

Captain Jack Sparrow - Hogwarts Student

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Aye, what an interesting crossover!! Read and tell me what you think! I've got some fan art up, feel free to browse my art.

WWOOO I got some comments!! I love you all!!! I'm so relieved.. I thought it sucked, that's why no one was commenting.

If there are any pictures you want me to draw from this, just say the word and I'll do what I can. Cudos!

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - Escaping the Mob

It was no more than a few seconds after midnight, and Captain Jack Sparrow came racing out of a rowdy bar like a bat out of Hell. During a stop at Tortuga, he decided to stop for a few drinks at a local bar. Very big mistake however. After a few bad games of poker, the entire bar was shooting at him.

He was running as fast as his boots would take him, bullets whirring past his head as he did so. Being the quick-witted fellow that he is, he took an unnoticed turn into a magic shop. Of course, the mob went racing right past the shop, too drunk to realize where he had gone.

He collapsed against the wall, relieved to get away from the mob... for now. After a few seconds of catching his whiskey-scented breath, he noticed the shop keeper staring at him.

"Can I help you?" the shopkeeper asked.

"Yes. Do you have anything that can get me out of Tortuga in ten seconds before the mob comes back?" asked Jack, being sarcastic.

"Aye! In fact, I do! Right htis way!" said the shopkeeper, coming out from behind the counter.

Jack, being very confused, simply sat up and followed the man. He was curious to see just what he was talking about.

They went through a few rows of stuff, until the man found and pulle dout a small stone. It seemed to be glowing actually, it was rather peculiar.

"This here is a dimension stone! It'll take you to a different place in teh blink of an eye."

"Really now?" asked Jack.

"Yes. You don't get to pick wher eyou go though, it just takes you wherever. You just pick it up and think about going somewhere," said the man as he casually tossed it into the air.

Jack gave it an amazed look. He had never seen anything like it before. And it was rather shiny...

"THERE HE IS!! GET HIM!!!" screamed a voice from the door. Just his luck, the mob had found Jack.

Acting purely on instinct, Jack snatched the stone from the man. "HEY" protested the shopkeeper, but it was too late. Jack had started to disappear. Within a few seconds, he was completely gone, stone and all.

2 - Can I have my mustache back?

It was the night before the first day of school at Hogwarts, and the staff was in Dumbledore's office. It was the quarterly meeting, and they were discussing the new school year.

"And Severus, will you please open the windows every once in a while in your classroom?" asked Dumbledore. "Some students say they have developed depression just from being inside it."

"Then they are of the weak minded and can suffer," commented Snape bluntly.

Dumbledore just sighed and continued on. However, they were interrupted by a sudden burst of light, accompanied by a man falling through the air. Screaming, he hit the middle of the floor with a loud "thud". The entire room went silent as they stared at a very confused and scared Jack Sparrow.

"What just happened?" asked Snape in a low voice.

"Well I do believe a man just came crashing into our meeting!!" exclaimed Dumbledore. "Excuse me sir, but who are you?"

Jack balanced himself after standing up, and brushed off his clothes. "Captain Jack Sparrow, straight from Tortuga!!"

"Very nice to meet you. Now, may I ask how you managed to get in here? This castle is virtually impenetrable," asked Dumbledore.

"Well I had a little help with this stoney right here," said Jack as he pulled it out of his pocket.

Dumbledore's eyes instantly tripled to the size of grapefruits. "Where did you get that?! There are only three in the entire spectrum of universes!!"

"A magic shop... ironically. Now, where am I?" asked Jack as he observed the people in the room.

"You're at Hogwarts, school of witchcraft and wizardry. The finest in the country I might add," said Dumbledore.

"Great! So, how do I get back?" asked Jack in an optimistic voice.

"You... can't," said Dumbledore in a grave voice.

Jack's smile completely disappeared in a snap. (that gave Snape warm and fuzzies) "What?!"

"You can't. The stone chooses a dimension at random. There is a ninety percent chance you will land somewhere virtually unlivable. A ten percent chance you will land in a human world. If you had any common sense, you'd put the stone away and stay here, where you'll live," said Dumbledore.

"What?! But I have to get back! I have a ship to captain, and ladies to fondle, and all that stuff!!" panicked the pirate.

"But Professor, he can't possibly stay here!! What would the students think of a grown pirate on teh campus?" asked Professor McGonnagal, looking rather worried.

"Well Minevera, we can't just cast him out into an unfamiliar world! He'll go nuts!" exclaimed Dumbledoor.

"But he's a grown man Albus! Think about this!"

What happened next was utterly disturbing. Snape had jabbed his wand into Sparrow's back, uttering an incantation. Jack began to... de-age. His facial hair dwindled and his eyes brightened. His clothes became much looser. SNape drew back his wand, leaving a thirteen-year-old JAcK Sparrow, standing in the middle of the room, shaking like a motor.

