

Twilight Sparkle: Mare Attorney – Justice For Everypony

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Case 2: Turnabout Friendships

Chapter 3: Day 2 - Trial

August 5, 7:40 AM

Books and Branches Library, Ponyville

They were gone.

The backup plan I had was ruined. *Somepony* took them. I'd looked everywhere and it wasn't there.

...Wait. Pinkie. She wouldn't have, would she?

Maybe if I just take some time now, I can form an even better plan.

“Twilight? What are you waiting for? The trial is going to start soon.”

Aw horseapples.

Rarity Shirt removed from case file.

Rarity Fan removed from case file.

August 5, 7:55 AM

Court Lobby, Ponyville

I stepped into the fenced off court lobby and memories of my first case flooded back to me. I lost myself in those thoughts for a moment only to realize the trouble I was in and returned to the present. My first idea was to ask Spike about the case or how he was doing, but it would be of little use. I think I was more worried than he was. Without any real ways to prove Spike innocent, all I could do was stall the proceedings long enough to give myself more time to investigate. If I managed that, maybe I would finally be on even ground.

With nothing left to do, I began the deceptively short walk into the court room.

August 5, 8:00 AM

Court Room #1, Ponyville

I...couldn't believe it. Something told me that I'd be seeing her again, but not here. Especially here. Even worse, this means my opponent will be that much more determined to win. I had to question how she even managed to get this job.

There were more than a few glares from the crowd. They obviously remembered the prosecutor. After what happened, I don't blame them. It had almost become as bad as the parasprite incident. That Ursa Major (I mean Minor) could have destroyed the town, not to mention it could have harmed somepony.

Dressed in hat and robe, smug as ever, and standing across from me, was none other than-

"Why hello my en-thu-siastic little admirers, surely you haven't forgotten me. It is none other than *I*, The *Grrreat* and *Powerful* Trrixie!"

Jumping in the air and proceeding to land on her hind legs, a large stream of magical fireworks and the like shot into the sky.

Immediately following her light show, she lowered her fore hooves towards herself and loud, heavy, musical notes echoed from Trixie. The notes quickened, then ended with a loud wailing screech as one of her hooves made an exaggerated circular sweeping motion. It finally dawned on me that she had used magic to *actually* play an air guitar.

Still as big a showoff I see. Hasn't she learned anything?

A few ponies who probably hadn't been there during the Ursa Minor incident were stomping their hooves loudly, giving applause for what seemed like an impressive trick. However, they were mostly drowned out by the yelling of boos and other words that probably weren't appropriate in a court. That didn't seem to stop her.

"Well, well, well, it seems there are still *neigh-sayers* in the audience. No matter, the *benevolent*, *Great*, and *Powerful* Trixie will forgive you this time."

Great. I have a feeling this is what I'll have to deal with the entire time.

Profile added to court record.

Case File

Profiles

-Trixie: The "great" and "powerful" Trixie if you ask her. A traveling show mare who seems to be good at riling up the crowd, for better or worse. She seems to have given up her profession to become a prosecutor. I wonder why?

Cutting off any more attempts to talk, Celestia turned towards Trixie with a concerned stare.

"That's enough Trixie. Now then, is the Prosecution ready?"

"How could Trixie be anything less?"

Celestia turned her head and raised her eyebrow, taken back by her bravado.

Maybe if I'm lucky, Trixie will be banished to the moon and I'll win the case by default.

“Twilight, is the defense ready?”

I nodded once, placing my hooves on the podium.

“The defense is ready, Your Honor.”

The sound of Trixie's voice interrupted the proceedings again. I had a feeling that this would be happening very often.

“*Finally!* Now that you're finished, Trixie calls that detective to the stand. Derpy Doo? No matter, as if the name of a simpleton from a place like Ponyville would matter.”

I didn't stand up to her last time, but I'm not making the same mistake again.

“What's your problem?! She was helping you with your case and that's how you treat her?”

She just scoffed at me.

“What you say matters not *Twilight Sparkle*. You are simply a foal. I do not listen to foalish foals who say nothing but foalish things about other foalish foal's names.”

My head hurts now. What the foal did she just say?

Celestia pounded her gavel, getting everypony to give her their attention. Even Trixie looked, except it looked more like she wanted to know who would *dare* interrupt her.

