

The Adventures of John Phoenix

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Author: Dunning Smith

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Summary: The Adventures of John Phoenix is the adventures of John Phoenix my OC/self-insert he is Phoenix's nephew and the adventures he have on his way to becoming the greatest defense attorney who ever lived AKA Ace Attorney. (I will try to upload a new chapter daily if I can) (Originally written by dakoolguy, reuploaded for archival purposes)

Chapter 1: John Phoenix is Birthed

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One day Phoenix Wright AKA Ace Attorney went to the hospital where his sister was giving birth. Phoenix's sister was secret and he only learned about his sister 5 days ago.

"Hello, Mary," said Phoenix because his sister's name was Mary. "Have you given birth yet?"

"Yes, Phoenix, I just gave birth to an alive baby boy," his sister replied, and she held up her baby. Even though he was just a baby he looked smart and he looked like a defense attorney or a baby who would grow up to be a defense attorney one day.

"I'm glad that you delivered your baby," said Phoenix Wright. "But I have a question, what is the name of my nephew?"

His sister held up her bible in her other hands. "His first name is John because of John from the bible. I wanted him to have a bible name from the bible."

"Objection," said Phoenix. "You didn't tell me John's last name?"

Phoenix's sister AKA Mary suddenly looked very sad and she looked at the window sadly. "I do not know the father's name," she said, "because the father died in the War before he could tell me his name. Since I don't know the father's name it is a virgininal birth."

"That is sad the father died in the War," said Phoenix and he was right. The War was still happening at the time they were speaking, but in a different country. "But the baby needs a last name," Phoenix continued, "or else people won't be able to tell him apart from other babies named John and he will an outcast."

Then suddenly the baby reached out and touched Phoenix's lawyer badge that Phoenix uses when he needs to defend people in court. Baby John's face lit up and he seemed to absorb magical powers from the badge. Then his face grew very solemn, as if in that moment he peeked into a window to the future and was contemplating some great destiny that lay before him.

"Interesting how he seems to have such an affinity for my badge," said Phoenix musingly. Even at that moment he suspected that his nephew might become a defense attorney someday.

"I know what the baby shall be named now," said Phoenix's sister Mary. "I shall name him John Phoenix. I have two reasons for labeling my baby John Phoenix. The first reason is because Phoenix is my brother's name and I have only just met my brother 5 days ago in the past, and I want to pay tribute to my brother Phoenix Wright and his badge which my baby likes touching. The second reason is because the doctors thought the baby was dead when it was first born, but the baby recovered miraculously, almost as if it was rising from the ashes like the mythological bird the phoenix."

Phoenix cried 1 tear. "I am honored, sister," said Phoenix. He was proud of his nephew. And he was glad he knew his long-lost sister.

And so John Phoenix was birthed. His adventures began by being birthed, but what will happen next in his adventures? Only time will tell.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Bonus emojis

👶 baby John Phoenix

👩 Phoenix's sister Mary

👨 Phoenix Wright

For some reason I can't make Phoenix's emoji show up as white. If anyone knows how to make him white please let me know. Anyway, feel free to copy these emojis and use them in your own stories, but make sure to credit me because it was my idea to make that emoji represent Phoenix Wright.

***Chapter 2*: John Phoenix Is Apprenticed**

Chapter 2: John Phoenix Is Apprenticed

John Phoenix grew at a rate much faster than most infants. In only a month he had turned into a 12 year old boy. His rapid development baffled doctors, not to mention his mother Mary Wright and his uncle Phoenix Wright. But he was a strong, healthy boy, and his IQ was measured to be in the range of IQ's that is considered to be the range in which geniuses are said to be found.

But it was not all good things and flowers in the life of John Phoenix. Despite his large IQ number, he did very poorly in school because he suffered from Autism, OCD, and ADD. His disorders made it hard for him to pay attention in class or do his assigned work. It didn't help that the teachers were mean and bad and often quite stupider than John Phoenix. John Phoenix would rather make projects and games in Scratch on the homeroom computer than do what his teachers told him to do. His classmates were likewise inferior to John Phoenix. John Phoenix did not like playing with his classmates. He did not like listening to them. They were simpletons obsessed with submental popular culture and trends which were foreign to John Phoenix's interests. He would rather be by himself.

Eventually he performed so poorly in school, and had gotten physically violent with his teachers so many times, that he was placed in the Special class, even though he was very smart and didn't belong in the special class because it was populated by the mentally retarded children.

One day, a day which was in fact two months after the day he was birthed, John Phoenix was sitting at his desk in Special class in school and trying to ignore the teacher who was talking about things that mentally stupid children needed to learn. As John Phoenix was not stupid, but smart beyond his years, he decided that school was a waste of time. His dream of becoming a defense attorney was only being delayed by being in school. Since school was pointless, he decided to escape school.

John Phoenix stood up. The teacher was alarmed.

"John Phoenix," said the teacher. "You must stay in your seat."

"No," said John Phoenix while disobeying the teacher. John Phoenix walked to the door. The teacher stood in front of the door. John Phoenix moved his hand up and then he moved his hand back in the air and then he made a fist with his hand and he moved the fist forward in the air and the fist touched the teacher's chin and that made the teacher get knocked unconscious. John Phoenix hid the body in the closet and then stole the keys from the body and locked his classmates in the classroom. The kids looked sad to be locked in but John Phoenix did not pity them. He couldn't risk them alerting Principal Buddy Johnson.

In the hallway, John Phoenix took out a box of matches and started a small fire. "This should buy me some time to escape," John Phoenix said. He pulled the fire alarm then escaped the school. He knew that he wasn't putting anyone in any real danger because the fire was small and he had set it in such a way that it wouldn't spread or become dangerous. Also, he had alerted the proper authorities by pulling the fire alarm, which was responsible, because it meant he took responsibility for his actions and the things he chose to do in life.

John Phoenix then went to the Wright Anything Agency, where he found his uncle Phoenix Wright standing or more accurately sitting at his desk while eating a donut, and the desk had things and briefcases on top of it. Phoenix Wright was surprised to see his nephew John Phoenix because John Phoenix should have been in school. Phoenix Wright suspected that John Phoenix had escaped school. But the question on his mind was, why? And how?

"Uncle Phoenix," said John Phoenix, "I escaped school because it is bad and I do not want to go there anymore. It is waste of time for me. Going to school is merely delaying my dreams and ambitions. My dreams and ambitions involve being a defense attorney like you. Ever since I touched your badge two months ago when I was birthed, I have had a feeling that it is my destiny to become a defense attorney and that I will be fulfilling a great destiny planned for me by G*d by become a defense attorney."

"Well," said Phoenix, "to become a lawyer and practice law, you have to go to college and get a bachelor's degree, and then you have to take the LSAT and be admitted to an accredited law school and get your J.D., and then you have to take the bar exam and be admitted to the bar."

"That is pointless," said John Phoenix. "Make me your apprentice instead, and train me. The law says you can do that."

Phoenix was impressed. The law did say you can do that. Maybe this kid really does have what it takes to be a lawyer?

"Okay," said Phoenix, throwing the comic book he had been reading into the trash and wiping donut crumbs off his shirt. "You can be my apprentice. You're in luck, my daughter Trucy who is also your first cousin is on trial for murder. The trial starts in an hour. I'll be representing her. You can be my co-consul. Do you know what that means? It means you can stand next to me at the table. You can also hold my briefcase." He tried to make John Phoenix hold the briefcase but John Phoenix refused to hold the briefcase.

"No," said John Phoenix. "I will not hold your briefcase. Do you know why? Because that's not what an apprentice does. I am to be trained and taught, not be made a slave or a bafoon to be taken advantage of. So the only person who will hold your briefcase is the person who owns it, and that person is you because you are Phoenix Wright AKA the person I am apprenticed to and also the owner of the briefcase."

"I see you have a strong will and a strong sense of justice," said Phoenix Wright approvingly. "Okay. I will hold my briefcase. What will you hold, John Phoenix?"

"I will hold my own briefcase," said John Phoenix. He showed his briefcase. "My mother bought it for me yesterday because I asked her to. You see, escaping from school and becoming your apprentice was not a spontaneous action on my part. It was planned. I knew that I needed a briefcase when I became an apprentice, so I had my mother buy it."

"Good thinking, John Phoenix," said Phoenix Wright. "But I assume you have nothing in your briefcase?"

"Not so, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. "I have a banana, pudding, and two sandwiches in my briefcase. I know I might have to eat, and I know that I might have to eat during a court recess, so I knew it would be wise to put food in my new briefcase."

"That is good thinking, John Phoenix," replied Phoenix Wright. "But one thing you may not know is that there are vending machines directly outside the defense lobbies. So even if you did not have food in your briefcase, you could still eat during a court recess because you could eat from the vending machines which were placed outside the lobbies for just such a purpose."


"I see," said John Phoenix. "Now I know that, but I think we must get to court now."

"Yes," said Phoenix Wright, "the trial will start soon. Thankfully, my friend Larry Butz will be here soon to drive us to court."


Soon, Phoenix Wright's friend Larry Butz arrived in his car. He gave Phoenix Wright and John Phoenix a ride to the district court. While sitting in the car in the backseat, John Phoenix thought about how his cousin was on trial, and how this was his big chance to prove himself as a defense attorney apprentice. He couldn't help but grow a lump in his throat at the thought of going to court for the first time. But he also knew that he must do what he must do no matter what feelings he may have. Because it was his destiny to be an Ace Attorney.


TO BE CONTINUED...

Bonus Emojis

 John Phoenix AKA apprentice John Phoenix

 Principal Buddy Johnson

 the teacher John Phoenix punched

 Larry Butz

***Chapter 3*: John Phoenix is Arrived at Court**

Chapter 3: John Phoenix Is Arrived at Court

John Phoenix arrived at the district court in Larry Butz's car. The courthouse was big and had many floors. It was very big and majestic and filled John Phoenix with awe and respect for our judicial system. But his awe was tempered by his natural ability to remain stoic at all times. The courthouse was very big, and it had to be very big because there were so many crimes, murders, and criminals in our country, especially at that time, which was a time of crime being committed in unusually large amounts of crime.

"Here we are," said Larry Butz, who was Phoenix Wright's friend since childhood, and who was still his friend. "We have arrived at the district court."

"Thank you, Larry Butz," said Phoenix Wright. He looked at Larry thankfulness.

John Phoenix did not say thank you. John Phoenix did not say thank you because Larry Butz did not deserve thanks for what he had done. Driving a car is not a hard task. Larry simply performed an easy task and he deserved no thanks or special recognition for his doing what he had done. John Phoenix thought he was superior to Larry Butz. John Phoenix held no ill-will towards Larry Butz but he knew he was better and smarter than him.

It was only natural that Larry Butz should serve John Phoenix by performing simple tasks for John Phoenix, as John Phoenix is better than him. It was to be taken for granted that Larry Butz would do things for John Phoenix, because that was Larry Butz's purpose in life, to serve his betters.

He should no more be thanked than the soil in which we grow our food should be thanked, or the toilet paper we use to clean ourselves after using the restroom, or bathroom or water closet as some call it. Also, if John Phoenix had a driver's license, he would have driven the car himself.

"All right, we have to go into the courthouse now," said Phoenix Wright. John Phoenix, coolly calculating, agreed, albeit in his head and not out loud; entering the courthouse was the first step on his journey to becoming a defense attorney. Also, he needed to save his cousin, who was unfairly and not to mention wrongly accused of committing a murder she didn't commit. John Phoenix knew that any relative of his, and not to mention any human being created by a combination of his uncle Phoenix Wright's sperm and the eggs of any other woman, not matter how inferior to his uncle Phoenix Wright that woman may be, could not be capable of committing a crime, let alone a crime as bad and as illegal as murder.

John Phoenix abhorred all crime, big or small, but he especially abhorred murder, which was one of the 3 Big Crimes which John Phoenix hated and which he thought should be punishable by death. John Phoenix believes in the Death Penalty. He believes in Death Penalty because there are certain rules and lines which no one in our society should cross. He believes in the Death Penalty not only as a deterrent, but as justice for the victims. The Death Penalty is an affirmation to the victim and the victim's family and friends that their suffering and pain matter, and that what they lost or the trauma they gained is worth something.

John Phoenix believed if you did one of the 3 Big Crimes, you must pay the debt you owe to your victims, and to society as a whole. And oftentimes the debt is too large, and can only be paid for in Death. John Phoenix scoffed at those inferior-minded fools who whined and cried about the possibility of innocent people being executed. 1, he didn't care. 2, he only supported the Death Penalty in cases where there is incontrovertible proof, such as many eyewitnesses accounts or video footage, or when the culprit has made an uncoerced confession.

John Phoenix believed that if you are against the Death Penalty, you are basically telling the victims or the families of victims who suffered through horrific crimes that their suffering and pain and trauma didn't matter.

John Phoenix's eyes narrowed as he thought about such hypothetical people who would be foolish enough to not support the Death Penalty. He considered them actively evil. John Phoenix believed they deserved to be victims of some horrific crime, so they would gain respect for Death Penalty and stop oppressing others.

John Phoenix was glad that he did not live in a foolish Liberal country that had abolished the Death Penalty. Although he was determined to become a defense attorney, he also planned to send many evil people to their deaths in court while defending clients.

But first, he had to open the car door. John Phoenix stuck his hand out and touched the handle of the car door. He

opened the car door by using the handle and pushing the car door open. Then he stepped outside. Then he and his uncle Phoenix Wright walked up the steps to the courthouse. They passed by many other people as they climbed the steps. John Phoenix couldn't help but notice that the people were lawyers and they seemed to be inferior to John Phoenix. Even at the young age of 2 months AKA 18 years old John Phoenix knew that he was better than most of the lawyers in this country he lived in. He knew he could beat any of them in court, no matter what. Because he had been more than birthed that day 2 months ago when his uncle Phoenix Wright visited him in the hospital; he had also absorbed some magical powers from his uncle Phoenix Wright's magic badge.

Yes, John Phoenix thought the badge was magic, and that it had conveyed special gifts of being a good defense attorney to him. He had tried rejecting this idea of a magic badge, often tossing and turning sleeplessly for hours in bed, trying to convince himself that magic isn't real, but now he thought the magic was real, and that the badge must be some strange badge, not a normal badge. John Phoenix wondered just what was the secret behind his uncle Phoenix Wright's badge?

Eventually, John Phoenix and his uncle Phoenix Wright entered the courthouse AKA the district court. It should be noted this was not a Federal district court, but a state district court. Eventually, John Phoenix and Phoenix Wright also entered the defense lobby. This defense lobby was where they would wait while they waited for the trial. Suddenly, John Phoenix used his keen sense of eyes to look at a person in the lobby who had been in the lobby before they arrived.

"Uncle Phoenix Wright," said John Phoenix, "who is that beautiful girl?"

"That is my daughter Trucy," replied Phoenix Wright, "who is also your first cousin. She is the one who is on trial today."

"I see," replied John Phoenix. "So we shall be representing her in court today, uncle Phoenix Wright?"

"No, John Phoenix," replied Phoenix Wright. "I shall be representing her in court. You will be my co-cousul."

"I see," replied John Phoenix. "But uncle Phoenix Wright, I must ask you something."

"Yes, John Phoenix?" replied Phoenix Wright. "You may ask me something. I will listen to you."

"Why was my first cousin Trucy Wright arrested?" replied John Phoenix. "Also, what evidence shall we have for this trial, and where was the scene of the crime, and who is the victim, and who is the true murderer?"

"John Phoenix, I do not know who the true murderer is," replied Phoenix Wright. "We may never know. Our job is merely to prove Trucy's innocents. But I can answer your other questions."

"Answer them, uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. "I want to have my questions answered."

"I will answer them, John Phoenix," replied Phoenix Wright. "But keep your shirt on. Be patient. Give me time to answer."

"I am sorry, uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. "I will be quiet and listen."

"Okay," replied Phoenix Wright. He started talking. "The scene of the crime was the Wonder Bar. The victim was John Dead. He was killed with evidence. The evidence he was killed with is in the court record. It is also the murder weapon. The murder weapon AKA the evidence is Mr. Hat."

"Mr. Hat?" replied John Phoenix. John Phoenix was confused. "I am confused? What is a Mr. Hat? That sounds like a person, not evidence or a murder weapon."

"It is a trick," replied Phoenix Wright. "It is a trick my daughter Trucy performs. It is a puppet man who has a hat. Mr. Hat's teeth were replaced with other teeth which were sharp and the sharp teeth bit John Dead's head and John Dead died. Since the trick belong to Trucy and since she does the trick, they think she did it. I know she didn't do it. Do you know why? Because I believe in her and love her and also I asked her if she did and she said 'No, Daddy, I didn't do it,' and you know what? No Psych Locks appeared. That means she is innocent." John Phoenix was handed the court record by his uncle Phoenix Wright.

"I see," said John Phoenix as he saw the court record by looking at it. The NASA supercomputer that was his brain started kicking into overdrive. "I believe I already know who really committed this murder."

I-impossible! thought Phoenix Wright. How could this kid possibly have solved the crime after only a quick glance at

the court record? He must be bluffing...

John Phoenix, after solving the crime, went to talk to his first cousin Trucy Wright.

"Hello," said John Phoenix. "I am your first cousin John Phoenix. I will be your father's co-consul today. I believe we have already met, but I was a mere baby then. In the last months I have grown to a man and astonishing speed."

"Um, hello," replied Trucy. "Good luck, John Phoenix. I don't want to go to jail."

"Don't worry," replied John Phoenix. "You won't. I already solved the crime."


"Wow," Trucy giggled. "John Phoenix you are a brilliant person."

"Yes," replied John Phoenix. "I know it."

Then suddenly it was time for the trial. John Phoenix picked up his briefcase and looked determined. Why? Because he was determined. Because he already solved the crime and knew the witness Wilt Wally did it and framed his first cousin Trucy. He didn't like it when people framed his first cousin. So he was ready to kick ass and make the witness go to jail forever, and more ideally, get killed.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Bonus Emojis

 Trucy

***Chapter 4*: John Phoenix is Going to First Trial**

Chapter 4: John Phoenix Is Going to First Trial

It was time to enter the courtroom because it was time for the trial to commence. John Phoenix knew this, because John Phoenix had a watch, and his watch was a time keeping instrument of great accuracy, a wristwatch in fact, a wristwatch that he had synchronized with the clocks in the district court, so he knew that the time shown by his watch AKA wristwatch was consistent with the time used by the courthouse, so he and his uncle Phoenix Wright and his first cousin Trucy Wright entered the courtroom.

"John Phoenix, we must stand here," replied Phoenix Wright to his nephew John Phoenix while standing behind the defense bench.

"Yes, I am not a mere child, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. "I know where I must stand. I know I stand here. It is where the co-consul must stand. As I am the co-consul, I shall stand here."

"Good, John Phoenix" replied Phoenix Wright. "Oh, and I know you have your little theory about who committed the crime, but don't forget you are only an apprentice, and that you must leave the defense lawyering to the pro."

"Yes, Uncle Phoenix Wright," replied John Phoenix. But that was a lie. John Phoenix was actually planning to solve the trial all by himself. He already had a plan.

The judge banged his gavel. "Court is now in session for the trial of Trucy Wright," replied the judge.

"The defense is ready, Your Honor," replied Phoenix Wright.

"The prosecution is ready, Your Honor," replied Winston Payne, who was the prosecutor for this trial.

"Very well," replied the judge. "Your opening statement, Mr. Payne?"

John Phoenix stared at Payne and time slowed down and the world went black except for John Phoenix and his rival Winston Payne. This is it, thought John Phoenix. This is my chance to prove myself in court. Don't mess this up, John Phoenix!

"Objection!" replied John Phoenix. Everybody was shocked by the bravery and audacity shown by John Phoenix "Your Honor, this trial is over. I have already solved the crime and I know who did it."

"Order! Order!" replied the judge as he banged his gavel. "Who do you think you are, young man?"

"I am John Phoenix, and I'm in charge here," replied John Phoenix. He walked over to the judge and took his gavel away.

Phoenix was alarmed by the actions of John Phoenix. "John Phoenix, you are not allowed to take the judge's gavel," replied Phoenix Wright.

"Yes I am," replied John Phoenix. "I am allowed to do that." And he was right.

Winston Payne made laughing noises with his mouth. "Heh, a rookie like you?" replied Payne. "You think you've figured it all out, do you? You think a trial is superfluous?"

"Yes," replied John Phoenix. "I solved the trial after only 45 seconds of looking at the court record. It is so obvious, but at the same time only I could have solved the mystery. It was so obvious but I am the only person who could solve the trial by looking at the court record for 45 seconds."

"Hmm," replied the judge. "Care to enlighten us as to the true nature of this case?"

"Yes," replied John Phoenix. "If you consider the evidence, the truth of this case becomes clear. First, consider the murder weapon. It has no fingerprints. But it should have fingerprints from the killer on it. Why are there no fingerprints? Obviously, the killer wiped them off. But, if we are to assume the killer is Trucy Wright, then it would make no sense for her to wipe her fingerprints off. After all, the murder weapon belonged to her, so it only natural that her fingerprints would already be all over it. If Trucy were the killer, then there would be no reason for her to wipe her

prints off her own property. Ergo, the real killer is someone else, someone who would have had a motive to wipe his fingerprints off the weapon."

Everybody was impressed.

"I am impressed by your logic, John Phoenix," replied the judge, impressed.

"I, too, am impressed," replied Phoenix Wright.

"Hmph, mere conjecture," replied Winston Payne. But in spite of himself he was impressed. And afraid. Afraid of the NASA supercomputer that was John Phoenix's brain. And afraid of the deadly logic that John Phoenix had already demonstrated himself so adroitly capable of using.

John Phoenix's forehead began to pulse with logic. "There is only one other person in the court record who could have committed this foul crime," replied John Phoenix. "Take that!" And he presented the profile of the witness, Wilt Wally.

"The witness?" replied the judge in shock and awe.

"Yes," replied John Phoenix. "He did it. There is no one else. The defense calls Wilt Wally to the stand."

Wilt Wally took the stand. He was a man. But more than that, he was the witness.

"Um hello," replied Wilt Wally.

"Shut up," replied John Phoenix with disgust. "We all know you did it. You might as well confess."

"NO!" replied Wilt Wally. "I didn't do it! You have n-n-n-no proof!"

John Phoenix smirked. "Oh yes I do, TAKE THAT!" And John Phoenix presented the murder weapon. "You were very slick, Wilt Wally, but you made one mistake. While you wiped away most of your fingerprints, you left a few behind. Your carelessness will cost you your life." The gallery erupted into earsplitting cheering as John Phoenix took a bow.

"Nooooooooooooooooo!" replied Payne, the so-called rookie killer, bested again, this time not even by a rookie, but a mere apprentice, although, of course, we all know that John Phoenix is anything but "mere", and then Payne's eyebrows were singed off by the fiery hot spirit of justice emanating from young John Phoenix.

A-amazing, thought Phoenix Wright mentally. My apprentice won the trial and proved Trucy's innocence... before the trial even began! This kid is something else... there's something truly special about him.

The judge banged his gavel several times. "Order! Order!" he replied. He shook his head. "John Phoenix, you may not be a defense attorney, or legally allowed to practice law, but you are clearly a legal genius. I am honored to be in your presence. Bailiff! Take this contemptible murderer away!"

But Wilt Wally wasn't going down without a fight. "OBJECTION" replied Wilt Wally. "This... this boy is lying! He's bluffing! My fingerprints aren't anywhere on that accursed murder weapon!"

"How would you know?" replied John Phoenix with a sneer. "Have you examined the murder weapon in great detail, like I have?"

"It's impossible because I wore gloves!" replied Wilt Wally. Then he realized what he had said. "Oh god... I just admitted to killing John Dead while wearing gloves! Oh my god, John Phoenix tricked me with his craftiness! At least the murder wasn't premeditated, so I won't be executed." Then John Phoenix stole the bailiff's gun and tossed it to Wilt Wally.

"Kill yourself, you worm," replied John Phoenix. "Put that gun in your mouth and pull the trigger. You are lower than dog turds. Put that gun in your mouth and die like the worthless, disgusting murderer you are."

Wilt Wally put the gun in his mouth and wrapped his finger around the trigger. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he sobbed around the gun. His finger twitched but he was unable to bring himself to do it.

"Do it," replied John Phoenix. "Do the only worthwhile thing you'll ever do in your worthless, miserable life." Then there was a gunshot and Wilt Wally shot himself and died. John Phoenix couldn't help but smile. He had brought the murderer to justice.

Trucy was crying because she was scared of the dead body. But the judge found her Not Guilty, so they all went home.

"John Phoenix, I am proud of you," replied Phoenix Wright later at the office. "You did a good job. But... making the murderer kill himself, in front of all those people... are you sure that was the right call?"

"Of course, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. "It was the only call. After all, he deserved to die." Phoenix Wright could see the logic in his nephew's words, but still, they troubled him. Could his nephew be heading down a dark path? No, decided Phoenix Wright, that was impossible. John Phoenix was justified in what he had done. Besides, John Phoenix had saved Trucy, and for that, Phoenix Wright should be thankful.

Later, lying in bed, Phoenix pondered his strange nephew. And strange he was. What normal baby boy transforms into an adult man in only two months time? That couldn't possibly be normal, could it? The doctors all said that it wasn't. Also, how had he become such an amazing lawyer?

Yes, lawyer, because after the trial the judge had officially made John Phoenix a lawyer, and had given him his own badge. So now the Wright Anything Agency had two lawyers. Though, Phoenix knew that his skills were paltry compared to John Phoenix's. All the clients would probably go to John Phoenix now, because he was better. Phoenix Wright was sad at this. But he was also happy, because he was sure that his nephew John Phoenix had a great life ahead of him.

And yes, the life ahead of John Phoenix was great, very great in fact. And it will only get greater in the following chapters.

TO BE CONTINUED...

BONUS EMOJIS

👤 The judge

👤 Winston Payne

👤 Wilt Wally (murderer AKA piece of sh*t)

***Chapter 5*: Manfred von Karma Escapes Heaven**

Chapter 5: Manfred von Karma Escapes Heaven and Becomes a Robot

Meanwhile, Manfred von Karma was in heaven. He was wearing a robe and wings and a halo. He was in heaven for the last 10 years, ever since he had died. Heaven was a cloud. Do you know what that means? It means the ground was a cloud.

Von Karma moved the cloud ground. He did it with his hands. He looked and he saw John Phoenix winning in court. That made von Karma shake in anger. How could Phoenix Wright's apprentice be better than his apprentice AKA Miles Edgeworth AKA Franziska von Karma? They were mere fools when compared with John Phoenix. Von Karma could tell just by looking that John Phoenix he was the greatest attorney who ever lived.

That was when von Karma decided it was time to escape to heaven and get his revenge. He had been planning his escape for many years, but heaven was very comfortable, and he was an old man, and loathe to leave. But now, with the advent of John Phoenix in court, he had a new impetus to escape heaven: to become a robot and defeat Phoenix Wright's protegee in court! It would be the ultimate humiliation to the man who had destroyed everything he had ever worked for.

So, von Karma went to his house in heaven. His house was a cloud. His house was bigger than most other angels' houses because he was more important than them, because during 40 year-long career as a prosecutor he had thrown many evil people in jail. That's why he got into heaven. His sins were minor in comparison.

He sat in his chair, which was made out of clouds. He opened a drawer, which was also made of clouds, in his desk, which also made of clouds. He reached his hand into the drawer and pulled out a piece of paper. But actually it was a piece of cloud, because there were no paper or wood or textiles or anything like that in heaven. Only clouds.

Von Karma looked at the paper AKA cloud. He read the words on the paper AKA cloud. He nodded in approbation. This was a brilliantly constructed plan. Of course it was; it was written by none other than Manfred von Karma, who was perfect. Everything he did was perfect. Writing plans to escape heaven was no exception.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Von Karma scowled, peeved at being interrupted, and returned the paper AKA cloud to the drawer and slammed it shut. He went to the door to receive his unwanted visitor.

"Hello, Manfred," said Damon Gant, who was also in heaven. "I was just on my way to my daily baseball game, and I thought I'd stop by to see if you'd care to join us. All the boys will be playing. We even convinced Godot to come out of his house for once and play."

"Hmph! Fool!" said Manfred von Karma. He looked over his shoulders cagily. "I don't have time for such foolish pursuits for foolish fools! I am escaping heaven today!"

"Escape heaven?" asked Gant. "Now, why the heck would you want to do that?"

"Isn't it obvious?" replied Manfred. "To get my revenge on Phoenix Wright!"

"Oh, in that case, count me in, old boy!" exclaimed Damon Gant. "I will also escape heaven."

"Good," said von Karma. He went and got the paper AKA cloud from the desk and handed it to Gant. "Familiarize yourself with this plan. It is the plan to escape heaven."

Gant read it. "Mmm hmm, yup, interesting... this is a brilliantly constructed plan, Manny."

"Von Karmas only deal in brilliantly constructed plans," replied von Karma. "What else would we deal in? Unbrilliant plans?" He laughed at the absurdity of such an idea.

So, the two men snuck over to the gates leading out of heaven. They crouched behind a rock and waited. St. Peter was guarding the gate. Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

"Hello? Is that so? I'm on my way." He closed his cellphone and ran off.

"All part of my plan," whispered Karma whilst smiling in an evil way.

"How did you pull that off, Manny?" asked Gant.

"Hmph easy," replied the greatest prosecutor to ever live. "I had Wendy Oldbag call him from a phonebooth and tell him that god wanted to see him right away. I bribed her into doing it with a promise of killing Miles Edgeworth so he'd go to heaven and she can marry him."

"Ho ho ho!" Gant clapped. "What a brilliant plan! Now no one can stop us from escaping heaven!"

But just then, another angel came and stood in front of the gate. Manfred knitted his brow.

"I was afraid of this..." He took out a shiv. "It would seem that there is simply no other option." He flew at the newly arrived angel and stabbed him in the neck again and again until he was dead. Unfortunately for them, the murder was caught on the security cameras and the alarm system started blaring.

"Curses!" cursed von Karma. "There's no time to lose!" He took out a bundle of keys.

"Where'd you get those?" asked Gant.

"I stole St. Peter's keys years ago and had copies made," Manfred replied. He quickly began unlocking the gates. Suddenly a police officer ran over.

"Stop in the name of the law!" the police officer screamed.

While Karma was unlocking the gate, Gant used the shiv to murder the police officer. Then he took the officer's service weapon. Finally, the gates to heaven swung open.

"Let's go!" said von Karma. The two men ran out and dived into a hole in the cloud, which was actually a portal to earth. Just then, St. Peter returned and saw the evilness that had taken place in his absence.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed St. Peter. He ran out the gates and kneeled down and peered into the hole. He could see von Karma and Gant plummeting to earth.

"Come back, come back!" he cried.

But Karma only laughed evilly. "So long!" he said. And Damon Gant said farewell in a foreign language even though he isn't foreign.

St. Peter looked sadly down the hole. "You can never come back, you know," he said. "You're doomed to go to hell when you die."

Von Karma laughed. "Die? Me? I don't plan on that." He shook his finger at St. Peter. "Oh no no, I'm going to become a robot and live forever."

"Yeah," said Gant. "Me too."

And then they fell through the ozone layer and fell some more and lost sight of heaven.

"Watch out for that plane, Manny old boy," warned Gant.

"Hmph, I'm not blind!" was the reply. Just then von Karma spotted a flock of geese. An evil smile spread across his face. "Finally," he said, "an opportunity to kill living creatures again." He took the gun from Gant and fired several shots and killed the same number of geese. No more; he had to save the rest of the bullets for emergencies.

"Nice aim," said Gant in admiration. Now they could see the city lights beneath them. They were almost back to earth! They landed in a supermarket parking lot. Just then, John Phoenix's mother who was also his Uncle Phoenix's sister Mary who was a secret sister he only learned about 2 months ago dropped the groceries she was carrying.

"Are... are you angels?" she asked.

"Hmph," said von Karma. "No one may know I've escaped heaven." He took out the gun and shot her in the head. She fell onto the ground and died. Blood came out of her head. Von Karma laughed. Gant did not laugh. But he knew what von Karma did was for the greater good. So they ran away to the secret hideout.

John Phoenix's mother continued to be dead in the parking lot.

She was dead.

BONUS EMOJIS

👹 Von Karma

👁️ Damon Gant

👮 St. Peter

***Chapter 6*: John Phoenix Is Psychic Now**

Chapter 6: John Phoenix Becomes Psychic and Experiences Loss

The day following the night of his mother's murder (which he still didn't know about), John Phoenix was in the Wright Anything Agency showing off his nascent psychic powers to his uncle Phoenix Wright.

"Watch," said John Phoenix. He set a plastic water bottle on the coffee table. John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright sat on his desk with his legs and arms crossed and watched skeptically. Surely his nephew couldn't have psychic powers?

John Phoenix stood about 1 foot away from the water bottle. He moved his hands through the air toward the bottle very quickly and the bottle fell over, even though he didn't actually touch the bottle.

Phoenix Wright's jaw dropped and he uncrossed his legs. John Phoenix smiled. "See, Uncle Phoenix?" John Phoenix said. "I have developed psychic powers since my first trial. I can knock over bottles by moving my hands in the air, without touching the bottle, as long as I am standing close enough to the bottle. I believe my psychic powers will grow more powerful as I continue to practice knocking over bottles everyday."

"Come now, John Phoenix!" replied his uncle Phoenix Wright. He was scared of his nephew's newfound psychic powers and wanted to explain them away. "Surely you don't have psychic powers. There must be some logical explanation for all of this." There wasn't. It was just psychic powers. Though perhaps one day psychic powers would be considered part of logic. John Phoenix smirked even greater.

"If you don't believe me, examine the bottle," John Phoenix replied. "You will find that there is no trick. It is merely a plastic bottle, as found in many parts of the world."

Phoenix Wright stood up. Then he walked. Then he stood. He was standing in front of the coffee table on which the bottle had been knocked over. Phoenix Wright picked up the bottle. Why, it was just a bottle! There was no trick or hidden compartments. It was merely a bottle. So that confirms it, John Phoenix has psychic powers.

"John Phoenix, this bottle confirms it," said Phoenix Wright. "You have psychic powers. But the question is, why? And how?"

"I believe your badge not only gave me defense attorney powers," replied John Phoenix, "but that it also gave me psychic powers that I only unlocked yesterday after solving my first court case. It is a magic badge."

John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright scratched his beard. "What? Magic badge?" Phoenix Wright replied. "But John Phoenix, my badge isn't magic? It's merely a badge."

"That is where you are wrong, Uncle Phoenix Wright," replied John Phoenix. "You see, I believe that when I touched your badge on that day 2 months ago when I was first birthed that I was given magical powers. I needed to examine the badge to be sure, so last night I broke into your house while you were sleeping and snuck into your bedroom. I knew you wouldn't wake up because I had drugged you."

"What?" said Phoenix Wright.

"It was the only way to be sure my work wouldn't be interrupted," continued John Phoenix. "Anyway, I took the badge from your nightstand and examined it. First I turned on the lamp. I looked at the back of the badge. I noticed that something on the back of the badge had been painted over. I scratched off the paint with a toothpick and revealed a name: Merlin."

"Merlin?" replied Phoenix Wright. "Who's that?"

"The person who made your badge, I suspect," said John Phoenix. "And the reason why it is magic. Obviously, someone painted over the name so you wouldn't suspect the badge's hidden powers."

"But who hid the name?" asked Phoenix Wright. "And why?" But before John Phoenix could reply, Dick Gumshoe entered the room.

"Hey pal," said the detective. "Your mom was murdered last night." He handed John Phoenix a photograph of his dead mother.

"That is my mother," said John Phoenix, looking over the photo. "Yes, I can confirm it's her. She is dead."

"Oh my god!" said Phoenix Wright, sad because his newly-found sister was dead. "What a tragedy! John Phoenix, I'm so sorry. Detective, do you have any idea who did this?"

"No pal," said detective. "All we know for certain is that she was shot in the head. Here's the bullet." He handed John Phoenix the bullet that had been retrieved from his mother's brain.

"Interesting," said John Phoenix. "So this is the bullet that killed my mother." He put the bullet in his pocket. "I'll hold onto this bullet for now, detective. It may prove useful."

"Sure pal," said Gumshoe. He pointed at the coffee table. "Hey how come that bottle is knocked over?"

Phoenix Wright exploded. "Detective! My sister's dead!" he shouted. "You should be out there getting the bastard who did it! Don't you have any other clues?"

"Well pal, we did find two footprints at the crime scene. But they were weird."

"Weird?" repeated John Phoenix sharply. His eyes grew cold and logical. "Elaborate."

"Well pal, both the footprints were from a right foot," said Gumshoe. "There are two different theories down at the precinct. Both have their supporters. The first theory is that the murderer stepped on the ground with the same foot twice. The other theory is that the murderer had two right feet."

"There is another possibility, detective," replied John Phoenix. "The feet could belong to two different people."