"He can be a student," said Snape coldly.

Everyone stood there, gawking at the young Sparrow.

"SEVERUS THAT WAS COMPLETELY UNCALLED FOR!!" raged McGonnagal.

"Minevera, please don't shout. Severus is right, we should have him stay as a student. Then he can make a life for himself in our world," explained Dumbledoor.

"But ho? He's not magical!" pointed out McGonnagal.

Dumbledoor just chuckled and said "Oh Minevera, there is magic in everyone! It just takes some special ones to see it," he said as he looked JAcK in teh eyes with a smile.

"c-...Can I please have my mustache back?" quivered Jack.

Dumbledoor gave anothe rchuckle and shook his head no. Instead he pulled out his wand and waved it over Jack, causing robes and a golden tie to assemble upon the boy.

"Minevera, would you please take... Mr. Sparrow to the Gryffindor common room? I do beleive he should get settled in for classes," said Dumbledoor.

"Oh yes Jack, you follow me. Seeing as you're a student know, you should get to your room," she said as she grabbed him by an arm.

Jack turned to face the room of strange people as he was led out of the room. What had he gotten himself into? He didn't even have his mustache anymore. He vowed never to play poker at a bar again.

Halfway through the doorway, Captain Jack fainted.

3 - I wanna go home...

Jack awoke around one in the morning, wondering where the hell he was. He was hoping this was all some terrible dream and he would wake up with his mustache on the Black Pearl, but he didn't. He was in a room with three other boys, who were dead asleep. And he was still thirteen.

He simply thrust his face back into the pillow, and lightly screamed into it. He hated the fact that he would never see his crew again, ... never see Will... or Elizabeth again. He simply loathed it.

Then, he noticed a slip of paper on a pile of books at his bed's end. Curious to see what it read, he scrambled his way over to it and picked it up. It read -

Mr. Jack Sparrow's Schedule

8:00 AM Care of Magical Creatures with Professor Hagrid

9:30 AM Potions with Professor Snape

11:00 AM Charms with Professor Flitwick

12:30 PM Lunch in the Great Hall

1:15 PM Transfigurations with me

2:30 PM Divination with Professor Trelawney

4:00 PM Defense against the Dark Arts with Professor Lupin

After this, you may proceed to the Great Hall to eat supper with your classmates. Then you can do whatever. Homework, study, etc. You may also want to look over these books. You have a lot of catching up to do, for you have skipped two years of education. I have spoken with the other teachers about your situation. Please take care.

Professor McGonagall.

Jack's eyes wandered over to the rather large stack of books. He picked one up, and the title said "A Third-Year's Guide to Defense Against the Dark Arts" by Geoffrey Bea. He paged through it, examining the contents. "Centuars? Kelpies? Well I can see THIS is going to be a fun year indeed..." he said as he

put the book back.

Realizing that he should get some sleep, he crawled back underneath the covers. He shut his eyes once more, wishing he'd wake up on the Black Pearl.

At seven o'clock sharp, everyone was greatly startled by a ghost that went shrieking through the rooms, screaming "GET UP!! GET UP!! GET UP AND GET TO CLASS!!"

As soon as it got to Jack's room, Jack jolted up on the bed, clutching against the wall. He reached for his trusty sword, but it ... wasn't there. Instead, there was a ... stick?

"Back off you, ghostly thing you!!" threatened Jack as he pointed the stick at the ghost. It cocked an eyebrow at him, and simply floated into the next room to scream at them.

"Bloody Hell, were you just going to attack Sir Nicholas?" asked a red-headed boy as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"I, uh, he, scared me," said Jack, getting off the bed.

"Well he can't exactly hurt you, he's a ghost. Who are you anyways?" asked the boy as he started to put his robes on.

"I'm Cap.... Jack Sparrow. My Names Jack Sparrow," said Jack as he too started to put some robes on. It killed him to just say his name and not captain.

"Well I haven't seen you here before. How did you just show up?" asked the boy.

"Home schooled," said Jack quickly.

"Oh. Well that's weird.. Welcome to Hogwarts though, I "m Ron Weasley," he said as he held out his hand.

Jack quaintly shook it, and went back to getting ready for class.

3 - I wanna go home...

error

4 - Jack's in love

First task - Finding Hagrid's. He had no idea whatsoever who this person was, or where the class was. And of course, being a male and stubborn, he refuses to admit he is lost.

He decided to follow a flock of students who also had gold and maroon ties. He figured he'd better go where they were going. He noticed that red-head, Ron, in the group. So, Jack pushed through until he reached him.

"Excuse me, Ron?" called Jack.