“Trixie, I will have you know that Ditzzy was assigned to your case by myself. You will treat her with more respect or there will be penalties *and* consequences. I would also appreciate it if you would wait until I give you permission to call a pony to the stand.”

Trixie rolled her eyes.

“Very well. I suppose I will listen for now. Continue.”

Certain that Trixie didn't intend to interrupt for the moment, Celestia nodded and the gray pegasus flew in the court room. She walked up to the podium and reached into her bag taking four items out and placing them in front of her.

“Name and occupation. *Quickly!*”

“My name is Ditzzy Doo. I'm a mail mare and the detective for this case. While examining the scene, I came across three pieces of evidence. They were all left in the middle of Rarity's bedroom floor. I have the floor plans of the building here too.”

Map of Carousel Boutique added to court record.

Pieces of Rope added to court record.

Lamp added to court record.

Sheets of Fabric added to court record.

Case File

Evidence

-Map of Carousel Boutique: A floor plan of the two levels of the building. It specifies that the lower floors, the store and storage, were damaged extensively with everything outside of their containers and off their shelves. The only room which was not damaged, was Rarity's bedroom. The window in Rarity's bedroom was also open.

-Pieces of Rope: Sections of rope left in the middle of Rarity's room. They have been verified to be from the storage room's crates to keep the boxes closed

-Lamp: A lamp left in the middle of Rarity's room. There's also a rope attached to its handle. Further investigation found the lamp belongs to the Cake family.

-Sheets of Fabric: Assorted colored fabrics all bunched into a pile in the middle of Rarity's room. On closer inspection, there seem to be holes left in the corners of a few of the sheets. Verified to be from the storage room's fabric shipments.

Celestia nodded in affirmation.

"I'll accept these pieces of evidence into the case file. Ditzzy, please begin your testimony."

Ditzzy gave a salute to the Princess.

"Yes ma'am!"

Testimony

- - The How and Why - -

-The culprit, Spike, used the excuse of buying a shake at Sugar Cube Corner to steal their lamp.

-Then Spike used the lamp attached to a rope to make a grappling hook and climb the side of the boutique

-After reaching the second floor, he opened the window and went into the building.

-Once inside, he went looking for gems in her workshop.

-He couldn't have found any though, since Rarity used the last of her gems the previous day on one of her ordered custom designs.

Celestia immediately turned to Twilight, keeping Trixie from making any comments.

"You may begin your cross-examination, Twilight."

Cross-Examination
-- The How and Why --

Time to look for inconsistencies.

This was going to be a lot harder than I expected. If Spike was telling the truth, Trixie had come up with an entirely different story that checked out at first glance. It was time to look beyond the surface, and hopefully I could find a few cracks.

“What would Spike want with the gems? He doesn’t *have* to eat them.”

Derpy raised her hoof to talk, but was cut short by Trixie.

“Gems are quite expensive. Perhaps he wanted to make some money on the side? I expect that working for you doesn’t pay very well.”

I said nothing to that. I *do* take care of him, but he doesn’t actually get paid.

“Well, Spike’s not the only one who would find gems valuable. The motive doesn’t only apply to him.”

Derpy once again tried to say something, but couldn’t get a word out.

“Even without a motive, that just means anyone else could have wanted to steal it.”

Trixie turned on her trademark smirk.

“However, thanks to the evidence, Spike is still the most likely culprit.”

She’s got me there.

“Are you sure that it was Spike who stole the lamp?”

“Foalish Twilight, this is simply a theory. Do you even know what that is? Even if it isn’t certain, the evidence seems to point in the same direction.”

We’ll see about that.

“So you’re saying that Spike tied a rope onto the lamp, and managed to scale a building with it?”

“It is very possible, even if your tiny brain cannot comprehend it. I tested the theory out myself. Using the lamp and rope, you can reach the upper floor if one were to pull themselves up. With Spike’s weight, I imagine he would have no problems.”

She actually did her homework, this doesn’t look good.

Wait, something didn't seem right about that. Something shouldn't be there. What was it?

I've got it!

“OBJECTION!”

“Eep!”

Sorry Fluttershy, but I'm on a roll. I can't stop now.

“The pieces of rope were found *inside* the boutique. If that's the case, then how is it that Spike used the rope to get into the boutique in the first place?”

Yes! Twilight – 1 Trixie – 0

I couldn't wait to see the look on her face, that look of utter...boredom?

