

Lawkward File No. LF-015

Supreme Court of Silliness, New Delhi

Date: June 15, 2025

Presiding: Justices Baffelkar, Profitkar, Sarpanch Sharma

Recorder: Clerk Chintu, Intern Babloo, Munshi Moti

Case: People of India vs. All Objects, Accused of Illegal Laughter

The Supreme Court of Silliness was India's most unhinged judicial arena, a Delhi neon-lit monstrosity in Delhi's bureaucratic jungle, reeking of masala chai, burnt-out dreams, and Delhi's bureaucratic frenzy. On June 15, 2025, the courtroom was a total tamasha, its glitching AI gavels spitting hashtags like #JusticeJhatka, and a chai-dispensing robot coughing up syrupy sludge that smelled suspiciously like a of mango lassi gone bad. The gallery, a chaotic mob of influencers snapping selfies, bureaucrats in starched khakis, farmers in dhotis, tech bros in hoodies, and a stray buffalo named Bhairav ji, now a viral X influencer (@BhairavTheBuffalo with 2M followers), roared louder than a Dilli ka traffic jam on a Monday morning. A rogue laddoo, probably swiped from a mela, rolled in a corner, plotting nothing but a sticky end.

The triple bench was a sight to behold: Justice Baffelkar, chomping betel nut, his beard a paan-stained canvas, muttering about his sacred buffalo herd back in the village; Justice Profitkar, chugging his fifteenth "Unicorn Surge" energy drink, his tie flashing like a crashed startup's logo; and Sarpanch Sharma, slurping his tenth chai, his turban sagging under Delhi's sweaty heat like a tired paratha. They glared at the defendants, a motley crew of India's most notorious object litigants: a clock (C-12, once tried for perjury), sandal (S-30, theft), fan (F-45, dissent), cart (extortion), lamp (L-67, libel), pen (P-78, espionage), laptop (L-89, coup), coffee machine (C-90, sabotage), projector (P-91, framing), app icon (A-92, identity theft), well (W-23, trespass), mango tree (M-45, slander), tractor (T-78, mutiny), and banyan branch (B-90, vandalism). All were accused of illegal laughter, violating the "No Guffaw Edict," a bonkers law birthed by the viral #NoHahaIndia X campaign, which blamed laughter for India's "productivity slump" and sparked a national meltdown. The objects stood smug, their ticks, creaks, and beeps taunting the court like a gang of filmi villains.

"Order, you noisy tamasha!" Baffelkar bellowed, spitting betel juice onto his sacred buffalo statue, his voice gruff as a tractor on a rocky field. He eyed the statue, praying for divine bovine wisdom to survive this circus. "This court's

about saving India's GDP! Rantaram, Lakshmi, Ammu, roast these giggling gadgets, or my buffalo's trampling them into the Yamuna!"

Lawyer Rantaram, all melodrama and sweaty kurta, leapt up like a filmi hero, clutching a tattered scroll labeled "Chuckle Conspiracy." He was still stinging from village taunts about his "city flop" career, and his grin hid a thirst for redemption. "Your Honors," he wailed, clutching his heart like he'd been shot in a Yash Raj climax, "these objects are laughing lunatics! On June 14, they cackled from Nutanpur's fields to Bengaluru's tech hubs, tanking our Sensex and shaming our ancestors! I cite my Gloom Guarantee, scribbled during a panipuri binge at Nathu's stall, saying objects must stay somber or get melted into spoons!"

Lawyer Lakshmi Lootani, heels clicking like a startup pitch, strutted forward, waving a tablet tagged "Giggle Gate." She was livid over her rival Vinod's latest X post mocking her #PenGate win, and her smirk was sharper than a Delhi rent hike. "Sirs, these objects are social media saboteurs! Their laughs fueled #NoHahaIndia, crashing markets and my follower count! My Viral Vow, tweeted at 3 a.m. during a chai run, demands they zip it or get formatted into ringtones!" She shot Vinod, smirking in the gallery, a look that could fry a samosa.

Advocate Ammu Mishra, saree crisp as a fresh dosa, stepped up, clutching a ledger marked "Laughter Lies." She was done with her family's "get married or else" lectures, and her grin sparkled with defiance. "Sarpanch ji, these objects are village vandals! Their giggles cursed Nutanpur's monsoon, sparking riots and a buffalo stampede! My Joy Jinx, jotted over a mango lassi at Lalu's stall, says if objects laugh, they're cursed to a junkyard!" She glared at her uncle in the gallery, who'd called her lawyer dreams "foolish."

The crowd went berserk, an influencer spilling oat latte on Bhairav the buffalo, who snorted like a dying app and posted a selfie captioned "#CourtChaos." Clerk Chintu, munching his tenth panipuri to calm his nerves, fumbled his ledger and accidentally summoned a village cow as a witness. Intern Babloo, scarfing his eighth samosa, hacked the court's Wi-Fi, projecting his "Chai App" pitch deck onto the hologram screen. Munshi Moti, dodging a stray goat that had wandered in, dropped his inkpot and summoned a rooster instead of evidence. "Arre, bada hungama!" they muttered in unison, crumbs, ink, and panic flying like Holi colors.

Profitkar, his tie now a full-on rave, chugged another energy drink, hands shaking like a buggy algorithm. "Disrupt! These objects are economic terrorists! My Market Mojo Law, cooked up at a Gurgaon startup mixer, bans laughter or it's bankruptcy!" Sharma, burping chai like a human pressure cooker, nodded. "My Sacred Sob Saying, heard in a dream after too much toddy, agrees!" Baffelkar, betel juice dripping, roared, "My Buffalo Bliss Rule, inspired by my herd's moo, says no chuckles, or it's the slaughterhouse!"

