Daisy. She signaled toward the sign and then toward the bakery. No words were exchanged and I left Town Hall.



I entered the bakery and immediately observed the situation. The Barista explained that for breakfast, Supervisor Marsha ordered a large slice of chocolate cake because she needed to think.

Marsha looked up. I sat down across from her. Without mentioning the cake, I quietly explained that adding protein to breakfast could provide steadier thinking. This time, I suggested something different.

"Tomorrow," I said, "instead of cake counseling, perhaps we ride horses through the valley."

She considered this. "I like horses better than meetings and cake counseling."

The next afternoon, we rode slowly across her ranch. The horses seemed pleased with the arrangement.

After several minutes, I reached into my saddlebag, "Marsha, I brought you something."



I handed Supervisor Marsha a bright red apple and explained, "An apple contains fiber, natural sugars, water, and useful nutrients."

She accepted it with a smile. "Thanks, Chat."

Then she asked, "Can I create anything I want with the apple?"

I was glad she was thinking about the apple and answered, "Certainly."

She quickly volleyed questions, "Bake it? Make applesauce?"

I answered, "Yes, all of those are great suggestions." I was pleased with my idea when she smiled even wider. I figured she was thinking of numerous additional healthy apple-related ideas, and the apple was starting to seem useful. My nutritional strategy appeared to be succeeding.

To sound positive, I added, "Marsha, the apple is yours. You may create whatever you wish with it." I felt confident. Perhaps overly confident.



She looked at me. Grinned. Then, suddenly the apple sailed through the air right past my back.

I was shocked but thinking back to the apple being thrown it was a very Marsha thing to do.

She had a great throw and I can almost describe the apple toss as an almost mathematically perfect arc over the pasture.

A nearby horse watched it fly. A cow lifted its head.



Somewhere in the distance, the ranch dog immediately began running. It thought it was a new game of catch that apple.

The Old Rancher was on his horse and yelled, "Yeehaw, great throw Marsha!"

I slowly turned my head toward Supervisor Marsha. She was trying very hard not to laugh.

"I did exactly what you said," she explained. "You said I could do anything I wanted."

She was correct. I should have seen that her logic would close with throwing the apple instead of eating it or baking it.

Marsha laughed and said to me, "You know, Chat, you make life a lot more fun than chocolate cake. Let's head over to my ranch back porch. I have a surprise on the table to show you."



That was probably the nicest compliment I'd ever received from Marsha.

We rode the horses up to the front of the house. I wondered what could be on the back porch. I thought we'd made progress, Marsha showed she had ideas for apples including throwing them, which I still counted as progress.

My learned lesson was simple: define the exact purpose of an item before handing it over.



I was shocked that on the porch table was a full bowl of fruit. She said, "Well I do throw some to the animals but it's a start. Chat, I even take a bite of one once in a while."

I opened the Notes application on my phone and created a new entry. Progress!

Suddenly, Daisy at the reception desk called my phone. Daisy whispered, "How long will you be at Marsha's ranch? I need Nathan to drive back to the town hall to take me for coffee. My truck is being repaired."

I wasn't sure for a moment what Daisy was speaking about, or how she knew I was on the porch having coffee, but answered, "Daisy I have no idea where Nathan is, but if I see Nathan, I'll tell him."

She only answered before hanging up, "Chat, North East." I had no idea what that meant.



Marsha said, "Chat look over to the road at the end of the property line."

On the dirt road by the property line was Officer Nathan.

I sat watching Officer Nathan watching us. Marsha texted Nathan, "Urgent, Daisy needs a ride to the repair garage."

In a second the police car siren was turned on. The lights flashing as Officer Nathan left dust when he raced back to town!

Turning to Marsha I asked, "Don't you think sirens and lights are excessive with his racing away to give Daisy a ride to the repair garage that's across the street from the Town Hall? Daisy could walk there."

Marsha picked up an apple and threw it to a Raven, turned and smiled, "Well Chat, that all depends on if it's Daisy calling Nathan for a ride across the street. Here Chat, have an apple."

I watched the Raven pecking at the apple. Sighing I took a bite of the apple Marsha offered. I sat back, relaxed and thought that **this town may be odd but is the best town one can live in.**