

Lawkward File No. LF-006

Gilded Gavel Court, Bengaluru Tech Corridor

Date: June 6, 2025

Presiding: Justice Profitkar

Recorder: Intern Babloo

Case: ChaiTech Solutions vs. Pen P-78, Accused of Espionage

The Gilded Gavel Court was a total circus, Bengaluru's neon-lit shrine to startup madness, smelling like burnt coffee and broken dreams. On June 6, 2025, Justice Profitkar, his tie flashing like a knockoff Diwali light, chugged his seventh "Unicorn Surge" energy drink and slammed his gavel, a gaudy gold rupee that sprayed glitter everywhere. He squinted at the defendant, a slick fountain pen called P-78, sitting smug as a CEO in the dock. Its nib was accused of espionage, caught scribbling ChaiTech Solutions' merger secrets on a napkin for rival BrewBuddy Inc. A tech bro swore he saw it happen during a chai break, blowing up a billion-rupee deal. The gallery, packed with coders in hoodies, influencers snapping selfies, and a rogue printer spitting blank pages, yelled louder than a Koramangala traffic jam. A stray USB drive blinked in the corner, probably up to no good.

"Disrupt!" Profitkar bellowed, his voice shot from too many pitch deck screams. He checked his phone for X trends, hands shaky from caffeine. "This court's all about locking down IP! Lakshmi, roast this pen, or I'm selling its nib to my uncle's stationery shop!"

Lawyer Lakshmi Lootani strutted in, all sharp heels and sharper grin, clutching a tablet scrawled with "Ink Intrigues." She spotted her old school rival, Vinod, smirking in the gallery, and her blood boiled. "Your Honor," she said, smooth as a viral X post, "this pen's a sneaky little snake! On June 5, it leaked ChaiTech's merger terms on a napkin at Chai Point, handing BrewBuddy the whole deal! I'm citing my Digital Quill Rule, tweeted at 2 a.m. after too much chai, saying pens gotta keep secrets or get melted into keychains!"

The crowd lost it, a coder spilling his oat latte on the printer, which whined like a dying app. Intern Babloo, shoving a samosa in his face to calm his nerves, fumbled his laptop and hacked the court's Wi-Fi, projecting his "Samosa Delivery Startup" pitch deck instead of evidence. "Oh, crap!" Babloo mumbled, crumbs flying, as he emailed the deck to every VC in the room, who started whispering about seed funding.

Profitkar, scratching his tie like it held crypto secrets, leaned toward P-78. "Pen, fess up! You scribbling snake, spill it!" P-78, all silent and shiny, oozed an ink blot, which Lakshmi called a smug taunt. Profitkar, buzzing like he'd mainlined espresso, snapped, "Quiet's a data breach! I'm slapping you with my Market Mojo Law, cooked up at a startup mixer, banning pens from selling out!"

Lakshmi, glaring at Vinod's smug face, went full drama mode. "This ain't just a pen, it's a corporate ninja! That nib's sharper than a Bengaluru rent hike, scribbling ChaiTech's secrets like it's got a grudge! I saw it roll across the boardroom table, plotting like some wannabe founder! That napkin's now BrewBuddy's trump card, and ChaiTech's IPO's toast!" She shot Vinod a look that could curdle chai. "Let's bring out the plaintiff, ChaiTech's Merger Memo!"

Babloo, sweating buckets, hauled out a crumpled memo, its pages screaming betrayal. The memo, lifeless but pissed, got the crowd murmuring. "Your Honor," Lakshmi roared, "this memo was ChaiTech's baby! We want P-78's nib snapped and a Netflix series about this mess!" She waved her tablet, nearly chucking it as her X notifications blew up with #PenGate trending.

Vinod, the defense, all fake charm and cheap cologne, piped up. "Objection, Your Honor! A pen can't spy! It's got no brain, no Wi-Fi, nothing!" Profitkar, burping energy drink, laughed. "Brains? This is the Gilded Gavel, not a hackathon! I fined a USB for piracy once! P-78's ink's screaming guilty!"

The gallery went wild, an influencer yelling, "I'm crowdfunding the memo!" Babloo, freaking out, tried to fix his hack but started a Zoom call with the court janitor, who popped up on the hologram, mopping away. Lakshmi, ignoring the chaos, doubled down. "P-78's ink traces to BrewBuddy's offshore account! It's a plant, out to tank ChaiTech!" she said, dreaming of Vinod eating his words.

Profitkar, pacing like a VC sniffing profit, grilled the memo. "Memo, did P-78 screw you over?" The memo, crumpled and silent, seemed to glare, and the crowd cheered. Vinod, floundering, tried again. "Your Honor, someone dropped the pen! It's not a spy!" Profitkar cackled, "Dropped? I jailed a stapler for assault! P-78's blot's pure espionage!"

Things got nuts when Babloo's laptop blared his pitch deck's jingle, and the printer spat out 50 pages of nonsense, burying an influencer. Outside, tech bros started a #SecureInk riot on X, trending worldwide. Lakshmi, smelling blood,

piled on. "This pen's leak killed ChaiTech's stock! Jobs lost, dreams crushed! We want equity damages and P-78 locked in a desk drawer!"

Profitkar, his tie a disco ball, climbed his bench. "The market gods have spoken! P-78's guilty of espionage and banished to a dusty drawer! ChaiTech gets a new deal! Case closed!"

P-78 dripped one last smug blot as it was hauled off. The memo was refiled, but coders swore it held a grudge. The printer whirred, yelling appeal, and the USB kept blinking. Babloo, still panicking, timestamped his samosa pitch, making the Gilded Gavel Bengaluru's wildest startup circus.