

Lawkward File No. LF-005

Ludicrous Bench, Town of Absurdabad

Date: June 5, 2025

Presiding: Judge Baffelkar

Recorder: Clerk Chintu

Case: Poet Pawan vs. Lamp L-56, Accused of Libel

On June 5, 2025, the Ludicrous Bench, a courtroom where justice tripped over chai cups, buzzed with the glow of village scandal. Judge Baffelkar, his wig drooping like a melted candle, smashed his gavel, cracking a diya, as he glared at the defendant: a brass lantern, labeled "L-56," glowing defiantly in the dock, accused of libel for casting shadows that defamed Poet Pawan during Absurdabad's Diwali poetry night. Villagers claimed L-56's flickers twisted Pawan's face into a grimace, mocking his verse and sparking a festival brawl. The gallery, a throng of poets, aunties, and a stray peacock, hummed louder than a Diwali cracker, while the goat nibbled Chintu's ledger.

"Order!" Baffelkar roared, his wig teetering. "This court will not tolerate luminous lies! Advocate Rantaram, expose this lamp's libel, or I'll dim its flame forever!"

Advocate Rantaram, his mustache flailing like a firecracker, strode forward, his coat billowing like smoke. Clutching a scroll titled "Shadow's Slander," he boomed, his voice a festival chant. "My Lord, this lamp, a glowing gossip, has libeled Poet Pawan! On June 4, its shadows warped his face, turning his ode into a jest! I invoke the Luminous Law of Legend, scribed in my vision, declaring all lamps must cast true light or face the dark!"

The crowd gasped, an aunty tossing a sparkler that hit the peacock. Clerk Chintu, his glasses fogged, dropped his ledger, accidentally summoning a festival diya as the plaintiff. "Tragedy!" Chintu wailed, sketching the diya's "flame" in ink.

Judge Baffelkar, stroking his chin like a sage eyeing a jalebi, leaned toward L-56. "Lamp, confess your slander! Speak, you flickering fiend!" L-56, silent but glowing, flickered once, a light Rantaram called "a defamatory dance." Baffelkar, unswayed, declared, "Silence is a smear! I cite the Celestial Glow Code, gifted by the fire god, banning lamps from casting false shadows!"

Rantaram, thriving in chaos, spun a tale of poetic peril. "L-56 is no mere lamp! It's a luminous libeler! Witnesses saw its flickers mock Pawan's verse, turning his ode to love into a grimace of scorn! The crowd rioted, trampling Diwali sweets! I call the plaintiff, Pawan's Poetry Scroll, to testify!"

Chintu, trembling, presented a crumpled scroll, its ink smudged with shame. The scroll, inanimate yet indignant, sparked wails. "My Lord," Rantaram roared, "this scroll sang Pawan's soul! L-56's shadows demand its dousing and a new poetry night!" He waved a wick, dropping it into a chai pot.

The defense, nervous Shyamu, stammered, "Objection, My Lord! A lamp cannot libel! It lacks intent, voice, or a quill!" Baffelkar scoffed, his wig askew. "Quills? This is the Ludicrous Bench, not a library! I once fined a mirror for vanity! L-56's glow cries slander!"

The gallery surged as a poet, claiming omens, shouted, "The lamp's cursed!" Chintu, flustered, misread his notes and called the peacock as a witness. The peacock, strutting smugly, fanned its tail, sparking a glitter frenzy. Rantaram, undeterred, continued. "My Lord, our pandit confirmed L-56's flickers align with Shukra, the planet of deceit! Its shadows cost Pawan his fame, sparking a brawl! We seek damages in oil and a new festival!"

Baffelkar, now wielding a broken lamp as a scepter, interrogated the scroll. "Scroll, did L-56 defame you?" The scroll, silent but tattered, seemed to nod, prompting cheers. Shyamu, desperate, tried again. "My Lord, L-56's wick was low, not libelous!" Baffelkar laughed, "Low? I once jailed a flame for flickering! L-56's glow reeks of libel!"

Chaos erupted when Chintu's ledger caught a spark, igniting a page. The peacock, mistaking the flames for applause, screeched, toppling a diya tray. A subplot unfolded as poets, fearing L-56's curse, began a vigil outside, reciting odes to restore Pawan's fame. Rantaram, sensing triumph, added, "This lamp's shadows sparked a riot! Pawan's scrolls were trampled, costing his muse! We demand L-56's exile to a storeroom!"

Baffelkar, now atop his bench like a deity, declared, "The flames decree justice! L-56 is guilty of libel and sentenced to light the latrines! Pawan's scroll shall sing again! Case closed!"

L-56 flickered defiantly as it was carted off. The scroll was restored, though poets swore it sulked. The peacock screeched, "Appeal!" as the goat fled. Chintu

timestamped the diya's "flame," ensuring the Ludicrous Bench's fame as a judicial blaze.