“Are you done? It seems like you haven't done your research at all. I'd like you to take a look at the one thing you *did* manage to collect as evidence.”

Pulling out the wrapped book, I concentrated, trying to find what she was looking for.

“Must I do everything for you? Weren't you the one who asked where the rope came from? I'm certain that if we were to examine the rope from the lamp, we'd find that it was the same one used to tie that book. The very one that the *defendant* was carrying.”

Correction. Twilight – 0 Trixie – 1

Shouts of surprise from the crowd began to grow louder and louder. I had walked into a trap and made it even harder for Spike to prove his case. Turning to Spike, I lowered my head.

“Sorry Spike.”, I whispered.

Spike shook his head and looked me in the eyes.

“Don't give up now! I know you can beat that show off. You have to! I don't want everyone to hate me...”

That's right! I have to keep going. If I lose, I won't be the one who ends up paying the price.

“If you two are done whispering, there's more than one testimony. Hurry up would you? *Trixie* doesn't have all day!”

- Spike looked everywhere, but could not find any gems.
- Realizing there were none, he planned his escape.
- He couldn't leave through the front door because the key is necessary to lock it from the outside.
- He found pieces of rope and fabric to extend the strand attached to the lamp and climb down from the second floor without having to use it more than once.
- Before he could finish gathering the materials he was found downstairs by Rarity.

"This is nothing like what Spike described!"

I was angry. She made up a story and now she's pretending that's what happened. It was ridiculous!

"Then tell me you foal, is there any proof to what Spike was doing inside of the boutique? Until we find any evidence proving otherwise, this is the most likely outcome."

She was right, I couldn't prove his story was the real one. Even if Spike says he didn't do anything. How do you prove somepony did nothing? I huffed and dejectedly muttered "Fine."

"Very well, you may begin your cross-examination, Twilight."

Cross-Examination -- The Escape --

"Hold it! He says that the door wasn't locked!"

Trixie slammed her hoof onto the podium.

"It wasn't. Yet Rarity claimed she locked it beforehand. He must have unlocked it planning to escape until he realized he couldn't lock the door from outside, giving away that someone unlocked the door. That is why he left to prepare his rope. He was so determined to escape, he had forgotten to close the door or didn't get around to it."

"How can you be so sure?"

She was just piling up more and more lies.

"I could ask *you* the same question. The thing is, I back myself up with evidence while you haven't done so even *once*."

I hate her so much.

"Then how do you know that he was looking for gems? That seems a bit odd, don't you think?"

Trixie looked annoyed.

"Is he not a dragon? The defendant eats gems and Rarity is known for finding as well as using them. Is this not obvious?"

"Objection!"

"Eep!"

Poor Fluttershy, maybe the court is a bit too dangerous for her.

"This map of Rarity's boutique makes the testimony hardly believable."

I was on to something.

"Oh? I *dare* you to prove it. Or would that be too hard for you?"

It's now or never, where does the map prove her wrong?

"Right...here! The map says that the upper floor wasn't touched. Why wouldn't he search everywhere if he was looking for gems? I'm sure Rarity has some kept in her room at least."

She didn't bat an eyelash. That worried me.

"You truly *can't* do anything yourself, can you? Rarity claims that Spike assists her in collecting gems. This is why Spike knows where she keeps them. That happens to be on the *lower floor*. Does your simplistic mind understand now?"

Somewhere in my head, I heard Zecora saying, "You're doomed."

"I say we move on, save you from further embarrassment. I call the victim to the stand."

I would have complained, but she was right. I couldn't afford to make the situation worse.

Celestia gave Trixie a look of displeasure then turned to me, waiting for a confirmation that I was okay with this. I nodded and watched as Rarity stepped into the court room, Derpy flying back into the crowd.

"Ugh, It took Trixie *ages* to get this simpleton to listen to her and stop *whining*."

Uh oh.

"I was *not* whining. I was merely *complaining*. Would you like to *hear* whining?"

Thankfully, Celestia saved us.

"That will not be necessary Rarity. Please, just state your name and occupation."

That was close.

“Hmph. My name is Rarity. I am a fashion designer who runs the Carousel Boutique.”

“Thank you. You may begin your testimony.”