"Whoa pal," said Gumshoe. "I never even thought of that. That makes sense."

"Yes, it does," replied John Phoenix. "So we might be looking at not only a murderer, but also an accomplice."

"Hold the phone, pal," said Gumshoe. "How do you know the second person is an accomplice? Couldn't it be a witness?"

"No," said John Phoenix. "Because a witness would have called the police. It's what witnesses do. Since the second person didn't call the police, he or she must be an accomplice by default."

"Ok I guess you're right," said Gumshoe. "I'm going to leave now."

"Please for the love of god," said Phoenix Wright Ace Attorney, "find the person or people or whoever killed my sister. I only met her 2 months ago... it's... it's not fair!"

"Ok pal," said Gumshoe. "I'll let you know if anything turns up." He turned to leave but then remembered something. "Oh, one more thing, that bullet is also weird. It didn't come from any known gun on earth. It's a really weird bullet. Anyway bye." And he left.

John Phoenix gripped the bullet in his fist as his uncle cried. His mother was killed... And this bullet found in her brain was the only clue. John Phoenix's face was grim. Because he had reason to be grim. Because he knew he couldn't rest until his mother's murderers were brought to justice!

BONUS EMOJIS

😊 Dick Gumshoe

***Chapter 7*: Arrival at the Secret Hideout**

A/N Hey guys, sorry for not updating The Adventures of John Phoenix lately. I've been busy, also I had to take a break to rest after my battle with r/AceAttorney and a certain troll who shall not be named (won't give him the satisfaction). Anyway, enjoy!

Chapter 7: Arrival at the Secret Hideout

Meanwhile, as John Phoenix was learning about his mother's death, the evil angel Manfred von Karma and his evil friend Damon Gant who was also an angel were hiding out in Manfred von Karma's hideout. The secret hideout was hidden in the courthouse. Von Karma and his evil friend Damon Gant (although it is unclear at this point whether von Karma views Damon Gant as a friend, or as just another pawn in his twisted game) entered the secret hideout by entering the courtroom inside the courthouse and pressing the special hidden concealed button on the judge's big chair.

There was a sound effect as the judge's big chair slid to the side and revealed the secret entrance to the hidden hideout. Von Karma and Damon Gant entered the secret entrance and entered the hideout. Then, after they had entered the secret hideout, von Karma pressed another button and the chair slid back into place and covered the hidden entrance to the secret hideout.

Damon Gant was in awe of his compatriot's secret hideout. The secret hideout was high-tech and was filled with high-tech computers and lightbulbs. But the walls were made of dirt. Because it was underground.

"Manfred old boy, when did you have this made?" asked Gant, in awe of his compatriot's secret hideout.

"Hmph, while I was being executed," replied legendary prosecutor Manfred von Karma. "As I was being strapped to the chair, I mouthed instructions to my daughter to have this secret hideout constructed. She read my lips and followed my instructions to the letter."

"You mean to tell me that even before you died, you were planning on escaping from heaven?"

Von Karma laughed smartly, but also evilly. "I merely recognized the FACT that if I were ever to come back to life someday, no matter how improbable that may be, that it would be prudent to have a secret hideout prepared and waiting for me."

"Good job," said Damon Gant, and he was right. "You're smart."

"I know," said von Karma, and he was also right. But he was also evil. Von Karma turned and saw his reflection in one of the many high-tech computer monitors that adorned the walls. He ran a hand down his wrinkled skin. He frowned. "The anti-aging powers of heaven have left us, Gant. It is imperative that we become robots as soon as possible."

"I agree," replied Gant. "But how does one go about becoming a robot, Manny?"

Von Karma sat down in a chair in front of a control panel. "The first step is enlisting the aid of some minions," said von Karma. He pulled some levers and turned a dial and the monitors flickered to life. "As both dead people and angels, we can't move freely about the city. We can't risk Phoenix Wright or worse, John Phoenix, learning that we have returned to the world of the living. Also, if the police catch we will be executed again."

"So who do we get to help us?"

"My daughter, for one," replied von Karma. "She will gladly help us in our plans to get our revenge on Phoenix Wright. There's someone else who can help us as well, my son."

"Son?" Gant was taken aback. "I never knew you had a son."

Karma closed his eyes. "He was the shame of my perfect life. He was... illegitimate. A bastard. I threw him into the woods in the hope he would be eaten by wild animals, or die from exposure, but he was found by a friendly park ranger who brought him up as his own and he survived."

"But... Who is this son, Manfred?"

Manfred von Karma entered a secret code into the control panel and the monitors filled with hundreds of different pictures of his illegitimate son.

It was... no, it can't be...

"Karl von Karma..." said Manfred softly. "But he knows of himself only as 'Larry Butz'. Bah! What a disgusting name. But once he learns the truth behind his past he will surely join in our evil plans and help us get our revenge."

"Are you sure?" asked Damon Gant. "Maybe he won't want to."

"Fool! He will do what I say. I'll see to that. I have a plan." And he took out his evil angel gun and grinned evilly. There was a secret behind that gun. One that will be revealed in the coming chapters. Just then there was a sound effect and the secret entrance to the secret hideout opened. Moments later, a shadowy figure entered the secret hideout.

"Welcome back... father..." said Franziska von Karma. She laughed evilly and took out a photograph of Phoenix Wright and Miles Edgeworth and whipped it in half.

To be continued...

BONUS EMOJIS

 Franziska von Karma

***Chapter 8*: John Phoenix Solves the Mystery**

Chapter 8: John Phoenix Solves the Mystery

Meanwhile, while von Karma and Damon Gant were arriving at and being in the hideout while, meanwhile, John Phoenix was learning of his mother's death, John Phoenix meanwhile stood in place for a few seconds and solved the mystery. A few seconds was all he needed.

"Come, Uncle Phoenix Wright," he said, placing a hand on his grieving uncle's crying shoulder. "You must not cry. I have solved the mystery."

"What?" said John Phoenix's Uncle Phoenix, lifting his face from his hands. "But John Phoenix, how is that possible? You haven't received any additional information since Gumshoe left a few seconds ago."

"I only need a few seconds to solve a mystery," replied John Phoenix coldly, with a hint of logic in his voice. "A few seconds is more than enough time to me."

"Well, spit it out! Who killed her?"

John Phoenix laughed. "Not yet. First, we must go to Kurain village."

"Huh?" said Phoenix Wright, at a complete loss for words other than "huh?".

Later, John Phoenix and Phoenix Wright were on a train heading towards the village. They were in a private compartment because John Phoenix was rather famous since solving his first trial.

"Wait a minute, I forgot about Trucy!" exclaimed Phoenix Wright, because he had forgotten about Trucy because he was sad because of the murder. "What if the murderer targets her next?"

"Don't worry," replied his nephew John Phoenix. "I used my psychic powers to call the police at her school and told them to guard her from any murderers."

"Oh, good thinking John Phoenix," replied Phoenix Wright. Then his eyes widened. "Wait! You have telepathic powers too?!"

"Of course," was the reply. "You didn't seriously believe that knocking over bottles was the extent of my powers, did you?"

"Well, you didn't mention it..."

"That's because you were so shocked by my rather, ha, quaint ability to knock over plastic bottles that I thought mentioning my telepathy would shatter your fragile mind."

Phoenix Wright sighed. "You're probably right," he said. "I don't seem to know anything. Like why we're going to Kurain. And why you think you've solved the mystery."

John Phoenix took pity on his uncle, and then took out the bullet that had been inside Mary's brain. "Uncle Phoenix, see this? It's unlike any other bullet on earth. No other bullet is like this."

"And that means...?"

"Isn't it obvious?" said John Phoenix. "The bullet must have come from somewhere else besides earth. Like perhaps... heaven or hell?"

"That seems kind of farfetched, John Phoenix," replied Phoenix Wright skeptically. "You think the murderer was from hell?"

"Or heaven," amended John Phoenix. "Personally, I think heaven is more likely. Consider the footprints. There were only two, likely from two different people. If the murderer and his accomplice were ANGELS, then they would be wearing robes, and the robes dragging on the ground as they walked would erase most of the footprints."

Phoenix Wright didn't know what to think. "Honestly, John Phoenix, I don't know what to think."

John Phoenix shrugged. "Oh well," he said. "No matter. Once we get to Kurain village, I shall have a spirit medium channel my dead mother. She'll be able to tell us if anyone has escaped from heaven recently."

Ah, so that was John Phoenix's plan! It was a smart plan indeed.

A few hours later, they arrived in Kurain. They went to Maya Fey's house and knocked on the door.

"Hello," said Maya Fey. "What."

"Channel my dead mother," said John Phoenix. "Now please."

"Nick?" asked Maya.

"Do what he says, Maya," said Phoenix.

"Okay, Nick," said Maya.

"Good," said John Phoenix.

"Yeah, okay," said Phoenix Wright.

"But why though?" asked Maya Fey.

"My mother was murdered," explained John Phoenix. "You must channel her so I can find out who escaped heaven and killed her."

"Whoa that's heavy," she said. "But okay." And she was about to channel the dead mother, but suddenly a hitman ran over and began kidnapping Maya.

"Oh my god" said Phoenix Wright.

"Help," said Maya.

"Cease your investigations, John Phoenix," said the the hitman AKA kidnapper. "Or else I will kill her after I kidnap her."

"Help," said Maya as the kidnapper pointed a knife at her.

"Just let her go!" said Phoenix.

"No," said the hitman/kidnapper. "If you cease investigations I might return her at some later time. Maybe."

John Phoenix tilted his head forward and glowered at the evil person. "Maybe isn't good enough," he said. He took out the bullet that killed his mom and use his psychic powers to throw it into bad guy's brain and killed him. Then he used his psychic powers to make the bullet come out of the brain and go back into his pocket.

Anyway the kidnapped died and Maya was freed.

"Maya! Are you okay?" asked Phoenix Wright.

"Yeah," she said shakily, a little shaken up. "But who was that guy?"

"A hired kidnapper," replied John Phoenix. "Somebody obviously doesn't want me investigating this crime... somebody..."

And they all pondered just who this "somebody" could be.


Could it be...

The murderer?

To be continued...

BONUS EMOJIS

 Maya Fey

 The kidnapper

***Chapter 9*: Godot's Mission**

A/N To the people who say my writing is "bad"... I'd like to see you do better. If my writing is so "bad", then how come my story has over 300 views and 11 reviews a fav and a follow? Seems to me that people like my story. *shrugs* The Adventures of John Phoenix is probably the most popular Ace Attorney fan fic on fanfiction dot net at the moment.

Also, you know what? At least I'm making a sincere attempt at writing a story, and not just posting crappy troll stories with bad grammar and spelling and lots of OOC-ness.

Keep hating, haters, because that's all you CAN do. Meanwhile I'll keep updating this story every single day so that it's permanently at the top. It's what Phoenix Wright would do.

Chapter 9: Godot's Mission

In the last chapter, John Phoenix used his nascent psychic powers to kill a hitman. Now he put the hitman's body in a garbage bag.

"How appropriate," remarked John Phoenix coldly. "Murderers are trash AKA garbage, so it is only fitting that I put his dead body in a garbage bag."

John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright said some words. "John Phoenix," said Uncle Wright, "shouldn't we leave the body alone and wait for the police."

"The police will not be coming," replied John Phoenix. "Seconds after killing the hitman, I used my telepathic powers to contact the chief of police, whom I am good friends with solely from psychic communications, and told him that I killed the hitman. He said that's okay I killed him. He said I'm allowed to do that. He asked if I wanted the police to come and investigate. I said no. That would be pointless. I can investigate fine on my own. He said okay. And thus we are here."

"But maybe the police know who this guy is," said Phoenix Wright. "Maybe they could tell us something."

"Doubt it," replied John Phoenix. He was right.

Maya was still a little shaken-up from being kidnapped. "What I want to know, is who is this bad guy? And why he wanted to kidnap me?"

"Because," began John Phoenix, "he was probably hired by the true murderers of my mother Mary. No doubt the murderers knew I would try to contact my dead mother via spirit channeling, so they tried to kidnap you to stop me from discovering the truth!" John Phoenix grew angry at people who hide the truth from him. How dare they? They would pay.

"Well, I don't like being roped into all this," said Maya, "but I guess I'll channel your mom now." And she tried, but nothing happened?

"Nothing happened" said John Phoenix. "What I want to know is, why?"

"Well," Maya frowned, "either someone else is channeling her, or she's not actually dead."

"Well-" began Phoenix.

"Be quiet, Uncle Phoenix," snapped John Phoenix. "You may not talk. Be quiet. Anyway, she's dead, the police confirm she's dead, the photograph confirms she's dead. So, logically, someone else must be channeling her."

"So I guess I can't help you," said Maya.

"Wrong," said John Phoenix. "You can still channel someone in heaven and ask them if any angels escaped from heaven lately. I have a hunch that my mother was killed by angels escaped from heaven."

"Oh okay," said Maya. "I guess I'll channel my sister Mia." And she did that.

"Hello, Phoenix Wright," said Mia Fey AKA Maya Fey channeling her dead sister Mia Fey. "Oh, who's this?" She was surprised by the handsome man named John Phoenix, who looked a lot like Phoenix Wright except his hair and suit

were slightly different.

"He's my nephew," said Phoenix. "It's a long story. What we need to know, is if any angels escaped from heaven lately?"

"Yes," replied Mia darkly. "Manfred von Karma and Damon Gant escaped heaven yesterday. They killed two angels and stole an angel gun."

Something happened in that moment. Phoenix Wright and John Phoenix both got really mad. Their clenched fists held at their sides shook in anger. Now they knew for sure how Mary had died... by a magic bullet fired from an otherworldly gun. And that the murderers were murderers from Phoenix's past who wanted revenge on him!

"Manfred has returned," said Phoenix. "Quick, we must--"

John Phoenix lifted a hand. "No need, Uncle Phoenix."

"Wha-?"

John Phoenix smirked. "I have already informed the police via telepathy. They will be on the look out for our fallen angels."

"I just can't believe this has happened," said Phoenix Wright. "How those two get into heaven in the first place? They should be in hell." He was right of course.

"All the other angels wondered that as well," said Mia. "Apparently it was because von Karma sent so many guilty criminals to the gallows. Same for Gant. But still..."

But just as they were about to continue talking, another hitman came and started kidnapping Maya again except this time it was Mia.

"Help," said Mia.

"It seems I'm too late to stop you from learning the truth," said the hitman. "All that's left, is to commit murder." He took out his knife.

"That's what you think," said John Phoenix. He took out the bullet that killed his mom and use his psychic powers to throw it into bad guy's brain and killed him. Then he used his psychic powers to make the bullet come out of the brain and go back into his pocket.

Anyway the kidnapped died and Mia was freed.

"Mia! Are you okay?" asked Phoenix Wright.

"Yeah," she said shakily. "Thanks, John Phoenix."

"No problem," said John Phoenix. "I think I'm starting to like killing criminals. Anyway, now that we know who the murderers are, we must hunt them down like the dogs they are and give them the death penalty."

Meanwhile in heaven, Godot was in god's castle where god and the angel council were convening.

"Are you sure you want to do this, Godot?" asked god.

"Yes," said Godot. "I will hunt down these escaped angels and return them to heaven where they belong. Of course, I expect to see them hanged once I drag their sorry asses back up here."

"It'll be dangerous," warned St. Peter. "That gun..."

"Shut up," said Godot. "You think I don't know how dangerous that gun is? Anyone who is shot by that gun... gets their sole trapped in the bullet that killed them. Forever."

"And, knowing the risks, you'll still go?" asked god.

Godot grinned. "Of course. You and St. Peter are too important. We can't risk either of your souls getting trapped in bullets forever."

"Very well," god nodded. He handed Godot two sets of handcuffs. "These handcuffs are magic. If you can put these on your targets, they will be transported back to heaven. Good luck."

Godot turned away. "Luck? That's the one thing I've never had... but the only thing I've ever been able to rely on." He flapped his wings and flew out the window and went to the pearly gates and the portal to earth. He was the only angel brave enough to put a stop to the evil Manfred von Karma and the evil Damon Gant. But the question was, would he succeed. Or not?

To be continued...

BONUS EMOJIS

🙄 Godot

***Chapter 10*: John Phoenix and his Uncle Fuse**

Chapter 10: John Phoenix and His Uncle Fuse

On the train back from Kurian, John Phoenix sat in his seat in his private compartment. The apartment had a plaque on the door (on the outside of the door) and if you read the plaque there were words that made up a group of words that read "John Phoenix's Private Compartment (Phoenix Wright Also Allowed)". One of the many perks of being an up-and-coming defense attorney who solved his first case in 45 seconds was getting private compartments on trains.

One thing you may not know about John Phoenix is that he can solve cases even when he's on the train. He just uses his psychic powers to communicate with the Judge. He cross-examines, presents evidence, and gets his Not Guilty verdicts remotely via telepathy. He doesn't even need to be in the courtroom. The Judge made a special exception for him, because John Phoenix is very special indeed. In the six hours he has been on the train, he solved a few additional cases whenever he got bored. The court was like a dollhouse to John Phoenix, and the people inside, mere action figures for him to play with. Sometimes he even implants subliminal messages in the Judge's mind to make him deliver a Not Guilty verdict right away, because sometimes it is so obvious that the defendant is innocent that a trial would be superfluous.

If his client is guilty? Then he merely successfully defends the client anyway, and after the trial he telepathically communicates with Shelly de Killer, with whom he is in league, and has him assassinate the man outside the district court. That way, he maintains his perfect win record and also kills the bad guy.

His win record, by the way, currently stands at an impressive 12-0, and he's only been a defense attorney for less than 24 hours, which makes him very impressive indeed.

"What do we do now, John Phoenix?" asked his Uncle Phoenix Wright. "John Phoenix?"

John Phoenix was brooding. He was ignoring his Uncle Phoenix because he was brooding. And because, frankly, his uncle was exceedingly simple-minded and slow when compared to himself. True, to the average person Phoenix Wright might seem like a bright boy, but when compared to John Phoenix, Phoenix Wright could barely be classified as sentient.

"It is not hubris," thought John Phoenix internally, in the vaunted halls of his mind, "to think that I am superior to my uncle in every way. No. It is merely the truth. But am I disparaging my uncle, or putting him down? No. In his own way, he is a good defense attorney. And it was due to him apprenticing me, even if my apprenticeship lasted less than an hour, that I was able to become a defense attorney.

"Still," continued John Phoenix in his mind, while subconsciously representing a man in court, "I have so far surpassed him, that any additional help is unneeded. He should step back, be quiet, and let me, John Phoenix, solve the mystery. Perhaps, if I feel so inclined, I will even deign to tell him how I figured out the location of Manfred von Karma's secret hideout. Ha ha ha. Because, you see, I already know..."

He didn't actually already know, and this thought was a mere bluff, but it served an important purpose, one that will be revealed in the chapters to come.

Phoenix Wright got depressed that his nephew wouldn't talk to him, so he took out a Highlights for Children magazine from under the seat and began reading it. He didn't care for Highlights for Children, but it was the only publication that John Phoenix allowed on the train nowadays. John Phoenix liked the "Spot the Differences" pictures, and he also liked Goofus and Gallant, because he saw a lot of himself in Gallant. As for Goofus? He would fain send him to the hangman.

Meanwhile, on top of the train running parallel to John Phoenix's, a sniper was lying in wait to assassinate John Phoenix. But, on the orders of whom? Not von Karma's. Because von Karma wants to defeat him in court, as the ultimate revenge. Therefore, the assassin's client must be someone else...

"Assassinate John Phoenix at once," said a mysterious voice over the sniper's headset.

"Roger that," said the sniper.

"John Phoenix looks a lot like his uncle, so don't shoot the uncle by mistake, because it would be a mere waste of bullets." That logic... so cold and perfect. Could the client be...?

The sniper put on his special glasses. His glasses let him see how good of a lawyer someone was. They were also X-ray glasses as well. He used the glasses to look into John Phoenix's private compartment (he couldn't look through the windows without the X-ray glasses because the blinds were up) and he was able to see two people.

The glasses showed a number above the head of the person with the magazine: 604. That was how good of a lawyer that person was.

"604..." whispered the sniper. "I'm not a legal expert, but that seems like a high score to me. Could that man be John Phoenix?" Then he looked at the other person and was shocked.

1,222,555. That was how good a lawyer the other person, clearly John Phoenix, was.

"Over a million points?" said the sniper. "Clearly, that must be John Phoenix!" He sighted his scope and aimed through the closed blinds at John Phoenix's head. He was almost sorry to have to assassinate such a brilliant young man, but his client was paying the big bucks, and he had a family to feed. So after a moment of hesitation, the sniper pulled the trigger.

Bang, went the gun. The bullet went through the air and through the window of the train.

"What the heck," said Phoenix Wright, looking up from the magazine. Then he saw the bullet rapidly approaching. "No! John Phoenix, look out!"

But then something strange happened. The angel bullet that killed Mary Wright came out out of John Phoenix's pocket at slammed into the sniper's bullet, knocking it off course so that instead of going through John Phoenix's head it went through the compartment door and into the conductor's leg.

"Good work, John Phoenix," said Phoenix Wright.

But, for the first or perhaps second time in his life, John Phoenix was confused. "But Uncle Phoenix, that wasn't me... the bullet acted of its own accord!"

"What?" said Phoenix Wright, bending over to retrieve the bullet. "No physic powers? But how..."

Meanwhile, the sniper cursed. "Curses!" he cursed. "A wasted bullet! Oh well, I was warned about this youth's psychic powers." He prepared to fire again again.

"Wonder where that bullet came from," wondered Phoenix Wright. Then something happened. His badge began glowing.

"W-what?" Phoenix said, taken aback.

"Touch the badge, John Phoenix..." whispered the angel bullet in Phoenix's hand.


John Phoenix, never one to hesitate in a moment of crisis, quickly leapt across the room and touched his uncle's badge. The second he touched the badge, John Phoenix and his Uncle Phoenix began to combine into one human being. That human being was named Phoenix Phoenix. Their fusion had two badges and two ties. The suit was half green, half blue, incorporating the signature colors of both attorneys.

The sniper's X-ray glasses showed how good of a lawyer Phoenix Phoenix was.

2,555,256.

To be continued...

BONUS EMOJIS

 the assassin

 Phoenix Phoenix

***Chapter 11*: Phoenix Phoenix Strikes Back**

[Reuploader's Note: This and subsequent chapters are taken from DJJ680's sporking, which means some passages may be missing. Thanks for salvaging most of the story though DJJ!]

Chapter 11: Phoenix Phoenix Strikes Back

Phoenix Phoenix, the fused version of Uncle and Nephew, said Uncle and Nephew being none other than the legendary defense attorneys Phoenix Wright and John Phoenix, was standing in the train, where a bullet had nearly killed one-half of Phoenix Phoenix. But another bullet saved Phoenix Phoenix's lives. An aura surrounded Phoenix Phoenix.

The aura was green. This represented John Phoenix. The aura was also blue. This represented Phoenix Wright. There were little pictures floating in the aura that emanated from Phoenix Phoenix's body and then dissipated in the air. The pictures were black and white and the pictures were of courthouses, court records, files, briefcases, gavels, and other legal things. These pictures represented being a lawyer.

"What's going on here!" exclaimed Phoenix Phoenix, scared. "What happened to my body!"

"It would seem, Uncle Phoenix, that your badge fused us together," said Phoenix Phoenix calmly in reply to Phoenix Phoenix. Clearly, this Phoenix Phoenix was John Phoenix, and the other Phoenix Phoenix was Phoenix Wright, both inhabiting the same body. It would seem that Phoenix Phoenix could talk as both John Phoenix and Uncle Phoenix Wright.

"It would seem, Uncle, that was can talk to each other even though we are fused," expounded Phoenix Phoenix. He held out his right hand flexed his fingers. "Hmm, interesting, it would seem I can only control the right arm, you must control the left arm."

"B-but... this is insane!" shouted Phoenix Phoenix. "This is impossible!"

Phoenix Phoenix scoffed. "More impossible than my psychic powers? Or spirit channeling?"

"Well, when you put it that way..."

Suddenly another bullet came through the window.

"Look out!" screamed John Phoenix's mother's bullet that killed her in the air. The other bullet that came from the assassin's gun came closer to Phoenix Phoenix. The Phoenix Phoenix that was actually Phoenix Wright screamed in fright but the Phoenix Phoenix that was John Phoenix merely lifted his hand and caught the bullet.

Phoenix Phoenix was shocked. "John Phoenix!" said Phoenix Phoenix. "H-how did you catch that bullet?"

"Easy, I slowed it down psychically," said Phoenix Phoenix. "Also, the aura that surrounds us seems to slow down time. But enough talk. Come, let us kill the assassin."

"W..what?" gasped Phoenix Phoenix. "Assassin?" The Phoenix Wright half of Phoenix Phoenix truly was useless. But to be fair, that half of Phoenix Phoenix was in shock, and also sleep-deprived. Phoenix Phoenix tried to move but the Phoenix Phoenix that was John Phoenix could only control the right side of the body. Phoenix Phoenix was frustrated because he knew it would a challenge indeed to get the Phoenix Phoenix that was Uncle Phoenix to coordinate.

"Mother?" asked Phoenix Phoenix of the angel bullet hovering in the air, because the John Phoenix half of Phoenix Phoenix had already deduced that it contained his mother's soul. "A little help?"

Phoenix Phoenix lifted his right leg and put his right foot on his mother's bullet. The bullet lifted off the ground and carried Phoenix Phoenix, who was balancing carefully on one leg, out through the window, shattering it as they went.

"My god," said the assassin in primal terror as he saw Phoenix Phoenix approaching on the bullet. Urine trickled down his leg. Phoenix Phoenix's hair was half-spikey, half-normal, and the spikes were whipping around in the wind. Also, the hair had an aura of its own. The assassin fired many bullets at Phoenix Phoenix but the aura slowed the bullets down and made them fall to the ground. Phoenix Phoenix grabbed the assassin by the head with the right hand of Phoenix Phoenix and then Phoenix Phoenix threw the assassin onto the train tracks and the train ran over the man, killing him instantly.

"Good rubbish to bad trash," said Phoenix Phoenix. Phoenix Phoenix rode his mother back to John Phoenix's private compartment on the train.

"Good work, John Phoenix and my brother Phoenix Wright," said the bullet, no longer under a foot.

"What!" said Phoenix Phoenix, clearly Uncle Phoenix, judging by his excitability and lack of logic. "You're my sister!" But then suddenly there was a flash of green/blue light and Phoenix Phoenix split back into the components of Phoenix Phoenix: John Phoenix and his uncle Phoenix Wright.

Then Godot flew in through the window.

"Hello. My name is Godot."

To be continued...

***Chapter 12*: John Phoenix Meets Godot**

A/N This story is currently sitting pretty at 752 views. Wow. I'm honored. Thank you, John Phoenix fans. I'm glad you love my story. Oh and by the way in chapter 13 John Phoenix will go back to court for his second trial EVER (not counting the trials in which he was a vague psychic presence only). Stay tuned because it will be awesome! I'll probably upload it later today.

Chapter 12: John Phoenix Meets Godot

In John Phoenix's private compartment on the train, which had been given to him in recognition of his immense talents (the compartment, not the train, he didn't own the train, though he could if he wanted to), 4 beings were present: John Phoenix, his uncle Phoenix Wright, Godot, and the magic bullet containing John Phoenix's deceased mother, Mary Wright.

"Godot, what are you doing here?" asked John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright. "Don't tell me you escaped heaven, too!"

"Heh, don't be stupid, Wright," replied Godot. Since dying Godot didn't call him Trite anymore. "I was sent by God and St. Peter to bring von Karma and Damon Gant back to heaven."

"Can't god do that himself?" asked Wright.

"Heh, don't be stupid, Wright," replied Godot. "You obviously have no idea what you're talking about." Wright gritted his teeth. G-Godot! Even as a dead person, so smug!

John Phoenix inserted himself into the conversation. "Meanwhile, I, myself, John Phoenix, have already solved the mystery," said John Phoenix. "The reason God can't do it himself, is because von Karma possesses a gun that fires bullets that trap people's souls inside the bullets."

"That's right, young man, good job." Godot took a thermos out of his robe and sipped some of his homemade coffee. "Ahhhh, delicious. The coffee beans in heaven are much better than the coffee beans on earth. If I had to go back to the old stuff I'd kill myself." He grinned. "If I weren't already dead, that is..."

John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright, meanwhile, was more in the dark than ever, even while being surrounded by the shining beacons of logic and knowledge that were John Phoenix and, to a much lesser extent, Godot.

"I'm not ashamed to admit I'm in the dark here," said Phoenix Wright.

"You should be," said Godot.

"John Phoenix, how did you know about this... this strange gun in von Karma's possession?" continued Uncle Phoenix.

"Easy, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix. He picked up his mother's bullet, which had been lying forlornly on the floor. "You see, when this bullet saved my life by hitting the other bullet that had recently emigrated from the now-deceased assassin's rifle, I suspected that it was not a normal bullet. My suspicions were confirmed when the bullet talked. My suspicions were confirmed yet further when I recognized the voice as belonging to none other than my dead mother Mary Wright."

"M-M-Mary?" sputtered Uncle Wright. "T-that was her voice? Then, the bullet really is my sister?"

"Yes, it was her voice," continued John Phoenix by way of explanation. "Obviously, I reasoned, that bullet must contain my mother's soul. And since it contains her soul, and she was killed by angels, I was able to reason even further that the gun used by our escaped angels had the ability to trap people's souls in the bullets. This was just now confirmed by Godot, so I was right all along." Godot nodded and gave a thumbs up.

Just then John Phoenix's uncle's cell phone started ringing. But the ringtone wasn't the Steel Samurai theme song, it was the Jammin' Ninja theme song because John Phoenix liked the Jammin' Ninja theme better and he had forced Uncle Phoenix to make it his ringtone. Anyway, John Phoenix's uncle took the phone out of his pocket and answered it.

"Hello-"

"Be quiet pal!" screamed Gumshoe over the phone. "Your daughter has been arrested and charged with murdering her principal! The trial is in one hour! Oh, and Manfred von Karma is prosecuting!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAT" replied Phoenix Wright. "Are you serious?! How?! Why am I just hearing about this?!"

Gumshoe shrugged over the phone. "Dunno, it's really weird pal, everything has been moving really fast. I just heard about this myself. I thought I'd give you a head's up. You're welcome. Oh, and von Karma is gunning for the death penalty. Hopefully she doesn't get that pal, that'd be bad! Anyway I'm hanging up now bye."

Phoenix Wright snapped his phone shut and turned to his nephew. "John Phoenix-

"Be quiet, Uncle Wright," said John Phoenix. "Of course I'll defend her. Again." But just then the train stopped at a station. The conductor entered the compartment. He was hobbling because of the bullet in his leg.

"Someone threw a man onto the tracks and he got killed," said the conductor. "So we had to stop the train."

"Good grief," said Phoenix Wright. "We'll never get back to LA in an hour!"

Godot flexed his wings. "Don't worry, Wright. I'll fly you there. It'll be faster than the train."

"Good idea," said John Phoenix. "I have psychic powers, by the way. I thought it would be prudent to let you know." He put his mother in his pocket.

"Very cool, daddy-o," said Godot. Then Godot tucked uncle and nephew under his arms and flew out the window toward LA.

Phoenix Wright was fearful because he had an established, canonical fear of heights. But he tried to be brave and not get scared. Just then Godot spotted a man who looked like Damon Gant running up and down some mountains in the distance.

"That looks like one of my targets," mused Godot. "John, ah, Phoenix was it? Could you lift up my robes and take out a pair of magical handcuffs? I'd ask Wright here, but he looks like he's about to vomit. I wouldn't want him to vomit under my robe, or worse, vomit on god's magical handcuffs. The vomit might foul up the technology that makes them work."

John Phoenix complied. "Good," said Godot. "Now use your psychic powers, which you mentioned you have, to put the cuffs on that man down there. Then he'll be sent back to heaven."

"I won't even use my psychic powers," said John Phoenix. "That would be pointless. I'll just throw the handcuffs with great accuracy." John Phoenix threw the handcuffs with great accuracy at the man thousands of feet below. The man saw the handcuffs over his shoulder and veered away in another direction but John Phoenix had thrown the handcuffs in such a way that they curved in the air and chased after the man for about 100 yards. The man screamed and put on a burst of speed and was about to get away.

"Bah, I'm afraid I'll have to use psychic powers after all," said John Phoenix in disgust. "I must admit, I'm disappointed in myself." So he used his powers to make the handcuffs go onto the man's wrists and lock themselves. A bolt of lightning struck the man and he disintegrated and his soul was sent to heaven to face punishment.

"Good job, John Phoenix," said Godot. "I just hope that man was actually Damon Gant and not an innocent bystander. It's hard to tell from up here. Anyway, I guess we'll find out later."

And so Godot, John Phoenix, and Uncle Phoenix continued on their way back to Los Angeles.

To be continued...

***Chapter 13*: Trial of Trudy Wright**

Chapter 13: John Phoenix and the Trial of Trudy Wright

Godot flew through the air. He flew very fast. He flew with his wings. He was flying fast to the district courthouse. He was carrying John Phoenix and John Phoenix's uncle Phoenix Wright. Eventually Godot flew so fast and flapped his wings so much that he got to the destination.

When they touched-down at the courthouse, John Phoenix went inside the building. So did his uncle Uncle Phoenix and so did Godot. They went to the defense lobby and John Phoenix threatened Trudy's public defender with death if he didn't sign legal documents that John Phoenix took out of his pocket. Since the man didn't want to die, he signed John Phoenix's legal documents and transferred the rights to defend John Phoenix's first cousin Trudy Wright over to John Phoenix.

"Good, these legal documents will allow me to defend my cousin in court," said John Phoenix, looking over the legal documents with satisfaction. You see, John Phoenix always carried legal documents with him. A good lawyer is always prepared. John Phoenix wrote all his own legal documents himself. His legal documents were better than other people's legal documents and that's why John Phoenix is such a good lawyer.

"I'm glad you're defending me, John Phoenix," said Trudy. "Because you are the greatest defense attorney in the entire country."

"I know that," said John Phoenix. "Tell me something I don't know about."

Trudy took out a new tie. "John Phoenix, I made this tie for you at school," she said. "I would be honored if you wore my tie I made all by myself."

"Are you blind?" replied John Phoenix. "I already own a tie. I'm wearing it. I don't need two ties. Nobody needs two ties. Throw that in the trash where it belongs. You made it bad, anyway."

She looked more determined than ever to make him wear the tie. "But, John Phoenix, your tie has a piece of glass in it from when you broke through the train window! It looks trashy!"

John Phoenix looked down by moving his head. He was shocked. Mildly unnerved, to be exact. His tie had a shard of glass sticking out of it. How did that happen? It must have happened when he crashed through the window of his private compartment on the train. Yes, that made logical sense.

"Very well," he said, taking off his tie. "I'll wear your tie." He threw his tie in the garbage and accepted the new one. But he didn't know how to tie a tie so he had his cousin do it for him. It was pointless to learn how to put a tie on when you can have other people do it for you. As you can see, even very smart people might not know how to tie a tie.

"Your tie looks very good," said the cousin of John Phoenix. She held out her arms. "Now how about a hug?"

"Absolutely not," returned John Phoenix. He walked away to consult with his uncle and Godot.

"I can't believe they're letting von Karma prosecute!" Wright was saying. "I mean, he was disbarred! On the night he was executed, his prosecutor's badge was burned by the governor himself. This has to be some kind of joke."

"If it's a joke, it's not funny," said Godot grimly. "That man is a murderer several times over. But don't worry, as soon as he shows his face in court I'll slap the ol' magic handcuffs on and send him to heaven to be executed again."

It was now time for the trial to begin. John Phoenix received the court record for the trial from the public defender.

"All right," Pubic D. Fender said, "so here's all the evidence for the trial and the profiles of all the people- hey, what are you doing?" John Phoenix was scraping the court record into a wastebasket.

"Looking at court records makes trials too easy," John Phoenix elucidated. "I want a real challenge this time around. If I looked at the court record, I would solve the case in less than a minute."

Phoenix Wright got down on his knees and dug the evidence out of the trash. "John Phoenix, are you crazy?!" he cried. "We need this. This isn't some kind of game! They're trying to give Trudy the death penalty!"

"I want a challenge."

Phoenix went over to John Phoenix while cradling the court record in his arms. "Please, for the love of god, just look at the court and solve the case. I'm asking nicely, John Phoenix."

"No. I want a challenge." John Phoenix hit his uncle's hands and made him drop all the court records on the floor. Then he said, "Come, cousin, let us adjourn to the courtroom for your trial." John Phoenix and Trucy left while Phoenix Wright gathered up the scattered court records.

"Heh, stubborn young chap, isn't he?" said Godot. Godot drinks coffee a lot.

"Don't worry, I'm sure he knows what he's doing. They say he's the greatest defense attorney in the world. Hell, even us dead people up in heaven know about him."

They went to the courtroom.