"Hhmm?? Oh, Jack!" said Ron.

"Yes, um, do you know where this flock is going?" asked Jack, trying to keep up.

"Yeah, we're all going to Care of Magical creatures," said Ron, slowing down for him. Two others slowed down also, a thick haired boy with glasses, and ... Jack's heart stopped. His eyes had just rested upon the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"And... who might this be?" asked Jack as he gazed at her.

"Erm, this is my good friend Hermoine, and ..."

"Well it's very nice to meet you Hermoine," said Jack as he lightly kissed her hand. Her face turned a crimson red.

Ron, flustered at this point, shouted "And this is my other good friend Harry!" Ron grabbed Harry and pushed him in front of Jack.

"Oh, well it's nice to meet you too," said Jack as he shook his hand.

Harry just smiled and continued to follow the pack.

Within a few minutes, they all came across a small cottage. A very... very large man was standing outside it, ushering the kids closer.

"Is that... Professor Hagrid?" asked Jack, whispering into Ron's ear.

"Yes. Big man, isn't he? Don't worry though, he wouldn't hurt a fly," said Ron.

"All right class, gather round! I've got a real treat fer ya today! Now, follow me into the woods! And stay close," said the huge man as he stepped down his stairs.

Everyone obeyed, wondering what on earth he could be talking about.

Through the entire walk, Jack couldn't help but stare at Hermione's @\$\$\$. "Bloody hormones..." he whispered to himself.

"All right now! I want you all to give a friendly hello to Buckbeak!!" said Hagrid as a large, feathered beast came out from the woods. Jack instantly clutched onto HERmoine, who quickly pushed him off.

"What do you think you're doing?" growled Hermione.

Jack's face just flushed a deep red and he stared at the ground, twiddling his thumbs.

"Now who wants to come up and pet him?" asked Hagrid.

Everyone thought he was mad. Who would possibly go near that thing. Just as everyone was taking a step back, Jack had an idea. Since he had completely embarrassed himself in front of Hermione by acting like a pansy, he could win her love back (ha) by touching the beast.

He stepped right up next to Harry and said "I will."

Hagrid turned to see the suddenly bold Jack heading towards him. "Boy, you really are a Gryffindor, aren't you..." said Hagrid as he threw Buckbeak another ferret.

"Now," said Hagrid. "This is what ya do. You slowly approach him. Very slowly. Then, when you got his attention, you bow. If he bows back, you can touch him!"

Jack nodded his head and looked at the giant bird. He drew in a large breath, and began to slowly inch towards it. The bird immediately looked at him, blinking rapidly. Jack noticed this, and quickly bowed.

"You're doin good, you're doin good..." whispered Hagrid.

The bird eyed Jack down, and in a few seconds, bowed also. The entire class cheered, happy he didn't get attacked.

"Well done!" said Hagrid. "Now, do you want to ride him?"

Jack's heart froze up. "*Ride this thing??*" he thought to himself. He turned to face Hermione however, who was cheering in the class. He'd do it for her.

"Yes," said Jack bluntly.

"Great!" said Hagrid as he hoisted Jack onto the bird.

Jack was quivering like a motor on the bird, having second thoughts. "Well, off you go!" said Hagrid as he patted Buckbeak's behind. The beast just screeched and started running forwards. Then, it started to clap its wings, and off they went, into the sky.

Jack of course was screaming like a little girl at this point. "IT'S ALL FOR HERMIONE!! IT'S ALL FOR

HERMOINE!!!!" he screamed in his head, begging himself not to throw up.

Back on the ground, the trio was screaming loudly, excited to see someone reading the beast. "Blimey, that Jack is foolishly brave if you ask me!" said Harry, watching him fly around.

"I know.." said Hermione in a dreamy voice.

Ron's head snapped towards her rather quickly, a look of shock on his face. He kept his mouth shut.

A few seconds later, Jack was back on the ground, screaming for joy. Hagrid hoisted him down, congratulating him on his feat. Jack ran straight to Hermione, yelling "Did you see me Hermione? I tackled that beastie! I'm not scared of it!"

"Yes, yes I did!! Good job!" said Hermione as she gave him a rather large hug.

That did it for Ron. He was going to have a talk with this guy later.

"Wait..." said Hermione, "why are you all wet... OH GOD JACK!!!!!"

Jack Sparrow had pissed himself.

5 - Snape

After emerging from the boy's dormitory with a fresh pair of pants on, he realized he'd better get his butt to Potions. He really didn't want to get on Professor Snape's bad side. It was a good thing he quickly reviewed his potions book, he was sure he'd need it.

He followed the Gryffindors once more, but kept towards the back. He didn't want to draw any more attention to himself.

