

Lawkward File No. LF-003

Ludicrous Bench, Town of Absurdabad

Date: June 3, 2025

Presiding: Judge Baffelkar

Recorder: Clerk Chintu

Case: The Village vs. Fan F-34, Accused of Sedition

On June 3, 2025, the Ludicrous Bench, a courtroom where dust danced with judicial whims, crackled with the heat of village fury. Judge Baffelkar, his wig drooping like a wilted lotus, smashed his gavel, shattering a clay cup, as he glared at the defendant: a rusty ceiling fan, labeled "F-34," chained defiantly in the dock, its blades accused of sedition for stirring dissent during a village water council meeting. Villagers claimed F-34's breeze scattered papers, fanned tempers, and sparked a brawl over well rights. The gallery, a throng of elders, kids, and a stray parrot, squawked louder than a monsoon horn, while the courtroom goat munched a legal brief.

"Order!" Baffelkar bellowed, his wig teetering. "This court will not tolerate breezy betrayal! Advocate Rantaram, expose this fan's foment, or I'll still its blades forever!"

Advocate Rantaram, his mustache swirling like a cyclone, marched forward, his coat flapping like a kite. Clutching a scroll titled "Wind's Wickedness," he roared, his voice a tempest. "My Lord, this fan, a seditious spinner, has fanned the flames of discord! On June 2, its breeze tore through our council, scattering decrees and igniting a brawl! I invoke the Aerial Accord of Antiquity, sung in my trance, declaring all fans must calm councils or face rust's wrath!"

The crowd gasped, a kid tossing a pebble that hit the parrot. Clerk Chintu, his glasses fogged, dropped his ledger, accidentally summoning a village broom as the plaintiff. "Disaster!" Chintu cried, sketching the broom's "sweeps" in ink.

Judge Baffelkar, stroking his chin like a sage eyeing a pakora, leaned toward F-34. "Fan, confess your sedition! Speak, you whirling warmonger!" F-34, silent but creaking, spun once, a motion Rantaram called "a rebellious gust." Baffelkar, unswayed, declared, "Stillness is subversion! I cite the Cosmic Breeze Bylaw, gifted by the wind god, banning fans from stirring village strife!"

Rantaram, thriving in chaos, spun a tale of airy anarchy. "F-34 is no mere fan! It's a tempestuous traitor! Witnesses saw its blades whip papers into a storm,

turning elders against each other! Farmer Patel's well proposal was lost, sparking a fistfight! I call the plaintiff, the Council Scroll, to testify!"

Chintu, trembling, presented a torn scroll, its ink smudged with dissent. The scroll, inanimate yet indignant, sparked roars. "My Lord," Rantaram thundered, "this scroll held our water laws! F-34's breeze demands its grounding and a windless council!" He waved a feather, claiming it as evidence, only to sneeze violently.

The defense, shaky Shyamu, mumbled, "Objection, My Lord! A fan cannot rebel! It lacks will, voice, or a manifesto!" Baffelkar scoffed, his wig askew. "Manifestos? This is the Ludicrous Bench, not a rally! I once fined a kite for treason! F-34's creak cries sedition!"

The gallery surged as an elder, claiming omens, shouted, "The fan's possessed!" Chintu, flustered, misread his notes and called the parrot as a witness. The parrot, squawking smugly, mimicked "Objection!" sparking laughter. Rantaram, undeterred, continued. "My Lord, our astrologer confirmed F-34's blades align with Mangal, the planet of strife! Its breeze cost Absurdabad its well, sparking a drought feud! We seek damages in fans and a new council!"

Baffelkar, now waving a palm leaf like a prophet, interrogated the scroll. "Scroll, did F-34 betray you?" The scroll, silent but tattered, seemed to flutter, prompting cheers. Shyamu, desperate, tried again. "My Lord, F-34 was loose, not seditious!" Baffelkar laughed, "Loose? I once jailed a breeze for vagrancy! F-34's spin reeks of rebellion!"

Chaos erupted when Chintu's ledger caught a gust, flying into the goat's mouth. The parrot, mistaking the commotion for a cue, screeched, toppling a chai tray. A subplot unfolded as villagers, fearing F-34's curse, began a ritual to appease the wind god, waving fans outside. Rantaram, sensing triumph, added, "This fan's breeze sparked a brawl! Patel's nose was bloodied, costing peace! We demand F-34's exile to a barn!"

Baffelkar, now atop his bench like a deity, declared, "The winds decree justice! F-34 is guilty of sedition and sentenced to spin in the cowshed! The scroll shall be rewritten! Case closed!"

F-34 creaked defiantly as it was unbolted. The scroll was restored, though elders swore it sulked. The parrot screeched, "Appeal!" as the goat fled. Chintu

timestamped the broom's "sweep," ensuring the Ludicrous Bench's fame as a judicial whirlwind.