"They say I killed Principal Buddy Goodman," Trucy had said. "But I didn't!" No psyche locks had appeared. That means innocent. "What happened is I was called to the principal's office. They didn't tell me why, just that I had to go. When I got there, the principal was sitting at his desk facing away from me. So I just sat down in the other chair and when I did someone put a dirty towel over my face and chloroformed me! When I woke up Principal Buddy Johnson was dead... shot. Next thing I know I'm being arrested!"

So you see, Principal Buddy Goodman, who was mentioned by name in the second chapter, actually turned out to be a very important character in the story. That just goes to show that this story is well-plotted and every single thing is planned.

Poor Trucy, thought Phoenix Wright. Hasn't she experienced enough tragedy in her life already? And now she's been put on trial for murder two days in a row! It felt like god was playing some sort of cruel joke. Or maybe... Manfred von Karma?

Speak of the devil. Just then Manfred von Karma entered the courtroom.

"What the heck" said Phoenix Wright. The gallery made noises. Shocked noises.

Why? Because, you see, Manfred von Karma had finally completed his long-standing dream of transforming into a robot. He was now a metallic cube on a wooden push-cart. Embedded in the center of the front of the cube was a television displaying a crude 3D model of von Karma's disembodied head. On the top of the cube was a glass dome containing von Karma's brain and there was electricity coming out of his brain.

"Let's get this trial started," said the 3D von Karma head, grinning maliciously. "I have been looking forward to facing your protege in court, Phoenix Wright! This shall be your ultimate defeat!"

"You tell 'em, pops," said the person pushing the cart. And that person was... Larry Butz!

"LARRY!" shouted Wright. "What are you doing? Why are you helping von Karma? And why are you dressed like that?!"

"Shut up, fool," said Larry. He was dressed like a von Karma and was wearing a cravat and a powered wig. "I'm Karl von Karma now. And you're the arch enemy of the von Karmas, Nick! Or should I say... Phoenix Wright?"

"No," replied Phoenix Wright. "You shouldn't say that. We're friends, Larry!"

"Ha, if you don't like Wright, how about I call you Shite?"

"L-Larry!"

The judge hammered his gavel. "Now, now, Karl, let's keep our language clean, shall we? There are children in the gallery. Including my granddaughter."

"My sorries, Your Honor," replied Karl von Karma. He wheeled von Karma over to the prosecution bench then lifted him onto it. "Is that okay, dad? Can you see okay?"

"Perfectly, son," said von Karma. "Good job." He addressed the judge. "Karl von Karma shall be my co-counsel. Now let's get this trial over with."

During all this John Phoenix was standing with his eyes closed and his arms crossed. He was ignoring everyone. He was thinking about something private.

Well, thought Wright, if he won't point out the obvious problem with all this, then I guess it's up to me!

"OBJECTION!" shouted Phoenix. He slammed down on the desk and spilled Godot's coffee. "Uh, whoops, sorry! Ahem, anyway... Your Honor!"

"Yes?"

"Von Karma can't prosecute this trial! For one thing, he's dead, and two, he's been disbarred! Not to mention that he killed my sister yesterday!"

"SLANDER!" shouted Karl von Karma. Von Karma's face laughed.

"Oh, I believe you're mistaken, Wright," said von Karma. "I'm not Manfred von Karma, I'm Manfred von Robot. I was built just a few hours ago. Impossible for me to have murdered anybody. And I can assure you I'm fully barred. Karl?"

Karl von Karma took out his robotic father's badge and held it aloft for all to see.

"Hmm, seems legitimate," said the judge, nodding in approval.

"No way!" cried Phoenix. "There's no way you got your badge in just one day, von Karma!"

"Von Robot," he correct.

"Whatever! That badge is fake! There's no way you went to law school and-"

"OBJECTION!" shouted von Robot. "Ha, honestly, Wright! Are you seriously forgetting that there's a secondary path to becoming a lawyer? One that your very own apprentice took yesterday?"

"What are you talking about...?"

"I, Manfred von Robot, was apprenticed a few hours ago and then took the bar exam and passed with flying colors and then immediately joined the prosecutor's office. No schooling necessary!" He laughed. "I'm just THAT good..."

"That's... that's insane!" said Phoenix. "For multiple reasons! Who would apprentice you? And how did you join the prosecutor's office so fast?"

"Heh, simple, I was apprenticed by Marvin Grossberg," said von Robot. "He was very accommodating... almost as if he was fearful of me for some reason.. ha, ha..."

"But he's a defense attorney, not a prosecutor."

"So? The law doesn't care. As long as I'm apprenticed I can take as many tests as I want, whenever I want. Deal with it. Oh, and as for joining the prosecutor's office, well, let's just I can be very convincing. Ha..."

Godot suddenly flew into the air and cracked his knuckles. "All right, this has been very amusing," said Godot, "but it's time for you to go back to heaven, von Karma!" He swooped down towards von Robot with the magical handcuffs. Karl von Karma put up his dukes but Godot knocked him aside like a stack of paper plates. But then Godot was faced with a startling dilemma: von Karma had no hands!

"Fool!" von Robot laughed insanely. "You didn't think I'd be so foolish as to be reborn as a robot with those pesky, vulnerable hands, did you?"

"Damn you, Karma!" swore Godot. "How about I handcuff your brain, you villain?"

"You know as well as I do that that isn't how the handcuffs work, Godot..." He was right. Godot flew back to the defense bench, dejected.

"Guess it's up to John Phoenix, now," Godot said. He took out another thermos of good joe.

"Ahem..." said the judge. "I've never had an angel in my court before... interesting... Ahem! Well, Mr. Wright, if you're quite satisfied that von Robot's credentials are legitimate-"

"Be quiet," John Phoenix shot out suddenly. His eyes were still closed. "Be quiet, Your Honor. My Uncle Phoenix isn't even the defense attorney for this trial. He's merely my co-counsel. He needs to be quiet. Uncle Phoenix, if you don't be quiet I'll take your badge away again. I'll be solving this case myself."

Phoenix Wright was sore that his imprudent nephew was talking to him like this, but he also knew that John Phoenix was the greatest defense attorney who ever lived, so he decided to be quiet and let John Phoenix save his daughter.

Karl von Karma climbed to his feet, coughing. He rubbed his throat. "Your Honor, the prosecution requests that this John Phoenix guy doesn't use his psychic powers in court. It's cheating. He's just going to make the witnesses kill themselves like he always does."

The judge stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Hmm, this a very unusual request indeed. Mr. John Phoenix?"

"Hmph, why not?" smirked John Phoenix. "I don't need psychic powers to win. Do your worst, von Robot. This trial will be the ultimate test of who's the better lawyer. I'm giving you your chance for revenge. No tricks, no powers, just contradictions and hold-it's. If I win, you have to say that I am a good lawyer. If I lose, you get to execute my cousin. Deal?"

"J-John Phoenix!" sputtered Uncle Wright.

"Deal!" said von Robot eagerly. Yes... just as according to plan!

To be continued...

***Chapter 14*: The Curious Contradiction**

Chapter 14: John Phoenix and the Curious Contradiction

John Phoenix still had his eyes closed. John Phoenix hadn't opened John Phoenix's eyes since the last chapter when it was mentioned that John Phoenix's eyes were closed. John Phoenix had closed John Phoenix's eyes, and had kept them closed, because John Phoenix didn't need to keep them open because John Phoenix knew the trial would be too easy to require the use of eyes. By keeping John Phoenix's eyes closed, John Phoenix knew that John Phoenix could show John Phoenix's disdain for the von Karmas, one of whom had murdered his mother not 24 hours ago.

John Phoenix continued to have John Phoenix's eyes closed.

Manfred von Robot, who was actually none other than Manfred von Karma, but a robot, called his first witness to the stand.

"Name and occupation," said Manfred von Robot, who was Manfred von Karma, but who was actually a robot.

"John Policeman," the witness responded. He had a hat. "I am the detective in charge of this case."

Phoenix scratched his goatee which was connected to his sideburns. "John Policeman?" he repeated dubiously. "That name sounds phony. Where's Detective Gumshoe?"

"Objection," said Manfred von Robot. "His name isn't 'phony'. The witness changed his last name to Policeman to show his dedication to the law. He became a detective a few hours ago. Detective Gumshoe isn't here because I had him fired for being a bad detective."

"What!" Phoenix said out loud. "But Gumshoe isn't that bad of a detective. Wait a minute, only a few hours? Von Karma, how do we know this 'witness' isn't actually a robot like you?"

Manfred von Robot's 3D face started sweating bullets but the sweat bullets were as big as apples. "Um... well... heh... robot? I can't be expected to know something like that... it's possible, I suppose..."

"You're Honour, the defense requests that we check to see if John Policeman is a robot, and-"

"Shut up," John Phoenix snapped. "Shut your mouth, Uncle Phoenix. You're being stupid. Also, irrelevant."

"I agree with John Phoenix," said the Judge wisely. "There's nothing to suggest that John Policeman is anything but what he professes to be, a robot! I mean, a detective."

"Indeed," said Manfred von Robot. "Karl, my circuits grow tired, tell the witness to relate the facts of this case to the court."

Karl von Karma obeyed. "I obey you, father," said Karl von Karma. He went to the witness. "Mr. Policeman, testify about that thing you're supposed to talk about."

"Okay," said John Policeman. "I just do what I'm commanded to do, sir. Sometimes it feels like... I'm being controlled..."

Karl sniggered nastily and patted the secret remote control deeper into his pocket. "Oh, you don't know the half of it, Mr. Policeman..." he said under his breath. He returned to his place by his father.

John Policeman began his testimony.

"Alright, the defendant killed her Principal Buddy Johnson for an unknown reason."

"We don't know why, but she just did it."

"The victim was shot with his own gun. The defendant's fingerprints are all over it."

"Buddy Johnson always cleaned his gun at exactly the time when he was killed, so Ms. Wright could have stolen it from the desk then."

Hmm, wait a minute, contradiction? thought Phoenix Wright. He glanced at John Phoenix. His face didn't show any

sign of having seen, or more accurately heard, the contradiction.

Uncle Phoenix tugged John Phoenix's sleeve. "Um, John Phoenix? I think that was a contradiction just now?"

John Phoenix refused to speak. He shut his eyes tighter and stuck his fingers in his ears. Phoenix sighed.

"Hey, Wright," said Godot, "you should raise an objection. I know that look, you've spotted a contradiction haven't you?"

"Yeah," replied Phoenix, "but I can't raise an objection because I am merely the co-counsel."

"Do it anyway. You look a lot like John Phoenix. Maybe the judge will mistake you for him. His eyesight has been going for years, and his vanity stops him from wearing his glasses."

So Phoenix raised an objection. "Objection!"

"Huh?" asked John Policeman. "What is... an 'objection'?"

"Quiet, John Policeman," said Karl von Karma. "I'll tell you later."

"Policeman!" yelled Phoenix. "If Trucy stole the gun when it was being cleaned, it wouldn't have been loaded!" The camera did a close-up of his face. "Because people don't clean loaded guns! Because it's dangerous!"

John Policeman's head spun around 720 degrees and shot off sparks. "Brrzt! Buzzt!"

"Nice objection, sir," said the Judge.

"Yeah, that was a nice objection, Wright," said Godot.

But von Robot just laughed. "Fool! You have no proof that the gun wasn't loaded! The principal was probably just a negligent idiot."

"Objection!" said Phoenix. He presented the "bloodied gun safety poster" from the court record. "This poster was in the principal's office. It has his brain on it. He also made it with his own two hands. That means Buddy Johnson knew about gun safety, so he wouldn't clean a loaded gun! It says right here on the poster, 'Don't clean your gun when it's loaded, WARNING that's dangerous.' See?"

"Objection," said John Phoenix. "Uncle Phoenix, you are stupid. Your objection is hardly an objection. Even if the gun was unloaded, she could have stolen bullets from the desk. I assume bullets were kept in the desk?"

"Of course," said John Policeman. "Buddy Johnson always kept bullets in his desk, in case he needed to shoot someone."

John Phoenix smirked, the logic flowing freely from his brain. "Also, it's possible that Trucy brought her own bullets to the office and concealed them in her pockets..."

"Objection!" shouted Phoenix Wright. "Easily?! Where would she get bullets? Besides, Trucy doesn't have pockets."

"Shut up," said John Phoenix. "She could have hidden the bullets in her armpits."

"Nrggh..."

The Judge fiddled with his gavel. "Ahem..." he cleared his throat. "So what does all this mean, John Phoenix."

"Simple, Your Honor. My Uncle is an idiot when compared with myself. Nothing he said matters in the slightest. That is all."

"B-b-but..." sputtered Phoenix. "Um, chloroformed! She was unconscious, so..."

"She could have easily chloroformed herself, Uncle Phoenix," said John Phoenix. "After she murdered her principal, she simply put the rag over her face and made herself get unconscious. That way, when the police arrived on the scene she would be off in chloroform land, and everyone would think she was just another victim, when in fact she was the true murderess all along!"

"Yes, that's exactly what happened," said von Karma. "Good job, John Phoenix... for doing my job for me! Ahaha!"

But John Phoenix merely smirked. "But do you have any PROOF that is what happened?"

"Of course," replied von Robot. "It's the only thing that COULD have happened. Because the office was locked from the inside! The only two people in the room were Wright's brat and that principal, so she must have done it."

John Phoenix suddenly grabbed Godot's coffee and poured it on his uncle's hands. "Ow! Hot!"

"Shut up," ordered John Phoenix. "Von Robot, I asked for PROOF! Give me evidence or testimony that only she could have done it!"

"Hmph, fine," was the reply. "John Policeman, testify once again, this time about the state of the crime scene."

"Yes, I do only what you tell me."

"Good boy."

The second testimony began.

"We arrived on the scene approximately 10 minutes after the secretary heard the gunshot and called 911."

"The door to the office was locked. We had to break the door down. We later found the key in the victim's pocket."

"The defendant was still unconscious when we entered the room. The gun was lying in her hand."

"The windows were also locked from the inside, so this is a textbook locked room murder if I've ever seen one."

John Phoenix took exactly 1.8 seconds to respond.

"Objection," said John Phoenix. "Do you have proof that those windows were the same windows that were in the window frames during the murder?"

"Huh?" gaped John Policeman. "Huh, what?"

"Yeah!" said von Robot. "What?"

"Hmph hmph hmph," chuckled John Phoenix. "Isn't it obvious? The true killer could have chloroformed Trucy, shot the principal, and then escaped via the unlocked windows. Then, he could have simply removed the windows and installed pre-locked windows that he had prepared earlier."

The entire court was silent. Except for John Phoenix.

"If Trucy Wright is innocent of this crime, then it's the only possible explanation. My brain tells me that."

Karl von Karma threw back his head and laughed insanely. "Ah! Ah, ah! Ah ah ah ah! But we don't think she's innocent! So we have no reason to believe that crap you just came up with!"

"No, but it IS your job to prove that the crime didn't happen the way I described it."

"How could we possibly prove that?" asked von Karma.

"Easy," replied John Phoenix. "As a former pupil of that high school, before I escaped it, I know that the windows are cleaned every day at a particular time. That time? An hour before the murder! So, the windows should have been wet, from the water used to clean them. But if the windows weren't wet, that means they had been replaced." He slammed the desk. "By the real killer!"

The gallery made noises. Phoenix Wright made a noise.

"Y-you can't prove whether or not they were wet!" said von Robot. He regained his composure. "Oh, but our witness here can! Witness, were the windows wet?" Karl von Karma stuck his hand in his pocket and adjusted a knob.

"Brrztt..." said John Policeman with a jerk of the head. "Windows were wet."

"Ah," said John Phoenix, "I wouldn't expect this forged witness to speak the truth. I call the janitor the stand!"

The janitor took the stand.

"Did you clean the windows an hour before the murder?" asked John Phoenix.

"Yes. I made the windows wet. It's my job. But an hour later they were dry."

John Phoenix addressed the judge. "And yet, a mere hour later, John Policeman says that the windows were WET! Therefore, he lies! Thus, the windows were indeed replaced... by the real killer! And since my cousin was found in the room with the victim, she couldn't have left via the windows and then put the new locked windows in, so therefore the real killer is a DIFFERENT PERSON!"

The gallery cheered in celebration of John Phoenix and his brilliance. Phoenix Wright and Godot patted him on the back. John Phoenix didn't like being touched so he flailed his arms around and knocked legal briefs and pens off the desk. The von Karmas were seething.

The Judge made a gavel sound. "Well, since John Phoenix said that this crime was committed by a third person, I find the defendant, Trucy Wright-"

Suddenly a panel on the side of Manfred von Robot slid aside and the angel gun (on a stick) came out and pointed itself at the judge!

"I'm afraid I can't allow you to do that, Your Honor..." said Manfred von Robot.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the judge. People in the gallery screamed and began fleeing.

"John Phoenix, do something!" said Phoenix Wright.

John Phoenix stretched out his arm toward the gun so he could use his psychic powers on it. But then his eyes shot open for the first time in almost 2 chapters. Something was wrong. For the first time in his life, John Phoenix was afraid.

"They're gone... my psychic powers are gone!"

"Fool!" gloated Manfred von Robot. "Did you really think I would be so wretchedly foolish as to face you in court without neutralizing your psychic powers first? Now you're at my mercy! Hahahaha!" Suddenly von Robot adjusted his stick and fired the the angel gun at the defense bench.

"Oh no!" said Phoenix Wright!

To be continued...

***Chapter 15*: John Phoenix and the Awesome Battle**

Chapter 15: John Phoenix and the Awesome Battle

Time seemed to slow down. The bullet hurtled toward John Phoenix and his co-counsels. But it was not just a mere bullet- it was an angel bullet, the most dangerous bullet of them all. Because, as explained in the previous chapters, anyone who gets shot by an angel bullet gets their soul trapped in the bullet that killed them.

Forever.

"The bullet's coming! Brace yourselves!" said Godot grimly, sipping coffee. It seemed that his return to Earth might be ending prematurely. A wave of regret passed over Godot, who had been Diego Armando in another life before he had died the first time. Not only had he failed to save Mia all those years ago, now he had failed God and St. Peter, who had been counting on him to fulfil his mission AKA Godot's mission.

It seemed his life was always destined to be... bitter. Godot grinned and 1 tear streaked down his face and fell into his cup.

Phoenix Wright was scared as well. As he watched that bullet make its terrifyingly quick journey across the courtroom, he couldn't help but flinch, not once, but twice.

But John Phoenix didn't flinch. John Phoenix didn't do anything of the sort. Time seemed to slow down. John Phoenix stared at the bullet steadfastly. His eyes narrowed. His eyes burned with hatred. Because this bullet was a relative of the bullet that had killed his mother, and trapped her soul in a bullet Forever. His eyes narrowed.

Time seemed to slow down.

"So, who did ya aim at, dad?" asked Karl von Karma from the prosecution desk, rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

"Ha, that's the thing, my son," replied Manfred von Robot. He smiled evilly. "I don't even KNOW who I aimed at! The bullet could kill John Phoenix, or it could kill one of his co-counsels. Personally, I hope it kills Phoenix Wright, my dreaded enemy, so that John Phoenix will feel much anguish and regret!"

And the evil robot and his evil illegitimate son laughed, cheering the bullet on.

All hope seemed lost.

But the Judge, whose vision was better than perhaps anyone had ever suspected, because he could see into men's souls, noticed that John Phoenix was grinning. Grinning in his heart as well as his face. Grinning like someone who wasn't afraid of a bullet.

"Go on, young John Phoenix," whispered the Judge. "Go on, lad. I know you can do it. I can sense it in you. Find a way to turnabout this situation... stop that bullet in its tracks!"

The bullet was getting closer... time seemed to slow down...

Closer...

But John Phoenix only smirked bigger. As John Phoenix's plans didn't involve getting killed or trapped in a bullet forever, he knew he must act. And act he did. He picked up a heavy legal tome. Then he did a flip over the desk just as the bullet was about to strike. When he judged he was exactly over the bullet he dropped the heavy book on it. The bullet, crushed underneath the weight of the book, fell to the floor, rendered harmless by John Phoenix's quick thinking and quicker action.

John Phoenix flipped once more in the air, because this was actually a double flip, and then landed on his feet as cool as a cucumber, or perhaps a cat, as cats are well-known to always land on their feet, and John Phoenix, displaying cat-like abilities, had landed on his feet.

"John Phoenix... that was amazing!" exclaimed Uncle Phoenix, exclaiming the obvious.

"Heh, come on, Wright, what did you expect?" asked Godot. "He's John Phoenix, you should expect this from him.

Even though I've only known him for a few hours I know that he is no average kid... he's the greatest defense attorney who ever lived." Sips coffee.

Manfred von Karma AKA Manfred von Robot merely laughed. Albeit nervously. "N-never mind! I still have more angel bullets!"

John Phoenix smirked. Smirking was one of his most famous facial expressions. "Hmph, but not that many more, von Robot!" He turned to Godot. "Godot, didn't you tell me, John Phoenix, on our way to LA that von Karma only had 1 magazine for the angel gun?"

"I did indeed," nodded Godot. "And it's a small magazine; it only holds 10 bullets. So assuming there was already a bullet in the chamber to begin with, von Karma couldn't possibly have more than 6 bullets, because he used one bullet earlier to kill your mother, whose murder you told me about on our way to LA, and he also used a bullet just now, plus he killed 3 geese, which St. Peter witnessed through a telescope, thus he could have no more than 6 bullets."

"T-that sounds like a lot of bullets to me!" said Uncle Phoenix. He was hiding under the desk.

But just then a bunch of guards rushed into the courtroom!

"Guards?" said Manfred von Robot. "But how?"

"Easy, von Robot," replied the judge. "I pressed the secret button on my chair. It alerted the guards."

There were 5 guards. They tried to arrest Manfred von Robot but he shot all of them and trapped their souls in bullets.

"G-good lord!" cried the judge.

John Phoenix's eyes narrowed. Time seemed to slow down as he observed the dead bodies. He had thought that he had already grown inured to death in his short life, and he had, because these corpses meant nothing to him. He thought it was good they were dead, cruel as that might sound, and he realized it sounded cruel, but his life simply mattered more than theirs. By dying, they had made John Phoenix not die, so he thanked these corpses, as he might thank a butter knife after he had used it to butter his toast. He hoped they would find peace in the hereafter.

"So, von Robot, you still have a bullet left?" asked John Phoenix.

"Come over here and find out, why don't you?"

John Phoenix began walking forward calmly.

"J-John Phoenix, be careful!" cried Uncle Phoenix, peeping out over the desk.

John Phoenix continued walking. "It's all right, Uncle Phoenix. Because I have my psychic powers."

"Objection," said Manfred von Robot. "I neutralized your powers, remember?"

"Ha." John Phoenix ripped off his tie and threw it aside!

"No!" screamed von Robot and Karl von Karma simultaneously (at the same time).

"Yes, von Robot! It was the tie, wasn't it? It was the only thing that changed since I had last used my powers. It was magic, wasn't it!" Before giving Manfred a chance to respond, he used his psychic powers to lift the robotic cube that housed von Karma's brain and bashed it against the walls and the ceiling, directing the movement of the cube with his arm.

"Father! No!" roared Karl von Karma. He took out the remote control and made John Policeman attack John Phoenix.

"Brrzt... kill!" the robotic policeman warbled. It wrapped the discarded tie around John Phoenix's neck, blocking his psychic powers and also choking him. Von Robot fell to the floor with a crash.

John Phoenix almost died but then Uncle Phoenix and Godot teamed-up and knocked the robot to the ground!

"You okay, John Phoenix?" asked Uncle Phoenix. But John Phoenix merely pushed his uncle to the ground and then flew, yes, flew, because he could fly all along, he only made Godot carry him because he hadn't felt like flying at the time; he flew toward Karl von Karma and socked him in the jaw!

"Ow," said Karl von Karma, and the remote flew out of his hand and landed into a fishbowl. There was the crackle of electricity and John Policeman blew up and his mechanical body parts scattered everywhere.

John Phoenix turned to von Robot. "Now to take care of you, you fiend..." The robotic cube was on its side. But when John Phoenix turned it over, the glass dome was cracked and the brain was missing!

The Judge came down and walked over to the others. "Hmm, looks like in all the confusion someone made off with von Robot's brain."

"Looks like," said Godot. "How much longer will von Robot escape justice...?"

"Um, why are you all calling him von Robot instead of von Karma...?" Uncle Phoenix asked. Everybody ignored him, especially John Phoenix, who was brooding. John Phoenix took the angel gun off of the robot carcass and tucked it into his pants.

The dead bodies were removed, Karl von Karma was arrested and taken away, and the Judge delivered his verdict.

"I find the defendant Not Guilty!" Everybody cheered. Not that there were many people to cheer.

"Thank you so much for saving my daughter yet again, John Phoenix," thanked Uncle Phoenix.

"Of course. Just one more thing." John Phoenix walked over to Trucy and roundhouse-kicked her in the womb. She moaned and sank to her knees.

Everybody was shocked. "J-John Phoenix!" exclaimed Uncle Phoenix. "Why did you kick her in the womb?" He tried to go over to assist her but John Phoenix body slammed his uncle to the ground and bounced his head against the floor!

"Foolish uncle! Stay back! She's dangerous! This isn't my cousin! It's an imposter!" He took off Trucy's hat and revealed Trucy's true identity: Franziska von Karma.

"Hmph!" said Franziska von Karma. "Hmph!"

"You see," explained John Phoenix to the astonished onlookers, "she was the one who gave me that magical tie which took my powers away. So of course she wasn't the real Trucy."

So as you can see, the tie which John Phoenix received which seemingly had no bearing on the plot actually had a bearing on the plot and was actually an instrument of evil all along that had been given to him by Franziska von Karma who was actually Trucy being impersonated by Franziska von Karma all the time.

"But wait... if that's Franziska von Karma, then where is the real Trucy?" asked Uncle Phoenix stupidly.

Just then Miles Edgeworth walked in with a sword.

"Hi" Miles Edgeworth said. "I'm Miles Edgeworth."

To be continued...

***Chapter 16*: John Phoenix Meets Edgeworth**

Chapter 16: John Phoenix Meets Edgeworth

Edgeworth marched into the room swinging his arms wildly and almost cut off one of Phoenix's spikes.

"Hey! Watch the hair!" cried Uncle Phoenix, ducking. "Edgeworth! What are you doing with that sword?"

"Sorry, force of habit." Edgeworth returned to sword to his scabbard. He was decked out in full military regalia and was wearing giant epaulets, tight knee-high leather boots, and a red beret.

You see, when the War broke out, Edgeworth immediately resigned from his position as district attorney and joined the military as a Military Prosecutor, because he was a true patriot. Basically, his duties consisted of prosecuting enemy officers for war crimes and making sure they got executed, and he also had to court-martial soldiers for things like cowardice or pillaging. So far he had killed 200 people.

"Why, Miles Edgeworth, what are you doing here?" asked the Judge. "Last I heard you were serving overseas."

"I thought that my presence was needed more on the homefront," replied Edgeworth. He launched into an explanation. "You see, I was performing aerial reconnaissance over an enemy POW camp in my personal biplane (The Edgeworth) when suddenly I received news over the radio that Manfred von Karma and Damon Gant had escaped heaven and murdered a woman named Mary Wright." He turned to Phoenix. "I hope, Wright, that she wasn't a relation of yours?"

"She was my secret sister I learned about 2 months ago," replied Phoenix Wright sadly. "She was John Phoenix's mother."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Wright." He squeezed Wright's hands in his. "But at least she did a good job birthing your nephew before she died." Then he let go and resumed his story.

"Anyway, I knew that Manfred von Karma mustn't be allowed to roam free, because he is a madman, and as his former protege, I felt that it was my personal duty to stop him. So, I ejected from my personal plane and activated my parachute and flew back to America. As I was being carried away by the wind I heard a tremendous explosion at my back, and I knew that my plane had crashed into the POW camp, just as I had planned. I had hoped to kill some of the guards and perchance give the POW's a chance to escape, but I soon realized that the anguished cries and moans of the dying men came not from foreigners, but from my fellow countrymen, because they were dying in English."

Edgeworth continued. "I felt a slight pang of regret at having inadvertently caused these men's deaths, but then the dying POW's started singing 'The Star Spangled Banner'. It seems that they viewed death as a preferable alternative to the horrors and indignities of the camp. My heart swelled with pride, and I was glad that my plane had liberated them from their suffering. After all, death isn't so bad," he mused. "They died serving their country, and it's the duty of every American to always be ready and willing to lay down his life for his country."

"Hear, hear," said Godot, and everyone clapped appreciatively of Edgeworth and his brave conduct in the War.

Except Phoenix Wright. "But... but that's crazy..." he said. "How could your parachute carry you all the way back to America?"

"It was easy. I simply allowed myself to be carried along by the trade-winds. Any more foolish questions?"

"No, forget it!" Phoenix exclaimed, shaking his head clear. "We have more important things to worry about. Manfred von Karma's brain escaped and Trucy is still missing. They must be hiding her someplace."

Godot pointed at Franziska. "I bet the wench knows where. She was working with von Robot after all."

Edgeworth's eyebrows jumped off his face. "What? Franziska von Karma? You were working with Manfred?"

"Hmph!" she replied. "Hmph! Hmph!"

"I'm afraid she'll be going away for a long time," said the Judge. "Impersonating a defendant is a serious crime."

"So is helping a kidnapper," added Phoenix Wright.

"As is giving me a tie that steals my psychic powers," chimed in John Phoenix, who had been quiet until now because he was still mad about losing his original tie, which he strongly suspected had never had a glass shard in it to begin with until one was planted by Franziska. Thankfully John Phoenix had managed to steal his uncle's tie while he was distracted, and then the Judge tied it for him.

Edgeworth walked over to Franziska going tsk-tsk. "Tsk, tsk, perhaps the prosecutor's office will decline to prosecute her. After all, she was only acting out because she was upset that I had used my influence as the Chief Army Lawyer to stop her from becoming a Military Prosecutor. I knew she wanted to serve, but it would simply be too dangerous. Besides, the Army Courts are no place for little girls."

"Well said," said Godot, who hated women.

"Hmph, well I apologize," said Franziska. "I was just so angry that you got to be a lawyer in the army and I didn't! When father escaped heaven, I was basically crazy, I was ready to go along with anything he said."

"It seems you are the foolish fool this time, Franziska," said Edgeworth intelligently.

"Just tell us where Manfred is!" demanded Phoenix.

"Very well," she replied. "The secret hideout is under the Judge's chair in the courtroom next door."

Phoenix started to run off but John Phoenix bodyblocked him. "Ow! John Phoenix-"

"Objection!" cried John Phoenix. "No. Von Robot and Gant aren't hiding out there anymore. I know, because I made a brilliant bluff!"

Phoenix stared stupidly. "Huh, what?"

To be continued...

***Chapter 17*: John Phoenix Vs the Robots**

Chapter 17: John Phoenix Vs. the Robots

John Phoenix chuckled.

"Oh, of course, I only made that bluff in my head; you wouldn't know about it. In any case, I bluffed in my brain that I knew where the hideout was. I only made the bluff because earlier I had found a mind-reading device, about the size of a grain of rice, on my head." He presented it, carefully wrapped in a piece of tinfoil to prevent it from reading his mind.

"I'll be a monkey's uncle," said Godot in wonder. "I can just barely make it out, but there's a name on that device... 'Merlin'..."

"That name is also on the angel gun and my uncle's badge as well," replied John Phoenix. "Anyway, rather than removing the device right away, I decided to trick von Robot and Gant, who undoubtedly planted the device, into thinking I knew the location of the secret hideout. That way, they might panic and abandon the hideout, thus exposing themselves and allowing me to capture them."

Phoenix Wright was in despair. "But John Phoenix, if you hadn't done that, they'd still be in the hideout, and we could have captured them! You just made things worse. Now they could be anywhere."

"Wright, you fool!"

"Uncle Phoenix, you fool!"

John Phoenix and Edgeworth paused and exchanged glances. "Oh, my bad, go ahead, John Phoenix," said Edgeworth respectfully, deferring to the brilliant young man whose exploits he had been following religiously in the military newspapers. He was a big fan.

"Thank you, Miles," said John Phoenix. He addressed all those gathered, like a kindergarten teacher explaining some incredibly simple fact like red + blue = purple.

"Von Robot and whoever made off with his brain couldn't possibly have left the courthouse. They would have been spotted by Miles here. And even if they had managed to get past him unseen, my friend Shelly de Killer is watching the front entrance, and Matt Engarde is watching the back entrance, so I would know if von Robot left the court. You see, I broke Engarde out of prison with my psychic powers while on the train and reformed him. He and Shelly are friends now. I've armed both of them with high-powered assault rifles."

"Good work, John Phoenix," said the Judge.

"I'm not sure I like that," Phoenix Wright gulped. "But I'll trust your judgement, John Phoenix. But if they didn't leave the courthouse, and they're not in the secret hideout, then where...?"

"Come, Uncle Phoenix, use your brain!" chided John Phoenix. "Obviously they must be the only place they can be AKA the roof!"

So John Phoenix, Uncle Phoenix, Edgeworth, Godot, Franziska, and the Judge decided to head for the roof. But first Edgeworth gave Gumshoe some orders.

"Go investigate the secret hideout, Gumshoe. You might discover something useful."

"But, sir, I'm not a detective anymore, sir; von Robot fired me," replied Gumshoe, who had been there all along, because he followed Edgeworth into the courtroom 2 chapters ago, but he hasn't been mentioned until now because he isn't important.

"Never mind, you're hired again," said Edgeworth, and he gave Gumshoe an official legal document that says Gumshoe is a detective.

So everybody except Gumshoe went to the stairwell and climbed to the roof.

"Huff, huff," huffed Phoenix Wright, who was canonically bad at climbing stairs. "Err, John Phoenix, do you think you

could use your psychic powers and-"

"No," said John Phoenix, floating effortlessly up the stairwell. "How dare you ask me that?"

Eventually they made it to the roof. There, they found Damon Gant, Manfred von Robot, and a small army of John Policemans. Manfred's brain was in a new robotic chassis, and this one had rocket thrusters and laser guns.

"Welcome, John Phoenix, to your death," said Manfred's 3D head on the monitor. Gant took out a remote and activated the John Policemans. Their eyes turned red and they became evil. Phoenix Wright's badge began to glow.

"I believe now would be a good time to fuse, Uncle Phoenix," said John Phoenix.

"Oh yeah, it's been one crazy thing after another lately, and I forgot all about that," Phoenix replied. John Phoenix touched the badge and the two men fused together and became Phoenix Phoenix.

"W-what's this?" said von Robot in shock. "T-they became one person.. and they have a strange aura that incorporates the signature colors of both men... I am frightened by this aura, Gant."

"Don't worry, Manny, we've got this," replied Gant, and he pressed a button on the remote and it made the robots even more evil.

Then the battle began in earnest. The John Policeman robots rushed at our heroes. Phoenix Phoenix used his right hand, the one controlled by John Phoenix, and fired a blast of pure psychic energy at a John Policeman and blew up its head. Phoenix Phoenix, getting the idea, lifted his left hand, the one controlled by Uncle Phoenix, and shot off more energy blasts, but Phoenix Wright's energy blasts were weaker and not as big as John Phoenix's.

Manfred von Robot fired a laser at Edgeworth, but Edgeworth dodged it and held his sword up to the laser beam, which sharpened the blade as it passed by.

"Hmph... how ironic," Edgeworth observed wisely, wisely observing the irony of the situation. "The laser merely sharpened my sword rather than killing me. How ironic." Then he used his laser-sharp sword expertly and with military precision to dismember the John Policeman robots.

Damon Gant pressed a button on the side of his head and his eyes flew out. "Ha, surprised, Wright, or whoever you are?" Gant was also a robot now. "My eyes will make short work of you!" The eyes flew overhead and each fired a laser at Phoenix Phoenix.

But the hand controlled by John Phoenix caught the laser!

"How!" screamed Gant. "That's... That's impossible!" Robotic tears of anger and frustration flowed freely from his empty eye sockets.

Phoenix Phoenix smirked, but only with the right side of his face, so it looked like he'd had a stroke. "Catching this laser beam was simplicity in itself, Gant. You see, my aura slowed down the laser beam, and lasers can't kill you if they're frozen in time! Also my psychic powers allow me to hold it." Then Phoenix Phoenix handed the laser beam to the other hand and caught the 2nd laser.

"Don't you dare let me down, Uncle Phoenix," warned Phoenix Phoenix. Then Left Hand and Right Hand teamed-up and threw the laser beams at the same time. As the beams left the aura they sped up and destroyed both the robotic eyes!

Gant stumbled around blindly. "My eyes! No!" Godot seized his chance. He flew over the robots and slapped God's magic handcuffs on Gant! A bolt of lightning struck Gant and he was reduced to ash, and his soul was sent back to heaven.