Within a few minutes, they were all filing into Snape's room. He was in the front of the classroom, giving all the students his 'I'm watching you' look. Jack took a seat in the back, avoiding eye contact with Snape.

Once everyone got settled in the classroom, Snape started up his beginning of the year speech.

"Well well well, back again, are we?" he said as he majestically got off his chair. "It is ever so exciting to see your bright and... shining faces again this year. And, we seem to have a new student this year. Fresh from Durmstrang's, would everyone please give a hearty hello to Mr. Sparrow back there."

Everyone turned to look at Jack, who sunk a little in his seat.

"Durmstrang? Jack told me he was home schooled," whispered Ron to Harry. They both gave Jack a confused look.

"Tell me Mr. Sparrow, did they teach you well in Durmstrang?" asked Snape coldly as he loomed closer to Jack.

Jack gave him a petrified stare.

Seeing he wasn't going to get an answer out of Jack, Snape asked "Tell me Mr. Sparrow, what are Jobberknoll feathers used in?"

Jack thought back to his ten minute study session before classes started. "They're used in.. Memory potions, and some truth serums..."

Snape gave him a blank look. "Murtlap essence?"

"The healing of cuts."

"Flobberworm parts?"

"Used to thicken potions."

The two went on for a good minute. Snape would throw questions at him, and Jack would miraculously answer them all correctly. It was actually amusing to see Snape get frustrated like that. Even Malfoy was grinning.

Soon, Snape just gave up, realizing he was embarrassing himself. He glided back to the front of the classroom, glowering at Jack the whole way.

“Now class, I hope we’ve learned something here. If you too would study, you may earn some points for your house. Five points for Gryffindor,” mumbled Snape as he began writing on the board.

The entire room went into shock. That was the first time in his entire career that Snape had given points to Gryffindor. They all turned to face Jack once again, and he had no idea what he just did. He was really hating being looked at by now.

When class ended, Harry and Ron caught up to Jack. “Wait Jack!” called Harry.

Jack winced, but stopped anyways. “Yes?”

“I thought you were home schooled,” said Ron, catching up.

Jack had to think fast. “Yes, I was. But then I went to Durm..string... And then, my parents realized I didn’t fit in there, and moved me here!”

“Oh,” said Ron. He then realized Hermione wasn’t around. He immediately glared at Jack. “Listen you, what do you think you’re doing with Hermione?”

“What?” asked Jack, stopping.

“You heard me. What do you think you’re doing? Making moves on her like that, you ought to be ashamed!” said Ron.

Harry by now was slowly backing away.

“Well, what’s so bad about... liking a girl?” asked Jack, his hands going up to his shoulders.

Ron had to come up with something very quickly. Then, it just slipped out.

“The fact that she’s my girlfriend.” He could not just believe the words that just came out of his mouth. Neither could Jack.

“Oh...” said Jack, being in a very awkward moment. “Terribly sorry mate... didn’t mean to.. Move in... on.. Your... girl...” stuttered Jack, slowly backing away also. “I’m... just... going to go and... yeah.”

And with that, Jack ran off the other direction, not wanting to get pulverized.

Ron was in total shock. Why on earth did he say that? He didn't like her at all. She's bossy, got really poofy hair, and is a know it all. But he was in love.

6 - Ron Exposed

Charms went by without a hitch, rather boring actually. The teacher, Professor Flitwick, didn't even really pay attention to him, so Jack just sat in the back, taking notes. He finally learned what that stick was, and was surprised to hear it was a wand. It was then he realized just how interesting his stay at this school could be.

On his way to lunch, he noticed a head of poofy brown hair halfway down the hall. "HERMOINE!!" called Jack as he pushed through the hall.

She turned to face him, wondering what he could want.

"Listen," he breathed as he finally caught up to her, "I'm truly sorry about what happened in Care of Magical Creatures. I've had that problem since I was a child, and I-

"It's ok, as if Ron hasn't done it before," said Hermione, smiling and rolling her eyes.

"Yes, and that sort of leads to another thing," said Jack. "I'm terribly sorry for flirting with you, seeing that you-

"No no, it's okay! You have nothing to be sorry about! You see, I kind of like you too, and I know it's a bit brash of me to say so, seeing as we've only just met, but I-

As Hermione rambled on, Jack's heart was stopping. "Wait!" he said cutting her off. "You can't like me! You're going out with Ron! I will not stand for cheating, that's just wrong!"

Hermione looked as though she had just seen a ghost. "GOING OUT WITH RONALD?!?!?!?"

Jack withdrew his head in shock at the sudden loudness.

"I AM MOST CERTAINLY GOING OUT WITH RONALD!! WHO TOLD YOU THAT?!?!?" she demanded.

"Well... he did!" said Jack meekly.