Testimony
-- Sleepover --

- Apple Bloom is staying with me while Applejack is in Appleloosa.
- Sweetie Belle is staying over for the weekend as well.
- The two of them asked me to have a sleepover yesterday, so I said yes.
- That day, the girls and I left the shop a little after noon.
- I went to get supplies and do a little shopping, while the girls went to play and get Scootaloo.
- I met them later in the afternoon at Sugar Cube Corner to get a snack after the long day.
- Once we were done, we headed back to the shop.
- When I opened the door, I found Spike in the middle of the room and my store in ruins!

There doesn't seem like much I could deny in this testimony. Let's see where it takes us.

Cross-Examination
-- Sleepover --

“Could you be more specific about when you found Spike?”

“Well, when I found Spike, I gave him a stern talking to in front of the boutique. That's when Fluttershy saw us and went to get you.”

“You mean you yelled at him?”

Rarity stepped back, offended at my comment.

“Of course not. *Ladies* do not yell.”

That's my cue to change the subject.

“Anyway, you split up with the girls when you went into town?”

“Why yes, I did. I needed to do some shopping and I didn't see any reason to keep them from playing for a while.”

I was right, there was nothing here that seemed out of place. No point in dragging it out any longer.

“Your Honor? I'm done with the cross-examination.”

“Of course. Trixie? Please bring out your final witness.”

Trixie made a waving motion and Mrs. Cake stepped out of the crowd. Trixie then shooed Rarity off the stand with a lot of effort.

“Name and occupation.”

“I’m Cup Cake. I work at the bakery don’t cha know?”

Her name's Cup Cake? I guess I didn't notice I hadn't learned her name. I wonder what Mr. Cake's name is.

Celestia leaned towards Trixie to ask her a question.

“What is it that she is testifying about, Trixie?”

“I called her here to talk about the lamp that *Spike* stole.”

“All right then, Cup Cake, please begin your testimony.”

Hearing Celestia say her full name feels weird. Even more, some part of me feels disturbed just from the mention of it.

Testimony -- About the Lamp --

-I saw Spike enter the shop sometime that day.

-Spike left not long after finishing his shake

-I actually didn't notice that the lamp was missing until we were asked about it the next day.

Whether or not I wanted this to end quickly, with a short testimony like that, I didn't have much of a choice.

Cross-Examination -- About the Lamp --

“Mrs. Cake, do you remember specifically when Spike was at the shop?”

“I’m sorry dear, but it was a busy day. I hardly had enough time to notice he was even there. Why if I didn't remember him ordering, I probably wouldn't have even thought about it.”

Guess that's not going to help.

“Do you remember anything specific about him leaving then?”

She thought about it for a while and shook her head.

“Sorry, nothing that I can remember. Just that he didn't have the parcel like I said earlier,

Twilight.”

Only one more thing to ask about then.

“Can you tell us anything else about the lamp?”

“Nope, sorry dear. It isn't near the front of the shop and with so many ponies coming in that day, it could have been anypony who stole it.”

Trixie slammed her hooves on the podium, getting our attention.

“Do I have to remind all of you that it's obvious the dragon did it?”

“It wasn't me, okay?!”

Spike looked alarmed and was shaking after his outburst.

C'mon Twilight, you have to keep Spike together!

“Spike, quiet down, before you say anything you'll regret later.”

“But...but...Wait! I remember! I saw Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle and Scootaloo at Sugar Cube Corner! Maybe they did it! It had to be them!”

Trixie waved her hoof at Spike, almost as if she were dismissing him.

“How *foalish*. You're just grasping at straws now. For them to have entered through the second floor is impossible. They didn't have the parcel to assist them. It could only have been *you!*”

Spike was terrified. He turned to me, his eyes begging me to do something, anything.

Is it true? Could Spike really have been the only one to make the grappling hook?

That's right!

I slammed my hooves on the podium, swinging my hoof into the air, and pointed directly at Trixie.

“OBJECTION!”

Thud!

I think Fluttershy fainted. Maybe it's better that way.

“Spike wasn't the only one who could have made the grappling hook! In fact, anypony near the boutique could have!”

For a second, I saw confusion in Trixie's eyes. Did I make her doubt victory?

"W-well then, let's see what you've got! Why wouldn't he be the *only* suspect?"

"That's because he lost the book!"

Finally, the look on her face was priceless!

"Y-you're lying! That's not what he told us yesterday!"

A smirk crept onto my face that would have made Trixie proud.

"He lied. He had been scared that I would be mad if I found out, so he neglected to mention it. If you need proof, Mrs. Cake said the same thing not only to me previously, but in her own testimony as well."