"Game over, Gant," said Godot in a fairly cool way, hovering over the battle. "But if this was Gant, then who was that other person John Phoenix handcuffed on the way to LA?" But before he could ponder this very interesting question any further, von Robot fired off two more lasers and made holes in his wings! Godot screamed and plummeted to the rooftop and got stepped on by all the John Policemans.

"Damn, I've lost my son, my daughter, and now Gant!" said von Robot. "Now it's only me..." He decided now was the time to retreat. He activated the rocket engines and flew off into the sky.

Our heroes were finishing off the rest of the robots and Franziska was sitting on a John Policeman's chest and

choking him to death with her whip when suddenly she looked up and saw her father making his escape.

"Father!" she cried. "Get back here!"

"So long, fools!" he laughed.

Phoenix Phoenix shook his fist and called out, "What did you do with my daughter, you robotic monster!"

"I had Gant kill her, Wright, just like I had him kill Principal Buddy Johnson! So long!" He became a mere speck in the sky and was gone.

Phoenix Wright screamed in agony and Phoenix Phoenix split apart violently and uncle and nephew were flung in opposite directions.

"Damn you, von Karma!" Phoenix Wright beat his hands against the ground. "Damn you!" He was so enraged and devastated that he began ripping out pieces of the roof with his bare hands and eating them. He had basically gone insane.

"No... I can't believe it..." muttered Franziska. "I can't believe father would kill a kid like that."

"Well, I hope you're happy, you bitch," said Godot. "You're also responsible for this. I'd go after him, but my wings are going to be out of commission for a while."

Miles Edgeworth turned to John Phoenix. "John Phoenix, you can fly can't you?"

"Yes, by using my psychic powers on my clothes and shoes, I can lift myself off the ground."

"Well, why not go after von Karma? Maybe you can still catch him."

John Phoenix shook his head. "His rockets make him go far too fast. He's probably in another state already. I'd never catch up to him. Besides, I don't really feel like it."

"It looks like von Robot has won for now," said the Judge sadly.

Everybody was sad over Trucy being dead, even John Phoenix, believe it or not, but then Gumshoe arrived on the roof with Trucy and another person.

"Hey pals" said Gumshoe. "I found Trucy and this other guy tied up in the secret hideout." Overjoyed, Phoenix ran over and embraced his adopted daughter.

"So she's alive after all," said Godot. "But why did Manfred lie?"

"I suppose he wanted to commit one more act of pointless cruelty before he made his exit," replied Edgeworth. "He just said she was dead to hurt Wright's feelings."

The other person stepped forward. He was an extremely thin, nude old man in a wizard hat with a long white beard that obscured his genitals.

"Hello," the man said. "My name is Merlin."

To be continued...

***Chapter 18*: John Phoenix and the Mystery of Badge**

Chapter 18: John Phoenix and the Mystery of His Uncle's Badge

A few days after the trial and Manfred von Robot's escape, John Phoenix, Phoenix Wright, and Edgeworth were at the Borscht Bowl Club helping Merlin reintegrate into society, because he had revealed to them that he was, in fact, an immortal wizard who had spent the last 2000 years living in a cave.

"You see," Merlin explained, in wizard hat and robe, "I create magical objects for powerful people. That angel gun is also an invention of mine. God commissioned to me to make it. I make all the weapons for heaven and I also designed heaven's security system."

"I see," Edgeworth said, having seen, and heard. "So am I correct in assuming that you also made those robots we fought?"

"I'm sorry, but yes. Von Karma and Gant kidnapped me and forced me to turn them into robots and build them an army. I wouldn't have gone along with their devious plans if it had only been my own life at stake, but they also threatened to kill that girl as well. So I had no choice."

"All right, I get why you made all that stuff for them," said Phoenix Wright, "but why did you make my badge?"

Merlin examined the badge. "Yes, this is indeed a magic badge, but I didn't make it for you. I made it 20 years ago for a man named Buddy Johnson. I don't know how he found me, but at the time I assumed he must have been a friend of God's and God had told him about me, so I gave him what he wanted... a magic badge."

John Phoenix paused, looking up from the piano (on which he had been playing, beautifully and without effort, an original composition he had written in 5 minutes, even though the song was 7 minutes long), and asked, "Wait, Buddy Johnson? You mean Principal Buddy Johnson?"

"He wasn't a principal when I met him," Merlin replied. "He was a defense attorney."

"That's weird," Phoenix said. "I never knew he was a defense attorney. Maybe you're just mistaken."

John Phoenix stood up. "There's an easy way to verify that, Uncle Phoenix," he said. "We'll simply go to the courthouse and check The Big Book of Lawyers. It contains the names of all the lawyers who've ever practiced law in this state. If there is a Buddy Johnson in the book, we'll see if his birthdate and blood-type match up to our own Buddy Johnson."

Edgeworth looked amused at Wright's dumbfounded expression. "Don't tell me you didn't know about the Big Book of Lawyers, Wright?"

"Of course I knew about it!" Wright snapped. "I went to law school, didn't I? I... I've just never had a reason to consult it, so obviously it didn't spring to mind right away."

"Sure..." So John Phoenix, Wright, and Edgeworth gave Merlin their unused drink tickets so he could continue to reintegrate into human society, then they went to the district court's legal library to uncover the mystery behind Uncle Phoenix's badge.

As the three men ascended the steps to the courthouse some girls started screaming and tried to date John Phoenix but he just spit on them and continued walking.

In the law library they met the librarian, the Judge's sister, who looked a lot like the judge except she had hair and didn't have a beard. She was also a woman. She found the book they were looking for and dropped it on a desk.

"Whew, there you go! Over 200 pounds of different attorneys and all the relevant information about them. Let me know if you need anything else!"

She left them. John Phoenix sat down and opened the book and Miles and Phoenix Wright looked over his shoulders.

"Let's see..." John Phoenix said. "Hm, it seems that the entire "J" section has been removed!"

"Someone must want to keep us in the dark about Buddy Johnson's past," remarked Edgeworth. Just then Uncle

Phoenix's ringtone started playing.

Beep. "Hello...?"

"Daddy, help! My school bus has been hijacked by Neo Nazis! And they've filled the bus with enough bombs to blow up the whole city! They're heading for town hall right now! HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!" Beep.

Phoenix Wright was upset. "Oh no! Trucy? Trucy? Are you there?" She's wasn't, because the Neo Nazis had taken her phone away and hung up.

"We must call the police immediately!" cried Edgeworth, but John Phoenix slapped the phone out of his hand and stomped on it.

Phoenix Wright held his cellphone to his ear. "John Phoenix, what's the matter with you?!" John Phoenix did a high kick and sent his his uncle's phone flying into the ceiling where it shattered into a million pieces.

"No," said John Phoenix angrily. "No police. They are worthless. Leave everything to me. The police would only get in the way." John Phoenix then dived through the window, shattering the glass, and ran off to confront the school bus that had been corrupted by the poisonous Neo Nazi ideology.

"There goes the greatest defense attorney to ever live," murmured Edgeworth. Phoenix Wright couldn't help but agree. He just hoped John Phoenix knew what he was doing...

***Chapter 19*: John Phoenix Vs Neo-Nazis & Schoolbus**

Chapter 19: John Phoenix Vs. Neo-Nazis & Schoolbus

A/N Anyone else get frustrated with fics that rely too much on swear words and s*x? The authors of those stories should try to be more family friendly like "The Adventures of John Phoenix".

John Phoenix used his feet to hit the ground with his feet which made his legs run very fast to the court parking lot, where Matt Engarde was waiting for him on a motorcycle (it wasn't the same motorcycle that had been in Engarde's living room in 2-4; this was a new, much better motorcycle that was a personal gift from John Phoenix.)

"Master, I received a psychic communication from you, what's up?" asked Matt Engarde.

"What's up?" repeated John Phoenix. "Do you think that's an appropriate way to greet the man who broke you out of prison, and who continues to tolerate your worthless existence just enough to allow you keep breathing his air?"

Engarde gulped. "S-sorry, master."

"Ha, lighten up, I'm just ribbing you. We're 'friends', after all. In any case, did you bring the gun I requested?"

"Of course, master." Matt Engarde climbed off the motorcycle and opened a long case on the side and took out John Phoenix's custom M16 with extended magazine, pump-action grenade launcher, laser dot scope, and a special barrel that made the bullets go faster and kill people harder than most other barrels.

John Phoenix put on the gun strap and examined the weapon. He nodded in approbation. "Yes, I can see that you had this gun made to my exact specifications. Nice work. Now resume being on a motorcycle, Matt; it's time for you to prove to me that you have indeed turned over a new leaf."

Matt Engarde mounted his motorcycle and revved the engine. John Phoenix got on the back but he didn't wrap his arms around Matt; that would have been unnecessary human contact. Besides, John Phoenix was perfectly capable of staying on a motorcycle using only his legs.

"Where are we going, sir?"

"Head towards town hall. There's a school bus there I have to shoot up."

"YES SIR, MR. JOHN PHOENIX SIR!"

The motorcycle roared off. Up ahead was a lot of traffic and blaring horns.

"Damn gridlock," said Engarde. "This city sucks."

"Idiot, just go OVER IT!" John Phoenix yelled, inwardly cursing his subordinate's incompetence and lack of problem solving.

So Engarde rode his motorcycle up a board leaning against an oil drum and the motorcycle sailed through the air and landed on the power lines and proceeded to drive on them. The motorcycle wheels were very precise motorcycle wheels designed by experts so this was not at all hard for the motorcycle to do.

As they rode easily over the traffic people pointed and clapped. Matt Engarde waved but John Phoenix remained coolly detached. A man named HoboSeven watched their progress and couldn't help but wonder whether John Phoenix fucked.

Anyway eventually they got past the traffic (it had been caused by a bunch of wrecked cars and dead bodies in the road; the work of the neo-Nazis?) and then there were sirens and flashing lights behind them and a police car started following them.

"Don't worry, John Phoenix," said one of the two policemen over a megaphone, "we're here to give you backup. We'll help get your cousin back safe and sound!"

But John Phoenix was annoyed. He didn't need any help; these police officers would only get in his way. Besides, John Phoenix knew that the police officers might get killed by the Nazis, and John Phoenix wouldn't want that, so to protect the officers' lives he fired a grenade through their windshield and it blew up and the car went out of control

and flipped several times in the air before crashing through the plate glass window of a bank. A fireball billowed out the window and people inside screamed.

John Phoenix couldn't help but smirk, because he knew that he had exploded the grenade in such a way that neither of the men were dead, merely severely injured or at worst paralyzed for life, but the latter seemed fairly unlikely.

"Nice shot, sir," said Matt Engarde.

"I know. Now where's the lube, Matt?"

John Phoenix poured a bottle of lube down the barrel of his gun so that the bullets would go even faster. He had a feeling he would need the extra speed.

Now they had caught up with the school bus. It was covered with barbed wire and there was a guillotine blade affixed to the grill. One of the seven nazis inside was patrolling the bus and making sure none of the frightened kids caused trouble. Then he looked out of the window and saw the motorcycle.

"Hey, Steve, there's some guys on a motorcycle driving on the cables up there!" Bob called out.

"Yeah, and they have guns!" said another nazi.

The nazi leader took a quick glance and then went back to driving the bus. "That's John Phoenix..." Steve Nazi licked his lips. He was shaking and his eyes were bloodshot from doing illegal drugs. "This could be, uh, a problem." He had changed his name to "Nazi" to show his dedication to being a Nazi.

"Steve look, there's that guy who sentenced you to jail," said Bob. The judge's Canadian brother was in the crosswalk up ahead.

Steve Nazi's hands gripped the wheel tightly. "Fuck Canada..." he whispered through gritted teeth. He slammed down on the gas pedal. The bus lurched forward and the guillotine blade sliced the judge in half and the top half landed on the hood and the bottom half went under the bus.

"How do you feel about THAT, you fucking old loser?" muttered Steve.

John Phoenix bristled at this xenophobia, and also at the unnecessary swear words. "Engarde, take us down," he commanded. "It's time bin this garbage."

The motorcycle jumped off the power lines and pulled up alongside the bus. Bob grinned at John Phoenix.

"Bye bye, Johnny boy!" He fired his rifle out the window, but John Phoenix snapped off a round with his custom M16, and his bullet met the Nazi's in the air, and John Phoenix's bullet was so much more powerful and better than the Nazi's bullet that it pushed the bullet backwards and into the Nazi's forehead. The combined force of both his own bullet and John Phoenix's caused the Nazi's head to blow up like a watermelon filled with kool-aid. Children screamed as they were showered with blood and brain matter.

"Don't go losing your head," John Phoenix remarked cleverly. Steve Nazi's eyes bulged out as he stared ahead. He tried to run the motorcycle off the road and Engarde was forced to take evasive action.

"Darn it," said John Phoenix. "These foolish children keep getting in the way. I can't get a clear shot." Suddenly his eyeballs alighted on the Canadian judge's intestines slapping against the side of the bus.

"Bring us just a little closer, Matt!" Matt did, and then John Phoenix performed a heroic leap and grabbed the judge's intestinal tract. He planted both feet on the side of the bus and used the intestines to pull himself onto the hood.

The whole gang was dead except Steve now.

"You'll make a great chew toy for Cerberus, scumbag," said John Phoenix. Then John Phoenix held Steve's face against the road until all the skin had come off his face and he died. John Phoenix held up the corpse. A skull with a dirty mullet grinned at him.

"Now this is what I call a face-off," John Phoenix said. You might think he was making a quip, but no. He was dead serious. That is really what he called a face off.

John Phoenix threw the corpse back into the bus with disdain. "Now time to take care of this bus." He fired a grenade

and it bounced around in the aisle. Then he backflipped to safety as the grenade blew up and the bus fell on its side and continued moving down the street while sending out a shower of sparks as it scraped the ground. Then it slowed to a stop.

John Phoenix folded his arms and observed his handiwork, not displeased. Matt Engarde pulled up next to him on the motorcycle.

"Not bad," said Engarde.

"Indeed, Matthew. Indeed."

A bunch of police cruisers arrived and so did Uncle Phoenix and Edgeworth on a tandem bicycle. Then some children started climbing out of the bus.

"Survivors!" screamed Engarde. He raised his Uzi but John Phoenix slapped him.

"Those are just some children, you fool. I stopped the bus in such a way that none of them were injured and none of the bombs inside the bus went off."

But then Trucy ran out of the bus and she had a bomb strapped to her chest! Everyone gasped (except John Phoenix).

"Ahhhh help me!" The digital display was counting down. 10... 9...

John Phoenix quickly did a leg-sweep and knocked her to the ground. He shouldered his custom M16 and aimed at his cousin's chest.

"John Phoenix, no!" cried Uncle Phoenix.

But John Phoenix ignored this foolish blubbing. A solitary bead of sweat appeared on his forehead but he sucked it back in.

3.. 2...

He aimed...

1...

Ka-pow! The perfectly aimed bullet hit the bomb in just the right way and the bomb was disabled. The lock was released and Trucy took the vest off. Phoenix Wright helped her to her feet and sobbed like a pathetic baby.

"Brilliant work, young John Phoenix," said Edgeworth. "You demonstrated uncommon bravery and skill today. I wouldn't be surprised if you got a Medal of Honor out of all this." John Phoenix just yawned. Edgeworth picked up the bomb vest and examined it.

"Why... this..." began Edgeworth. "I've seen this kind of bomb before. It's common among the suicide bombers I've encountered overseas. What were these men doing with it?"

Suddenly Steve Nazi's corpse fell off a stretcher.

"Whoops," said an ambulance guy. The sheet had fallen off and revealed Steve's bare chest. And on his chest was a strange tattoo.

"Wait a minute!" said Edgeworth. "That tattoo... it's the symbol of the Khurainese Republican Army... these men aren't just neo-Nazis and domestic terrorists! They are also foreign terrorists who are also neo-Nazis! What's going on here?"

Before anyone could respond, Gumshoe emerged from the bus. "Hey, Mr. Edgeworth, I just found an invoice for the bomb vest inside the bus. And it was issued to... Phoenix Wright!"

To be continued...

***Chapter 20*: John Phoenix and the Meeting**

Chapter 20: John Phoenix and the Meeting

John Phoenix, Edgeworth, Godot, and Merlin were having a meeting at The Wright Anything Agency. John Phoenix's manservant Matt Engarde was serving drinks, and John Phoenix's secretary Shelly de Killer was screening calls. There had been a lot of hateful calls to the agency lately, because Phoenix Wright had been arrested for orchestrating the bus hijacking and the attempt to bomb city hall. The front page of the newspaper on the coffee table read "JOHN PHOENIX'S UNCLE ARRESTED ON TERRORISM CHARGES" in giant print. There was also a picture of the Judge at his brother's funeral, and underneath was a quote: "He always seemed like a terrorist to me."

"This is absurd!" cried Edgeworth. "I've known Wright all my life, and the man would never align himself with foreign agents or betray his country like this. The invoice was obviously meant to frame him."

"I agree, Miles," nodded John Phoenix. "I know for a fact that the invoice was fake, because according to the invoice my uncle ordered the bomb at the exact time he was with me in Kurain village. He has an alibi which can be confirmed by none other than me, John Phoenix."

"Then why the hell was he arrested?" asked Godot. He had just left the hospital and his wings were still in casts.

"Because when the police searched his apartment they found terrorist training manuals and a portrait of the KRA general over his bed. They believe that my uncle hates America and that his efforts to destabilize the country go back many years, perhaps to when he first became a defense attorney."

Edgeworth dashed his dainty little cup to the floor. Engarde moved to sweep up the glass.

"No! I refuse to believe this.. this... nonsense!" exclaimed Edgeworth. "I've been in Wright's bedroom dozens of times over the years and I've never seen anything to suggest he is a Nazi or a terrorist!"

"It doesn't matter. The police also found a manifesto in his pillowcase. It's entitled 'Why I hate America and I'm a Terrorist: A Manifesto by Phoenix Wright'. It outlines his plan to recruit neo-Nazis to the Khurainese Republican Army cause and to cause widespread terror by hijacking school buses and blowing up important places like city halls and Mt. Rushmore."

Merlin was confused. "But wait a tick, my boy. Just what is this... Khurainese Republican Army?"

"Really?" sighed John Phoenix. "I know you've been cooped up in cave for the last 2000 years, Merlin, but really?" He jerked his head. "Miles, if you will?"

"Oh? Oh, the Khurainese Republican Army is one of the factions fighting for control of the country of Khurain right now. They're opposed by the Khurainese Democratic Army, and both of those armies are opposed by the Royalists, i.e. the Royal Family and the provinces loyal to them. America is aligned with the Royalists. Anyway, the fighting in the country has spilled over the borders and destabilised the entire region. The KRA has taken over several neighboring countries and committed numerous human rights violations."

Merlin stroked his beard. "I see.. most illuminating..."

"Anyway," continued John Phoenix, "the manifesto goes on to say that my uncle was planning to defect to Khurain and share America's secrets with the KRA."

"That's a laugh," said Edgeworth, but he didn't laugh. "No one would trust Wright with any secrets worth keeping. That manifesto was obviously not written by the real Phoenix Wright!"

"But the handwritting was analyzed by an expert," replied John Phoenix. "And what's more, that expert was a robot. It was determined with an accuracy of 100% that the manifesto was written by my uncle."

Merlin looked disturbed.

"You got something you wanna tell us, geezer?" asked Godot. "You look upset."

"Well... you're going to hate me for this, but I believe one of my inventions could be responsible. You see, many years ago I designed a special pen that could perfectly copy the handwritting of any person on Earth. If your uncle is truly

innocent, then the real culprit must have used my magic pen."

"Merlin! Tell us who you made the pen for at once!" ordered Edgeworth.

"Ahem... well...I actually made it for St. Peter, oh, some thousands of years ago."

"What?" said Edgeworth. "But why would St. Peter want something like that?"

"Objection," said John Phoenix. "Obviously so he can sign the names of people who have lost their hands into the check-in book at the Pearly Gates. Am I right?"

"Oh yes, exactly, John," said Merlin. "The pen was to be used for good, not evil. And I don't believe St. Peter is running around trying to frame your uncle, so the pen must have fallen into the wrong hands somehow..."

Suddenly Godot's pager went off. He stood up. "Well, it looks like I'm wanted back in heaven. I wouldn't be much help to you guys anyway, with my broken wings. Heh, at least I got Gant..."

"But wait, did Gant's soul go to heaven?" asked Edgeworth. "Do robots have souls?"

"Heh, well, he wasn't exactly what is strictly termed a robot, he was more of a cyborg. But yes, he had a soul, and it went to heaven." Godot pressed a button on his pager and he began to fade away. "I'll ask God and St. Peter about the pen. Hopefully you guys can get Wright out of this mess." He tossed the handcuffs to John Phoenix. "Hang onto those. And remember, as long von Robot doesn't have hands, you won't be able to send him back to heaven." He disappeared.

The men were all silent for a moment. Then Edgeworth said: "von Robot... He's still out there. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if he were behind all this." Suddenly he had an idea. "John Phoenix, why not use your psychic powers to read von Robot's mind? Find out where he is?"

"You obviously have no idea what you're talking about, Miles. One, I can't read von Robot's mind because he is in a protective robotic shell. Two, I can only communicate with people who choose to let me into their minds. Much like how a vampire can only enter your house if you invite him in..."

So now you know how John Phoenix's powers work.

Just then Trucy burst into the room. "John Phoenix! A letter just came from Khurain! It's from Apollo and he's in a POW camp!"

Meanwhile...

Godot re-appeared in heaven.

"Whoa nelly, what's happened here?"

Everything was wrecked and trash cans were on fire. A burned out car was parked in the middle of the street.

Before Godot could do anything, what felt like a jumbo jet collided with the back of his head. He collapsed.

Before he lost consciousness, he heard a voice: "Sorry, Godot, but I'm afraid heaven is under new management now."

To be continued...

***Chapter 21*: John Phoenix Is Going Overseas Now**

Chapter 21: John Phoenix Is Going Overseas Now

John Phoenix, the nephew of Phoenix Wright, was visiting his uncle, Phoenix Wright, the uncle of John Phoenix, at the detention center, where Phoenix Wright (who was John Phoenix's uncle) was incarcerated for being a terrorist.

Uncle Phoenix sniffled and pressed his hand against the partition. "I'd knew you'd come save me, John Phoenix," said Uncle Phoenix. "You're a good nephew."

"Get your hand off the glass, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix impatiently, eyes closed. "I am NOT going to place my hand over your hand. Not even if there's a partition between us. Get real."

"Oh... okay..." He lowered his hand. "Sorry. I'm just really upset and lonely. Everybody is treating me like a terrorist. I'm afraid the guards are going to beat me up or something. Um, anyway, how is Trucy?"

"I sent her to the orphanage," said John Phoenix. "I didn't want some annoying child hanging around bothering me while I'm trying to solve the quizzical mystery of the magic pen."

"The orphanage? John Phoenix, why didn't you just have her stay with Maya? Sending her to the orphanage is just... stupid!"

John Phoenix started hissing and banging against the glass. His eyes were bloodshot and he bared his teeth. Phoenix Wright cowered in his seat.

"Sorry, sorry, please... don't hurt me..." he whispered. The guard was holding up his hands in fear.

John Phoenix panted and dabbed at his forehead with his tie. "Never... EVER... so much as imply that anything I do is EVER, to any degree, stupid. Did it ever occur to, Uncle Phoenix, that maybe I had a reason for putting her in the orphanage? That perhaps it's a state-of-the-art, high security orphanage? One with robotic guards? And an electric fence that would kill her instantly if she touched it? More of a prison than an orphanage? That this particular orphanage was recommended to me by my personal friend Miles Edgeworth? That maybe Trucy will be safer there? Safe from all the Phoenix Wright-haters that have sprung into existence after you were arrested for terrorism?"

Phoenix Wright looked ashamed.

"Go on," urged John Phoenix in disgust. "Insult my brilliant plans. Go on."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I concede that you're always right," gulped Phoenix Wright.

John Phoenix looked placated for the moment, so Uncle Phoenix ventured to ask, "So, um, about my defense. How's that getting along? What witnesses are you going to call?"

"Witnesses?" yawned John Phoenix, checking his wristwatch. "What witnesses?"

"The character witnesses, ya know, the ones who can testify about how I'm NOT, um, a terrorist?"

"There will be no witnesses."

"Okay, what evidence do you-"

"Be quiet. There's no evidence either. Be quiet."

Phoenix Wright stared. He felt a rising panic. "So how are you going to, um, defend me in court?"

"It's simple." John Phoenix smirked. "I'm not going to. Instead, I'm going to Khurain. The terroristic neo-Nazi Khurainese bus incident was obviously the work of Khurainese nationals. I believe to find the true culprit who framed you I'll have to travel to Khurain. Besides, Edgeworth believes my presence will greatly benefit the war effort."

"But they're trying to execute me!" cried Phoenix as John Phoenix stood up. "You can't go to Khurain! What about my trial?"

"I have to find the magic pen."

"John, listen, this is crazy," pleaded Phoenix Wright. "What pen?"

"Quiet. I have to find the magic pen."

"My trial's in only three days-"

John Phoenix lifted an immaculately permed eyebrow. "And? You do realize that I am the one who used his vast influence to get that extension granted, correct? They wanted to hold the trial immediately."

Phoenix started crying. "You're a great kid, John. But you gotta help me. Now. Please."

"Yes sir, Mr. John Phoenix," said the guard, roughly grabbing John Phoenix.

"And I don't want you physically harming my uncle, understand?" said John Phoenix. "If you must punish him do so by withholding food or water or by causing him severe sleep deprivation. Let's be civilized about this, shall we? This situation is hardly ideal for any of us."

"Thank you, John Phoenix," mumbled Phoenix Wright in sincere gratitude as he was dragged off.

"Good bye, Uncle," waved John Phoenix. "I'll be keeping you in my prayers. Rest assured, three days is all I need to sort this mess out."

John Phoenix exited the visiting room just in time to see Matt Engarde roll into the hallway on his motorcycle, and following Matt was Shelly de Killer on a much cooler, more awesomer bike (this bike was John Phoenix's).

"Hey, you guys aren't allowed to bring those in here!" shouted another guard running up.

Matt coughed and jerked his head toward John Phoenix.

"Uh, like, you wanna tell HIM that, guy?"

The guard slowly turned and saw that John Phoenix was glaring at him hatefully. The guard decided the best course of action was to drop dead and not to move or make a sound.

He was right.

John Phoenix stepped across the body, being careful to break the guard's fingers, and approached his subordinates. Shelly got off the cooler bike and stood at a respectful distance as John Phoenix inspected it.

"Very nice," said John Phoenix. He ran a hand over the sleek motorcycle, which was green and blue at the same time (this represented the colors of John Phoenix's suit and tie). It had two mufflers for extra exhaust. The seat was more comfortable than most motorcycle seats in the world and it was designed in such a way that sitting on it for long periods of time wouldn't cause lowered sperm counts.

Yes, Merlin had done good work on this custom "hog" for John Phoenix. Emblazoned on the side of the motorcycle was "John Phoenix" in a cool font superimposed over a lightning bolt. Also, Merlin made it so the high beams gave people cancer. Just a subtle little weapon.

And, of course, mounted on one side was his custom M16. He'd never ride a motorcycle without it.

John Phoenix got on the bike, slipped on his mirrored aviators, and pulled on his fingerless leather gloves. He flexed his fingers and examined his reflection in the rearview mirror. He smirked.

"It is time to go meet up with Edgeworth and head to Khurain," said John Phoenix. "Are you two ready to enlist in the army and lay down your lives for America?" John Phoenix considered this. "No, let me rephrase that, are you ready to lay down your lives for John Phoenix?"

Matt got teary-eyed. "Of course, sir. You saved my life. You saved me from myself."

"Indubitably, sir," replied Shelly de Killer as he climbed into Matt's sidecar.

"Let's roll."

John Phoenix and Engarde roared down the hallway and out the building. Playing on John Phoenix's walkman? "Rollin' into the Night", a song which appeared ONLY in the Japanese version of the original Mad Max, which makes

it QUITE obscure, quite obscure indeed. John Phoenix's style was both hip AND retro at the same time, but in a cool way that came off as completely natural and not at all ostentatious or trying-too-hard.

"Look, here comes John Phoenix!" a reporter shouted. Cameras flashed and the crowd outside the building screamed questions at him.

Spark Brushel pushed his way to the front. "Mr. John Phoenix, sir, how do you respond to the allegations that your uncle is 'A terrorist bastard, who should burn, burn!' end quote? Not my words by the way."

John Phoenix gripped him by the tie and growled. "My response is that whoever's peddling that garbage should be ashamed. My uncle is as innocent as the baby Jesus." He spun Brushel around by the tie and threw him into a dumpster. "Shelly, take care of these cameras, will you?"

Shelly took out his Luger and started shooting out the lenses of the reporters' cameras. This scared most of them off, but one man was brave enough to hobble over to John Phoenix's motorcycle.

The man had a prosthetic leg, an eyepatch, and a t-shirt with a picture of an extremely muscular bootleg Blue Badger in army fatigues tightening a belt around his arm with his teeth and jabbing himself in the arm with a hypodermic needle. The words above and below the picture read "Yeah I was in Khurain... now I do hard drugs."

"Hey, man, I'm a vet," said the man. "I was over there, man. Those fuckin' Khurainese bastards stole my leg. Like, get it back for me if you can. I know all about you, man, I think you're a hero the way you saved those kids. A real hero. I read the your interview with Lotta Hart where you said you're going to Khurain. Give 'em hell for me, brother. Wipe all those Khurainese out. Nuke Khurain!"

John Phoenix sniffed. "We're actually aligned with the rulers of Khurain. It's the rebels and their allies in the surrounding countries we're fighting. So, like, educate yourself about the geopolitical realities of the situation, 'man.'" This man was obviously insane, so John Phoenix switched his headlights on-and-off and gave him cancer. It was sad that John Phoenix had been forced to do this, but the man clearly wasn't getting the help he needed from the VA, so giving him cancer was basically a mercy killing.

John Phoenix and Matt Engarde drove out of the city and towards the army base where they were meeting Edgeworth. Merlin descended from the sky and flew alongside them a few feet above the ground on his broomstick.

"Room for this old fart in your army?" he asked.

Meanwhile, in Khurain...

Klavier emerged from the jungle (Khurain is famous for its jungles) and came upon some rice paddies. He shaded his eyes from the sun and stared over the fields. He opened his compass and looked at a snapshot of Apollo Justice.

"Ah, Herr Forehead, I wish you were here," he said. "You were a good soldier. Unlike these special ed. babies I'm being forced to take care of."

"Um, I don't wanna alarm anyone," said Ron DeLite, "but I think my head is starting to fall off." He had got it the worst out of all the survivors. A helicopter blade was piercing his neck.

"Oh, damn it, Ron, what is it you little crybaby?" snapped Klavier.

"Erm, well, sir, it's just that when I turn my head too fast the entire thing starts to slide off and I need to push it back into place."

Klavier stared at him. "Then don't... turn it... fast," he said slowly.

Just then Max Galactica shouldered his rifle and aimed at some peasants. "Sir! I see some foreigners! Permission to murk?"

Klavier pushed the barrel down. "No, Johns, those are just some innocent peasants," explained Klavier patiently. Max's stage name may be "Max Galactica" but ever since he joined the army everyone had to refer to him by his government name, "Billy Bob Johns." Those were the rules.

Meanwhile Benjamin Woodman was staring at a peasant girl, probably underaged, and licking his lips. Klavier grabbed him by the collar and shook him.

"Don't even think about it, you fucking puppet-loving pedo," said Klavier. He cracked Ben one across the face and broke his lips in half. "You try anything and I'll kick your ass six ways from Sunday."

Klavier suddenly noticed something bulging in Woodman's pants.

"Achtung! What's this?" He reached in without hesitation and pulled it out.

"D-don't be mad, sir," whined Woodman.

"I thought I told you to BURN this," roared Klavier, smacking him in the face with Trilo Quist. Then he threw the puppet back into the jungle.

"H-he keeps c-c-c-coming back, s-s-ir," stuttered Woodman. "He's a magic p-p-puppet."

Klavier smacked himself in the face. "Of course you of all people survived! Why couldn't it have been Armstrong? Good ol' Armstrong..."

Just then Ron spotted something in the sky and pointed. "Sir! There's some kind of cube floating over the rice fields!"

"What the hell is that?" asked Klavier.

But then the cube started firing off lasers and destroying the rice paddies! Klavier and his men hopped over a low brick wall and hid behind it. An angry farmer ran into the fields spouting foreign gibberish.

"Achtung! Stop!"

But it was too late, a laser cut the man in half. An evil laugh came from the cube as it flew off into the distance.

"What was that...?" wondered Klavier in wonder, flipping his hair (which was flawless as always).

Meanwhile, in heaven prison...

Godot slowly stirred to life. He tried to get up but he was chained to the wall by his wrists. His memories slowly returned.

"What happened to heaven while I was gone...?" he asked. Then he looked around and to his shock the prison walls were made of bricks, not clouds!

"What the hell? Heaven is only supposed to be made of clouds! Something is seriously wrong!"

To be continued...

***Chapter 22*: John Phoenix Becomes an Army Lawyer**

Chapter 22: John Phoenix Becomes an Army Lawyer and Cries

John Phoenix was completely nude except for his underwear.

He was exceedingly muscular with huge pecs and biceps which were normally hidden under his iconic green suit and blue tie. His veins were huge and throbbing. When he flexed his muscles the veins turned blackish-purple and bulged out like thick cords. This was a sign of being more healthy and virile than most other men.

He was undergoing a physical exam, because the first thing he had to do prior to becoming a military lawyer was to be examined by an Army Doctor and deemed fit for service. So far he had passed all the tests with flying colors.

Currently John Phoenix was standing on a scale. But not just any scale. This was a scale that also measured the height of the person standing on the scale. John Phoenix's height was 177 cm, which was 2 cm better than his Uncle Phoenix.

Just one more way in which the nephew had surpassed the uncle.

The doctor nodded. "Hmm, yes, very good." He checked something off on his clipboard. "Now, John Phoenix, you already demonstrated that your cardiovascular health is perfect when you ran a sub-three minute mile on the treadmill, so let's check your physical strength next."

John Phoenix lay down on a bench press and began repping the barbell (300 pounds).

"This is too easy. Give me more weight."

The doctor and the nurses slid on more weights.

John Phoenix pumped the barbell up and down. "Come on! What is this, 1000 pounds? I could curl this with one arm. MORE WEIGHT!"

There were no more weights to add to the barbell, so the two nurses (Rhoda Teneiro and Lauren Paups, both of whom were love with John Phoenix) sat on the ends of the barbell.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said John Phoenix, pumping vigorously, giving both women the rides of their lives, "did two tiny specks of dust just land on the barbell? MORE WEIGHT!"

John Phoenix's manservants Matt Engarde and Shelly de Killer started jumping up and down on the barbell, but it was no use; they were incapable of giving John Phoenix a satisfying challenge. He shook everyone off the barbell in bitter disappointment and then threw the barbell into the corner and destroyed some expensive medical equipment.

"What a monumental waste of time," he complained. "That was not at all a challenge to me, John Phoenix."

John Phoenix finished his physical, and despite the fact that John Phoenix had never exercised in his life, it was determined that he was the strongest, healthiest man to ever take the exam in the history of physical exams.

John Phoenix got dressed and then he took out his uncle's magic badge. He had the badge now because he had stolen it from his uncle before he had been arrested for his crimes. After all, such a powerful magical artifact shouldn't be allowed to fall into the hands of the police. It would be safer with him.

"Why did Buddy Johnson have Merlin make this magic badge...?" he wondered out loud. "And why did it grant my infant self magical powers?"

John Phoenix pondered this for a few seconds, but he got bored, so he reported back to Edgeworth.

They walked arm-in-arm through the base AKA Fort Gant, which was named in honor of Damon Gant's father, Bobby Gant, who had been a famous general in his day.

Then they went to the firing range and Edgeworth handed John Phoenix a rifle. Edgeworth pointed at a target dummy in the distance.

"To become a military lawyer you must possess excellent marksmanship," Miles Edgeworth explained. "After all, we

can never be sure when the military courtrooms will be attacked by the enemy. While our roles aren't strictly combative, we must always be ready and able to fight if the situation calls for it."

John Phoenix turned the rifle over in his hands. Then he threw it like a knife and it flew hundreds of yards downrange and the bayonet stabbed the dummy's head.

"My word, what an excellent shot," said Edgeworth. "Good work, John Phoenix. Very unorthodox, but good work!"

"That gun was worthless," said John Phoenix. "I will only use my custom M16 or the angel gun."

Now, the final step to becoming a military lawyer, which he had to do before he could go to Khurain and serve alongside Edgeworth: win a mock trial held with dummies.

They went to the training courtroom and Edgeworth set up some dummies in the appropriate spots to represent the prosecution, the witness, and the defendant. Then Edgeworth sat on top of some sandbags. He was roleplaying as the judge.

"Now that we're all set up, we can begin the trial," said Edgeworth. He was wearing his dead mother's dress as a robe because he didn't have a judge robe to use.