Her face flushed red, and she immediately stomped off. Maybe to beat the living daylights out of Ron, maybe to go cry. Who knew.

Jack, being very confused at this point, was trying to figure this all out. Why would Ron say they were going out if they weren't? Well perhaps -

His thoughts were cut off as he walked straight into Snape.

"Hello Sparrow," sneered Snape.

"... Hello.. Professor.." stuttered Jack.

"And why aren't you dining with your classmates?"

Jack thought for a moment, then said "Because I have to go to the bathroom. Would you please excuse me?"

Snape gave him a cocked eyebrow and said "So you *are* potty trained. Well done Mr. Sparrow. Carry on."

Snape continued down the hall, leaving Sparrow a little pissed and embarrassed.

7 - The Afternoon

Transfigurations was rather nerve-wracking. Hermione was on one side of the room, Ron and Harry on the other side. Ron had a sour expression on, and Harry looked very put out. They sure didn't look like a happy bunch.

"Welcome class, back to transfiguration! I am happy to see that you have all made it this far! Now are there any questions before we begin class?" asked Professor McGonnagal.

The room was silent.

"Very well then. Would everyone please take out their books, and turn to page four."

Jack did not like that class at all. They practiced making these cute little mice, into teacups! How absurd! He was definitely not going to drink out of it.

Well, he survived the class anyways, and went onto divination, which he didn't like either. The teacher didn't seem to be all there. So naturally, Jack just leans against the back wall, and shuts his eyes.

Once he heard the teacher say, "Now, will all of you please drink your tea?" he woke himself up and reached for the cup.

He was mid-sip, when he saw something completely unexpected. Hermione just appeared out of nowhere next to Ron and Harry. Jack choked on his tea, wondering how she did that.

"Now, will you all trade cups with the person across from you, and have them examine the bottom of the cup?" said Professor Trelawney.

Jack guzzled the rest of his tea, and gave it to the guy across the table. The person handed their cup to Jack, with a slight smirk. Jack just gave him a smile, wondering what his problem was. The kid had the blondest hair and bluest eyes he had ever seen. He had the weirdest vibes coming off of him too, like he was scheming something.

"Well let's see here," said Jack, squinting his eyes at the cup. "A... Sunflower? Wait, maybe a cat of some sorts, bloody tea leaves..."

They both heard a cup drop and their heads jerked to the front of the room, where the Professor was shaking violently.

"My dear boy.." she whispered, "you have.. The grim!"

Jack had no idea what the hell she was talking about, but the entire room went up in chatter. "What the hell is the grim?" whispered Jack to the boy.

"Nothing other than the omen of death. And it looks like potter has it this year," said the boy with a smile.

"Well... that's.. not a good thing.. Why are you smiling?" asked Jack.

"Because Potter deserves it, hanging out with that mudblood..." said the boy. He looked at Jack again, sort of examining him. "Hey, you're that kid who pissed himself at Hagrid's, aren't you!"

"Well, I, uh,"

"That was brilliant at Snape's. Did you see the look on his face? You got him good. I'm Draco Malfoy," he said, holding out his hand.

Jack quickly shook it, then pulled his hand back under the table.

Up next, Defense against the Dark Arts. Jack wasn't too sure about this class, he didn't really like the name.

"Good evening class! I see you've made it through the entire day, to your last class! I congratulate you! I am Professor Lupin, and I am teaching this class this year. Are there any questions for me?"

Once more, silence.

"Ah. Let's get started then. Would you all please follow me?"

And with that, the class took after him, down some hallways. Soon, they entered a room, that contained nothing but an old wardrobe.

To the class's surprise, the wardrobe began to rumble and shake. Noticing the class's attention was on the wardrobe, Lupin began the lesson.

"Can anyone tell me what's inside that wardrobe?" he asked

"It's a boggart," said Hermione.

"Very good Hermione," said the Professor, pacing around.

"No one knows what it looks like, because it takes the shape of what the person looking at it fears the most," said Hermione.

"Correct. And that's why I need a volunteer. Ah, how about you Neville?" asked Lupin.

(If it's ok with everyone, I'm just going to skip this little shindig here. Or at least fast forward to where they're getting in line)

As soon as the boggart transformed into the spider, Ron was petrified. His heart nearly stopped when he

looked into the cold eyes of the beast. He did manage to raise his wand however, and stuttered "RIDIKULUS!!"

The Spider's feet were instantly covered in roller skates. Since spiders really aren't capable of roller-skating, he instantly started slipping all over the place.

Ron, relieved, moved to the back of the line. Next up, was Jack. (Bum BUM)

The spider looked at Jack, and instantly transformed into.... Davy Jones. Yes, there was a giant squid-man with a crab arm thing standing in the middle of the room. This confused SO many people.

