

Lawkward File No. LF-004

Ludicrous Bench, Town of Absurdabad

Date: June 4, 2025

Presiding: Judge Baffelkar

Recorder: Clerk Chintu

Case: Vendors vs. Cart V-45, Accused of Extortion

On June 4, 2025, the Ludicrous Bench, a courtroom where logic drowned in chai fumes, pulsed with the wrath of Absurdabad's market. Judge Baffelkar, his wig sagging like a soaked chapati, slammed his gavel, cracking a coconut shell, as he eyed the defendant: a wooden vegetable cart, labeled "V-45," parked defiantly in the dock, its wheels accused of extortion for creaking threats to market vendors. Vendors claimed V-45's squeaks demanded extra potatoes, sparking a vegetable boycott. The gallery, a mob of hawkers, kids, and a stray buffalo, roared louder than a market crier, while the goat nibbled Chintu's quill.

"Order!" Baffelkar bellowed, his wig trembling. "This court will not tolerate creaky coercion! Advocate Rantaram, expose this cart's crimes, or I'll wheel it to oblivion!"

Advocate Rantaram, his mustache dancing like a festival drum, strode forward, his coat billowing like a sail. Clutching a scroll titled "Market Menace," he boomed, his voice a bazaar cry. "My Lord, this cart, a wheeling extortionist, has terrorized our vendors! On June 3, its creaks demanded potatoes from Vendor Gupta, threatening market peace! I invoke the Commerce Creed of Eternity, carved in my vision, declaring all carts must roll silently or face the scrapyard!"

The crowd gasped, a hawker tossing a tomato that hit the buffalo. Clerk Chintu, his glasses fogged, dropped his ledger, accidentally summoning a market basket as the plaintiff. "Horror!" Chintu wailed, sketching the basket's "potatoes" in ink.

Judge Baffelkar, stroking his chin like a sage eyeing a samosa, leaned toward V-45. "Cart, confess your threats! Speak, you squeaking scoundrel!" V-45, silent but wobbling, creaked once, a sound Rantaram called "a menacing demand." Baffelkar, unswayed, declared, "Silence is a racket! I cite the Celestial Commerce Code, sung by the market gods, banning carts from creaking extortion!"

Rantaram, fueling the frenzy, spun a tale of market mayhem. "V-45 is no mere cart! It's a rolling racketeer! Witnesses heard its wheels squeak ultimatums,

forcing vendors to hoard spuds! Gupta's stall was boycotted, sparking a vegetable riot! I call the plaintiff, Gupta's Potato Sack, to testify!"

Chintu, quaking, hauled a burlap sack to the dock, its spuds radiating woe. The sack, inanimate yet indignant, sparked cheers. "My Lord," Rantaram roared, "this sack fed Absurdabad! V-45's creaks demand its dismantling and a potato tax!" He waved a wheel spoke, dropping it into a chai pot.

The defense, nervous Shyamu, stammered, "Objection, My Lord! A cart cannot extort! It lacks intent, voice, or a ledger!" Baffelkar scoffed, his wig askew. "Ledgers? This is the Ludicrous Bench, not a shop! I once fined a scale for fraud! V-45's creak cries crime!"

The gallery surged as a vendor, claiming omens, shouted, "The cart's cursed!" Chintu, flustered, misread his notes and called the buffalo as a witness. The buffalo, snorting smugly, knocked over a stall, sparking a panic. Rantaram, undeterred, continued. "My Lord, our pandit confirmed V-45's creaks align with Rahu, the planet of greed! Its threats cost Gupta his trade, sparking a market war! We seek damages in onions and a silent cart!"

Baffelkar, now wielding a broken oar like a scepter, interrogated the sack. "Sack, did V-45 rob you?" The sack, silent but sagging, seemed to nod, prompting roars. Shyamu, desperate, tried again. "My Lord, V-45's wheels were loose, not threatening!" Baffelkar laughed, "Loose? I once jailed a hinge for squeaking! V-45's creak reeks of extortion!"

Chaos erupted when Chintu's ledger caught a spark, igniting a page. The buffalo, mistaking the flames for fodder, charged, toppling the table. A subplot unfolded as vendors, fearing V-45's curse, began a boycott, piling vegetables outside. Rantaram, sensing triumph, added, "This cart's creaks sparked a riot! Gupta's stall was looted, costing peace! We demand V-45's exile to a farm!"

Baffelkar, now atop his bench like a prophet, declared, "The market gods decree justice! V-45 is guilty of extortion and sentenced to haul manure! The sack shall feed the village! Case closed!"

V-45 creaked defiantly as it was wheeled off. The sack was restored, though vendors swore it sulked. The buffalo snorted, "Appeal!" as the goat fled. Chintu timestamped the basket's "spuds," ensuring the Ludicrous Bench's fame as a judicial market.