"On the desk in front of you will find all the evidence related to this trial, as well the witness's testimony. In brief, the defendant is accused of fragging his superior officer. As a military defense attorney, it is your job to ensure that he receives a proper defense. Now, what do you do?"

John Phoenix examined the evidence. He carefully considered the facts of the case and went over the transcript of the witness's testimony. Then he nodded his head once, then again. He picked up a piece of evidence, a Bowie knife, and jumped over the desk and started stabbing the dummy to death.

"I kill the witness," explained John Phoenix.

"That's the defendant, John Phoenix," replied Edgeworth. "The witness is over there."

John Phoenix jumped over the witness stand and stabbed the witness dummy to death.

"All right, so you kill the witness," said Edgeworth. "Explain your logic."

John Phoenix smirked. "It's simple. Not only is the witness the real killer, he's actually an enemy agent!"

"Oh? And how did you come to that conclusion? Show your work." Edgeworth was not going to go easy on him. He demanded perfection from everyone, even his best friend in the world John Phoenix.

"It's simple, Your Honor. Don't you think it's rather suspicious that this witness is a witness to begin with? Isn't that just a little too convenient? After all, by claiming to have witnessed the crime, he suspiciously creates an alibi for himself, because if he was witnessing the crime, it would be impossible for him to have committed the crime! Additionally, the crime occurred at night time, which is when people sleep, so it's suspicious to be awake and witnessing a crime at such a suspicious hour."

Edgeworth stroked his chin thoughtfully, letting this astute analysis wash over him like logical water flowing from a waterfall connected to John Phoenix's brain.

"I see," said Edgeworth thoughtfully, stroking his chin. "It is indeed suspicious that this witness witnessed this crime. But you had no grounds to kill him."

John Phoenix smirked. "The witness's suspicious behavior is merely what led to me suspecting him as suspicious, Your Honor. I killed him because I made deductions based on sound logic and sounder evidence." He threw out his index finger, every muscle and fingernail in the finger straining. "Take that!"

He presented the witness testimony.

"What?" said Edgeworth, pretending to be shocked. "The witness testimony?! This proves the witness isn't a witness?"

"Oh, the witness is a witness, all right... a witness to his own crime!" exclaimed John Phoenix. "You see, the witness claimed to have seen the defendant throw a GREEN grenade into the victim's sleeping quarters." He slammed the

witness stand. "But as you know, the military uses two different colors of hand grenades, dark green and dark blue! This crime took place at night. It was dark. The only way the witness could have known that it was a green grenade is if he threw the grenade himself!"

"Brilliant logic, Mr. John Phoenix," said the Judge AKA Edgeworth.

John Phoenix smirked larger. "Oh, but I'm not through yet. There's yet ANOTHER piece of evidence that points to the witness as the true killer, a heretofore unexplained piece of evidence that only makes sense in the context of the witness being the true killer! TAKE THAT!"

John Phoenix presented the knife he had used to kill the defendant and the witness.

"You see," he explained, "this knife belongs to the witness. It has his initials on it. It was found at the crime scene. But why? The answer is simple. The victim was NOT killed by a grenade! Instead, the witness stabbed the victim sometime earlier with his knife. Then, to obfuscate the true cause of death, he threw a grenade into the room which caused the knife to fall out so it'd look like the victim was blown up instead of killed by the witness's knife."

The Edgeworth admired this beautiful display of logic. "Very good, Mr. John Phoenix," he said. "I find the defendant NOT GUILTY!"

Unfortunately, you killed the witness, and he was Innocent Until Proven Guilty, so I'm afraid I'll have to take away your badge and strip you of your military title for violating due process."

"Ha ha ha..." John Phoenix merely threw back his head in laughter. "Your Honor, killing the witness was an act of preemptive self-defense! Because the man was a terrorist and had grenades in his pants! He was going to blow us all to bits!"

"What?" asked the Judge, surprised but not really because this was a mock trial and not a real trial. "But how could you possibly have known that? Explain."

"Simple. I'm afraid this a bit vulgar, Your Honor, but bear with me. The man had two spherical objects in his pants, and at first glance one might assume the objects were merely part of the man's scrotum. After all, he was wearing very tight pants. But I read the witness's profile in the court record, and it clearly states he tragically lost his scrotum in Khurain. So obviously the objects in his pants, were, in fact grenades meant to be used as a last resort if he was found out. So my killing him was completely warranted, as well as morally justified."

Edgeworth smiled and began to clap. "Bravo, John Phoenix!" he cried. "You made short work of my little trial and have proven yourself worthy of being a Military Defense Attorney. As Chief Army Lawyer, I salute you."

He pinned a second badge onto John Phoenix's lapel. John Phoenix beamed with pride, because now he was legally able to defend people both in court, and in military court.

Now it was dusk. John Phoenix and Miles Edgeworth, having cleared everything with the brass, went to the airfield to board Miles's plane and fly to Khurain.

"Good luck, Miles," said Carlos Flavioli. Carlos Flavioli was Edgeworth's friend and also another military prosecutor. Carlos Flavioli had sunglasses. "I wish I could go with you, but my broken feet and spine prevent me. Happy skies... partner."

"Good bye, Carlos Flavioli," said Edgeworth. He was friends with Carlos Flavioli.

Edgeworth donned his flight helmet, strapped on his goggles, twirled his scarf around his neck, and climbed into the driver's seat of his new triplane, "The Edgeworth II". It was the biggest triplane ever made because it had five seats. John Phoenix and Matt Engarde's motorcycles were also tied to the sides of the plane.

"All aboard!" Miles honked the steering wheel.

John Phoenix sat in the seat directly behind Miles, and Matt Engarde, Shelly de Killer, and Merlin sat in the other seats. The plane took off and began the long flight over the Pacific Ocean to Khurain, where John Phoenix hoped to find the truth behind the magic pen and the plot to frame his Uncle Phoenix.

"Perfect flying conditions," remarked Edgeworth. "Oh look, a flock of geese." He fired the machine guns and wiped out all the geese. Their bodies fell to earth and floated in the ocean. Edgeworth opened the bomb bay and dropped a bomb and it exploded just over the water and blew the geese corpses to smithereens and sent feathers flying

everywhere. Like mentor like apprentice.

"Nice geese killing, dude," said Matt, throwing a thumbs up.

"Ha, how did you like that, John Phoenix?" asked Edgeworth. No reply. "John Phoenix?"

John Phoenix was lost in thought. He was fiddling with the bullet containing his mother's soul. He was wearing the bullet around his neck alongside his dog tags.

John Phoenix had asked Merlin if there was any way to free his mother's soul from the bullet so she could go to heaven where she belonged, because she was a godly woman, but Merlin had just told him it was impossible. No one could free someone from an angel bullet, not even god.

He was suddenly surprised to feel something wet oozing out of his eyeholes and running down his face. For one surreal moment he thought his eyes were bleeding, but no, he was just crying. He touched his tears and then held his hand out, shocked. Him? Crying? He had never cried before, not even when he was first birthed two months ago.

In that moment John Phoenix realized just how lonely he really was. His mother was dead, her soul trapped in a bullet forever; his father had died before John Phoenix had even been conceived; his cousin had been sent away to the orphanage due to a cruel twist of fate no one could have predicted; and his uncle Phoenix Wright, the man he respected and looked up to most of all, his hero, was being abused in prison by sadistic guards because everybody in America hated him for being a terrorist.

He tried to hold back the tears, but he couldn't, so he just tried to keep his weeping silent. Thankfully the only person who could see his tears was Edgeworth, who observed him briefly in the rearview mirror, and then tactfully looked away from his friend's moment of vulnerability.

He was a gentleman after all.

To be continued...

***Chapter 23*: Spark Brushel's Brush In, and Meanwhiles**

Chapter 23: Spark Brushel's Brush In, and Meanwhiles

Spark Brushel was digging through the trash behind the Borscht Bowl Club by the light of the full moon in search of food. It had been several days since he had last eaten. He reached elbow-deep into a trash can and pulled out a blackened banana peel. He sighed. These recent food shortages caused by the War were hard on everyone, even garbage cans.

"Down-on-His-Luck Freelance Journalist Discovers Correlation Between Empty Pockets and Empty Stomach', end quote." He immediately slurped down the banana peel. It wasn't exactly an appetising meal but he had to take what he could get. His eyes darted back-and-forth as he licked his fingers hungrily.

He had waited for the cover of night to rummage through the trash because if the cops caught you doing it during the day they'd beat you up in compliance with a new city ordinance.

Whatever bits of food there might be in the garbage were reserved for the mayor and his fatcat campaign contributors. Brushel couldn't help but feel that the slow slide into dystopia was now a fast slide into dystopia and that he was riding that slide and that soon the dystopia wouldn't be a future dystopia but a present dystopia.

It was not a fun slide to be on.

He threw open the lid of a dumpster and hopped inside. This was his home now. The sparse furnishings consisted of bath towel for a bed, a few notebooks and pens, a skateboard, an electric candle, and a poster of John Phoenix. Brushel was a great admirer of John Phoenix and he hoped to get the poster signed one day.

You might think Brushel would have a negative opinion of John Phoenix after getting launched into the trash. Well, his feelings had been hurt a little. But Brushel could understand John Phoenix's reaction; after all, the man must be operating under a great deal of stress, getting hounded by the press everywhere he goes. Not to mention his mother getting murdered less than a week ago and his uncle being arrested for terrorism.

Of course, Spark Brushel knew that Phoenix Wright was innocent. Phoenix was just an honest, albeit simple-minded man who loved his country.

No... the only person he held any ill will toward was Lotta Hart, the woman who had stolen everything from him. The woman who had framed him for plagiarism and gotten him fired from being a freelance journalist and blacklisted from every publication in town. She also stole his house and her goons beat him up.

"Sorry, Sparky, but your house is mine now," said Lotta Hart evilly in a flashback (it was a black-and-white flashback). "Beat him up, goons."

The goons started beating up Brushel (in black and white) as Lotta snapped pictures and laughed.

"Why, Lotta...?" asked Spark Brushel (in a black-and-white flashback). "Why are you doing this?"

"Because there's only room for one freelance journalist in this town, toothbrush boy," she said. She stole his toothbrush.

"Hey, my toothbrush!" cried Brushel (this was all happening in black and white during a flashback).

"Don't worry, y'all won't need this once my goons are done with you." She snapped the toothbrush in half. "Viola! Knock his teeth out!"

Viola Cadaverini clocked him in the jaw and knocked several teeth out. Brushel spat out blood.

"Those teeth had cavities, actually," he bluffed. "All my teeth have cavities so I don't even mind if you knock them out. That's good to me." He was trying to save his remaining teeth.

Lotta scowled. "Well, gawd, in that case we'll just hurt you in other ways!" She took a baseball bat out of her pants.

Spark Brushel tossed and turned on his bath towel as his flashbacks transitioned into bad dreams that were also flashbacks. Then gradually he was awoken by voices coming from the back door of the Borscht Bowl, which was

slightly open.

"Have you channeled the targets yet?" asked a man's voice.

"No, sir," said another voice, female. "It's very strange but we haven't been able to make contact with their spirits..."

The sound of a bottle shattering.

"Don't stop trying until you get it done," growled the man. "It would be very bad for you and your sister if you didn't come through for us. After all, you wouldn't want to disappoint Buddy Johnson or our master in Khurain, now would you?"

"Absolutely not sir!" cried a different female voice. "We are completely dedicated to our master and his cause! The spirits were probably just at church. We'll channel them and complete our mission as soon as possible."

"Good... now get outta here," the man replied. "And don't return until you've fulfilled our secret plans."

The door opened fully and Iris and Pearl stepped outside. Behind them, a shadowy figure was briefly framed in the doorway. Then the door slammed shut.

"Come, sister," said Iris, turning her head towards Pearl. "Let us get inside our car. But first, let us walk down the sidewalk. That is the first step to getting inside the car."

"Yes."

The sisters walked around the building to the sidewalk. Spark Brushel lifted the lid of the dumpster and peered out.

"Hmm... I smell a scoop! 'Suspicious Women Overheard Conversing About Secret Plans with a Voice That Can Only Be Described As 'Shadowy'", end quote." He grabbed his skateboard and hopped out of the dumpster.

He skated down the sidewalk after them, sticking to the shadows. Skateboarding was his main mode of transportation nowadays because the military was confiscating bicycles and converting them into electric bicycles for the war effort.

Iris and Pearl got into a sedan. Spark squatted low and coasted to the rear of the car. He quickly jotted down the license plate, and then he held the edge of the trunk and pulled himself up and peered through the rear windshield. The lights inside the car were on.

"I can't channel her, sister," said Iris, holding her hands together in prayer except it was actually in spirit channeling. She blew hair out of her face. "How is that possible? Both their spirits have been unavailable for days!"

(Spark could hear all this because he had good ears.)

"Um, maybe someone else is channeling them?" suggested Pearl, dubiously.

"Well, we know it can't be Maya at least. After all, her dead body is rotting in the trunk right now." Brushel's fingers jerked involuntarily on the trunk.

"It was very sad that we had to kill Mystic Maya," said Pearl.

"What's this 'we' stuff, sister?" said Iris. "You're the one that shot her in the back of the head."

"But you tied her up and drugged her," shot back Pearl. "Oh, well, I loved Mystic Maya but I had to do it. After all, she was a traitor to Khurain and our cause. She was gonna tell Mr. Nick and Mr. Phoenix! That'd been sooooo bad!"

"Yes, totally right, lil sis," nodded Iris. "I'm proud of your maturity in this matter."

She and Pearl held up their terrorist training manuals and did the Khurainse Republican Army salute.

"Long live the Dragon!"

"Long live the Dragon!"

Brushel's mouth fell open in a silent gasp. These women were terrorists! And possibly foreigners as well! He had to tell someone about this! He fumbled with his camera and then took a picture of them doing the salute. But he left the flash on and they saw it!

Iris and Pearl hissed and bared their teeth in a way that was barely human. Spark ducked hurriedly and skated into the street. The driver's side door flew open and Iris spilled out, lying half in the car and half in the street, a Tommy gun cradled in her arms, and she started slinging lead at Spark. Ratta ratta ratta! Pearl leaned over her sister and plinked at Brushel with an SKS.

Brushel weaved in and out of the bullets, using a trash can lid to deflect some of them, but he knew he couldn't keep this up forever. Then he spotted a delivery truck parked parallel to the street and blocking the entrance to an alleyway and he knew what he must do. He must perform an awesome trick if he wanted to survive.

Spark rolled toward the truck as the bullets grazed him, and then at just the right moment he did a cool ollie through the passenger side window, ducking, shattering the glass, and then burst through the driver side window in slow motion, a shower of glass shards flying outward.

He held up his middle finger to the broken window. "Sit on this, terrorists!" Pearl sniped his finger tip off and he cried and sucked on the bleeding finger and skated down the alley, thinking he was in the clear, but then the sedan crashed into the truck and started pushing it toward him!

"Uh oh, how will this intrepid freelance journalist get out of this one?" asked Spark. Then he spotted a ladder hanging from a fire escape so at just the right moment he backflipped off the board and grabbed the ladder as the truck and the sedan passed under him and crashed into some barrels of explosions and blew up.

"'Terrorist Bitches Blow It', end quote," quoted Brushel badassly, and then climbed the fire escape and onto the roof and jumped across buildings to the police station. Iris and Pearl climbed out of the flaming sedan and shot at the building in frustration.

But it was no use. He was gone.

Meanwhile... in robot orphanage...

Trucy was in the dormitory writing in her diary by the window.

"Dear diary, it's been really lonely in the orphanage lately because I lost my only friend. One thing I've learned is that robots hate magic. Jinxie (her parents were killed by terrorists) did a magic trick in the cafeteria to try cheer all the kids up but the headmistress robot lady or whatever she is got peeved the heck off and took her away. I can't be sure, but I think I heard gunshots.

"Hopefully it was just my imagination and she's just in solitary confinement or something. Anyway I have to go say my prayers now, but before I go I want to say that I miss Daddy and I know he's not a terrorist because that's just crazy nonsense. I also hope Apollo gets rescued from the POW camp and that my cousin John Phoenix can solve the mystery. Okay, bye!"

She snapped her diary shut, and just then... something happened!

Meanwhile... over the ocean...

The "Edgeworth II" was flying low over the water and John Phoenix and Matt Engarde were spearing fish with their bayonets.

"Nice catch, John Phoenix," called Edgeworth from the front of the plane. "When you're ready to grill them, Shelly, just plug the hot plate into one of the outlets. I don't know about you all, but I'm feeling quite peckish."

As John Phoenix, Shelly, Matt, and Edgeworth ate (Edgeworth was steering with his knees), Merlin was staring sadly at the moon. It had been 1400 years since he last visited the moon. It was on that trip that he had proposed to Morgan le Fay, and she had broken his heart. There had been no other woman in his life since then.

Merlin's one great regret was that he had never had a son or a daughter, someone to take up his wizard robe and hat once he was gone. Because wizards don't live forever. They're only immortal for 20,000 years and then they die. And Merlin was no spring chicken. He was an old, old wizard, and probably only had 8 years or so left.

"What will God do once I'm gone?" worried Merlin in his head. "Who will perform maintenance on heaven's security system, and make new weapons?"

But just then... Merlin saw something strange in the sky! The stars... they were spelling out a message...

"S.O.S.!"

Meanwhile in heaven prison...

Godot strained against his chains.

"I've gotta escape heaven prison!" he panted.

Just then... someone entered the room!

Meanwhile... in Detention Center Prison...

Phoenix Wright was lying on his cot, illuminated by the moonlight from the barred window.

"Hey, Nick," called Larry from the darkness of the cell opposite Phoenix's. "Uh, you got any cigarettes?"

"No, Larry. I don't smoke and neither do you."

Pause. "Oh, right. I knew that." Another pause. "C'mon, man, talk to me!"

"Shut up, Larry," said Phoenix, turning on his side.

"You're not still mad that I'm actually Karl von Karma and, like, kidnapped your daughter and tried to kill you and stuff, right?"

No answer.

Larry gripped the bars and said desperately, "You can't ignore me like this, Nick! We're brothers!"

"Larry, maybe before you betrayed me with Manfred von Karma I could have said we were like brothers. Maybe."

"No, man, we're not like brothers," said Larry. "We are brothers."

"What..?"

"Fraternal twins, in fact."

Phoenix sprung up. "What!"

To be continued...

***Chapter 24*: The Genealogy of Phoenix and Karl**

Chapter 24: The Genealogy of Phoenix Wright and Karl von Karma

A/N: Hmm didn't mean to make this so long. But at least now you'll know the canonical Larry Butz origin story.

In Detention Center Prison...

Phoenix was gripping the bars of his cell tightly. "Larry, you are NOT my twin brother. What are you even trying to say?" Phoenix was red faced and shaking. The nerve of this guy!

"Oh? I'm not your twin brother, am I?" Larry stuck his objection finger through the bars of his cell and adopted his Karl von Karma persona. "Prove it! Prove it with divisive evidence! As a lawyer you should know that's all that counts."

"Okay, you know what, I'll humor you and your insane delusions," replied Phoenix. You stupid bastard, he added mentally. "I've got nothing better to do. First off, we can't be twins because you're a full year younger than me."

"Objection!" shouted Larry Butz (or was it Karl von Karma? The lines were getting blurred). "Ha. Ha ha. Nice try, fool. The mere discrepancy between our respected ages can be explained away thusfully: the first year of my life before I was found by the park ranger was a LOST YEAR. I spent most of it crawling around the forest eating moss. Moss isn't proper food for a growing baby so that explains why I didn't grow much that year and why I'm only 33."

"Larry, that's..." Phoenix stopped and pondered. Larry's argument was surprisingly logical. Phoenix wasn't sure he could counter it. He knew that Larry had been discovered and adopted by a park ranger, so it was certainly possible he ate moss and was actually 34 but just looked 33.

Larry von Karma sneered. "Giving up already, Shite? Did I go too fast for you? Use too many big words? Ha. Ha ha. Ha ha ha. You know, your brain is so stupid compared to mine that I'm not surprised you have doubts about us being twins. Ha. Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha ha ha!"

Phoenix glared into the darkness of Larry's cell as the spine-chilling evil laughter echoed throughout the Detention Center Prison. Von Karma had corrupted his friend and turned him into a monster. Phoenix suddenly became determined to drag Larry out of the darkness and save him, just as he had saved Edgeworth all those years ago. His eyes narrowed, similar to how John Phoenix's eyes narrow.

Phoenix knew that Larry's logic about his age was ironclad, and also watertight, because the iron was watertight iron, so he decided to attack from another angle.

"Larry!" he cried. "There's another reason we can't be twins. Because we have different parents."

"Oh, scoff," scoffed Karl von Karma. "That hardly means anything, Shite."

"Um, it means a LOT actually, Larry. Do you even know what a twin is?"

"Of course I know, you bumbling baboon," snapped Karl Butz. He wagged his finger, and while Phoenix couldn't see it, because it was dark, he could hear the sound waves caused by the wagging. "I never claimed we both shared the SAME SET of parents. We only have the same mother. We have different fathers."

"Hold it right there!" shouted Phoenix. "Aha, then you just admitted we're not twins!"

"OBJECTION" said Larry, and he sounded just like Manfred von Karma. "Shite, please, I've admitted nothing except my own correctitude! Our mother was carrying babies from two different fathers at the same time. And those babies were us!"

"Larry, that's impossible."

"HA HA HA HA! Nicholas, you ignorant swine, you played right into my trap! A woman can get pregnant from two different dudes at the same time! The medical term for this phenomenon is 'hyperfecundism'. Dad told me all about it."

Phoenix stared. "Larry, are you really... honestly... trying to tell me that my mother slept with Manfred von Karma?"

"Yeah, at least once," nodded Larry. "Probably more? Dunno. Anyway, the time frame for two eggs getting fertilized

by different fathers is really, really, really small, so she must have been screwing your dad and my dad at basically the same time. Oh, and we're actually fraternal triplets as well as twins. Your dad probably isn't your dad."

Phoenix's knees buckled. If he were a weaker man he might have swooned.

"Ha. Ha. Ha ha ha," laughed Larry. "I can hear your knees buckling, Shite. Ready to admit defeat?"

"No..." whispered Phoenix through gritted teeth. "Larry, I don't believe a word you say. Twins is unbelievable enough, but triplets? That's absurd."

Larry shrugged. "What's so assured about it? Nick, admit it, you're just a dumbass when compared to my lustrous personage."

"You have no evidence!" screamed Phoenix. "You could have just made all that junk up! Yeah," he said, brightening, "you made everything up! You're just an insane liar!"

"OBJECTION" said Karl von Karma calmly. "I have evidence." He opened his mouth and pressed a button on a tooth and the top popped open like a lid. He took a tiny folded piece of paper out of the tooth.

"I was sure the guards were gonna find this," he explained, "but it turns out a cavity search didn't mean what I thought it did." He flicked the wad of paper into Phoenix's cell.

Phoenix unfolded the paper, which took a long time because it had been folded millions of times, but when he was done what he held in his hands was a letter from Manfred von Karma!

"Go on," urged Larry, "read it. It'll explain everything... brother."

Phoenix gulped. He read the letter with shaky hands and eyeballs.

"Dear Manfred von Karma (i.e. me),

Ten months ago I had an affair with Sarah Wright, the wife of James Wright, the famous writer. Why did I have an affair? Simplicity in itself: my wife was in a coma at the time and it was imperative that I cheat on her. In fact, I had induced the coma for just such a purpose. Why? Because, being a moral man, I needed to create a justifiable excuse prior to cheating. Unfortunately, nine months after sleeping with Sarah I learned that she was in the hospital about to give birth.

I immediately entered a cold sweat upon hearing the news on TV. 'Vexes!' I vexed. 'If that baby is mine, and the fact is discovered, as it inevitably must, then my honor will be tainted forever!' I was freaking out.

I knew I must take drastic action. But then I was interrupted by my accursed daughter, Francesca von Karma, who walked into the living room dragging her stuffed Snoopy doll.

'Daddy?' she had asked, rubbing her eyes. 'What's wrong?'

'Silents you foolish fool of a child,' I barked. I threw her doll into the fireplace and it exploded into ashes. Then I quickly put her into a temporary coma (perfectly harmless) and tucked her back into bed. Then I got into my car and drove to the hospital to steal my bastard child.

I knew I wouldn't be interrupted in my child abduction schemes because I was wearing a disguise: nurse scrubs, a face mask, and a surgical cap. With this brilliant disguise I had rendered myself all but invisible. I walked down the halls like a shadow to the room where Sarah Wright was giving birth.

James Wright was standing in front of a vending machine outside Sarah's room. He inserted a dollar into the machine and watched stupidly as it ate his dollar.

'Huh,' he said. 'Guess I have to put more money in.' He was out of ones so he started feeding the machine hundred dollar bills.

'Fool,' I whispered smirkingly under my breath and my face mask as I passed him by. Before I got to the hospital I had called my slave Donald Gumshoe with my car phone and had him plant James's favorite brand of candy bar in the machine, and then Donald sabotaged the machine so it would eat his bills. That way, James Wright would be distracted indefinitely by the vending machine.

All part of my plan to abduct a newborn infant.

I entered the labor room and then quickly locked the door. Luckily for me, no one else was in the room except Sarah Wright, who was under anesthesia and dead to the world. Oh, and a doctor, but he was unconscious because my other slave, Dylan Engarde, had shot him through the window with a tranquilizer dart.

I pulled up a chair and dry washed my hands in anticipation. 'Come on, you wretched harlot,' I said. 'Give birth already!' Then the baby was birthed. I picked it up and looked the crying thing over. Yes, this baby was certainly mine. I cut the cord and then moved to the window to escape, but then I heard more crying, and not from the baby in my arms!

'What's this?' I turned and saw that there was another newborn baby lying on the floor! Where had it come from, I wondered? I had locked the door, and I had been facing the window, so this new baby couldn't have entered the room through any of the available means of ingress, so this was, in fact, a locked room birthing mystery!

I coolly and logically assessed the situation. The baby couldn't have been birthed by me, because I hadn't been impregnated; moreover, I was a man. The unconscious doctor was wearing pants, so there was no way HE could have birthed this crying monstrosity on the floor. Therefore, the only possibility explanation was that Sarah Wright had given birth a second time. I nodded. This must be the case.

But was this baby also mine?

I went to check, but while I was logically assessing, Sarah had given birth yet again, this time to a girl! I minutely observed this new baby's facial features and saw that she bore a strong resemblance to James.

'Hyperfecundism...' I murmured knowingly.

I lined all the babies up on the floor. I wasn't taking any chances. I used the DNA testing equipment in the room to extract all the babies' DNA. According to the results, the first baby was, indeed, mine; the girl belonged to James; and the second boy was from an unknown person.

I tucked my baby under my arm, and then, cackling, I decided to play a little trick. I forged the DNA results, and then I left a note addressed to James saying that the BOY was his and that the girl was a bastardess. It was the other way around, of course, but the idea of James raising some other man's spawn and potentially giving up his own biological child for adoption tickled me.

Why didn't I leave all three babies behind? Easy: I couldn't risk them checking my son's DNA and determining he was mine. I had to dispose of him myself. I escaped via the window and then drove to the forest and threw the baby as hard as I could into the woods.

'Good rubbish to bad trash,' I said. Then I drove home and revived my daughter from her coma.

I had Donald Gumshoe keep tabs on the Wrights after that. It seems James did indeed accept the boy as his biological son. He named him 'Phoenix'. That name is stupid. Also, according to Donald, James entered the hospital room before his wife woke up and disposed of the girl himself. It seems he sent her to live with distant relatives of his. They named her 'Mary'.

Why am I writing all this down? Simple: one day I may wish to share this story with someone. Who knows? Maybe my child will survive the forest and we can bond over his abandonment. Ha. Ha ha. Ha ha ha. That's a laugh.

Signed, Manfred von Karma."

Phoenix crumpled the letter in his hand and slumped to the floor.

"Well, Nick?" called Larry from his cell. "What do you think?"

"Am I expected to believe... that my mother was pregnant with THREE different men's babies at the same time?"

Larry shrugged. "Face it, Nick, mom got around a lot."

"This proves nothing," said Phoenix. "NOTHING, Larry. This is just... a product of von Karma's diseased mind."

"I thought you might think that," said Larry. "Do you have a scar on the underside of your forearm?"

"What?"

"Just roll up your sleeve and check."

Phoenix went over to his bed and checked his arm by the light of the moon. He did have a small scar.

"How did you know about this, Larry?" asked Phoenix. "I mean, it's pretty small, and I never told you..."

"DNA testing equipment scar, dude," said Larry softly. He held a match up to his arm. "I got one too."

Phoenix couldn't believe it. This was proof. Undeniable proof that they were related. He had a twin brother.

"Larry, you win," said Phoenix. "You're my brother. You've proved it. But von Karma being your dad and abandoning you in the woods doesn't explain why you joined up with him and went along with his crazy schemes."

There was a pregnant pause. Almost as pregnant as Sarah Wright had been 34 years ago.

"Manfred von Karma... dad..." Larry choked up. "He offered me a destiny, Nick. He said I could be his apprentice and follow in his footsteps."

"That's it?" asked Phoenix. "That's really it?"

"Everyone else I knew had a destiny, Nick," said Larry. "Your destiny is to be a good lawyer. Maya is a fortune teller. Edgeworth is Chief Army Lawyer. But what about me? I'm nobody special. I tried publishing one of my children's books, and you know what the publisher sent back in response? He said this: 'Even my child thinks this book is bad. I shall publish it never.' So, the whole children's author-slash-illustrator thing was a write-off."

"No, seriously, that's it? THAT'S IT?"

But Larry continued monologuing. "But I could accept it. More or less. Okay, I was no one special, big whoop. I could still be a decent person. But then on the day when I drove you to court, that bastard John Phoenix treated me like an animal! He looked at me like I was fly covered turd! He didn't even thank me! What, I'm supposed to be his slave or something? So, yeah, when dad offered me a chance to BE someone and get even with that fucker, I was all for it! If you wanna blame anyone, blame yourself for letting your nephew act like such a little shithead."

Phoenix shook his head in disbelief. "Larry, this is crazy. John Phoenix may have his faults, but he is hardly a 'shithead' or a 'bastard' (except in the literal sense). Let's not forget that he saved my daughter three or four times now, saved Maya AND Maya as Mia, and last but not least stopped a bunch of Nazis from blowing up a school bus. He's a hero, Larry. And I'm proud of him."

"Oh my god, you're right," cried Larry. He weeped openly. "How could I have been so blind? I'm so sorry, Nick. I apologize to you and John Phoenix. John Phoenix is an amazing person. I swear to you, brother, that I'm gonna change. No, for real. I'm not gonna count on anyone else to give me my destiny, or let society tell me what it is. I'm gonna make my own!"

Well, your destiny now is rotting in prison for the rest of your life, thought Phoenix. But he kept quiet.

"Oh, and Nick," began Larry. "I know you're innocent. You're no terrorist."

Phoenix smiled. "Thanks... brother."

A little while later, Phoenix lay in bed and wondered who his real father could possibly be...

Meanwhile... in Khurain...

A man with a shadowy face stood in front of a opulent fireplace swirling a crystal goblet filled with water and multivitamins. His body was a temple, and he wouldn't defile it with sugary drinks or drugs like coffee or alcohol.

(This is a different shadowy person from the one in the last chapter, by the way.)

He sat down in his armchair and brooded. He had a lot to brood over nowadays. The offenses of the King and Queen against the common people were getting worse everyday. One day he would depose them, and liberate his country, and then the entire world. He smirked largely. How ironic that he, a man living in the royal palace and beloved by the royal family, was actively working against them.

There was just one person who worried him... John Phoenix. He was coming to Khurain. The man knew that both of them couldn't live. It was their destiny to fight to the death. That's what his father told him.

Just then Manfred von Robot flew into the room through a doggy door.

"Master, I just got word that John Phoenix is on his way to Khurain!" said the 3D representation of Manfred's face.

"I already knew that, Manfred," said the man. "No one can hide anything from me. Not even John Phoenix."

"You're truly amazing, master! But what should we do about it?"

"Nothing. Let's see how this plays out. Also, don't call me 'master'. You are my friend. Yes, friend... I have friends, unlike that despicable John Phoenix, who only has servants and lackeys."

He stroked Manfred von Robot's chassis as the evil robot purred. "Isn't that right? Ahahaha!"

To be continued...

***Chapter 25*: John Phoenix Arrives in Khurain**

Chapter 25: John Phoenix Arrives in Khurain

Somewhere over the Pacific Ocean...

Miles Edgeworth, who was a man who was a prosecutor who was also a military prosecutor who was also Chief Army Lawyer and who was also flying a triplane, was staring up in awe at the strange stars in the night sky. He had never seen anything like what he was now seeing visually.

"I've never anything like it," said Miles Edgeworth, referring to the strange message spelled out by the stars, which had been rearranged by some unknown force to spell out "S.O.S".

"I'm pretty sure that's called a constellation, I think," said Matt Engarde. John Phoenix tweaked his nose for speaking out of turn and being stupid.

"Matthew, what we are now witnessing is hardly what can be termed a 'constellation,'" scolded John Phoenix. "Use that wad of chewing gum you call your brain and THINK! Constellations are things like the Big Dipper, or the Little Dipper. They are not words, or more accurately letters, arranged in the sky. No; this is a message. No; this is a cry for help."

"I agree with your assessment, John Phoenix," replied Edgeworth. "But who sent out the SOS star signal?"

"Hmph hmph hmph... obviously it must be someone with the ability to move the stars. Also it must be someone in the SKY."

Edgeworth nodded slowly. "That makes logic... to be able to move the stars, whoever did it would have to be able to move the stars, and be in the sky."

"Exactly," said John Phoenix. "And since the moon was nuked by the United States last year and all human life on the moon was wiped out, the stars couldn't have been rearranged by star-moving technology on the moon, thus the SOS must be coming from HEAVEN!"

Everyone was impressed by how quickly and effortlessly John Phoenix had solved the mystery.

"Impressive work, my boy," complimented Merlin. "God must be in a spot of trouble. Oh my, I hope it's nothing too serious," he added worriedly. "In all my years of friendship with God I've never known him to send out SOS signals with stars!"

John Phoenix psychically took control of Shelly de Killer's hand and used it pat Merlin on the shoulder. "Fret not, Merlin," said John Phoenix, "I'll just contact Maya Fey and have her channel someone to confirm what's going on in heaven."

Merlin's heart skipped a beat. Fey? Could this Maya be a relative of his old flame Morgan le Fey?

Before Merlin could think any more thoughts, John Phoenix interrupted him by frowning and saying: "Hmph, that's odd, I can't make contact with Maya Fey. Her mind is closed to me. She must be sleeping or perhaps in an alcoholic stupor." He shrugged. "Oh well, it hardly matters. I'll try again later. God can handle himself."

"Maybe this star thing is just a prank," offered Matthew. "I mean, God's always playing pranks on people in the bible." John Phoenix punched him in the mouth for disrespecting the bible.

"Matthew, be quiet," said John Phoenix. "You don't deserve to have a bible name. Be quiet."

Suddenly there was a geomagnetic storm and the plane's navigation system went haywire!

"Oh no!" cried Edgeworth. "Now how will we get to Khurain?"

But then the bullet containing Mary Wright's soul started pulling against the chain around John Phoenix's neck, so he slipped it off and she darted ahead and guided the plane toward Khurain. She knew the way because she had served as a nurse there before she had been fired for getting pregnant.

"Nice job, mother," said John Phoenix, and the bullet flitted around happily.

"Your mother's soul guiding us to our destination is truly a miracle of God, John Phoenix," remarked Edgeworth.

"Oh, that reminds me," said John Phoenix, "I have to send a telepathic communication to my cousin and remind her to say her prayers. Her soul is constant danger of going to hell when she dies because of her magic shows." He closed his eyes and pressed a finger tip against his temple. His brow furrowed. "Oh? Again?"

Miles glanced over his shoulder. "What is it, John Phoenix?"

"Nothing much, Miles, apparently there's been a murder at the orphanage and my cousin has been arrested again," said John Phoenix.

He remembered something. "Oh, by the way, why is my cousin's last name 'Wright'? According to my research, when my uncle adopted her her father wasn't dead, merely on the run. Shouldn't she have kept her father's name? Why did she take my Uncle Phoenix's name?"

"Oh, that's because he married her." Edgeworth saw John Phoenix's shocked and disgusted reaction in the rearview mirror and chuckled. "Oh, don't worry, he didn't do it for any immoral reason. It was simply a marriage of convenience. You see, after Zak Gramarye disappeared and Trucy was left alone in the world, Wright tried to adopt her, but the government is justifiably wary of letting single, childless, forging men with hippie haircuts adopt children. Marrying her was the easiest way to obtain legal guardianship. She's technically Mrs. Wright."

So now you know why her name is Wright.