Rantaram, flailing like he was auditioning for Bollywood, pointed at C-12. "This clock's ticks mocked our deadlines, causing farmer suicides!" Lakshmi jabbed at L-89. "This laptop's beeps crashed our startups, killing jobs!" Ammu glared at T-78. "This tractor's roars jinxed our rains, starving Nutanpur!" The objects, silent but smug, formed a "Laughter Syndicate." C-12 ticked loudly, P-78 oozed ink like a smug wink, T-78 coughed exhaust, and B-90 creaked, which the lawyers called a "guffaw gang." F-45 spun, blowing papers across the court. C-90 hissed decaf steam, making bureaucrats gag. A-92 glowed, hacking the hologram to show a meme of Baffelkar as a buffalo.

The defense, Pandit Vyas, wheezed forward, his holy threads older than the banyan tree. "Objection, sirs! Objects can't laugh! No brains, no giggles, no nothing!" Baffelkar cackled, spitting paan. "Brains? I fined a cow for mooing last year!" Profitkar burped, "I jailed a USB for piracy!" Sharma laughed, "I cursed a well for gurgling!" Vyas, flailing, tried again. "Sirs, laughter's human!" The bench roared, "This is the Supreme Court of Silliness, not a science lab!"

The gallery erupted, an influencer screaming, "Ban laughs!" Chintu's cow mooed, Babloo's pitch deck blared a jingle, and Moti's rooster crowed, sparking a full-blown riot. Outside, a chai riot exploded, with vendors chanting #NoHahaIndia, trending globally with 10M posts. Bhairav the buffalo's livestream hit 5M views, captioned "#JusticeForMoos." The lawyers doubled down. Rantaram wailed, "S-30's creaks shamed our traditions!" Lakshmi snapped, "P-91's flashes sank our IPOs!" Ammu roared, "W-23's gurgles drowned our crops!"

Subplots spiraled like a masala film. Chintu's panipuri stall pitch went viral, landing him a VC deal, but his cow witness sparked a "Moo Rights" protest. Babloo's hack triggered a #ChaiApp riot, crashing X servers and starting a meme war. Moti's goat phobia caused a stampede, toppling the chai robot, which spewed syrup and declared a "Chai Revolution." Vinod's #LawkwardFail

tweet enraged Lakshmi, who countered with #GiggleGate, hitting 1M likes. Ammu's family started a "marry now" chant, which she drowned with a lassi-fueled speech. Rantaram's village rivals gatecrashed, stealing his scroll and starting a tug-of-war.

The objects escalated their rebellion. M-45 rustled, dropping mangoes on bureaucrats. L-67 flickered, casting shadows of Profitkar chugging energy drinks. The cart rolled, nearly flattening Vyas. A village astrologer, smelling a chance for clout, declared the objects possessed by a "laughter bhoot" and started a puja, sparking a laddoo war that buried an influencer. Bureaucrats, sensing a budget, proposed a "Giggle Tax," triggering a Delhi protest with #NoTaxOnHaha trending. Bhairav's followers stormed the court, waving #HahaRights banners and demanding "buffalo justice."

Baffelkar grilled C-12. "Clock, did you laugh?" C-12 ticked like a stand-up comic, and the crowd cheered. Profitkar jabbed L-89. "Laptop, confess!" L-89 beeped a tune, and influencers fainted. Sharma poked T-78. "Tractor, talk!" T-78 roared, and aunties screamed. The lawyers demanded chaos-level damages: Rantaram wanted the objects smelted into a statue of himself, Lakshmi sought a Netflix series, Ammu demanded a Nutanpur feast with 1,000 lassies.

The court devolved into a mela of madness. A tech bro proposed an AI "Laughter Detector," which misfired, fining a sneezing farmer. A Delhi aunty started a "Save Our Smiles" petition, clashing with #NoHahaIndia goons. The chai robot, now sentient, led a vendor revolt, chanting "Chai is freedom!" Chintu, Babloo, and Moti, overwhelmed, formed a "Snack Syndicate," selling panipuri, samosas, and jalebis to the mob, earning enough to fund a startup.

Baffelkar, Profitkar, and Sharma climbed the bench, nearly toppling it. "The gods of silliness have spoken!" Baffelkar roared, paan juice flying. "These objects are guilty of laughter and sentenced to a humorless vault in Tihar!" Profitkar, buzzing like a live wire, added, "India's GDP is saved, startups rejoice!" Sharma, his turban a wreck, yelled, "Nutanpur's rains return, chai flows!" The crowd cheered, but the objects rebelled: W-23 gurgled a flood, M-45 dropped more mangoes, and P-91 flashed a meme of the bench as clowns.

The aftermath was peak India chaos. The No Guffaw Edict was repealed after #HahaRights hit 50M posts. Chintu's panipuri empire funded a village school. Babloo's Chai App went public, crashing markets again. Moti opened a jalebi stall, still dodging goats. Lakshmi's X followers hit 2M, and she roasted Vinod

into obscurity. Ammu's family shut up, and she got a Nutanpur statue. Rantaram's scroll became a museum piece, and he retired to write filmi scripts. The objects were locked in a "Museum of Mischief," but kids swore they giggled at midnight. Bhairav the buffalo won a reality show, and the ladoo rolled into legend.