"Why do you suppose he's scared of *that*?" asked Ron, whispering into Harry's ear.

Harry just shrugged and continued to watch.

Jack was trying to remember what he was supposed to do, but Jones was looming closer. "You're time is up Jack!" said Jones two inches away from a frantic Jack.

"RIDIKULUS!!" squeaked Jack.

Within seconds, Davy Jones was a funny little squid, hopping around on the floor. Everyone giggled a little at the squid, while Jack went into the back of the line. Why did it have to turn into Davy Jones?

8 - Quidditch

"Harry, wait up!" called Jack as he trailed after Harry. They had just finished up with supper, and Jack needed to talk with him.

He finally caught up, and asked "Harry, do you know what on earth is going on with Ron and Hermione?"

Harry gave a slight smirk and said "Don't even get me started. Ron is acting so stupid lately."

"How so?" asked Jack as the two continued to walk down hallways.

"You see, Ron has had a crush on Hermione from the start. Seriously. Two years. And he hasn't had the courage to ask her out yet. She's been waiting for it herself, and is getting quite frustrated. And now that you've come along and started to take her away, Ron was scared that he'd lose her to you. And well, he's known for making stupid decisions," said Harry.

Jack thought for a moment. "So he said he was going out with Hermione to get me to back off. I see. Well, if he's been liking her for that long, I don't want to step in and impose on two years of infatuation..."

"It's more of three years of wetting himself. I honestly don't think he's ever going to make a move. You can go ahead, it's not like you're going to be stopping a relationship from happening," said Harry as he went to a rack of brooms hanging on a wall. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to get some practice in before quidditch tryouts in a week."

"For what?" asked Jack, wondering what the hell he was going to do with that broom.

"Quidditch? The sport? I'm the Seeker?"

Jack gave him the blankest expression ever.

"Bloody Hell! You don't know what Quidditch is! Did you grow up in a bubble?" spazzed Harry.

"Well, I, uh,:" stuttered Jack.

"God, I am going to have to teach it to you, aren't I..." smiled Harry as he grabbed an extra broom.

Within a few minutes, Harry and Jack were in the middle of an empty field. Harry was instructing him how to operate the broom.

"All right then, put your hand over the broom, and you say 'up'. You got that?" said Harry.

"I think so... I'll give it a shot," said Jack as he placed the broom on the ground. He gave it a determined look, and said "Up" in a very defined voice.

The broom twitched a little, then flung up and hit him in the crotch. This caused Jack to double up in pain, wheezing "Ah ah ah ah ah, my little Jacks, ah ah ah"

Harry simply chuckled and helped him up. "Don't worry, it happens to the best of us. Now let's try that again."

Jack calmed himself down, and stood back up. He placed his hand back over the broom and said "up."

This time, it went up without a fight. It glided into his hand, going no where near his testicles. "Ah, now that wasn't so bad," smiled Jack as he picked it up.

"Well, it's step one. Now you've got to get on it and ride it, as if it were a horse," said Harry.

"RIDE IT??!?!?" Panicked Jack. "But, I, WHAT?!?!?"

Harry picked up his broom and mounted it also. "This is what you do. You grip it firmly, and kick off with your feet, like this." Harry kicked off, and flew up about five feet. "Now you try."

Jack daintily flung one leg over, and clutched onto the stick. He lightly kicked up, surprised that he kept going, and was actually flying.

He instantly screamed for joy. "YEAH!! I DID IT!! I'M FLYING!!!"

By now, they had drawn a small crowd. That of which included Malfoy and his posse.

Jack looked down at the spectators, and noticed Hermione passing by. It seems every time his eyes see her, he automatically does something bold.

Jack gripped the stick firmly, and brought his feet up to the wood too. He was now crouched on his stick, getting an amused look from Harry. Now, Jack braced his arms, and lifted his body up. He was doing a handstand on the broom.

This of course got an applause from the audience, and a glance from Hermione.

"Now Jack, we have to figure out if you'd be a good Beater, Keeper, or Chaser. Onward to the pitch. I'll show you the different balls and the rules," said Harry. He took off in the direction of what looked like a football field. So, Jack followed, along with the small crowd that was cheering.

The crowd was more excited for Harry than Jack. They wanted to see the star player teach a newbie, they thought it would be exhilarating. Malfoy was there just to watch one of them screw up however.

In the pitch, Harry drug out a box that was shaking about, just like the boggart closet. He opened it up, revealing the balls.

"All right, let's test your beating skills. Take this," said Harry as he handed Jack a small bat. "When I let this ball go, you have to be ready. It's going to come at you, and you have to smash it's brains out. You ready?"