John Phoenix shook his head in righteous indignation and disbelief. "What a strange, bizarre little fellow my uncle is! I, John Phoenix, would never marry a child." Just one more reason why John Phoenix is better than Phoenix Wright. He's also 2 cm taller.

"Well," replied Edgeworth, "as my sister would say, he is a foolish fool! Now what's this about a murder?"

"It's hardly worth mentioning further, Miles. I'll simply arrange to have my friend Marvin Grossberg represent her." 1 second passed. "It is done. Now, onward to Khurain!"

The plane flew bravely through magnetic storm, and the rain, because it was also raining, and followed the tiny bullet to the strange foreign country...

Meanwhile, in heaven prison...

A shadowy figure entered Godot's cell. Then another shadowy figure entered the cell.

(These are different shadowy figures from the ones in the last two chapters, by the way.)

"Who are you?" Godot barked. "And why the hell am I in this godforsaken cloudless prison of bricks!"

One of the shadowy figures stepped forward into the rays of light slanting through the window (it's always daytime in heaven) and revealed himself to be Damon Gant! And then the other figure stepped forward and he was also Damon Gant!

"What!" shouted Godot. "Two Damon Gants at the same time!"

"Shut up," said Damon Gant, and he hit Godot with an object and he resumed not being conscious.

"Hahahaha!" laughed Damon Gant and Damon Gant.

Meanwhile in Los Angeles...

Spark Brushel was silhouetted against the full moon, jumping across huge gaps between buildings on his way to the police station to report the terrorists. Suddenly he noticed the City Hall building across the street.

"Hmm," mused Spark, "maybe I should take this directly to the mayor himself, make a dramatic entrance! And maybe I'll eat him out about how I've been unfairly blacklisted and beaten up for trying to feed myself." His eyes sparkled and he spread out his hands. "I can see the headline now... 'Freelance Journalist Stops Terrorists, Eats Out Mayor', end quote."

He shimmied down a water pipe and ran up the steps to the building and burst through the doors.

"Get me the mayor, ASAP!" he shouted, waving the photos over his head (they were taken with an instant camera). "I have pictures of terrorists!"

The clerk gawked at him. "Huh?" Spark grabbed him by the tie.

"I said ASAP, man! Do you need me to spell it out for you? A, S, A, P! That spells ASAP!"

The clerk picked up a telephone. "Sir, there's a dirty street hooligan here raving about terrorists... he has photos... should I have security throw him out...? No...? I shouldn't? What's that? Don't kick him out...? Send him up...? Now...? Stop repeating everything you say...? You damned idiot...?"

Moments later Spark was shown into the mayor's office. A police officer was dumping the contents of a garbage can onto the desk.

"Here's all the food we liberated from the homeless masses today, sir."

The Mayor rubbed his hands. "Good work, son, good work. You're excused." The cop left.

"Now what's all this about terrorism, son?" asked the mayor, digging in with a fork and knife. "You have, ah, pictures?"

Brushel threw the pictures onto the desk. The mayor looked them over.

"I also overheard the terrorists say they had a dead body in the trunk of their car," said Spark. "I can show you where it is."

"That won't be necessary." The mayor picked up the pictures and threw them into the fireplace!

"Hey, sir, why'd you do that?" asked Spark.

"Because I'm a terrorist, son," said the mayor.

"!" said Spark. "I will tell people you said that."

The mayor smiled evilly. "I will just say you are lying. I will say I did not say that. Also, you will not get the chance to say that I said that." He activated a silent alarm and two guards came out from behind revolving bookcases and grabbed Brushel's shoulders. He gulped.

"Take him to prison, boys," said the mayor.

"Y-you can't do this!" cried Spark. "I have rights!"

"Rights aren't for garbage-dwelling scumbags like you. Besides, you've committed a crime."

"Me? C-c-crime? Absurd! Surely you jest, sir!"

The mayor took a gun out of his desk with a napkin and threw it at Spark, who caught it, confused.

"Uh oh," sneered the mayor, "it seems your fingerprints are on that gun. I don't believe you have a permit to carry one, especially not on government property. Arrest him on weapon charges!"

Spark raised the gun and pulled the trigger, but nothing came out of the gun except "Click!"

"Make it attempted murder, too," yawned the mayor, going back to eating garbage.

"NOOOOOOOOOOoooooo!" howled Spark as he dragged away. The mayor chuckled and did the KRA salute.

The next day... Khurain...

Klavier Gavin was lounging in a hammock outside a house near the rice paddies. The peasants had taken Ron DeLite in because it turned out Ron's head really WAS falling off and he was too weak to go on. Klavier insisted that he and his men stay behind and be housed and fed as well, because his motto was "No man left behind!"

He was wearing a fuzzy robe which used to belong the peasant dad who got killed by the laser, and he was also

wearing cool shades and flipping through a magazine while sipping lemonade.

"Mein Gott, Will Powers is reprising his role in the upcoming Steel Samurai movie? Oh, spare me. The last thing I want to watch is some, what, 80 year senior citizen push his walker around Neo Olde Tokyo looking for the applesauce aisle. HARD pass. Get John Phoenix, THEN maybe it'll be watchable."

Suddenly a shadow fell over Klavier. He lifted his glass without looking up and clinked the ice.

"About time, Jessica, I could use a refill, ja?"

"Brrrrrrraaaaaaaaaaainnnnnnnssss..." the shadow moaned.

Klavier spun around in the hammock and landed on the ground! Standing over him was Jean Armstrong... as a zombie!

"BRAINS!" the zombie shouted. It lunged at Klavier but he somersaulted away and ran away!

"Johns! Woodman! HEEELLLLLLLP MEEEEEEEEEEEE!" he cried as Armstrong chased him.

The windows of the house flew open and Max Galactica and Ben Woodman shot at the zombie! Pew! Pew! But it was no use; the bullets had no effect!

Klavier splashed into the rice paddies and ran over to the peasant daughter from earlier and hid behind her.

"Jessica, lieblich, help me!"

The girl hit Armstrong with her peasant rice cultivation tool, but it bounced off harmlessly!

"Alas, Mr. Gavin, my peasant tool had no effect," Jessica said in a Khurainese accent.

"YOU'RE a peasant tool," he said harshly, then threw her to the ground and ran further into the field, the zombie in hot pursuit!

He almost got away but then he tripped on water and fell!

"BRAAAAINS!"

Klavier thought it was all over... but then he noticed a triplane in the sky!

"A triplane? Could it be...?"

Just then something fell from the plane and hurtled toward the Earth. It was... yes, it's John Phoenix on his custom motorcycle! John Phoenix landed on Armstrong's head and did a cool wheelie on his face. The spinning tire ripped all the skin off and then crushed the skull and the zombie's brain shot out of the head like a banana out of a peel and it sailed into the distance.

John Phoenix fired a grenade with his custom M16 and it embedded itself in the brain and the brain exploded in midair and chunks of brain matter went flying everywhere in a five mile radius.

"That's the only way to kill a zombie," explained John Phoenix, wiping brain juice off his aviators. Klavier couldn't help but think that John Phoenix looked like a knight in shining armor sitting on a mighty steed, except the shining armor was a green suit and it wasn't shining.

Then the triplane hovered low over the field. It could do this because it was a VTOL triplane. Edgeworth lowered a rope ladder.

"Need a lift back to base?"

Later... flying to Khurain City...

Klavier was oiled up and sunbathing in a speedo on the top wing of the plane. Ben, Max, and Ron were tied to the underside of the plane with ropes.

"Thanks for the save, Herr John Phoenix," he said, hair whipping around in the wind, sipping a gimlet. "Though I can't help but wonder... why was Jean Armstrong a zombie? That was weird."

"It's possible we'll never know, Klavier," responded John Phoenix. "All we may ever know about him being a zombie is that he was a zombie and I had to execute him with my motorcycle."

"Whoever raised him from the dead must be an expert in black magic," said Merlin. "I'm pretty nifty when it comes to magic, but not even I could do that!"

Just then Edgeworth pointed out Khurain City, the capital of Khurain. "Oh look, it's Khurain City, the capital of Khurain. We've arrived."

The city was a large city that looked like Los Angeles except it was different because the buildings were a different color and the roads were made out of dirt because Khurain is different because it's a foreign country. In the rear of the city overlooking it and poking into the clouds was the holy Khurain Mountain, one of the most famous Khurainese landmarks in all of Khurain because it's famous and holy in Khurain. In the center of the city was a huge palace that looked like a City Hall except it was bigger and looked like a palace.

John Phoenix grew determined as he observed the city. Because he had reason to be determined. Because he knew that to fulfill his mission he must be determined, because only by being determined could he determine the location of the magic pen, which he was determined to find so he could clear his uncle's name.

John Phoenix was determined.

To be continued...

***Chapter 26*: John Phoenix Saves the POW's**

Chapter 26: John Phoenix Saves the POW's

A/N Okay this is kinda long but that's because I basically combined two different chapters. Next chapter will be shorter.

John Phoenix, Matt, Shelly, Merlin, Edgeworth, and Klavier and his men were on a tour of the US base just outside Khurain City. This tour was being conducted by none other than General Piston Payne himself, the supreme leader of all military operations in Khurain.

Also in attendance were the Chief Air Force Lawyer and the Chief Navy Lawyer. Even though Khurain is a landlocked country, it has many rivers that the Navy could put boats in, so the Chief Navy Lawyer's presence in the country was more than justified.

"Glad to finally have you here, John Phoenix," said General Payne, leading them past a statue honoring POW's (it was modeled after Apollo).

"I read in the papers how you trounced my brother Winston in court. I was amazed, sir, how could such a young man do it? A military lawyer of your skill will be a great boon to the war effort. It's... an honor to have you here, sir."

John Phoenix ignored him. John Phoenix didn't even know who General Payne was. He suspected he might be the butler. In any case, the man's job or even his name didn't matter to John Phoenix. John Phoenix knew listening to this inane babbling was pointless. John Phoenix would rather concentrate on eating his ice cream cone.

Why did John Phoenix have an ice cream cone? Simple: John Phoenix had used his expert knowledge of human psychology to manipulate the previous owner of the ice cream cone into giving it to him. John Phoenix was a master of emotional manipulation; he had been since babyhood, when he had punched holes in the walls and broke dishes in order to emotionally manipulate his mother Mary into letting him play games on her laptop.

Those "tears" he shed in the triplane in chapter 22? Those were fake, obviously. The idea of John Phoenix crying is ludicrous. He had merely been pretending to cry, in order to further hone his emotional manipulation skills. Now he could fake crying on demand like a true expert in humans. He was planning on using these fake tears to bend people to his will.

"That tank over there belonged to Bobby Gant himself," said General Payne, pointing it out. John Phoenix looked over, vaguely interested. "After he died, Bobby's grandson Damon inherited it and used it during his detective career to kill bank robbers and the like. Now it's been decommissioned and the chaplain lives in it." The chaplain popped out of the hatch and waved as he watered some pansies growing out of the barrel.

John Phoenix got bored again, because he couldn't use this tank to kill people, so his mind went back to the fake triplane weeping. Those thoughts about being "sad" and "lonely"? He had only pretended to think those thoughts. John Phoenix thought that it was a good idea to learn how to hide his true thoughts in order to protect his thoughts from the psychic manipulator who had broken into his brain and read his thoughts.

Yes, psychic manipulator.

You see, shortly before he had boarded the triplane, John Phoenix looked around his mind and saw that his thoughts had been disarranged! John Phoenix suspected that this was the result of a manipulator poking around in his mind. Hence why he thought those false thoughts: to hide his true thoughts from the psychic criminal, and make himself appear more vulnerable than he really was.

John Phoenix is smart.

After the tour everybody went to General Piston Payne's quarters to discuss John Phoenix's first order of business in Khurain: liberating the POW's. General Payne pulled a map down and tapped it with a riding crop.

"The KRA POW camp is actually located just over the eastern border in Khurainistan, here," he said. "This mission is strictly volunteer only. I don't pretend to fully understand the geopolitical realities of the situation, as they're very complicated, but basically the United States has a treaty with the government of Khurainistan and sending an official rescue team over the border would violate the treaty. You'll have to give up your dog tags, and if you're captured we'll deny all involvement." Payne held out his upturned helmet.

"I volunteer," said Edgeworth. He stepped forward and dropped his dog tags and his prosecutor badges (civilian and military) into the helmet. John Phoenix did likewise. He kept his uncle's magic badge, however.

"What about that?" asked Piston, pointing to the bullet around John Phoenix's neck.

"I'm keeping that."

Matt Engarde and Shelly de Killer dropped their tags in next. They had gone through an expedited boot camp training program back in the US because they were already so good at killing people. Now they were soldiers.

Klavier Gavin, Max Galactica, and Ben Woodman went next. Ron DeLite adjusted the helicopter blade in his neck and waved.

"Well, good luck and all that, sir," he said. "Um, I'd better go have the nurse look at this..."

Klavier ripped Ron's tags off. "Oh hell no, Ron, you little faker. I saw you running when you thought we were taking off without out you. 'Wahhhhhh, don't leeeeeeeave meeeeeeeeeeeeeee!'" he mocked. "You're coming with us."

And so John Phoenix and company left to pray in church before the mission.

Later... the POW camp... noon...

Apollo Justice was sharing his cell with Kyle Hyde and Dylan Fitchar. Apollo was extremely thin and diseased looking. He had a huge dirty beard that dragged behind him on the floor. All his teeth had fallen out and he was bald now. His spine had collapsed from lack of vitamins so now he was only 4'10", even shorter than Trucy.

Kyle Hyde was very sad to see his friend in such a state. Kyle himself however still looked great and even more handsome than usual. His genes were just better adapted than Apollo's to the harsh conditions of the POW camp, he supposed.

The prison cell had walls. It also had a ceiling and a floor.

The floor was made of dirt. There was a window. Kyle was using the sunlight from this window and a magnifying glass to burn his facial hair off. Suddenly Apollo tugged weakly at his pant leg.

Kyle looked down. Apollo pointed at Dylan. Dylan had chocolate bars sticking out of the back of his pants.

Kyle stopped shaving and confronted Dylan.

"Where'd you get the candy, Dylan?"

Dylan made a creepy face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hyde, I didn't realize that was any business of yours."

"I'm making it my business, Dylan." Kyle jabbed his finger at Dylan. "Because last time I checked this place didn't have a candy shop!"

"That's..."

"You got those chocolate bars from the guards, didn't you?"

Dylan shrugged and smiled. "Y-yeah, so what? People give me stuff all the time. What can I say? People like me. I'm a nice guy."

"Don't give me that crap, Dylan!" said Kyle angrily. "You've been playing stoolie, haven't you!"

"Oh my god..." Dylan covered his mouth.

"You told the guards about Louie's escape plan!" Kyle pointed out the window. "THAT'S why he was taken away and why he's being crucified in the courtyard! THAT'S why the guards gave you chocolate!"

Dylan broke down and cried pathetically and begged for forgiveness. Kyle responded by beating him to within an inch of his life and taking his chocolate.

"You reap what you sow, Dylan," said Kyle as Dylan sobbed and crawled into the corner to die. Kyle and Apollo shared the chocolate. Kyle also went to the window and tried to throw a bar into Louie's mouth but he missed.

"It's alright, Officer Hyde," Louie DeNonno said from the cross. "You tried, brother." Suddenly the air raid sirens went off! Louie craned his neck upward. "What the hell?"

In the air above the camp...

"Watch this, Mr. John Phoenix, sir," said Matt Engarde. He was lying on the top wing of the triplane. He aimed his rifle at a guard tower and headshotted a guard.

"Not bad, Matthew old boy, but watch this," said Shelly from the middle wing. The sirens were blaring and the other guards in the tower were returning fire. Shelly took careful aim and fired a bullet that went through a guard's scope and into the man's eye.

Everyone applauded Shelly's marksmanship. Except John Phoenix. He was unimpressed. John Phoenix threw off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and shouldered his custom M16. He aimed at the final guard in that particular watchtower and fired a bullet with such perfect accuracy that it went into the barrel of the guard's gun and exploded it, killing the guard fastly. John Phoenix smirked big.

"Excellent shot, John Phoenix," said Edgeworth. "Now hold on, everyone, I'm bringing this bird down." The Edgeworth II flew over the walls of the camp and dived toward the formation of guards firing at the plane. Iron Maiden- Wasted Years was blaring over the triplane's stereo system. Edgeworth fired the machine guns and ripped the enemy soldiers apart. Then he pulled up out of the dive and flew low along the ground, chasing after the guards and dismembering them with the propellers.

John Phoenix and the others leapt out the plane and started fighting on the ground while Edgeworth flew after some wounded guards and finished them off. The first thing John Phoenix did was check his inventory.

He had: his custom M16, extra ammo, a pair of God's magic handcuffs, the angel gun, his uncle's magic badge, and his custom legal documents. So far he had three magical artifacts.

While John Phoenix was checking his inventory, Merlin was shooting magic bolts out of his fingers and turning the guards into frogs. Ben and Max stomped them into a bloody mess.

A conga line of soldiers rushed at Klavier! Klavier tried to shoot them, but his rifle jammed! Things looked bad, but then he got a good idea and ripped the helicopter blade out of Ron's neck and threw it along the ground like a boomerang and it sliced all the guards' feet off!

"Heh, that was quite the feat, if I do say so myself," chuckled Klavier.

John Phoenix looked up from checking his inventory and a guard on a motorcycle was speeding toward him! The guard swung a katana, but John Phoenix dived out of the way. Then John Phoenix turned to a nearby enemy soldier and punched a hole in the man's stomach and ripped his intestines out.

"Sorry, I need to borrow this."

John Phoenix quickly fashioned the man's severed intestinal tract into a lasso, and then threw it around the cyclist's neck and pulled him off the bike!

"Miles, over here!" cried John Phoenix. The triplane flew just overhead and John Phoenix tied the other end of the intestines to the bottom of the plane. The triplane began to rise and the motorcyclist dangled in the air by his neck. Edgeworth carried the man over the barbed wire-topped walls and the man screamed in agony as all his flesh was torn off. Soon he was nothing more than a mere skeleton swaying in the wind.

"You just got 'boned' by John Phoenix," quipped John Phoenix intelligently.

Meanwhile Kyle Hyde was peering out the window of the cell and watching the battle unfold. "I can't believe how long it's been since I've listened to Maiden," he said. Anyway, he knew it was time to put his escape plan into action, so he removed a brick from the wall and took two paper clips out from the hiding place. He had acquired these paper clips using the salesman skills he had learned working for Red Crown.

Kyle quickly straightened out the paperclips and bent them into L shapes. Then he struck a match with his thumbnail and set Dylan on fire. All part of his plan. Finally he pulled the fire alarm to summon the guard. Footsteps came pounding toward the cell.

"Don't screw this up, Hyde," he told himself, and when the guard opened the cell, Kyle dual wielded the paperclips

and jabbed them into the man's eyes like ice picks.

"An eye and an eye makes the whole man blind," he observed smartly, then he popped the eyes out and threw the screaming man to the ground and stole his keys.

"C'mon, Apollo!" Kyle and Apollo left Dylan to burn to death and unlocked all the other cells. The freed POW's whooped and ran outside to help fight the guards.

Apollo and Kyle helped Louie down from the cross. Then Louie ripped the cross out of the ground and started bashing soldiers to death with it. He was angry because only Jesus was supposed to die on a cross, not regular people, so now he had super strength.

"Hmph, looks like this fight will be over faster than I thought," thought John Phoenix verbally, but then a tank crashed through a barrack and came gunning for him! Everyone scattered, but John Phoenix stood his ground bravely and stared the tank down.

The tank aimed the canon and fired at him... but John Phoenix caught the shell! He tucked it under his arm and started sprinting towards the tank like a football player.

The tank went in reverse and fired the machine guns, but John Phoenix just used his psychic powers to deflect the bullets so they killed enemy guards or his allies instead of him.

The tank operator was sobbing, and the other soldiers in the tank were praying at an icon shelf in the corner. They knew what was going to happen.

John Phoenix suddenly leapt sixty feet into the air! The tank raised the canon and fired, but John Phoenix just did a barrel roll and dodged the shot, and then slam dunked the shell down the barrel of the tank and the tank exploded in a huge mushroom cloud!

John Phoenix landed gracefully on the ground and bowed as his friends and the POW's cheered. All the guards were dead or captured now. It was a great victory. Matt Engarde climbed the flagpole and ripped down the KRA flag and put up the American flag. Everyone saluted, and Shelly played the Star Spangled Banner on his trumpet.

Edgeworth landed the plane and congratulated John Phoenix for basically single handedly winning the battle.

Unfortunately, there had been casualties.

Max Galactica was dying. The chaplain was giving him his last rites.

"It hurts bad, sarge," Max moaned. There was a bullet in his chest.

"It's okay, soldier," responded Klavier. "You're going home now."

"I wish I coulda visited the farm... one last time... and petted the pigs... and eat some of momma's cornbread..." He coughed blood.

"You will, Max," sobbed Klavier. "I promise. We're gonna put you in a box and drape it with the flag, and then we're gonna send it to the farm and your mom can put as much cornbread and pigs in the casket as she wants. Then you'll be buried in Arlington like a hero."

Max smiled. "It was nice serving with you... sir..."

Klavier weeped openly. He starting pounding his fists into Max's chest. "Die already! Die, damn you!" he screamed. "Stop tormenting my soul with this heartache! Oh god!" The pounding pushed the bullet into Max's heart and he died. It was for the best. It spared Max further suffering.

John Phoenix thought Klavier's theatrics were a little embarrassing. Max Galactica was just a person, and not a very good one at that. Anyway, then Dylan Fitchar ran over and he was on fire!

"Ahhhh help me!" he screamed.

"Quick, someone douse that man with something!" ordered Edgeworth.

Louie ran over. "Don't worry, I got this."

"No, you fool, don't!" shouted Edgeworth. "That's gasoline!"

"Whoops," said Louie, and he splashed Dylan with gasoline and Dylan burst into even bigger flames. Everyone laughed as he ran around squealing like a pig and fanning the flames, because it was funny and he deserved it. Sadly, Merlin, being the spoilsport he is, used an ice spell to put out the flames.

"Well," Edgeworth clapped his hands, "if you're all finished with your fun and games, it's about time we head back to Khurain."

"Not so fast," said a mysterious voice, unnaturally deep and obviously being passed through a voice changer. "John Phoenix still has one more opponent to face." A man in a white suit of power armor with a giant pair of mechanical wings descended from the sky and hovered over the camp. His face was hidden by a cool helmet with a black visor. He looked like a knight and an angel and a robot at the same time.

"Who are you?" demanded John Phoenix. "And how dare you challenge me?"

"I am the Dragon," the man responded. "The supreme leader of the KRA."

John Phoenix immediately raised his M16 and emptied a magazine into the man, but the suit made him impervious to bullets. So John Phoenix got a rocket launcher off a dead soldier and fired it at the Dragon, but the strange leader just caught the rocket and then threw it over his shoulder like a piece of trash.

"If that's all you can do, then I'm afraid you wasted your time coming to Khurain."

John Phoenix flew at him, cocking back his fist... but the man reached out and grabbed him the throat!

"Gak!" noised John Phoenix. Everyone below gasped.

"Do you have any idea how easy it'd be for me to break your neck right now?" asked the Dragon, squeezing. "But still, I won't do it. It would be a shame to kill you in Khurainistan, and not my homeland of Khurain. Besides, unlike you, I don't derive joy from wantonly taking people's lives."

John Phoenix flexed his neck muscles and the man's gauntlet immediately shattered and John Phoenix fell to the ground. Edgeworth and Matt helped him up as the others fired at the Dragon.

"Hmm, maybe you're stronger than I thought," said the Dragon, ignoring the bullets. He threw out his hand. "John Phoenix! I know you're not as stone hearted as you pretend to be. You've been deeply affected by your mother's death, and you miss your family. So I implore you, return to America. Defend your uncle. Leave Khurain. I don't want to kill you if I don't have to." Then the KRA leader activated the rocket thrusters in his boots and flew off.

John Phoenix smirked, despite his sore neck. Because his brilliant plan of thinking fake thoughts about being "lonely" and "sad" in his head had paid off. And now he knew who had been sneaking around in his brain... the leader of the KRA!

To be continued...

***Chapter 27*: Godot's Adventures in Heaven**

Chapter 27: Godot's Adventures in Heaven

A/N: I lied, this chapter is actually the longest one yet. Sorry!

While John Phoenix was liberating the POW camp, Godot resumed being not unconscious again.

"Ugh, where am I...?" he asked. He looked around and saw that he was in a prison. But there was something strange about this prison... it was made out of bricks!

"What the hell! Heaven is only supposed to be made out of clouds, not bricks!" He thought for a moment. "Oh yeah, I already made that observation. Damn, my head hurts."

Godot tried to move, but he was chained to the wall by his wrists!

"I've gotta escape heaven prison!" he panted.

Just then two shadowy figures entered the room. They stepped into the light and revealed themselves to be Damon Gant and Damon Gant!

"Wake up from your little nap, Godot?" asked Damon Gant (the first one). He held up an object. "I used this object to make you unconscious."

"By the way," said Damon Gant (the other one), "I'm not actually Damon Gant." He took off his mask and he was actually Satan all along!

"Satan?" gasped Godot. "How'd you get into heaven?"

"Easy. That man who was running up and down the mountains who looked like Damon Gant? The one you had John Phoenix handcuff? That was actually me!"

Godot was shocked. "No... no! Damn you, Satan, you sly old alley cat! How did you know to dress up as Gant and run up and down a mountain!"

Satan laughed as he zipped off the rest of his Damon Gant suit. "Easy again," said Satan. "I simply teamed-up with Manfred and Damon here. It was all their idea."

Suddenly Satan pulled out a gun and pointed it at Godot! "Now hand over the magic handcuffs, you little bitch. We searched you while you were out but we didn't find them. You ate them, didn't you!" He gestured wildly with the gun. "Puke them up immediately!"

"Don't have 'em," Godot grinned. "I gave the handcuffs to John Phoenix. Why do you want them anyway? You're already in heaven."

"Because, idiot," replied Satan, "the cuffs have a secondary function. Are you playing dumb? Or did God just not tell you? The handcuffs can also be used to teleport someone in heaven back to Earth."

"Haven't you guys overthrown God and taken over heaven?" asked Godot. "That's sure as hell what it looked like to me before I got conked on the head. Why don't you just leave by the front gates?"

"Because, asshole," said Satan, "after I was teleported to heaven and opened the gates to let my underworldly minions in, I was unfortunately caught on the surveillance camera and God put the emergency forcefield up. Now no one can leave heaven by normal means, not even by spirit channeling, and it's screwing up our evil plans! The forcefield will only deactivate if God says the magic words. Right now my devils are trying to torture the words out of him."

"You bastard!" screamed Godot. "When I get my hands on you...!"

"I guess if you don't have the cuffs there's nothing to do but to shoot you with my devil gun," said Satan. "One thing you may not know about the devil gun is that anyone who is shot by it gets their soul trapped in the bullet that killed them. Forever."

"Wait a minute!" cried Godot, thinking hard, combining fragments of logic in his mind. "That description... that sounds like the angel gun Merlin made! But Merlin would never make a gun for someone like you, Satan!"

"Merlin didn't make this gun," replied Satan. "Someone else did. As for who that person is, well, you'll have plenty of time to think it over while your soul is trapped in a bullet for eternity! Ahahaha!"

Satan fired the gun, but Godot remained calm. He simply grinned and raised a finger to his visor. If you are a careful reader, you may have noticed a name on his visor: "Merlin". Before Godot had returned to heaven, Merlin had made him a new visor, and this one shoots lasers!

He pressed a button on the side of the mask and a laser shot out and destroyed the bullet!

"What the," said Satan in shock, distracted by the bullet being destroyed. While Satan was distracted, Godot used his laser vision to melt the chains holding him to the wall, and then he did the same to the bars in the window!

"Hey, Sadie, stop being distracted!" cried Gant, pointing at Godot. "Godot is taking advantage of your distraction to escape!"

"What!" roared Satan, averting his gaze from the empty space in the air he had been staring at. "Stop escaping at once!"

But Godot ignored this command and hopped out the window! He fell thirty feet and landed in a soft pile of clouds. Then he held his robe really high above his thighs so he could run faster and sprinted down the cloud hill away from the prison. Devil bullets whistled past him but thankfully they only grazed his skin.

Godot wondered whether his skin would grow back, or if the souls of his skin cells would be trapped in bullets forever, but he decided escaping was more important than pondering this very interesting theological question, so he jumped down a spillway and was carried away by the river.

"Curses!" cursed Satan from the window. "He escaped! Quick, Gant, alert the devil guards!"

Godot jumped out of the river and then ran along the train tracks to downtown heaven. A garish neon sign caught his attention and to his shock and horror he saw that Satan had built a strip club in heaven! And worst of all, it was made of bricks!

"Strip clubs are immoral and they exploit women," said Godot. He started shooting at the building with his laser vision. One of the beams hit a gas line and the club blew up and people and demons let out horrific death screams. A devil flew out of the building and landed at Godot's feet. His limbs had been blown off and the stumps were bleeding profusely.

"Kill me," the devil gurgled.

"No."

Godot nailed the devil to a tree with a railroad spike through the chest, and then Godot left him to die. But first, he cauterized the bleeding stumps with lasers so it would take longer for the devil to die and he would suffer more.

"Okay," said Godot, jogging off, "now that's that taken care of, where next?"

He decided to go hide out at Mia's house. She lived in a run-down cloud hovel. Why did she live in hovel, while Manfred and Gant got cloud mansions? Simple: because Manfred and Gant were very flawed individuals who did a lot of morally dubious things in their lives, so their arrival in heaven had been heralded with more joy and trumpet playing than Mia's, because it was obvious Mia was going to get in to begin with.

Therefore they got mansions.

Godot went inside without knocking. "Hey, kitten, what's shaking?" he asked. He went to the fridge to get a beer.

"Oh, hello, Diego," said Mia. She and Maya were wearing rags and peeling potatoes at the kitchen table.

"It's Godot," he corrected. Then he spewed his beer out. "Pppppppwwweeeetft! How come your sister is dead all of a sudden?"

"She got murdered by her cousin Pearl," explained Mia. "Pearl and Iris are Khurainese terrorists and they tried to rope

her into spirit channeling some people important to their mission."

"I don't know who, though," said Maya. "They were very vague about it."

Godot jumped onto the couch and sprawled out. "Yowza, so I guess I should have killed Pearl in addition to that Ellie Dee Vasquez or whatever her name was, huh?"

"I know right? I still can't believe Pearly killed me," said Maya sadly. "Ungrateful little cunt."

"Whoa, watch the swear words, little missy!" warned Godot. He was glad John Phoenix wasn't here. He flipped through the TV guide and then lifted the remote and tried to go the motorcycle channel but he couldn't!

"What the hell? I can't get the motorcycle channel? What gives, kitten?" He wanted to watch the motorcycle channel because they were showing reruns of the jump John Phoenix had made over the Grand Canyon shortly before going to Khurain. He only did it on a whim to test out his new motorcycle, but the jump ended up shattering all previous records and was even cooler than Robbie Knievel's jump!

"Satan took over the broadcast station and converted it into a torture chamber," explained Mia. "That's where God and St. Peter are being held."

Godot yawned and went to get another beer. "And no one has thought to mount a rescue mission?" He slammed the fridge. "Kitten, you disappoint me. Then again, this is man's work."

He belched and went over to the window and peered out. Mia's nextdoor neighbor Gregory Edgeworth was mowing his lawn. Greg saw Godot and waved.

"Top of the morning to you neighbor!" he said.

Godot ignored him and closed the blinds. "Kitten, why is that cat so happy? Normally he's moping around like the saddest bastard in existence."

"Well, you know his wife, Bethany Edgeworth?" asked Mia, laying down her potato peeler. "The one we all thought went to hell because no one could find in her heaven? Well, she showed up at Greg's house just a few hours after you left!"

"Hmm, suspicious," remarked Godot. He decided to investigate.

He waited until Gregory went inside, then he sneaked over to the open window of Greg's house and looked in.

"It's been so long, Bethany," murmured Gregory Edgeworth.

"I have missed you, my dear husband," said Bethany Edgeworth. Then they started kissing.

"Blech," shuddered Godot, then he went around to the back of the and saw a gravestone!

The gravestone read: "RIP my son, God took him early, 2028-2028"

"Who could this be referring to?" wondered Godot. But what was also strange was that the grave was open!

Godot went over to investigate but then he tripped on a cloud and fell into the grave!

He landed in a black-and-white living room in a fancy house. He immediately figured out what happened. He had gone through a flashback portal. Every family in heaven had their own flashback portal they could use to watch things they had done on Earth. Godot kept his flashback portal in his closet and didn't use it much. Too many painful memories.

Gregory Edgeworth was sitting in his easy chair, wearing a wife beater and boxers, and stitching "Home Is Where the Hearth Is" in an embroidery hoop. As a logical defense attorney, he knew that homes have hearths, not hearts.

Godot waved a hand in front of Greg's face but he got no reaction.

"Hmm, looks like he can't hear or see me," remarked Godot. "Happenin'."

Suddenly Greg set his stitching down.

"Where is that woman!" he cried. "Probably out there cavorting with... him. Damn you, Bethany Edgeworth! How could I have married such a witch!"

Miles Edgeworth walked into the room. He had a tail sticking out of his pants.

"Father, I grew a tail in my sleep," said Miles. "My tail is prehensile. I can use it to turn doorknobs and lift my special fork."

Gregory exploded out of his chair and roared like Godzilla!

"Damn you, you little abomination!"

Greg cut off Miles's tail with a pair of scissors and nailed it above the fireplace. Then he picked up the crying Miles and held his face near the tail.

"Never, ever grow a tail again, or I shall cut off your head and mount it above the fireplace!"

Godot was stunned. But then he read the subtitles above Greg's head. They explained that Gregory derived no enjoyment from threatening his toddler son like this, but a line in the sand had to be drawn. If his son continued to grow tails, or do the other bizarre things he had been doing, Miles would be kidnapped by the government and experimented on, or at the very least kidnapped by carnies and forced to work in a freakshow.

Baby Miles grew so ashamed whenever he saw the tail above the fireplace that he never grew one again. Or at least that's what Godot got out of the subtitles.

"Now get back to your room!"

Miles ran off crying and slammed his door.

"Hmm, that's weird," said Godot. "Wonder why the ol' Edgester grew a tail?"

Greg collapsed into his chair, but he got only a moment's rest before Bethany Edgeworth came home.

"Bethany, where were you?" asked Greg. He tapped his watch. "You were supposed to be home hours ago. You were with him again, weren't you!"

Bethany folded her arms. "Gregory, I told you in no uncertain terms when I married you that I wouldn't let you interfere with my work," she said coolly. "Stop being such a jealous baby."

"I'll show you a baby!" Gregory took a swing at his wife but she just picked him up, spun him around, and threw him onto the ceiling fan. Then she flicked a switch and it started spinning around at high speed.

"Bethany, stop this crazy thiiiiiiiiinnnnng!" screamed Greg, holding on to a blade.

"I'll let you down once you learn how to behave like a gentleman," she said, and she went into the kitchen to fix herself a highball.

Godot took all this in. "Damn, his mom has a nice rack. Too bad Edgeworth isn't a girl."

Suddenly unknown arms hooked themselves under Godot's armpits and lifted him out of the flashback!

Godot landed on the ground. "Pfft, peh pah!" he said, spitting out clouds. "What the heck-" He looked up and gulped.

It was... Gant and Satan! And a small army of devils!

"Gotcha, Godot," grinned Satan. He quickly grabbed Godot's head and started using the visor's laser to make a hole in the clouds!

"Yes, it's cutting through the barrier!" exclaimed Satan. "Just as you suspected it would, Gant!"

Godot knew he couldn't let Satan destroy the barrier, so he pressed the self-destruct button and blew up his mask!

"GAH! DAMN IT!" cried Satan. "GET THIS BASTARD OUT OF HERE!"

The devils threw him into a paddy wagon.

"What's the matter, Satan?" asked Godot, eyes bleeding. "Aren't you gonna whip out that teeny weeny little gun of yours and shoot me?"

"I decided that I've already wasted enough bullets on you. Instead, I'm gonna cart you off to my torture chamber. I got a spot just next to God with your name on it. You can keep him company as I flay your skin off! Hahaha!"

Godot was taken away. Gant dropped down and examined the hole.

"Hmm, the hole you made is pretty small, Sadie," said Gant, "and no one could possibly fit through it, but maybe if someone stood directly over it they could be channeled?"

"Worth a shot," shrugged Satan.

Gant and Satan did the KRA salute and then split up to get the targets.

Meanwhile... back in Los Angeles...

Marvin Grossberg was sitting on a sidewalk bench putting the finishing touches on the legal documents he needed to represent John Phoenix's cousin in court. He occasionally threw a handful of bird seed on the ground and watched the pigeons. Grossberg always finished up his paperwork while feeding pigeons because he was an old man and old people like pigeons. Also, he just liked pigeons.

