John Phoenix Turnabout Fired

Story: John Phoenix Turnabout Fired
Storylink: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14069443/1/
Category: Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney
Genre: Adventure/Mystery
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Authorlink: https://www.fanfiction.net/u/15000393/
Last updated: 04/18/2022
Words: 944
Rating: T
Status: Complete
Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters
Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: John Phoenix has had enough of his uncle's laziness and sends him on his way. What will happen as a result? Written for Wright Family Week 2022, prompt: "Working Hard/Hardly Working."

Chapter 1: John Phoenix Turnabout Fired

John Phoenix was in his office watering the flowers he was growing on a shelf outside the office of his window. He liked watering his flowers, it was a lot of work but working hard was what John Phoenix did best.

He closed the window and sat down at his desk to watch his computer monitor. He had his uncle in the other room read through client requests and select ones that aren't boring or too hard for him to win so he would only read the interesting ones.

However, he wasn't seeing any requests. So he went to his uncle's room and saw him sleeping with his head facing up and his mouth open.

"UNCLE!" shouted John Phoenix.

"WHA- GOOD MORNING!" said Phoenix after waking up. "Hi John Phoenix I'm hard at work today!"

"No. You are hardly working."

"Sorry John Phoenix."

"Sorries don't pay the bills, uncle! I am fed up with you! Get out! You're FIRED!"

"Waaaah!"

Uncle Phoenix ran out of the office crying. John Phoenix sighed and shook his head. He sat down at his uncle's computer and deleted all the current requests because they looked lame and he had no time to waste on them.

He waited for a minute and then a new request came, it was from DYLAN FITCHAR?

John Phoenix went to the detention center. Dylan was there.

"Dylan did you actually kill the old man?"

"YEP! I killed the old fart and I'd do it again!" Dylan said with a wicked grin. But then the world went black and three psychic locks appeared (they're basically psyche locks except John Phoenix sees them with his psychic powers, that's why they're called that).

John Phoenix knew this would happen. Dylan was far too incompetent to pull off an evil plan. So he decided to defend his nemesis.

John Phoenix went to the crime scene which was the street outside his office.

"Hi," said coroner Morton Dreisan. "The specimen was killed by blunt force trauma to the top of the head."

John Phoenix made an autopsy report based on Dreisan's findings.

Then he went to court.

"Court's in session for the trial of man of crime Dylan Fitchar," said Judge.

"Yes," confirmed Edgeworth, because Dylan was on trial. He was prosecuting because Dylan was a international threat worthy of noone lower than the Chief Prosecutor. "Dylan's been accused of murdering an old guy. I call him to confess."

Dylan came to the stand.

WITNESS TESTIMONY

"I was walking to John Phoenix's office planning to kill him."

"Just then, the old man across the road called out to me."

"He asked me to come help him cross the road."

"SO I SHOT HIM! AHAHAHAHA!"

"OBJECTION!" shouted John Phoenix. "The victim wasn't shot he was HIT BY A BLUNT OBJECT!"

"OH SHIT!" shouted Dylan. "Um, I lied, I actually hit him."

"DYLAN! You said yourself you were on the other side of the road!" shouted John Phoenix. "Admit it, you FAILED to kill your target!"

"NOOOOO!" Dylan Fitchar ran away, but he got caught.

"Objection," said Edgeworth. "The defendant has confessed to hitting the victim instead. Clearly he just crossed the road to do it."

"Fuck!" said John Phoenix.

"I call my next witness."

Phoenix Wright limped onto the stand.

"H-Hi John Phoenix."

"Testify, TRAITOR!" said John Phoenix.

"Okay..."

WITNESS TESTIMONY

"So I left John Phoenix's office when I heard a gunshot. That's when I saw Dylan across the road. The old man in front of me collapsed! Dylan Fitchar ran away."

"OBJECTION!" shouted John Phoenix. "If he ran away, he could not have come to hit the victim!"

"OH YEAH!" said Uncle Phoenix. "But wait, if the bullet didn't hit the old man then how did he die?"

"Uncle I have one question for you," said John Phoenix. "If the bullet didn't hit the old man, what DID it hit?"

"Uhhhhh," Phoenix started sweating. John Phoenix slammed the desk.

"Uncle! The bullet hit YOU!"

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" shouted Phoenix.

"OBJECTION!" shouted Edgeworth. "Young John Phoenix, if this proves anything it proves your uncle is a VICTIM, not the culprit!"

"Guess again, Edgey," said John Phoenix with a big wide smirk. "Because if Uncle Phoenix got shot, he had to react. And he reacted by jumping thirty feet into the air! Specifically, he jumped thirty feet into the air just outside my office! Do you know what's thirty feet into the air just outside my office, Miles Edgeworth? Thirty feet in the air just outside my office is a shelf with my FLOWER POT!"

"WHAT!" shouted Edgeworth. "You're lying! We didn't find anything like that there!"

"Then that can only mean one thing," said John Phoenix. Uncle Phoenix hit his head under the shelf, and caused the flower pot to fall off and hit the old man in the head, killing him!"

"By Jupiter, that makes sense! Old men are prone to dying in such unusual ways," said the judge who understood because he was also old.

"Uncle, you should be ashamed of yourself. Look what your recklessness and overreactions have caused!" said John Phoenix.

"I'm sorry John Phoenix."

John Phoenix shook his head in disgust. But he had to admit, he had learned something from this too. It was clear

now that Uncle Phoenix could not be trusted out in the world without his nephew overseeing his every action. And so, John Phoenix rehired Uncle Phoenix.

The judge swung down his gavel.

"Now then I declare Dylan Fitchar NOT GUILTY!"

"YES!" said Dylan.

"Not so fast young one," said the judge. "For you are still wanted for a long list of other crimes."

"NO!"

Dylan Fitchar ran away.

The end!