Jack nodded and had his bat at the ready. Harry unlatched one of the balls, and it instantly whirred off. Jack peered up, trying to see where it went.

"GET READY!" shouted Harry.

Sure enough, the ball was plummeting at him, at outrageous speeds. Jack acting on his instincts, gave it a thwack, which sent it flying right into the ground. It created a small crater, about two feet deep. Harry instantly clutched the ball, and pulled it back into the case.

"Not bad, but we've already got two excellent beaters. Now, let's test out your keeping skills. Go ahead and fly over to that hoop, and let me get some help," said Harry. He looked towards the crowd, and then called "Dean! Angelina! Can you get your brooms and help me up here? I'm testing Jack!"

"Sure thing!" they called as they pushed their way through the crowd.

"Accio, broom!" they both said as they waved their wands. Within a few seconds, a pair of brooms came zooming in over the horizon. They both hopped on them and joined Harry.

"All right, Angelina, I want you to pretend to be on one team, Dean, you're on another. I'm going to give Dean the Quaffle, and he's going to try to score," said Harry to the two. "All right, Jack? You have to stop the Quaffle from getting into the hoop! Think you can manage it?"

"Should be easy!" called Jack. He was wondering what they were going to do.

Within seconds the quaffle was retrieved and given to Dean. He started towards the hoop, fending off Angelina. He chucked the ball to a hoop Jack wasn't guarding, but Jack darted over just in time for a save. Nearly fell off his broom however.

"Very good Jack!" said Harry as he flew up to him. "Now that's what I call a keeper. You could make it onto the team like that if you practiced. But now, we have to observe your chasing skills."

Meh, I'm ending this chapter here.. Getting kinda long. In the next chapter, you'll get to see Jack's seeking skills. Ooh goody! But trust me, it will be amusing.

9 - No!! Jack!!

WHOOPSIES ^_^ Didn't mean to say seeking skills. I meant Chasing skills. You think Harry's going to let him try out for seeker? No-sirree.

"All right Jack, so far so good. Now, chasing is what Angelina and dean were doing. Chasers get the quaffle into the hoops. Now, I'll be on your team. We've got to try to get the quaffle in those hoops on the north end," said Harry as he pointed behind them.

Jack peered over and saw the hoops.

"Now, you ready for this?" asked Harry.

"Absolutely," said Jack, clutching the broom rather tightly.

"All right then, let's get this started!" said Harry as he Threw the quaffle up high into the air.

In a split second, Harry, Angelina, and Dean all went after the quaffle at once. Jack watched as there was a slight struggle, resulting in Dean making off with the quaffle. Angelina closely followed, Harry right beside her. Jack pulled up by Dean, drawing nearer to the goal posts.

Noticing Dean was about to make a shot, Jack rammed into him while he had his arm up for the shot. This caused him to drop the quaffle, and Harry zooming under to catch it.

Jack found this all quite exhilarating. He couldn't do anything like this in Tortuga.

Jack tailed Harry, fending off both Dean and Angela. This worked until Dean pulled up in front of Jack and completely stopped. This caused Jack to halt also, and gave Angelina a chance to go after Harry.

This agitated Jack, and he fiercely rammed against Dean. Dean jolted in surprise, struggling to keep his balance. He gave Jack an infuriated glare. *It's on.*

Dean rammed Jack right back, growling "What the hell?"

The crowd was chanting "Fight! Fight! Fight!" right below them, eager to see what would happen. This caused Harry and Angelina to stop what they were doing to turn and see what was going on.

Dean immediately whipped out his wand and pointed it at Jack. The crowd gasped, wondering if he would really attack a fellow student. Jack's eyes followed Dean's wand closely.

"Now mate... it's all just fun and games..." said Jack softly.

"Yeah, until someone get's hurt!" yelled Dean as red sparks flew from his wand's tip.

The crowd screamed as Jack dodged the sparks. By now Harry and Angelina were racing over to stop the two, but Jack already had his hands around Dean's throat. They were trying to pull Jack off of Dean but he wasn't budging. Dean, who could barely breath by now, jabbed his wand into Jack's side and sputtered "RELASHIO!!"

Flames blasted from his wand and seared into Jack's flesh. Everyone completely froze. The crowd went silent, Dean went silent, and Jack... well, he... gave an agonizing scream, threw up, then passed out. Since you can't be unconscious and on a broom at the same time, he immediately fell off and plummeted towards the ground, blood trailing closely behind him in the air.

The entire crowd screamed and cried. Hermione had the courage to raise her wand and shout "IMPEDIMENTA!!", which greatly slowed down his fall.

"QUICKLY, WE NEED TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL WING!! HE'S BLEEDING TO DEATH!!" cried Hermione, lifting him up.