Across the street, a door opened in the face of the clock tower. Lotta Hart stood in the door and raised her camera. Her camera was also a gun.

"Time to put this old fool outta commission," said Lotta. She aimed at Marvin through the viewfinder.

Viola appeared over her shoulder. "Lotta, why are we aligning ourselves with the terrorists?" she asked. "Shouldn't you hate them for detonating a suitcase nuke and destroying the heartland, killing over 150,000,000 people?"

"Ya can't judge an entire terrorist organization by the actions of few extremists, Viola," responded Lotta. "Now shut yer trap 'fore I belt ya. Lawd!"

Lotta took careful aim and fired a bullet that shattered Grossberg's left kneecap!

People screamed and ran away, pigeons flew off, and Marvin struggled to get up, but he was too fat to do so easily. Then Lotta shot his other kneecap.

"Oh god, this hurts worse than my hemorrhoids," said Grossberg. "Ouch!"

Lotta brayed evil laughter. "Okay, Viola honey, yer up!"

Viola Cadaverini threw a knife over Lotta's shoulder and it stabbed into Grossberg's forehead. There was a sheet of paper on the end of the handle, and Marvin could read the huge print clearly.

"DON'T DEFEND JOHN PHOENIX'S COUSIN! ONLY JOHN PHOENIX CAN DO IT! CONSIDER THIS A WARNING! TELL YOUR FRIENDS!"

Lotta was so busy laughing evilly that she didn't notice Viola's infant baby crawl under her legs and grab onto one of the hands of the clocktower.

"Hahahaha... huh?" Lotta said. "Viola, why aren't ya watching your damn baby!"

Viola was busy in the corner setting a dead mouse on fire. "Hee hee hee... fire... burns things..."

"Viola, ya listenin' to me?" asked Lotta, trying to grab the baby, but the hand had carried it out of reach.

"What's wrong, I'm busy." She clapped as the mouse corpse burned to ashes.

"Viola, yer damn baby is hangin' off the clocktower!"

Viola screamed. "My baby! NOOOOOOoooooo!" She shoved Lotta out of the way and held out her arms. "Furio Cadaverini! Come to mommy!"

But the baby was too far away! It was giggling, but its weak baby fingers couldn't hold on much longer! No! It was

slipping!

"Someone save my baby!" screamed Viola.

Down in the streets below, Carlos Flavioli was wheeling his chair over to Grossberg to help him. Then he heard this cry and looked up.

The baby fell! The mother screamed!

Carlos Flavioli leapt out of his chair and dashed over to the falling baby! He dived forward and caught the baby at the last moment!

Viola and Lotta ran down the clocktower and he gave the mother her baby back.

"Oh thank you! Never do that to mommy again, young man!" said Viola kissing her baby on the head.

"Uh, we're just innocent bystanders," said Lotta. She grabbed Viola and pulled her away. "C'mon!" They ran off.

Carlos Flavioli watched them go, his eyes inscrutable behind his cool sunglasses. Now his secret was exposed to the world. His feet and spine...

...

Weren't actually broken!

Later...

Gumshoe pulled up to the crime scene. He and his son got out of the car and walked over to Grossberg's corpse.

"Okay, Bobert, I'm gonna teach you how detective work works," said Gumshoe. He ripped the knife out of the victim's head and handed it to Bobert. "That's called 'evidence,' son. Evidence has fingerprints on it."

"But father Gumshoe, I see no fingerprints?"

Gumshoe chuckled. "That's 'cause ya gotta use the white stuff." He took a bottle of fingerprint powder out of his coat and dumped the entire contents on the knife. "Now ya gotta blow it off. Oh, I know it looks good but don't eat it, I tried, it tastes horrible."

Bobert Gumshoe blew the powder off.

"Oh! Father! I found fingerprints!"

Gumshoe took the knife. "Hmm, let's see, oh they're yours and mine, guess we covered up the killer's prints. This piece of evidence is worthless now." He threw it over his shoulder into some bushes. "Okay, no harm no foul, let's look for more evidence!"

Suddenly Gumshoe in real life paused the video.

"And that's what you DON'T do at a crime scene," he explained. You see, this was actually a training seminar. "Sure was nice of Grossberg to pretend to be dead and let us use him in our a training video before we took him to the hospital. Anyway, any questions?"

A detective in the back raised his pencil. "Yeah, I got one, why the hell is your son's name 'Bobert'? That's the stupidest name I've ever heard."

"OH, NO YOU DIDN'T, PAL!" roared Gumshoe. "He's named after my grandfather Robert Gumshoe! When I was a little kid I called him 'Bobert' and that became his nickname. He died 10 years ago of Alzheimer's and towards the end he started calling ME Bobert. So you see, I named my kid Bobert to HONOR my grandfather. So naming him Bobert isn't stupid, it's SMART and POIGNANT!"

So now you know why Gumshoe's son is named Bobert and why that's smart and poignant.

Later... in Khurain...

The Dragon, after meeting John Phoenix, went back to the royal palace in Khurain City. He went through the secret

entrance so no one would see him in his armor. Because, you see, the Dragon was actually the shadowy person from the end of chapter 24, but the royal family didn't know he was the leader of the KRA. They knew him only as Percy Percival, the king and queen's adopted son.

Anyway, Percy Percival went to his fireplace room and met with two shadowy figures.

(These are two brand new shadowy figures, by the way.)

"I just received word that the channeling was a success," said Percy. "The plan moves forward. Go get the Khurainese Power Crystal at once! Oh, and hide this in the temple." Percy handed one of the shadows St. Peter's magic pen. "Just looking at this makes me feel guilty for stealing it. Hide it away deep, deep in the temple where John Phoenix will never find it. Understand?"

"Nyeh heh heh, of course, master!"

"Kheh heh heh, it will be done!"

The two shadowy figures climbed up the chimney.

To be continued...

***Chapter 28*: John Phoenix Incestigations**

Chapter 28: John Phoenix Incestigations

A/N: This chapter is dedicated to my grandmother. She is a big fan of John Phoenix and I read her every chapter over skype. Grandma wants Capcom to add John Phoenix to AA7 before she dies. She may die any day now of Oldness, so please, go to my profile and vote on my poll (it's actually a petition) and force Crapcom to add John Phoenix to AA7 (or else).

A/N 2: You know how I said there were only going to be 30 chapters? Well I decided to cheat by combining multiple chapters into one! Now THIS is the longest chapter, because it's actually six in one!

Chapter 28 Part I

Professor Layton was in a curio shop in Khurain City.

With him were his assistants Luke Triton and Emmy. Emmy's last name is unknown. Let's just say that some of her clothes are yellow and that she has brown hair and leave it at that.

"Look, Professor, it's a curio!" exclaimed the excitable young boy with the blue hat and blue shirt and brown pants and shoes on his feet (Luke Triton).

"Ohohoho, that is a curious curio, my boy," smiled Layton.

Professor Layton had come to Khurain in search of an ancient Khurainese artifact which was said to have magical properties. He wanted to smuggle this priceless treasure out of its native land so he could display in his private museum and charge people a small fee to see it. The trio had gotten trapped in the country following the outbreak of the War.

Suddenly there was a terrorist attack in the marketplace outside! A suicide bomber detonated his vest in the middle of the crowd and dozens of body parts bounced against the windows of the store like giant moths!

"Oh my word," said the Professor, mildly unerved.

Then a burst of gunfire shattered the windows and a hail of bullets made their way toward Luke!

Emmy stepped forward. "Luke, use me as a human shield," she said.

Luke hesitated to use Emmy as a human shield. Emmy smiled.

"It's okay, Luke. I'm an adult and you're just a child. It's only proper that you should use me as human shield."

Luke's gaze shifted to the professor. He, too, smiled.

"Go on, my boy," said Layton encouragingly. "She's quite right. Use Emmy as a human shield. Go on, lad!"

Luke used Emmy as a human shield and the bullets hit her instead of him.

"I'm glad I could be a human shield and save your life, Luke." She closed her eyes and died.

"You're welcome, Emmy."

Luke walked over to the professor.

"Nice job using Emmy as a human shield, my boy," said Professor Layton.

"You're welcome, Professor."

Professor Layton watched Emmy's blood pool up against the triangular base of a display shelf. Emmy's bloodspill reminded him of a puzzle.

"Hmm, this reminds me of a puzzle."

Luke solved a puzzle about triangles and earned 15 picarats (imaginary unit Layton invented).

"Nice job solving the puzzle, Luke."

"You're welcome, Professor."

People outside were still screaming, so Layton carefully looked out the broken window. A terrorist on a horse, the motorcycle of the Khurainese world, pointed an Uzi right in his face!

"Die, bastard!" the terrorist screamed. But just then John Phoenix arrived on his motorcycle! He used a collapsed market stall as a ramp and jumped his motorcycle over the horse! He did a spin midair and the rear wheel of the bike smacked the terrorist in the head and knocked his skull out of his mouth. The man's head deflated from lack of skull and he died and slid off the horse.

The horse watched in mounting horror, panting and sweating, as John Phoenix landed and got off his bike. John Phoenix reached into his pants and pulled something out. It was a new custom gun, a fully automatic Desert Eagle with a custom 200 round magazine. John Phoenix unloaded the entire magazine into the terrorist horse, his face expressionless, the muzzle flashes reflected in his awesome aviators.

When he was done, two foals crawled out of the bloody horse carcass; you see, the terrorist horse had been pregnant all along. The baby horses took one look at John Phoenix and ran away at full gallop. John Phoenix let them go. They were innocent.

John Phoenix turned to the stunned Layton. "You're welcome."

Chapter 28 Part II

Later...

John Phoenix, Edgeworth, Layton, and Luke were having lunch in a streetside cafe. On the table was a newspaper with a photo showing the Edgeworth II carrying the POWs back to Khurain. They were hanging from the bottom of the plane by each other's feet in a long human chain. John Phoenix had received several Medals of Honor for his bravery. He just threw them into his suitcase with the rest of them.

John Phoenix and Professor Layton chatted learnedly about many topics, and about Layton's journey to Khurain. Professor Layton being in this story was actually foreshadowed in Chapter 22. In that chapter's newspaper, below the headline about John Phoenix's uncle being a terrorist, there had also been a small item about Layton's search for the magical artifact.

The topic of discussion turned quite naturally to John Phoenix's world-famous psychic powers, in which the professor was very interested. John Phoenix explained his belief in the psychic manipulator, and how he believed the manipulator had been stalking him for some time.

You see, in Chapter 6, Gumshoe pointed out that the bottle on the table was knocked over. This keen observation had been troubling John Phoenix for the last 22 chapters. Because he distinctly remembered his uncle putting the bottle back on the table rightside up. He had immediately suspected a psychic manipulator at the time, but had had no concrete proof until recently.

Layton nodded in understanding. He was something of an expert in psychic powers. In the wake of the events of Ghost Trick (which is canon in the official Ace Attorney continuity, as is The Adventures of John Phoenix), Professor Layton had published a book about how to protect yourself from psychics. He now slid a copy across the table to John Phoenix.

How to Protect Your Mind and Body From Psychic People, by Professor "Hershel" Layton.

"Thank you, Hershel," said John Phoenix, shaking his head, "but I have already found way to stop the intruder. I simply think in completely abstract terms which would be impossible for any outsider to understand, a sort of mind cipher. It is an advanced way of thinking I invented all by myself."

"How brilliant," murmured the professor. "Bravo...!"

Miles took the book. "I believe I could make use of this book, however. I have a few dozen military trials to prosecute today, so I'll flip through it then. I believe John Phoenix also has a trial today? His first in our military courts?"

"Hmm, yes, it's starting soon," said John Phoenix, checking his watch. "After it's over, Hershel, I shall join you in your investigations. Except it will actually be John Phoenix's investigation, and it shall be about finding what I want to find, not what you want. My uncle's trial is tomorrow, so I need to find the magic pen soon."

"I shall be waiting most eagerly... John..." said Professor Layton.

John Phoenix flew into the sky and to the army base. He thought back to the events that had led to this trial...

Chapter 28 Part III

Last night, after John Phoenix had returned from the rescue mission...

It was midnight. John Phoenix wheeled his motorcycle into the hospital wing of the base. It was very dark, the only light coming through the windows from the lamp posts outside.

Most of the patients were asleep. Ron DeLite was there, in a coma. Parts of Max Galactica's dead neck had been transplanted into Ron's in an effort to save him, but Max's neck cells were cancerous and they spread to Ron's brain and gave him a brain coma. Now it didn't look like he'd make it. John Phoenix did a quick prayer over this man, and the sleeping Apollo Justice and Louie DeNonno as well, and then continued on his way to his target.

Dylan Fitchar was awake, the pain from his burns preventing him from sleeping. John Phoenix aimed the headlight at him and flashed it on and off, three times, giving Dylan cancer in three different places.

"W-what did you do that f-for?" asked Dylan.

"My bike is magic. I gave you cancer."

Dylan deserved this.

"I-I-I'll tell on you!" whimpered Dylan, the cancer already spreading through his bloodstream.

John Phoenix grew thoughtful. "You would, wouldn't you, you little pig?"

John Phoenix decided to silence this man. He pulled out a knife and cut out Dylan's tongue. That way he couldn't tell on him. Next, he cut off all of Dylan's fingers so he couldn't accuse him in writing or by pointing at him.

Dylan sobbed like a little pathetic baby. John Phoenix just laughed and spit on him. Then he decided to hide the body parts in the one place no one would ever find them: in his pockets. Attempting to look into John Phoenix's pockets would be a suicide mission few would dare attempt.

"I'll be back to torture you later," promised John Phoenix, and then he left.

Before going to bed, John Phoenix decided to head to the R&D wing of the base, where Merlin and Ema Skye were working on his new power suit. He had given them a drawing of what he wanted it to look like, and also gave them instructions to make it just like the Dragon's armor, except better and totally original.

You might be wondering, "Why is Ema Skye building suits of robotic armor?" The answer is that she's working on the parts of the armor that involve forensic science, like the fingerprints. The law mandated that all robots and suits of power armor have their own unique fingerprints. That way they could be traced if they were used in a crime.

Anyway, Merlin had turned in for the night, so only Ema was left working on John Phoenix's armor. She was putting the finishing touches on the footprints (those were also required) when the notorious Benjamin Woodman slunk out of the shadows.

"Hello, will you be my girlfriend," asked Ben evilly.

"No," said Ema.

"I will kill you now," said Ben and he took out a knife.

Ben tried to kill Ema but she chewed open a bottle of acid she had stored her cheek for just such an occasion and spat it into his eyes! Ben screamed in agony as his eyeballs melted down his face like runny eggs!

"Now I'll kill you even harder," snarled Ben, and he took out a second knife. But just then John Phoenix flew over and started kicking his ass!

"You're going to military court, scumbag!"

Chapter 28 Part IV

Back in the present..

John Phoenix arrived at the military courtroom for the trial of Benjamin Woodman.

"Military court is now in session," said the military judge. He looked exactly like the non-military judge except he had glasses and hair and he was black.

"The prosecution is ready, Your Honor," said Franziska von Karma. She had finally achieved her dream of becoming an army lawyer.

"I have been ready since the second I left the womb," said John Phoenix. Yes, he was defending Ben Woodman. There was no one else to do it because all the other military defense attorneys were on leave, or had been killed in the terrorist attack earlier.

Ben Woodman smiled both evilly and blindly. He thought that with John Phoenix, the undefeated defense attorney, on his side that he was in the clear.

Naive fool. John Phoenix was going to kill him after the trial anyway. That was his M.O. with truly guilty clients: defend them successfully to maintain his perfect win record, and then execute them afterwards.

But for once John Phoenix wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do. Let Ben Woodman get a Not Guilty verdict? Let him die with the official records stating he's innocent?

Innocent? INNOCENT? Ben Woodman, the creepy pedo who played with puppets? No! It would be an insult to Ema and Ben's other victims. John Phoenix decided making sure Ben Woodman was guilty in the eyes of the law and the public was more important than some meaningless record. After all, everybody would still know that he's the best and just lost on purpose.

This is called character growth.

John Phoenix had an additional reason for wanting Ben dead/guilty: he was 1 cm taller than him. When they had their photo taken after saving the POWs, Ben had drawn himself up to his full height and stood next to John Phoenix to make him look bad.

For this he had to die.

"Okay, Ms. von Karma, you may call your first-"

"OBJECTION!" yelled John Phoenix. "That won't be necessary. My client is guilty. I want him executed. Give your verdict NOW!" He slammed his desk with his fist and it splintered in half.

"Oh, well if that's what you want, Mr. Phoenix, who am I to go against you!" The judge slammed his gavel. "I find Ben Woodman GUILTY! The sentence is immediate death! But first, let me sign these legal documents to make everything official."

A little while later, Ben Woodman moaned and wept as he was forced down onto the guillotine.

John Phoenix, Franziska, Ema, and everybody else involved with the trial were there to watch. The judge was about to drop the blade, but John Phoenix took the rope out of his hands.

"No. I want to."

Before John Phoenix pulled the rope, he took Trilo Quist away from Ben.

"Trilo is mine now. He likes me better."

He pulled the rope and the blade went whack! and Ben's severed head fell onto a spring and then boinged across the room into a trash can. This is an example of sarcastic justice.

"Thank you for bringing Woodman to justice, John Phoenix," said Emmy Skye. "And for kicking his ass. How can I

ever repay you?"

John Phoenix handed her Trilo Quist. "Incorporate Trilo Quist into my suit of power armor."

"But how? He is merely a puppet."

"Just do it. Trilo Quist is my friend."

John Phoenix went to leave, but Franziska stopped him.

"Hmph, how does it feel to finally lose, John Phoenix?" she boasted. "You were so afraid of me you gave up immediately!"

John Phoenix just smirked and handed her the official records for the trial. "Read this."

She read the documents and to her shock they clearly said that JOHN PHOENIX had won, even though Ben Woodman had been found GUILTY!

"B-b-huh wh-h-what!" sputtered Franziska, squeezing the papers. "F-f-forged? Forgery? Is that what this foolish nonsense is?"

"You insult me. It is no forgery. When the judge was signing the records, I merely used my psychic powers to manipulate his pencil into writing 'John Phoenix won, Franziska lost'. Thus my win record is still perfect. Unlike, heh, yours..."

"BUT YOU CHEATED!" cried Franziska, but she knew deep down that this wasn't true, and that John Phoenix had bested her honestly and like a gentleman.

"Believe that if you want," he shrugged. "But it's the judge's handwriting, so the true culprit is, obviously, him. He'll probably have his judge's badge taken away, and go to jail for his incompetence, but that's a small price to pay to maintain my record. Good day!"

And John Phoenix left the seething woman to meet up with Professor Layton.

Chapter 28 Part V

For the first part of John Phoenix's investigation, he and the professor and Luke went to a spirit channeling nunnery. It was time for him to learn what was going on in heaven.

"Oh dearie me, what an honor to have you here," said the mother superior, leading them into the inner rectum of the building. "I must warn you, these women have never seen a man before, and certainly not one as handsome as yourself, so they may do something foolish like try to date you or even marry you!"

"Ha ha, perfectly understandable reaction!" laughed the professor.

"Thank you, Hershel," smiled John Phoenix.

Inside the spirit channeling room they met about three dozen different women in spirit medium outfits. The least ugly one of them all stepped forward and was presented to John Phoenix.

"Channel Maya Fey for me," ordered John Phoenix. He had been unable to make psychic communication with the woman for two days, so he was now convinced she was dead.

"Anything for you, John Phoenix," said the girl and she batted her eyelashes.

"I'm not sure she'll be able to channel anyone, though," said the mother superior, fluttering her hands. "Nobody has able to channel any spirits in a week! It's unprecedented!"

"You just don't know how work these nuns, Mother," said John Phoenix, and he wrapped an arm around the spirit medium's neck and pressed his Desert Eagle against her temple! "Now, you either bring Maya here or I'll bring you to her!"

The girl sweated hard, would she be able to do it? It took a few moments, and John Phoenix pulled the trigger 2/3rds of the way home, but finally a miracle happened and she channeled Maya!

"Whoa, hey, John Phoenix!" said Maya. "So I guess you know I'm dead now, huh?"

"Shut up," he said. "Be quiet. Now tell me, how did you die?"

"Um... I slipped on a bar of soap... and fell into the toilet... and drowned?"

"Hmph," sounded John Phoenix, "what a pointless way to die. This is why I only use Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap. You can't slip and die on it."

"H-heh, yeah. A-anyway, I'm kinda uncomfortable with this gun to my head, so I'd better be going..."

John Phoenix put his gun away. "Two more questions. Why did God make the stars say 'SOS' and why have the spirits been unavailable for the last week?"

"That was a prank, and everybody's just praying in church constantly. This week is a prayer drive. God's been feeling sick and he needs all the extra prayers."

John Phoenix could get no more out of her, so he let her return to heaven.

"Well, John Phoenix?" asked Layton. "What do you think?"

"All lies, obviously," he responded.

"I'm inclined to agree. But why?"

"Who knows? We can't spend anymore time on this right now. We must focus on the Magic Pen first and foremost."

"Right!" agreed Luke. "Or else your uncle will be executed for sure!"

"I hope I'll see you again," said the spirit medium. John Phoenix snapped her neck.

Everyone was shocked.

"Oh, why did you do that, John Phoenix!" cried the mother superior.

"Because she's a terrorist." John Phoenix took the dead woman's shirt off and revealed her terrorist tattoos!

"Excellent, but what lead you to your conclusion?" asked Layton.

"Simple," said John Phoenix. "These women have never seen men before, I arrived unannounced, I wasn't introduced, and yet she knew I was John Phoenix. Obviously that meant she was a terrorist."

He took his gun back out! "Everybody against the wall and strip! Now! Oh, not you Hershel."

John Phoenix was looking for other terrorist nuns. There were quite a few with tattoos, twelve in fact, and John Phoenix shot them all like dogs. Then he shook the mother superior's hand (psychically) and left to continue his investigation.

Chapter 28 Part VI

For the next part of his investigation, John Phoenix psychically communicated with everyone in Khurain City and asked them if they had seen anyone with a pen.

"Oh, I have, mister," said a little boy John Phoenix was communicating with. "Two strange fellows in cloaks were carrying a pen and talking about the Khurainese Crystal. I overheard it all, the evil Dragon is their master!"

"I see," said John Phoenix. "So long."

"Wait, mister, are you God?"

"No, merely godlike," he said humbly.

John Phoenix related all this to the professor. Layton immediately grew aroused.

"The Khurainese Crystal is the treasure I've been searching for!" he exclaimed.

"Finally, a lead!" said Luke.

They asked around about these cloaked men, and eventually John Phoenix's investigation lead them to the base of Khurain Mountain. They went into a gift shop and the old woman inside told them that the men stopped to buy John Phoenix bobbleheads and ask for directions to the ancient Khurainese Temple.

"It's located alllll the way on the tippy top," she said.

So they began climbing the mountain. It was a sheer climb, and it had to be done without climbing gear, as climbing gear was strictly forbidden on such a holy site. John Phoenix carried Luke on his back in a baby carrier. John could have flown, obviously, but he wanted a challenge.

Eventually they made it to the top of the mountain and beheld the temple. It was, basically, a cube. But it was a cube with a door, and that made all the difference.

They all entered the dark, dusty temple. It was filled with bats, skeletons, chandeliers, and portraits of saints on the walls. It was yellow, because it was like a pyramid, except a cube, and it was also used in ancient times to store grain, because it was like pyramid.

"Keep an eye out for anything that looks like a pen," warned John Phoenix.

They walked down a hallway and came to a door. It was locked with a puzzle.

"Care to give it a shot, my boy?" asked Layton.

"Of course, Prof-"

"He was talking to me," snapped John Phoenix. He examined the puzzle closely. It was some sort of math puzzle about filling in missing numbers in a subtraction problem with a lot of digits. John Phoenix's eyes glazed over. Boring. He just tried every possible combination until he got the correct one.

The door (actually a heavy stone slab) sunk into the floor!

"Sound method, John Phoenix," said Layton. "Trying every single combination at lightning speed is by far the most efficient way to solve some puzzles. Luke here would probably have actually tried to work it out in his head. Ohohoho! How silly."

Luke objected. "But it's smarter to do it that way!"

"It's smarter to take longer, and to waste your precious time on this earth?" Layton shook his head. "Luke, you have a lot to learn!"

They descended a spiral staircase in the next room and eventually came to a large underground room with a waterfall and a pond in the center. There was a stone bridge leading to an island and on the island was a chessboard on a plinth.

There was a plate on the side of plinth that read, "To make the crystal appear, place eight queens on the board in such a way that none of the queens lie in the others' lines of attack."

"Ah, the eight queens problem!" said Luke. "We've encountered this one on our adventures before, haven't we, Professor? I confess I don't remember the exact solution, but it shouldn't be too hard, I'll just try every possible combin-"

"No," said John Phoenix. "That would take too long."

John Phoenix just stacked all the queens on top of eachother in the middle of board. This is the smartest way to solve the puzzle.

Suddenly the plinth sunk into the floor, and then rose again, and now a giant shining green crystal was on it!

"The Khurainse Crystal!" cried Layton, his arousal growing even greater. "Finally, after all this time!"

Just then the room began to shake, stones fell from the ceiling, and a giant drill attached to a car (it looked like Dick Dastardly's) crashed into the room!

"Nyeh nee hee nee nah nee!" laughed one of the two figures under the dome of the car. "Thanks for solving that impossible puzzle for us, you blasted attorney!"

"Who are these clowns?" asked John Phoenix.

"It's Don Paolo and his eviler brother Juan Paolo!" said Layton, glaring hatefully. "And I won't let them steal this treasure! It belongs to ENGLAND, not whatever damned country they're from!" He grabbed the crystal and ran for it, the car in hot pursuit!

"HAHAHAHA!" laughed Juan Paolo. "I've been waiting a long time to drill you, Layton!"

"Oh no, Professor!" cried Luke. John Phoenix threw the small boy into the pond so he would stop being annoying and took action! He did a running dive and shattered the glass dome of the car and started strangling Don Paolo!

"Where's the magic pen! Tell me now!"

Juan Paolo, still trying to drill Layton, said, "Donnie, just give it to him, it's the crystal that's important!"

The blue-faced Don Paolo reached into his wallet and handed John Phoenix the pen.

John Phoenix nodded, also taking the wallet. "Okay, now to gouge your eyes out with the pen." But suddenly-

"HELP, I'M DROWNING!" cried the annoying child, drowning obnoxiously. John Phoenix had no choice but to fly over and rescue him.

"Why did you even make me throw you in the water if you can't swim!" growled John Phoenix.

While this was happening Don Paolo and Juan Paolo got away.

"Damn!" said Luke. "They got away!"

"Look on the bright side, my boy, at least John Phoenix found the magic pen! Will you be returning to the States to defend your uncle now?"

John Phoenix shook his head. "Not yet. I still have a day left, remember? I want to know what my adversary plans to do with that magic crystal." He was reminded of something. "But speaking of defending people, let me check how my cousin's defense is getting along. The trial's today."

A few seconds passed. John Phoenix's forehead got angry.

"John Phoenix, there are lines on your forehead suggesting anger," observed Layton. "Why?"

"Because Marvin Grossberg won't defend my cousin, and neither will any other defense attorney for some reason. They're afraid of terrorists, I think? And apparently there's a new law that says you can't use psychic powers in court anymore, so if I want to defend my cousin myself I'd have to go all the way back to America."

"And will you, John?" asked Layton.

"No. Not yet, Hershel. I'm needed here. It seems I'll have to break a legendary defense attorney out of prison. A man wrongly accused. A man not as great as me, but perhaps a distant third, or even second..."

Back in Los Angeles...

It was a comfortable cell, to be sure. A plush armchair, a large bookshelf, and a single flower in a measuring cup. There was also a small table with a framed headshot of John Phoenix on it. "To my dear friend, a man railroaded by a corrupt justice system, from yr. friend, JOHN PHOENIX" said the message on the photo.

Kristoph Gavin was levitating in the lotus position. Suddenly his hair began to blow around like there was an invisible hair dryer nearby.

"Ah," he said with a smile, opening his eyes, "so my friend John Phoenix requires my help, hmm?"

To be continued...

***Chapter 29*: John Phoenix Breaks Kristoph Gavin Out**

Chapter 29: John Phoenix Breaks Kristoph Gavin Out of Prison

John Phoenix used his psychic powers to break Kristoph Gavin out of prison. It was simplicity in itself; all John Phoenix had to do was touch his forehead and then the key floated out of the guard's pocket and into Kristoph's cell. This worked even though John Phoenix was in a different country because John Phoenix has psychic powers.

"Thank you, John Phoenix," said Kristoph Gavin, smiling. John Phoenix heard this because Kristoph Gavin has psychic powers. He had only begun to tap into them recently with the help of John Phoenix, but they had always been there.

"You're welcome, my friend."

John Phoenix finished giving Kristoph his instructions, and then Merlin flew by on his broomstick.

"Johnny, my boy," said Merlin, "the Dragon is outside the royal palace! He's using the crystal to perform miracles and convert people to terrorism!"

John Phoenix was enraged! But he also wasn't.

"Hershel, I must go and defeat the leader of the KRA and put an end to this war," said John Phoenix to his dear friend.

"I understand, John," replied Professor Layton. "The Khurainese Crystal could be very dangerous in the wrong hands, so be careful!"

John Phoenix flew to the base to get suited up for the final battle. The John Phoenix theme song played as John Phoenix put on his power armor.

There were a lot of cool sound effects as he slipped on each individual piece. His cool helmet slid on and the visor lowered over his super intense eyes. Then the visor glowed red in a cool way.

DUH NUH NUH NUH, JOHN PHOENIX, JOHN PHOENIIIIIX!

"Ohohoho," said Dr. Hotti.

John Phoenix grabbed a futuristic spear and ran down a corridor filled with flashing red lights as an alarm blared!

"The KRA have completely overrun the city, sir, and our forces have been all but wiped out!" said a man in the control room. General Payne steepled his fingers and watched the destruction unfold over the monitor.

"I see... it appears we have no choice but to use America's ultimate weapon." He lifted a glass case and pressed a button. "Release the Phoenix!"

NUH NUH NUH, JOHN JOHN PHOENIX, JOHN JOHN PHOENIX!

John Phoenix shot out of a missile silo and took to the skies with his metallic pegasus wings! He flew towards the royal palace to stop the insane terrorist leader, but there was a squadron of fighter jets waiting for him! They fired the machine guns! But then a strange plane did a barrel roll in front of John Phoenix and deflected the bullets!

"Need some assistance?" It was Miles Edgeworth in his new quadplane!

The two friends teamed up and effortlessly defeated the enemy planes. John Phoenix flew underneath a jet and jabbed his spear through the bottom of the plane and pierced the pilot in the stomach! He pulled the man out through the hole and the jet went out of control and crashed into a church!

"Please don't kill me," sobbed the pilot. "The terrorists kidnapped my daughter and forced me to fly their plane. I don't want to die."

"Spare me the sob story."

John Phoenix ripped out the pilot's heart and pinned it to the man's arm with a knife.

"You shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve."

John Phoenix flicked the pilot off his spear like a booger and flung him into the burning church.

Meanwhile...

The Dragon, fully decked out in his armor, was addressing a crowd in front of the royal palace. With him were his terrorist friends: Manfred von Robot, Don and Juan Paolo, Morgan le Fey, Principal Buddy Johnson, Damon Gant, a shadowy figure, the teacher John Phoenix punched, the conductor, and a man who was half vampire, half werewolf.

"Let the king and queen go, you... you terrorist!" cried an angry peasant. The king and queen were locked up in stocks.

"No," said the Dragon. "They are bad. They abuse their power and refused to meet our very reasonable demands. They are bad. I will be a better leader. Also, I won't be the leader. I will be your best friend."

The peasant was struck by these words. He had never had a friend before. Perhaps the KRA wasn't so bad after all? The other peasants nodded and seemed swayed by these words as well.

"Now behold!" The Dragon lifted the crystal above his head. "With this crystal I shall perform miracles! You, disgusting leper! Come here!"

Dylan Fitchar crawled out of the crowd as people kicked and spit at him. Dylan flinched as the Dragon raised his hand, but instead of hitting him, the Dragon shot healing rays out of his fingertips!

"H-hey! My tongue's regenerated! I can speak!" cried Dylan. "And I think my cancer's gone, too!" He started dancing around on his tippy toes and the peasants all cheered and the crystal began to glow!

"Ah, all according to plan," said the Dragon. You see, the crystal was powered by terrorism.

Suddenly a jet crashed into the crowd and blew up! Limbs and severed heads flew everywhere! Then a robot man emerged from the smoke and the flames.

"Master, who is this!" cried Manfred von Robot. "His suit looks just like yours!"

"No," replied John Phoenix. "It's original. I came up with the design independently."

"John Phoenix..." growled the Dragon. "You monster! Do you even care how many people you just killed?"

"No," said John Phoenix. "Also, I crashed the jet into the crowd and blew their limbs and heads off in such a way that no one died. And only the bad people got hurt. The good people didn't get hurt."

Then John Phoenix's friends arrived to back him up! Edgeworth landed his plane, Merlin flew in on his broomstick with Layton and Luke, and Klavier and the others shot their way through the crowd!

The terrorists raised their guns, but the Dragon waved an arm for them to stop without turning around.

"No, this is between me and John Phoenix." He handed the crystal to Morgan and took out his futuristic halberd. "I tried to avoid this, John Phoenix, but you refused to go home. Now I will send you home in a box! DIE!"

Then John Phoenix and the evil terrorist leader flew into the sky and engaged in an epic fight! It was so epic that trying to describe it would be pointless, so let's see what Kristoph Gavin is up to instead.

Meanwhile in Los Angeles

As Kristoph Gavin made his way to the district court, he reflected on his friendship with John Phoenix. Merely a few days after being born, John Phoenix started sending him fan mail and well wishes. Kristoph had been touched, and also impressed by the young boy's dream of becoming a defense attorney and his belief that Kristoph was innocent and one of the greatest lawyers to ever live. Kristoph encouraged John Phoenix's dreams, and considered himself the boy's mentor.

Later, after John Phoenix unlocked his psychic powers, he began helping Kristoph tap into his own powers as well. Now it was time to pay John Phoenix back for all he had done. Kristoph was determined to save John Phoenix's cousin!

Since Kristoph was an escaped criminal, the first thing to do was to impersonate his brother Klavier Gavin so he could defend John Phoenix's cousin.

Kristoph took off his glasses.

Then, he moved his hair slightly.

Finally, he pulled a dead man out of burned-out car and put on the man's purple shirt.

"I have become my brother," said Kristoph Gavin. Now that he was his brother, he hurried with quickened step to the courthouse.

When he arrived, he saw that the courthouse had been covered with an anti-psychic material (tin foil) to prevent the use of psychic powers during trials. John Phoenix, enraged, used telekinesis across oceans and continents to fling dumpsters and semi trucks at the court. Police officers fired volleys of rockets to deflect the psychic projectiles.

Kristoph took advantage of the explosions to sneak into the court, and then he crawled around in the air vents until he got to the defense lobby where John Phoenix's cousin was. Kristoph watched John Phoenix's cousin and John Phoenix's cousin's lawyer through the grill.

"Why, that man is no more than a mere public defender!" cried Kristoph in disgust. "Oh no, this won't do, not at all."

He punched open the air vent and then killed the peasant lawyer with a fire extinguisher he had concealed in his pants.

"Mr. Klavier, what are you doing here?" asked John Phoenix's cousin. "And why did you kill my lawyer?"

"Simple, fraulein, the man was a terrorist! All public defenders in this country are part of a terrorist conspiracy to ensure that you receive a poor defense! John Phoenix told me."

"Wow! How shocking! But who's gonna defend me? I couldn't get anyone else to do it."

"Fret not, that's why I'm here, to defend you!" said Kristoph, stuffing the corpse into the air vent. He took some rats out of his pockets and they began eating the corpse. "I always keep trained rats in my pocket. It's more efficient than eating the corpse myself. Besides, I am not, nor have I ever been, a cannibal."

John Phoenix's cousin got nervous. John Phoenix's cousin didn't remember Klavier Gavin being so insane and creepy. Could John Phoenix's cousin trust John Phoenix's cousin's life to this man? But John Phoenix's cousin knew that John Phoenix worked in mysterious ways, so John Phoenix's cousin allowed John Phoenix's cousin's self be led by Kristoph into the courtroom.

In the courtroom...

Bang! "Court is now in session for the trial of John Phoenix's cousin!"

"The prosecution is ready, Your Honor," said Max Payne, Winston Payne's bratty teenage son.

"The defense is ready, Your Honor," said Kristoph Gavin.

The Judge blinked. "Wait a minute, aren't you Kristoph Gavin? The disgraced defense attorney who escaped from prison earlier and killed seven guards on his way out?"

"Ha ha ha... achtung, Your Honor! You are mistaken. I am actually my brother Klavier Gavin."

