

Lawkward File No. LF-012

Panchayat of Peculiarities, Village of Nutanpur

Date: June 12, 2025

Presiding: Sarpanch Sharma

Recorder: Munshi Moti

Case: Farmer Patel vs. Mango Tree M-45, Accused of Slander

The Panchayat of Peculiarities was Nutanpur's gossip hub, a dusty courtyard under a groaning banyan, reeking of mangoes, chai, and village drama on June 12, 2025. Sarpanch Sharma, his turban sagging, gulped his sixth chai and whacked his ladle gavel, cracking a coconut. He squinted at the defendant, a gnarled mango tree called M-45, rooted defiantly in the accused's corner, its leaves accused of slander for whispering lies about Farmer Patel's honor during a festival. Patel swore M-45's rustling spread rumors of his stinginess, sparking a Diwali boycott. The gallery, a throng of farmers, kids, and a stray cow mooing complaints, roared louder than a Ganesh procession. A rogue mango pit sat in the dirt, ignored.

"Order, you noisy lot!" Sharma growled, spilling chai, his voice rough as a ploughed field. He eyed his wife's lunchbox, dreading her burnt rotis. "This panchayat's about honor! Ammu, shred this tree's lies, or I'm feeding it to the termites!"

Advocate Ammu, all quick wit and bright saree, stepped up, clutching a notebook labeled "Leafy Lies." She was over her family's "settle down" lectures, and her smirk hid ambition. "Sarpanch ji," she said, tossing in village slang, "this tree's a gossiping goonda! On June 11, its leaves whispered that Patel's a cheapskate, ruining his Diwali stall! I'm citing my Festival Fairness Rule, jotted during a lassi binge, saying trees gotta keep quiet or get chopped!"

The crowd erupted, a kid chucking a pebble that hit the cow, which mooed in rage. Munshi Moti, munching a pakora to dodge his goat fears, dropped his ledger and summoned a festival lantern as the plaintiff. "Pure chaos!" Moti mumbled, ink staining his dhoti, as he doodled the lantern's "shame."

Sharma, tugging his beard like it held wisdom, leaned toward M-45. "Tree, confess your slander! You leafy liar, talk!" M-45, silent but swaying, rustled once, which Ammu called a snarky jab. Sharma, cranky as a dry well, snapped, "Silence is a rumor mill! I'm hitting you with my Sacred Shade Saying, heard in a nap, banning trees from gossip!"

Ammu, ignoring her uncle's glare in the gallery, spun a spicy tale. "M-45's no tree, it's a village vixen! Its leaves spread lies like a chai stall aunty, calling Patel a miser! Witnesses heard it rustle during Diwali, and his stall was boycotted! That rumor sparked a fight, and laddoos were trampled!" She shot her uncle a look, tired of his lawyer jabs. "Let's call the plaintiff, Patel's Diwali Banner!"

Moti, sweating like a monsoon, dragged out a tattered banner, its colors screaming betrayal. The banner, lifeless but livid, got the crowd buzzing. "Sarpanch ji," Ammu roared, "this banner was Patel's pride! We want M-45's branches trimmed and a new festival!" She waved her notebook, nearly losing it as a stray dog barked.

Vyas, the defense, all coughs and holy beads, piped up. "Objection, Sarpanch ji! A tree can't slander! It's got no tongue, no grudge, nothing!" Sharma, burping chai, laughed. "Grudges? This is Nutanpur, not a temple! I fined a vine for tripping once! M-45's rustle's guilty!"

The gallery went berserk, an aunty yelling, "Chop the tree!" Moti, panicking, misread his notes and called the cow as a witness. The cow, mooing smugly, chased a kid, sparking a riot. Ammu, thriving in the madness, piled on. "M-45's leaves align with Shani's bad vibes! It shamed Patel, ruining Diwali!" she said, dreaming of her family's pride.

Sharma, pacing like a goat, grilled the banner. "Banner, did M-45 lie about you?" The banner, silent but faded, seemed to sulk, and the crowd cheered. Vyas, flailing, tried again. "Sarpanch ji, the wind rustled the leaves, not slander!" Sharma cackled, "Wind? I jailed a breeze for mischief! M-45's rustle's pure slander!"

Things went wild when Moti's ledger caught a spark, and the cow chased the dog, toppling a chai stall. Outside, villagers started a "Honor Rally," chanting for M-45's axe. Ammu, sensing victory, added, "This tree's lies killed Patel's stall! Families boycotted, laddoos lost! We want mango damages and M-45 pruned!"

Sharma, his turban a wreck, climbed the banyan. "The festival gods decree justice! M-45's guilty of slander and sentenced to a fruitless season! Patel gets a new stall! Case closed!"

M-45 swayed defiantly as it was marked for pruning. The banner was rehung, but kids swore it sulked. The cow mooed, yelling appeal, and the mango pit

stayed put. Moti timestamped the dog's bark, cementing Nutanpur's rep as a gossip gala.