

Lawkward File No. LF-014

Panchayat of Peculiarities, Village of Nutanpur

Date: June 14, 2025

Presiding: Sarpanch Sharma

Recorder: Munshi Moti

Case: Dancer Leela vs. Banyan Branch B-90, Accused of Vandalism

The Panchayat of Peculiarities was Nutanpur's sweaty stage, a dusty courtyard under a creaky banyan, reeking of incense, sweets, and village drama on June 25, 2025. Sarpanch Sharma, his turban drooping, chugged his eighth chai and whacked his ladle gavel, cracking a diya. He squinted at the defendant, a twisted banyan branch called B-90, dangling in the accused's corner, accused of vandalism for tripping Dancer Leela's troupe during a festival. Leela swore B-90's bend ruined her Holi dance, sparking a riot and a curd war. The gallery, a throng of dancers, farmers, and a stray rooster crowing complaints, roared louder than a village mela. A rogue flower garland lay in the dirt, forgotten.

"Stop!

"Order, you noisy bunch!" Sharma growled, spilling chai, his voice rough as a mango cobbler. He glanced at his wife's lunchbox, dreading her spicy bhindi. "This panchayat's about festival pride! Ammu, smash this branch's mischief, or I'm tossing it to the fire!"

Advocate Ammu, all quick wit and vibrant saree, stepped up, clutching a scroll labeled "Branchy Blunder." She was over her family's "get a real job" jabs, and her grin sparkled. "Sarpanch ji," she said, tossing in village lingo, "this branch is a festival fiend! On June 24, it tripped Leela's dancers, breaking their Holi routine! I'm citing my Dance Decree, scrawled during a lassi binge, saying branches gotta stay put or get sawed!"

The crowd went bananas, an aunty chucking a marigold that hit the rooster, which crowed in rage. Munshi Moti, scarfing a laddu to dodge his goat panic, dropped his ledger and summoned a festival drum as the plaintiff. "Total tamasha!" Moti groaned, ink staining his kurta, as he doodled the drum's "beats."

Sharma, tugging his beard like it held omens, leaned toward B-90. "Branch, confess your vandalism! You tripping terror, talk!" B-90, silent but swaying, creaked once, which Ammu called a cheeky jab. Sharma, cranky as a dry field,

snapped, "Silence is a dance wrecker! I'm hitting you with my Sacred Step Saying, heard in a puja, banning branches from tripping!"

Ammu, ignoring her auntie's glare in the gallery, spun a wild yarn. "B-90's no branch, it's a village vandal! Its bend tripped Leela's troupe like a chai vendor dodging debts! Witnesses saw it sway with intent, breaking their dance! That flop sparked a curd war, and Holi was ruined!" She shot her auntie a look, tired of her lawyer jabs. "Let's call the plaintiff, Leela's Dance Veil!"

Moti, sweating buckets, dragged out a torn veil, its sequins screaming betrayal. The veil, lifeless but livid, got the crowd buzzing. "Sarpanch ji," Ammu roared, "this veil was Leela's glory! We want B-90's twigs snapped and a new Holi!" She waved her scroll, nearly losing it as a stray dog barked.

Vyas, all coughs and holy threads, piped up. "Objection, Sarpanch ji! A branch can't vandalize! It's got no will, no plan, nothing!" Sharma, burping chai, laughed. "Plans? This is Nutanpur, not a city! I fined a root for blocking once! B-90's creak's guilty!"

The gallery went berserk, a dancer yelling, "Cut the branch!" Moti, panicking, misread his notes and called the rooster as a witness. The rooster, crowing smugly, chased a kid, sparking chaos. Ammu, thriving in the madness, piled on. "B-90's sway aligns with Mangal's bad luck! It ruined Leela's dance, sparking a curd war!" she said, dreaming of her family's pride.

Sharma, pacing like a buffalo, grilled the veil. "Veil, did B-90 wreck you?" The veil, silent but torn, seemed to sulk, and the crowd cheered. Vyas, flailing, tried again. "Sarpanch ji, the wind moved the branch, not vandalism!" Sharma cackled, "Wind? I jailed a leaf for falling! B-90's creak's pure vandalism!"

Things went wild when Moti's ledger caught a spark, and the rooster chased the dog, toppling a diya stall. Outside, dancers started a "Dance Justice" march, chanting for B-90's chop. Ammu, sensing victory, added, "This branch broke Leela's troupe! Dances flopped, curd spilled! We want festival damages and B-90 burned!"

Sharma, his turban a mess, climbed the banyan. "The dance gods decree justice! B-90's guilty of vandalism and sentenced to a bonfire! Leela gets a new dance! Case closed!"

B-90 creaked defiantly as it was cut. The veil was mended, but dancers swore it sulked. The rooster crowed, yelling appeal, and the garland stayed put. Moti timestamped the dog's bark, cementing Nutanpur's rep as a festival fiasco.