"You are... your brother... Oh, I see! You are Klavier Gavin. You should be more careful how you word things, for a moment it sounded like you were saying you're Kristoph Gavin disguised as Klavier Gavin!"

"Ha ha, how silly. My bad, Your Honor."

"Well," said the Judge, "now that's that settled, let's begin the trial."

"Objection!" whined Max Payne. "Your Honnnnnoooooor, Klavier Gavin is a prosecutor, he can't be the defense!"

Kristoph objected right back. "Objection! My, my, aren't you an ignorant whelp? Surely you heard about the new law passed recently? I've been in prison until an hour ago and even I am aware of this law!"

"What law would this be, Mr. Gavin?" asked the Judge.

"Quite simply, if no defense attorney can be found to represent a defendant, then a prosecutor may serve as defense. This law was deemed necessary because of the new single day trial rule. As you are no doubt aware, due to the soaring crime rate and the staggering number of defendants to be tried, all trials must last only day!"

"Oh yes, now I remember," nodded the judge.

"OBJECTION" said Max Payne. "But that law is only supposed to be used as last resort! We'll just get another public defender to represent John Phoenix's cousin."

Kristoph laughed and shook his head. "I'm afraid that you'll find that all the public defenders in the country are dead, killed in mysterious 'accidents.'"

"You did this, didn't you?" asked Max Payne.

Kristoph just smiled. "Or John Phoenix. Seems like something he'd do, doesn't it?"

"Well, since there's no other option," said the Judge, "Klavier Gavin is a temporary defense attorney. Now let's begin the trial!"

"Ugh, fine, whatever grandpa," said Max Payne. "I call Lisa Basil to the stand!"

Meanwhile, in the attic above the courtroom, Lotta Hart moved a floorboard (actually a ceilingboard) out of the way and aimed her camera at the witness.

"Y'all better not let us down, bitch," she whispered, "or else it's curtains!" Her camera is a gun.

Max Payne asked for Lisa's name and occupation.

"I am Lisa Basil, the overseer at the robot orphanage where this terrible crime took place!"

"Okay, lady, you saw John Phoenix's cousin kill Machi Tobaye, right?" asked Max. "Tell us about that."

Lisa began her testimony.

"I saw John Phoenix's cousin stab the victim with a knife."

Suddenly Kristoph objected so loudly the entire courtroom shook and parts of the ceiling fell into the gallery!

"OBJECTION! Witness! There's a contradiction in your statement just now."

"Ugh, no there's not, shut uuuuup," whined Max Payne.

"Ahaha," replied Kristoph, "but there is! There's no knife in the court record! That means she couldn't have seen a knife."

"No you didn't," said Kristoph. "It doesn't exist."

"OBJECTION" said Max Payne. "But the autopsy report says the victim was stabbed..."

"Then there's only one explanation," said Kristoph. "If Lisa did see a knife, it must have been because it was in her own hand, and she was stabbing the victim with it. If John Phoenix's cousin was the REAL murderer, Lisa would have seen where she hid the knife, and it would be in the court record!"

"AHHHHH, NOOOOOOO!" screamed Lisa, slamming her face into the stand.

"But... but of course!" cried the Judge. "It's so obvious. Good work, Mr. Kristoph. I find the defendant..."

"Objection!" said Max Payne. "One question, Mr. Gavin: if Lisa is the murderer, then where did she hide the murder weapon? Because she hasn't been allowed to leave the orphanage until today, and the entire building and the grounds were searched, and we also searched all the orphans and staff. We didn't find anything!"

"Hold it! I could ask you the same thing. How did my client have dispose of the knife?"

"SHUT UP because proper procedure wasn't followed. It appears the arresting detective is a friend of the defendant's father and went easy on her. She wasn't even handcuffed! I have here a transcript of the conversation they had while driving to the police station. The detective left the radio on."

TRUCY WRIGHT: Gumshoe, drive there as fast as you can! And put the top down!

DETECTIVE GUMSHOE: [chuckles] You got it, pal!

[Sounds of police cruiser roof retracting]

TRUCY WRIGHT: Yay! Hey, why aren't you using the sirens?

DETECTIVE GUMSHOE: Um, that's kinda broken right now... with this economy and the war and all there's not enough money in the budget to fix it.

TRUCY WRIGHT: Then let's be the sirens ourselves!

DETECTIVE GUMSHOE: Good thinking! Whee ooh whee ooh whee ooh!

TRUCY WRIGHT: Whee ooh whee ooh whee ooh!

[Sounds of incompetent detective and obnoxious child imitating police sirens]

"Since she wasn't searched right away," explained Max, "she could have hidden the knife in her stupid hat or something and then thrown it down a manhole. That's probably why she asked Detective Dumbshoe to put the top down." Max ran a hand through his glorious mane. "See, Klavier? She's the only one who could have disposed of the murder weapon!"

"There's another possibility, Max," said Kristoph, glowering. It that moment he became Pisstoph Gavin. "One you seem intent on ignoring. Namely, that the killer didn't dispose of the weapon, and it's in this very courtroom! Lisa Basil just ate the knife! It's in her stomach right now!"

The gallery went crazy! Lisa was sweating hard!

"OBJECTION you've been watching too many of your client's magic tricks," said Max. "Nobody can eat a knife, they'd die."

"OBJECTION ah, but you assume the murder weapon was a normal knife! But if it was a FOLDING KNIFE, all she would have to do to eat it safely it is to FOLD IT!"

The camera zoomed in on Kristoph's face. "LISA BASIL, THE MURDERER IS YOU!"

Lisa wailed and punched herself in the gut, which caused the knife to unfold, and then she started doing hula hoop motions and the knife bounced around in her stomach and her intestines and blood shot out everywhere. Then, finally, she collapsed and died, the tell-tale knife sticking out.

Kristoph played air violin instead of air guitar, because he's more cultured than his brother, and said: "And that, Your Honor, is a confession."

The Judge found John Phoenix's cousin NOT GUILTY! Everyone cheered! But then Lotta Hart aimed her camera at John Phoenix's cousin. She was about to pull the trigger when a mysterious masked man burst into the attic and karate chopped her in the back of the neck!

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

Lotta fell out of attic and got impaled on the knife sticking out Lisa's stomach! The Judge looked at the ceiling.

"Oh my, who is that mysterious masked man? Oh well, court is adjourned!"

In the defense lobby...

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Gavin!" said John Phoenix's cousin. Just then the mysterious masked man entered the room and took off his mask. He was actually Phoenix Wright!

"Daddy!" squealed John Phoenix's cousin. "What are you doing out of prison!"

"A mysterious masked man broke into prison and then he broke me and Larry and Spark out," he explained. "Most of the cops were assigned to rocket launcher duty in front of the courthouse, or looking for Kristoph, so it wasn't too hard. Then I put on a mask and became mysterious myself and came to make sure the terrorists didn't try any funny business!"

So John Phoenix's uncle and John Phoenix's cousin hugged, but then a ceiling cleaner fell from the ceiling!

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

His glasses flew off and landed on Klavier's nose... revealing him to actually be...

"Kristoph Gavin?" cried John Phoenix's uncle and John Phoenix's cousin. Phoenix stared hard for a moment, and then embraced Kristoph. Kristoph was surprised, but he hugged back.

"Thank you, Kristoph," said Phoenix Wright. "Thank you for saving my daughter. I'm sorry for forging evidence and putting you in prison."

"I apologize, too, Wright. For getting you disbarred, even though in a way it was mostly your fault, because I was testing you, and you shouldn't have used random evidence given to you by suspicious child."

Phoenix laughed. "Yeah, I can be pretty stupid at times! Thankfully I have people like John Phoenix and you to keep me on the right track when I get a little TOO stupid!"

The two men uncoupled and shook hands manfully. They were best friends again.

Trucy, whoops, I mean John Phoenix's cousin, gave a thumbs up.

Then there was an explosion outside! Everyone ran to the window and saw a huge mushroom cloud in the distance!

A little while earlier...

John Phoenix and the Dragon had been engaged in a most interesting debate about religion and the best form of government, and during this debate they had thrown buildings and trees at each other and destroyed half the city. Now the Dragon's armor had cracks all over it.

"Time to shoot your cracks," said John Phoenix. Panels in his legs opened and he pulled out two custom 9mm Mac-10's. They were special because they had four magazines each: one on the bottom, two on the sides, and one on top, forming a cross shape. This was appropriate because John Phoenix is a holy warrior of justice.

He fired the guns while spinning around the air, sending a hailstorm of bullets at the terrorist leader! The bullets landed in the cracks and then expanded, because they were expanding bullets, and the Dragon's armor flew off revealing...

"Who are you?" asked John Phoenix. "And why do you look like me?" The man looked just like John Phoenix except his suit was red and he had a mullet.

"I am Percy Percival," said the adopted son of the king, hovering in the air. "But my real name... is John Dragon! I am your twin brother! That baby your mother delivered that the doctors thought was dead? That was me! But now I'm back from the dead to do battle with you. In Khurainese mythology, the phoenix and the dragon are mortal enemies. I tried to avoid my destiny, but now I'm ready to put a stop to you and your destructive ways! And then no one can stop me on my quest for world unification! Prepare to die!"

To be continued one last time!

***Chapter 30*: John Phoenix Breaks Into Heaven**

Chapter 30: John Phoenix Breaks Into Heaven

A/N: Okay, I finished chapter 30 and it's kind of long, so I had a great idea, I'll split it in two and have the second part be the EPILOGUE!

John Phoenix and his evil brother John Dragon were floating above Khurain City. John Dragon fired a laser beam out of his fingertip but John Phoenix dodged it and then typed a secret code into the keypad on his arm. A panel in John Phoenix's power suit opened and Trilo Quist flew out in a jetpack.

"What's that thing?" asked John Dragon. Then Trilo bit him on the dick! "AH DAMN IT" He ripped Trilo's head off and threw it away. John Phoenix took out the angel gun and fired it at his brother.

On the ground, John Phoenix's friends and the terrorists were watching this epic battle unfold.

"It looks like John Phoenix just fired some incredibly fast moving object at the terrorist leader," said Edgeworth. "Wait, let me check." He took out a telescope. "It's... yes, it's an angel bullet! It's heading right for the Dragon!"

But before the bullet could hit John Dragon, the bullet containing Mary Wright's soul flew in front of it and took the hit!

"No! Mother!" cried John Phoenix. Now her soul was trapped in a bullet trapped in a bullet forever. The bullet fell to the ground and was lost in the rubble.

"Foolish woman," said John Dragon. "She must have overheard that I'm her son and sacrificed herself for my sake. But what she doesn't know is that while I'm your twin and came out of her womb, she wasn't my real mother!"

Then John Dragon ripped the spire off a church steeple and threw it John Phoenix! He crash landed in front of the palace. His friends tried to help him, but John Dragon scared them off. He pulled John Phoenix out of the ruined shell of his armor and threw him to the ground.

"You should have stayed in America, John Phoenix," he said. "I tried to spare you, brother."

"But are you my brother?" asked John Phoenix. "Sorry, but I don't see the resemblance. I'd never do terrorism or have a mullet."

"Allow me to explain. Maybe it will give you some insight. My real mother is Morgan le Fey, who is actually Bethany Edgeworth, who faked her death all those years ago to get away from her wussy husband Greg." Morgan waved at Edgeworth.

"Ah, that makes sense," nodded Edgeworth. "That explains why I had magical powers in my youth and why my father called my mother a witch. She was literally a witch."

"Anyway," continued Dragon, "my mother had womb cancer, so she slept with Mary Wright and transplanted my fetus into your mother's healthy womb. But then your mother slept with my father and got pregnant again. Your mother returned to America and gave birth, first to me. That dead baby the doctors mistook for you was me, and I actually was dead."

My mother used a sleeping spell on everyone in the room and she stole my corpse and returned to my native Khurain to bury me. But then she used the last of her magical strength to revive me, and then died herself. My father, in grief, left me on the doorstep of the royal palace. The king and queen adopted me and named me 'Percy Percival'. But my real name was always John Dragon.

"As I grew up I witnessed the injustice my adoptive parents inflicted on the peasants, so I started the KRA in secret. Eventually I met up with my father and we came up with an even better plan. But first we had to get Pearl Fey to channel my mother, because only a Fey can channel a Fey! That's how it works!"

He took out the fully-charged terrorism crystal and threw it onto the top of the palace. Morgan shot magical rays at it!

"And now my mother's magic will activate the crystal's secondary properties. The crystal, situated on the highest point in the city, will soon send out mind control rays that will make everyone in Khurain docile as puppies! Now there will be no more war or oppression, and everyone will live in peace and prosperity under my guidance!"

John Dragon laughed.

"See, John Phoenix? Unlike you I actually care about people. You're just a mercenary. I should have strangled you in the womb when I had the chance. It would have spared people a lot of suffering."

John Phoenix glared at John Dragon. "I'd rather destroy this world than let an egotistical madman like you have it, Dragon." He closed his eyes.

"What's he doing, father?" asked John Dragon.

"He's going to the oval office to start a nuclear war!" growled Buddy Johnson. "Stop him, son!"

"No!" roared John Dragon. "I won't let you!"

Meanwhile in the Oval Office

The president was sitting at his desk and doing his homework when suddenly the lips of a George Washington painting began to move!

"It is I, John Phoenix," said George Washington. "I'm here to tell you start World War III."

"Okay. But why?"

"Because the liberty of the free world is at stake. We must start a nuclear war and stop John Dragon before he destroys our free will and makes us his slaves!"

The president reached out for the nuke button on his desk. His finger stopped in midair and he looked up.

"Won't billions of people die? Are you sure this the right call?"

"Yes."

The president nodded. "Okay. I trust your judgement, John Phoenix."

He was about to press the button when suddenly a sword flew out of a presidential suit of armor and pinned his hand to the table!

"Dragon!" growled George Washington. "I should have known you'd try to interfere." John Phoenix possessed another sword and so did John Dragon and the two swords flew around the room and clanged against each other!

Meanwhile the president strained to press the button with his other hand, but it was too far away. Then John Phoenix's sword got the upperhand and knocked John Dragon's to the floor! John Phoenix quickly cut off the president's head and it landed on the desk next to the button.

The president's severed head used the last of its strength to press the button with its tongue! Outside sirens began blaring and holes opened up in the Presidential Lawn and nuclear missiles shot out!

In Khurain

By the time John Dragon opened his eyes, the bombs were already falling, hundreds of them!

"No! No!"

Everyone ran around dodging nukes, but the king and queen were in stocks so they got blown up. Another nuke landed on top of the palace and shattered the crystal, putting an end to John Dragon's insane ambitions!

"Look what you've done to my beautiful country!" cried John Dragon. He held his face and wept. John Phoenix did a flying kick to the back of John Dragon's head and sent him flying into the shadow of a falling nuke! It exploded on top of him and left behind nothing but a huge crater.

"Fuck yourself," said John Phoenix.

Back in Los Angeles

Kristoph Gavin, John Phoenix's uncle, and John Phoenix's cousin were in the defense lobby standing at the window

watching the bombs fall.

"Oh no!" cried Phoenix Wright. "If there's a nuclear war, we'll die!"

"It's okay, daddy, we'll go to heaven," said Trucy.

Suddenly the pope appeared on the lobby TV!

"Hello, this is the pope," said the pope. "As you are no doubt aware, humanity is currently being wiped out by nuclear hellfire. I'd like to tell you that you'll all go to heaven, but that'd be a lie. Suicides can't enter the kingdom of heaven, and nuclear war is nothing more than mankind committing suicide on a mass scale. Mutually assured destruction? More like mutually assured damnation! This is the price man will pay for his hubris. That is all."

A bomb fell through the ceiling of the vatican and vaporized the pope! The image on the TV was replaced with static.

Everybody was very sad. There didn't seem to be anything they could do. But then a very handsome blond man who had entered the room during the pope's address spoke up.

"Hello there," said the man. "My name is Storm Sente. But my real name Sine Sententia. I am a defense attorney from the United Kingdom. But I'm actually a barrister. I am the only defense barrister in the United Kingdom. Why? Because all the others were killed in what has come to be known as the FemCon incident. But that is a story for another day." He pushed up his glasses. "As I do not wish to die or go to hell at this point in time, it seems there is only one course of action: we must charter a plane and evacuate to heaven."

"Huh?" said Phoenix stupidly. "Fly to heaven? But no one can do that." Storm merely chuckled in a logical way.

"Yes you can. At least it should be theoretically possible. As everyone knows, heaven is located in the clouds. Humans have been to space, which is above the clouds, so it stands to reason one could fly to heaven."

Phoenix stared, slack jawed as usual. Flying to heaven? Was it even possible? Kristoph laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It's our only chance, Wright," he said. "You don't want your adopted daughter to go to hell do you?"

That decided Phoenix. What was the harm in trying? He took out his cellphone and called Larry.

"After we escaped prison Larry went to get his pilot's license," explained Phoenix. "Only now instead of flying to another country, we'll fly to heaven!"

Outside Larry taxied a jumbo jet down the street, dodging the falling bombs and radiation the best he could. He pulled up in front of the courthouse steps and opened the doors.

"C'mon, hurry!" Phoenix and the others rushed inside. Many other people tried to board the plane as well, but Kristoph only let the good people like the Judge and Gumshoe and his family on.

Suddenly there was a slide whistle sound effect! Kristoph Gavin sniffed. "I'd know that sound anywhere... it's a bomb, directly overhead! Hurry, captain, get us out of here!" Larry ran off to the cockpit, and Kristoph closed the doors.

The jet rolled down the street, leaving the desperate crowd behind to get blown up, and then took off at a 85 degree angle!

"Everyone fashion their seat belts," said Captain Larry over the intercom. His co-pilot Spark Brushel flipped some switches.

Phoenix strapped in and breathed heavily. He looked out the window at the rapidly shrinking city and clutched the arm rests. Why had he picked the window seat? Trucy patted his hand.

"Do not worry, father," she said. "I'm sure we'll make it to heaven safely. Come, let's read our bibles on the way there." She took their bibles out of her hat.

Meanwhile

Edgeworth's quadplane was also flying to heaven, because John Phoenix had the same brilliant idea as Storm. The quadplane wasn't as big as the jet, so only John Phoenix's closest friends in Khurain were onboard.

"Great idea as usual, John Phoenix," said Edgeworth. "I'm sure God will be delighted with your cleverness." He

reached out of the plane to pet a dove but a falling bomb grazed his hand and cut off his fingers! The plane began to fall!

"Oh no! I can't fly this plane with only one hand!" But then suddenly he remembered the tails he grew in his youth. He had been holding his tail in for 25 years, but now he let it rip through his pants and he used it to fly the plane.

"I choose now to live my life without shame."

This is the end of his character arc.

Both the jet and the quadplane were approaching the ozone layer now. A few copycat planes straggled after them, but they were in for a bad surprise. Ask yourself, what is the primary ingredient in rust? That's right, OXYGEN! And what's the ozone layer made out of? Ozone, which is three times more powerful than regular oxygen! The copycat planes immediately began to rust as they passed through the ozone layer. In mere seconds they fell apart and the people inside plummeted to earth.

Our heroes' planes passed through easily, however. John Phoenix and Kristoph Gavin just used psychic powers to create rust-proof bubbles around their planes.

"Look, Professor, it's heaven!" pointed Luke. Above and to the left was a magic hole in the clouds leading to heaven, and to the right, outer space. "Do you think they'll let us in?"

"Ha ha, settle down, Luke," Layton sipped tea, "I'm sure St. Peter will understand our situation." He lifted his hat and took out a dove. "Let's send this dove ahead as a symbol of our peaceful intentions." He threw the bird at heaven, but to everyone's shock the bird was electrocuted by the forcefield!

"What in the world was that?!" asked Edgeworth.

"It's heaven's emergency forcefield!" explained Merlin. "God must have put it up for some reason."

"How do we get past it?"

"We can't, we can't, turn back!"

But John Phoenix silenced him, and then he climbed onto the top wing of the plane and jumped off! Phoenix Wright opened the window of the jet and jumped out too, and they fused together to form Phoenix Phoenix, but John Phoenix knew this fusion wouldn't be enough, so John Phoenix and his uncle fused harder than they had ever fused before and transformed into a gianantic, literal phoenix made of fire, and they pierced the forcefield with their beak!

The forcefield was destroyed and everyone arrived safely in heaven. They parked their planes outside the gates, which were open, and walked down the main street of heaven.

"What the hell happened here?" asked Kyle (he was there by the way). "This place is a dump!"

Then Mia Fey walked out of alley wearing a trash can. She explained how Satan had taken over.

The giant phoenix flew around and ate all the devils and then everyone went to to heaven jail and freed God and Godot and all the other captured angels.

"NOOOOOoooo don't eat me!" cried Satan as Phoenix Phoenix Phoenix held him in a wing and dangled him the air like a worm.

"Eat him, daddy, he deserves it," said Trucy, and Triple Phoenix slurped down the prince of darkness and trapped him in its stomach.

"Good work, John Phoenix and Phoenix Wright, you've saved heaven," said God, but then John Dragon burst through the cloud floor! He picked up Satan's gun and held it to God's head! Everyone gasped!

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE SECOND PART OF THE FINAL CHAPTER!

***Chapter 31*: John Phoenix Vs John Dragon!**

Chapter 31: John Phoenix Vs. John Dragon! The Trial of Phoenix Wright!

(it's actually an epilogue)

"Nobody try anything, or the old man gets it!" snarled John Dragon. His suit was in tatters and his mullet full of twigs.

"Nice bluff, pal, but you can't kill God!" said Kyle. He took a step forward but Merlin stopped him.

"No, don't! That's a devil gun! If he fires it God will be trapped in a bullet forever!"

God remained calm. "Young man, what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning?" repeated John Dragon. "Isn't obvious? John Phoenix brought a TERRORIST into heaven! His uncle, Phoenix Wright!" The various saints in attendance all gasped!

"Is this true, John Phoenix?" asked God.

Phoenix Phoenix Phoenix split back into John Phoenix and Phoenix Wright. Satan's head and torso remained in John Phoenix's stomach, while the legs and arms remained in Phoenix Wright's.

"No, it's not true," said John Phoenix. "My uncle is not a terrorist."

"OBJECTION" said John Dragon. "But he was indicted on terrorism charges and there's strong evidence to back it up!"

God looked at the uncle and nephew sternly. "John Phoenix, bringing a terrorist into heaven is an unforgivable sin. If the charges are true, then I'll have to cast you and your uncle down into hell forever, even if you did save heaven."

"No!" cried all of John Phoenix's many friends and fans.

"God, forgive me if I'm speaking out of turn," said Storm Sente, "but the man holding a gun to your head is also, I believe, a terrorist? I'm not sure you should take him at his word."

"Quiet, you," said John Dragon. "I've never been formally accused of anything. Besides, I'm a law abiding citizen, unlike this forging attorney Phoenix Wright!"

God nodded in agreement. "Yes, there's no choice except to put Phoenix Wright on trial." John Dragon lowered his gun and God snapped his fingers and a cross rose out of the ground. Cherubs stripped Phoenix down to his underwear and nailed him to the cross.

"John Phoenix, save him!" cried Trucy.

"Yes, save me!" cried Phoenix as the cherubs replaced his eyelashes with needles.

John Phoenix and his friends followed the cross as the angels carried it to God's courthouse.

In court

The courtroom was made out of clouds, with a cloud floor, cloud walls, and a cloud gallery for the angels and John Phoenix's friends to sit in. There was no ceiling. Phoenix Wright's cross was planted in the middle of the room.

"Go on, John, I believe in you!" said Phoenix as doves pecked at his skin.

"Court is now in session for the trial of Phoenix Wright," said God.

"The defense is ready, God," said John Phoenix. Storm was his co-counsel.

"The prosecution is also ready," said John Dragon. "I was a prosecutor in the royals courts, so I'm more than qualified."

John Dragon made his opening statement and said Phoenix's handwriting proved he was guilty but then John

Phoenix shouted Objection! and said the magic pen could have been used to forge it!

"OBJECTION" shouted John Dragon. "You have no proof that pen was used to copy his handwriting."

"But I do... You see, Merlin explained it to me. If you press this button here, on the side..."

He pressed a button and 3-D hologram of Phoenix Wright's name projected out of the pen!

"The pen keeps a record of the last person whose handwriting was copied," continued John Phoenix. "It also stores the name of the last person to use it." He pressed another button, but this time the hologram just said "No one"

John Dragon laughed. "Ha ha! Foolish brother. Your own evidence has proven no one used the pen!"

"OBJECTION. No. You are foolish. The reason is says 'no one' is because NO ONE HELD IT. Instead, it was held by the AIR, and only someone with psychic powers could have used telekinesis on the air... and that some one is YOU, John Dragon!"

John Dragon bent over his desk sweating and grinding his teeth.

"What's wrong with your rubbishy brother?" asked Storm. "He looks like he's dying to say something." John Phoenix chuckled.

"He's mad because I committed forgery," he whispered. "I used my psychic powers on the pen earlier today and set it to my uncle's handwriting. The last person to use the pen was actually Juan Paolo, to forge Professor Layton's signature on a check. Dragon knows the evidence is forged, but he can't prove it without incriminating himself!"

"Well," said God, "it seems John Dragon is the true terrorist!"

"OBJECTION!" shouted John Dragon. "D-don't be so hasty, Your Highness. Don't forget John Phoenix also has psychic powers. He could have framed his uncle himself, with the ultimate goal of framing ME for the framing of his uncle!"

John Phoenix smirked at this pathetic argument. "That's impossible, Dragon. TAKE THAT!" John Phoenix then did what no one else had ever done in heaven court before: he presented two pieces of evidence at the same time!

"W-what's this?" said John Dragon. Storm folded his arms and smiled. The two evidence strategy was his idea.

The first piece of evidence was the manifesto. "As you can see, it's written in cursive," said John Phoenix. "There's one small problem with my idiotic brother's theory... I CAN'T READ OR WRITE CURSIVE!"

The gallery burst into excited chatter. Edgeworth turned to Trucy. "Is that true?" She nodded.

"Yeah, when I gave him Apollo's letter he started sweating and made me read it."

John Dragon tried to slam his desk, but his hands phased through the clouds, so he threw his shoe at John Phoenix instead. "Damn you, John Phoenix! That's a lie! Do you expect anyone to buy that trash?"

But John Phoenix directed everyone's attention to the second piece of evidence... his report card from school!

CURSIVE CLASS: F-

Storm tapped the manifesto. "The only cursive John Phoenix can write is his own signature... barely! Even if my borderline illiterate friend here used the pen, he would only have been able to replicate his uncle's handwriting in print, not cursive, because he isn't familiar with the cursive alphabet!"

"W-well..." John Dragon pulled at his tie and gulped. "I promise you I didn't do anything... maybe there's another psychic who used the pen... Kristoph Gavin, perhaps, ha ha?"

"Sorry, Dragon," said John Phoenix, "but I have one more piece of evidence, TAKE THAT!" He presented John Dragon's shoe. "There's ink on your shoe, and it matches both the ink in the pen AND the ink on the manifesto!"

"Oh my god! Oh my GOD!" John Dragon addressed the gallery. "There was no ink on my shoe! He just keeps forging evidence right in front of everybody! Somebody STOP him!"

"ENOUGH" roared God. "Dragon, you are clearly just jealous your brother and Storm are better lawyers than you. I

find the defendant NOT GUILTY!"

God shot a lightning bolt out of his finger and destroyed the cross! Everyone cheered!

"As for you, John Dragon," said God, "I am now sure YOU are the REAL terrorist, so I'm sending you to hell!"

John Dragon tore his jacket open and let out the loudest roar ever heard in heaven! The sound waves bounced off the chains anchoring heaven to the sky, and these chains were already under a lot of strain from all the heavy brick buildings that Satan built, so they snapped, and heaven began to fall to Earth!

"Oh my god," said God.

"Look, there's Los Angeles!" said Phoenix Wright stupidly.

Heaven crushed Los Angeles and killed all the WW III survivors, and then it continued to sink thousands of miles into the ground until they reached hell! The clouds burned up in the lava and everyone had to jump to the shore of the burning lake.

"How will we ever get back to Earth now?" asked Edgeworth, looking up at pinprick of light in the black ceiling, that light being the hole they had made. Everyone huddled up together in fear of the bats and devils flying around.

But John Dragon was too angry to be scared! "Even being in hell is too good for you, John Phoenix! Your soul deserves to be in a bullet!"

John Dragon pulled out the devil gun and fired wildly! John Phoenix did a bunch of athletic flips and cartwheels and dodged the gunfire, but suddenly Satan's severed head, revived by the satanic magic in the air, bit John Phoenix's internal organs! Our hero moaned and sunk to his knees!

"Oh no, John Phoenix!" cried Uncle Phoenix. He took a step forward but John Dragon shot at the ground in front of his feet.

"Stay back, or I'll kill you too!" Dragon walked over to John Phoenix and aimed at his head. But then John Phoenix's daughter ran out from behind Phoenix and the others and embraced her father.

"No, don't kill papa!" John Phoenix's other daughter ran out and hugged him too.

"W-what's this?" said John Dragon. John Phoenix chuckled and got up weakly.

"I knew you'd never harm a child, Dragon. That's why I had kids... to use them as human shields!" He picked up his children by the scruffs of the neck and advanced toward his brother.

John Dragon took a step back. "S-stay back, you crazy person!" He tried to aim at John Phoenix but he kept waving his kids around.

"Go on, kill my kids! Do it! It's for the greater good, isn't it?"

John Dragon took another step back and tumbled into the lava! The gun went flying and sunk to the bottom of the lake.

"Help me, John Phoenix!" pleaded John Dragon. "I'm sinking!" His brother shrugged.

"What can I do? The lava's too hot."

"Please, do something!"

John Phoenix took out his magic handcuffs and threw them onto his brother's wrists! A lightning bolt struck John Dragon and he disintegrated. Where did he go? Well, normally the cuffs would take you to heaven, but now heaven was in hell, and if you use the cuffs in heaven they send you back to Earth, which is below heaven...

But since heaven was now underground, what was below heaven? That's right, outer space. So now John Dragon was slowly orbiting the earth, just as his brother had predicted.

"The Earth..." thought John Dragon in his last moments. "Oh my god, it's so beautiful... how could such a tiny man as myself have ever hoped to rule over it? John Phoenix was wright to start a nuclear war."

And he shed 1 tear of love for his brother, and for all living things, and then he exploded due to lack of oxygen.

Meanwhile in hell, there was an earthquake!

"Achtung!" cried Klavier (he was there too by the way). "Herr Gott, what is with the shaking?"

"Heaven crashing into hell must have damaged hell's structural integrity," said God. "The roof of hell is going to collapse and bury us under it for eternity!"

John Phoenix vomited Satan's body parts into the lake, and then he assessed the situation. All the angels' wings burned off, so only he and Kristoph could still fly out of hell, and they could carry two people each. John Phoenix was debating who to take with him (he was leaning toward Storm and Edgeworth) when Don and Juan Paolo arrived in their strange flying contraption!

"Need a hand, Layton?" Don Paolo dropped a rope ladder.

"What are those two crooks doing here!" cried Luke.

"Ohohoho," laughed the professor, "it seems they decided not be evil anymore. I am glad."

This is the end of Don Paolo's, Juan Paolo's, Luke's, and Layton's character arcs.

Everyone climbed onto the rope ladder. Since the flying machine was so small, John Phoenix forced all the angels and saints to stay behind so he could take his friends with him instead. He let God and St. Peter and Godot and Mia come, though.

Phoenix was on the bottom of the ladder as Don Paolo began to pull it up, but then Maya ran over.

"Nick! Don't leave me! I love you!"

Phoenix was touched, so he held out his hand, but Mia kicked it.

"Phoenix, don't be an idiot. She's actually a terrorist."

"HUh, what?" he asked stupidly. "You're crazy."

"She's right, Uncle Phoenix," said John Phoenix. "That's why she lied to me about what was happening in heaven."

"And she told Satan that Godot was in the flackback portal!" added Mia.

Phoenix's eyes hardened and he kicked Maya into the lava lake and she screamed.

"I hate terrorists! I hate you Maya!" Then Don and Juan Paolo flew them out of hell and left everyone else trapped down there forever.

As they flew out of the hole, it expanded and the ruins of LA fell in! Then the cracks in the earth retracted and the hole closed up, leaving behind beautiful verdant fields and forests, basically a second Garden of Eden. Don and Juan Paolo landed their machine and everyone got out.

"Everything's gone," said Phoenix Wright. "We'll have to start all over."

Then Edgeworth said, "Three cheers for my good friend John Phoenix for stopping the terrorists and saving the world, and three cheers for the Paulo brothers for rescuing us!"

Everyone cheered and clapped for John Phoenix (no one cared about those two other guys). Phoenix Wright clapped, and so did Trucy, and Edgeworth, and John Phoenix's daughters, and Storm Sente, Kristoph, Merlin, God, St. Peter, Kyle, Louie, Godot, Mia, Apollo, Matt Engarde, Shelly de Killer, the Judge, his family, Gumshoe, his son Bobert, Viola, her infant child, Klavier, Larry, Spark, Layton, Luke, Don and Juan, Marvin Grossberg, Franziska, Francesca, Ema, Carlos Flavioli, Ron, Winston Payne and his family, and no one else.

Those were the last known people on Earth.

But it was possible that other people survived World War III. They just weren't known.

"Heh... nice job, kid," said Godot, drinking a cup of lava. "I gotta admit, I was worried back there. Just a bit."

"It was easy," said John Phoenix modestly. "I didn't even try."

Phoenix Wright tried to shake his hand, but John Phoenix slapped it away. "Oh, sorry, John, I forgot you don't like to be touched. Anyway, thanks for saving me, and congratulations on your daughters! They sure grew up fast. Wow," he said in sudden realization, "I guess this means I'm a great uncle, huh?"

"And I'm an aunt!" said Trucy. "I mean, cousin. Again. But this time once removed!"

"Who's the mother, anyway?" asked Mia. "Or is it mothers?"

"None of your beeswax," said John Phoenix. "That's a private matter. I only fathered them to fight with my brother, anyway."

"But their names?" asked Phoenix.

"There are no names."

Suddenly God fell to his knees! Everyone ran over.

"What's wrong, God?" asked Merlin.

"My god powers... they're gone! It must have something to do with heaven being destroyed."

It was agreed that since God wasn't god anymore that they should choose a king to rule over Los Angeles. St. Peter handed John Phoenix the crown. Everyone took it for granted that he'd be king.

"Thank you." He placed the crown on Phoenix's head!

"W-what...?"

"I'm too brilliant and perfect to be king," explained John Phoenix. "The people need a more simple minded, rustic person like yourself who can understand their troubles. Besides, my job is being a defense attorney. And Dragon's terrorist friends and Manfred von Robot are still out there... No doubt Morgan protected them from the nukes. There are many more trials to be had!"

Phoenix Wright cried 1 tear. "Thank you, John Phoenix. I promise to be a good king."

Then Merlin used his magic to conjure a long table and enough food for a feast!

Afterwards

"Looks like everything worked out in the end, wouldn't you say?" asked Storm.

"Of course, not all the mysteries have been solved," said Edgeworth. "Why was Jean Armstrong a zombie? Just who was Buddy Johnson? What is the true nature of Wright's badge? Who made the devil gun? Who is John Phoenix's father?"

John Phoenix yawned. "Oh, I figured that all out ages ago. Frankly I wasn't even aware they were mysteries. You see-" He stopped and shrugged. "Wait, does anyone even want me to explain? It's hard to imagine anyone possibly caring."

Everyone shook their heads, but then King Phoenix pushed his way to the front.

"What I wanna know, is who the heck my father is!" he said.

"Absolutely no cares about that, Uncle Phoenix," replied John Phoenix.

"He's right, Wright," agreed Edgeworth.

"Hey, I care."

John Phoenix rolled his eyes. "Ugh, fine." He scanned his uncle's DNA with his DNA vision. "Your DNA matches up with the man I scanned back in Khurain before heading into battle. Your father is Dr. Hotti."

"Ohohohoho..." came a voice. Dr. Hotti popped out from underground. "Hello son."

Phoenix Wright cried many tears. Tears of happiness, because he finally knew his real father.

Then Gumshoe pointed out something flashing in the darkening skies.

"Look, pal, shooting stars!"

"No, detective," said John Phoenix, "those are merely pieces of my brother burning up in the atmosphere."

"Oh... well, it's still beautiful!"

"Indeed, detective. Indeed."

Suddenly John Dragon's pieces used their psychic powers one last time to spell a message with the stars.

Hey, brother. Thanks for showing me the way. I wished I could have met you earlier. Maybe things would have turned out differently. But who knows? Perhaps all of this was just part of our shared destiny, and in the end, we've left the world a better place. Good bye, brother!

John Dragon blew up the stars in a wonderful fireworks show for all the survivors to enjoy.

Klavier proposed to Apollo, even though Apollo was gross and ugly now. That's true love. (It's canon, deal with it, haters)

And John Phoenix sat with Kristoph and Storm and allowed himself to rest for the moment.

For the moment.

THE END