"This! Can't! Be!"

Trixie's horn glowed, her cape now flowing behind her while her hat erupted and went flying into the audience somewhere. Calming down a bit, her horn glowed and she bent her head into her cape, pulling out another hat, before speaking once again.

"This is that *dragon's* fault! How dare it lie to the *Great* and *Powerful* Trixie!"

The sound of the gavel seemed to echo loudly, breaking us out of our argument.

"That is enough you two. It seems like there isn't enough evidence to give a verdict at this time. I will postpone this case until tomorrow. Do be careful about overlooking these things in the future."

At the sound of the gavel once more, the crowd and everypony else began to go their own ways. I helped Spike hop onto my back and proceeded through the gates as well. From the corner of my eye I could see the evil glare that Trixie was giving me. If there was any chance of her holding back, there wasn't going to be now.

August 5, 1:00 PM
Court Lobby, Ponyville

Standing outside the court, I decided to see how Spike was holding up. His outburst earlier couldn't happen again. It may not have caused anything this time, but I doubt it would end well if he said something he didn't mean instead.

"Spike? Are you okay? You can't let Trixie get the better of you like that. What if you say something that doesn't help our case? She could use it against you."

Spike looked down, realizing how close he had been to ruining his chances of freedom.

“Gee Twilight, I didn't mean to. I couldn't help it! She gets under your skin, you know?”

I just nodded, starting at a slow trot out of the vicinity of the court.

“I'm sure she can, but you're a dragon Spike. Or are those thick scales just for show?”

He was ready to continue the friendly banter when we both heard a vaguely familiar voice.

“That was *brilliant* Twilight, the way you turned that around on her. Good thing too, if you didn't, that would have been terrible indeed.”

I turned to greet The Doctor.

“Doctor? What are you doing here?”

He just smiled and pulled out a small wallet out of his jacket. Placing it onto the ground, he nudged it towards me.

“I can't stay for long, but I thought this might help you. I've heard that you had a hard time searching the crime scene.”

I used my magic to flip open the book. I was disappointed to find that it held nothing but blank paper.

“How is a piece of paper supposed to help me?”

He bent down to take the wallet again.

“Like this.”

Turning to find the closest pony leaving the court room, The Doctor flipped the wallet open quickly with his mouth and then swinging his head sideways, closed the wallet again. Dropping the wallet he spoke quickly to the pony.

“Ello, I'm The Doctor, one of the investigators of the case. How're you doing? Now, I need you to tell me exactly why you're here in this very spot and what you were doing in the past...five seconds. Go.”

Amazingly, the pony nodded and explained the case, telling the doctor what he had been doing the past five seconds in detail.

“Thank you, you were a great help. Don't worry, we'll call you if we need you again.”

I stood in awe as The Doctor picked the wallet up again and dropped it at my feet.

“There you go. Simple as that. You just need to know what you want it to say and then wave

it around. Well, not that simple, you have to be making sure you're thinking of it or it won't work right."

Why is it that my brain hurts whenever I talk to The Doctor?

"I still don't get it."

He picked up the wallet and did the same thing once more, this time to me. All I saw was blank paper in the small time that he did show its contents.

"There, I look pretty good for the Queen of England, huh?"

Okay. He's lost it.

"England? Where's that? I still think this is insane. You just showed me the blank paper again."

When I said that, The Doctor stopped and went into thought.

"You didn't see anything? Truly? Aw, well that's *brilliant!* You really are, Twilight. The last time this happened was when Celestia..."

He stopped talking and caught himself.

"Anyway, just give it a try would you? If it doesn't work, the worse that'll happen is a few ponies will think you're a bit odd, but some ponies think that anyway. I'll need that back eventually though, psychic paper is handy to have around."

The Doctor trotted away, and I found myself standing there with a wallet and no clue what just happened.

"Spike? Did you understand anything he said?"

"Beats me, I stopped listening a while ago."

Psychic Paper added to court record.

Profile added to court record.

Case File

Evidence

-Psychic Paper: A wallet filled with blank paper given to me by The Doctor. He says it'll get me into the crime scene, but how it'll do that still evades me.

Profiles

-The Doctor: Previously the prosecutor of my last case. It looks like he's stepped out of that role once more and is off doing...whatever it is he does. Haven't seen him around recently. I

wonder what he's up to?

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