

Lawkward File No. LF-001

Ludicrous Bench, Town of Absurdabad

Date: June 1, 2025

Presiding: Judge Baffelkar

Recorder: Clerk Chintu

Case: The People vs. Clock C-12, Accused of Perjury

In the Ludicrous Bench, a courtroom so rickety it swayed with every monsoon gust, the air reeked of incense and judicial folly on June 1, 2025. Judge Baffelkar, his wig perched like a disheveled crow, slammed his gavel, splintering a stray twig, as he glared at the defendant: a brass wall clock, labeled "C-12," dangling defiantly in the dock, its hands accused of perjury for lying about the time during Absurdabad's annual Mango Mela. Villagers claimed C-12's false ticks delayed the festival's opening puja, causing chaos, curdled chai, and a stampede of goats. The gallery, a mob of farmers, aunties, and a stray peacock, buzzed louder than a village gong, while a pigeon roosted on the gavel, cooing mockingly.

"Order!" Baffelkar roared, his wig wobbling like a monsoon cloud. "This court will not tolerate temporal treason! Advocate Rantaram, unveil this clock's deceit, or I'll sentence it to eternal midnight!"

Advocate Rantaram, his mustache quivering like a poet's quill, strode forward, his black coat flapping like a vulture's wings. Clutching a scroll titled "Time's Treachery," he bellowed, his voice a monsoon torrent. "My Lord, this clock, a tick-tocking tyrant, has perjured itself before the gods and Absurdabad! On May 31, its hands spun falsehoods, claiming noon when dusk loomed, delaying our sacred puja! I invoke the Chronological Covenant of Yore, penned in my dream, declaring all clocks must tick truth or face the hammer of justice!"

The crowd gasped, an aunty hurling a sandal that missed wildly, hitting a chai vendor's tray. Clerk Chintu, his glasses fogged with panic, fumbled his ledger, accidentally summoning a village rooster as the plaintiff. "Calamity!" Chintu wailed, sketching the rooster's "grievances" in ink that smudged like village gossip.

Judge Baffelkar, stroking his chin as if consulting the stars, leaned toward C-12. "Clock, confess your lies! Speak, you pendulum of perfidy!" C-12, silent but gleaming, ticked once, a sound Rantaram branded "a defiant falsehood."

Baffelkar, undeterred, declared, "Silence is a cosmic crime! I cite the Stellar Time Statute, revealed by the North Star, banning clocks from warping festival hours!"

Rantaram, seizing the spotlight, spun a tale of temporal terror. "C-12 is no mere timekeeper! It's a saboteur, a tick-tocking trickster! Villagers saw its hands spin backward, mocking our puja's sanctity! Farmer Gupta's goats, misled by its lies, trampled the mela's sweets, ruining our sacred laddoos! I call the plaintiff, the Mango Mela Banner, to testify!"

Chintu, trembling, hauled a tattered banner to the dock, its mango motifs faded but furious. The banner, inanimate yet indignant, sparked wails from the gallery. "My Lord," Rantaram thundered, "this banner flew proudly until C-12's lies delayed our rites! Its falsehoods demand its gears be stilled and a new clock crowned!" He waved a pocket watch, claiming it as evidence, only to drop it into a chai cup.

The defense, timid Shyamu, a lawyer with the poise of a soggy papad, stammered, "Objection, My Lord! A clock cannot perjure! It lacks intent, voice, or a calendar!" Baffelkar scoffed, his wig tilting. "Calendars? This is the Ludicrous Bench, not an almanac! I once jailed a sundial for tardiness! C-12's ticks pulse with deceit!"

The gallery erupted as a farmer, claiming omens, shouted, "The clock's cursed!" Chintu, in a panic, misread his notes and called the peacock as a witness. The peacock, strutting smugly, fanned its tail, scattering feathers that sparked a sneezing frenzy among the aunties. Rantaram, undaunted, continued. "My Lord, our pandit confirmed C-12's ticks align with Shani, the planet of chaos! Its lies cost Absurdabad its festival glory, delaying our mango auction and souring our chai! We demand its banishment to a museum!"

Baffelkar, now consulting a cracked hourglass, interrogated the banner. "Banner, did C-12 betray you?" The banner, silent but sagging, seemed to nod, prompting cheers. Shyamu, flailing, tried again. "My Lord, C-12's hands were stuck, a mechanical fault!" Baffelkar laughed, "Faults? I once fined a star for dimness! C-12's ticks reek of perjury!"

Chaos peaked when Chintu's ledger fell into a goat's mouth, sparking a tug-of-war. The peacock, mistaking the commotion for applause, screeched, toppling a chai stall. A subplot unfolded as villagers, believing C-12's curse, began a protest outside, chanting for a new clock blessed by the pandit. Rantaram, sensing

victory, added, "This clock's lies sparked a riot! The mela's laddoos were trampled, costing Gupta his livelihood! We seek damages in mangoes and a public apology carved in brass!"

Baffelkar, now standing on his bench like a sage, declared, "The stars decree justice! C-12 is guilty of perjury and sentenced to tick in the village attic, replaced by a sundial blessed by moonlight! The mela banner shall fly again! Case closed!"

C-12 ticked defiantly as it was carted off. The banner was rehung, though aunties swore it sulked. The peacock screeched, "Appeal!" as the goat fled with a page of Chintu's ledger. Chintu timestamped the rooster's "crow" instead of the verdict, cementing the Ludicrous Bench's legend as a judicial farce.