Harry gave Dean what was probably the most 'I-Hate-You' glare ever given. His eyes literally ripped through Dean's soul.

"YOU'RE OFF THE TEAM!!" screamed Harry.

Dean froze up.

"YOU'RE OFF!! I WON'T EVEN BE SURPRISED IF YOU'RE OUT OF HOGWARTS FOR THIS!! YOU NEED TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER, YOU NEVER ATTACK A CLASSMATE, LET ALONE KILL HIM!!!"

Dean wiped off the spit from his face, gave Harry one last look, then jetted off in the direction of the forest.

"AND NEVER COME BACK!!" screamed Harry after him.

Angeline, finally speaking up, said "Don't you think we should go after him? I mean, it's getting dark, and there are werewolves in that forest...."

Harry simply grunted and flew down after the crowd.

DRAMA!!!

Yeah..... sorry this too so long -_-;; School takes up a lot of time. In fact, I'm supposed to be doing an English research project.

So.... yeah! Sorry for the wait. I hope you like it so far.

10 - Calm after the Storm

Sand?

Jack's sweaty palms made their way through fine, white sand. His eyes quickly snapped open.

He had been lying on a beach. Smoke was drifting through the warm Caribbean air, and the sounds of laughter were coming from a nearby sand dune. Half excited, half confused, he scampered off the ground, racing in the direction of the fire.

While running, he realized the world was higher up than it had been a few minutes ago. He paused and looked down, and his eyes tripled to the size of grapefruits. He was back to his old self. 5'9", fully matured, and most importantly, he had his mustache.

He took a few minutes to cry over his mustache, then he was then reminded of the other people amongst him. He took off for the sand dune, ready to launch over it in a single leap.

When he got over the hill, he shed tears of joy. There on the beach, was Will Turner, Elisabeth Swann, and Mr. Gibbs. They were all around a bonfire, drinking rum and having a blast.

"GUYS!! GUYS, I'M BACK!!" screamed Jack as he stumbled down the sandy hill, frantic to reach his friends.

They all looked up, wondering what was going on.

"Guys! I'm back! I was being chased by this mob, and then there was a shiny stone, and then I lost my mustache, but oh, now it's back! I'm back!" he yelled frantically, using lots of arm gestures.

They all gave him a blank stare.

"Guys?" asked Jack, calming down.

"I'm sorry sir, but who are you?" asked Elisabeth, cocking an eyebrow.

Jack's heart sank. "Guys, is this a joke? You know me! Captain Jack Sparrow!"

"I'm sorry, I can't recall meeting you," said Will, looking at him.

Jack felt as though he was going to throw up. What was going on? This was too much information for his brain to process all at once.

Then, everything started to shimmer. His vision was dimming, as he looked upon sweet Elisabeth's face one.. last... time....

"Jack? Jack! By George, he's awake!"

Jack's eyes fluttered open, trying to adjust to the light. Then, he immediately bolted up.

"ALL RIGHT, WHAT IN THE BLOODY BLAZES IS GOING ON?!?!" he screamed, heart racing. He was tired of waking up in unfamiliar places.

"Calm down Jack, you're in the hospital wing," explained Ron. "You got a nasty burn on your torso, and you took a blow to your arm when you fell."

Jack immediately stopped flailing. He realized where he was now. Back at Hogwarts, back to being a teen.

He lifted his right arm, noticing it was bandaged all to hell. He also looked down to his abdominal region, and realized that too was wrapped up. He lightly touched it, but quickly withdrew his hand, wincing in pain.

Jack gave a gasp of pain, and asked "Can you tell me what happened? I can't really remember..."

The entire room went into a buzz.

"You and Dean got in a hell of a fight!" exclaimed a boy from the back.

"He blasted your stomach all to hell, and then flew off, you nearly bled to death!" said another girl.

"Everyone, calm down, please!" called Ron, trying to get them to shut up. "Now. You and Dean got in a bit of a fight. He's gone now, and we can't find him anywhere. The only thing we know is that he might be in the forbidden forest. And if he is, he's a goner."

Jack sat there, trying to collect his thoughts. It was coming back to him now, slowly but surely. "Where's Hermoine?"

"She's been in her room ever since she brought you to the hospital. She saved you from dying Jack, broke your fall and stopped the bleeding," said Ron.

Jack was touched.

"All right kiddies, off you go. Jack needs to take round two of his medicine, and then he needs to get his rest," said the nurse in a jolly command as she shoed them all out of the room.

"See you later Jack," called Ron as he left the room with the crowd.

I realize that there's a flaw. Dean doesn't join the team until the last book.. He wasn't on the team in the third book. I also realize that Harry doesn't become captain until later either. Terribly sorry, hope you can forgive me.

But let's just pretend that he was, mmk?