

Chocolate Flavored Rum

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Captain Jack Sparrow wasn't quite sure why he was standing in front of a rather large factory at three in the morning. He couldn't even remember how he got there; all he knew was that he was there and no where else at the moment...

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Chocolate Flavored Rum

Captain Jack Sparrow wasn't quite sure why he was standing in front of a rather large factory at three in the morning. He couldn't even remember how he got there; all he knew was that he was there and nowhere else at the moment. "I might as well see who lives here," he thought aloud. As he walked closer, the gates shut noisily behind him. "How original," he stated, rolling his eyes. Then he waited for a band of ninjas or something to come out of nowhere and attack without so much as a "hello". When no such thing happened, he shrugged and carried on, deciding that they were waiting for him inside.

Right before climbing the stairs, he was suddenly faced with a puppet show that would most likely leave him scarred for several months to come. He would later admit that the song was actually kind of catchy. As for right now, his eyes grew wide as some of the puppets spontaneously combusted. However, even this didn't deter the mighty captain. "I'd say it could use some maintenance," he said offhandedly.

"Yeah, I still hafta' get the kinks out," a sudden voice broke out behind him. "Eh?" Jack questioned, turning around to see who had spoken. The man before him was slightly taller, but that was only because he was wearing a funny looking hat. His other apparel consisted of a red coat, black pants, black shoes, and purple gloves, quite the opposite of Jack's pirate look. Jack thought he (as in himself) was better looking.

"Who are you and where'd you come from?" He said after a few moments. "I'm Willy Wonka. Everyone knows that," Willy began. "and I came from that building we're standing in front of," he said, pointing to the factory. "Oh really? Then how'd you get behind me?" Jack asked suspiciously. "Hey, wanna' check out my factory?" Willy said, disregarding the question. "What?" Jack replied. "Every third Tuesday, one lucky person gets to see the inside of my factory. It was Charlie's idea. So, wanna' see it?" Willy answered, smiling. Jack didn't know or care who this Charlie was, but he was bored and decided to take Willy up on his offer. "As long as there's nothing in there that'll kill me," he shrugged, following Willy inside.

"There is one candy that might do that, but no one is willing to test it out just yet," Willy said without further explanation. Jack raised an eye and said, "You got any candy that tastes like rum? I could really use some right now...rum that is." Willy grinned in his creepy fashion. "We've got all kinds of candy, and other random things that have nothing to do with candy. If you want, I can show you the Lollipop Room and you can have our newest flavor, which happens to be a delicious combination of chocolate pudding, caramel, and a hint of orange zest. It even glows in the dark!" He said happily, clasping his hands together. Jack looked blankly at him. "I'd much rather have the rum, thank you."

Willy tilted his head slightly and pondered Jack's request for a moment before pushing it aside. "I know! I can show you how Color Changing Marshmallows are made! It's fun to look at the gooey white stuff forming into little marshmallows, or big ones if you're really hungry. If you'd rather go on the complete tour, we can do that too. It'll be so much fun!" This Wonka guy was starting to get on Jack's nerves. It

was okay at first, but now it was just plain annoying. “I just want some rum,” he sighed, realizing that Willy would probably ramble on about some other candy creation or another part of the factory.

He was right. “The Oompa Loompas will still be awake so you might be able to see some of them working. They enjoy singing too,” Willy continued from where he left off. “They would probably sing about your silly pirate costume,” he smiled. Jack looked down and said, “This isn’t a costume. They’re my ruddy clothes! Now, are you going to tell me if you have any rum or not? It might make me remember how I wound up in front of your place.”

Willy continued smiling as he pulled out a decently sized bottle of rum from the inside of his coat. “This rum was made twenty years ago when I decided to try out a new liquid candy line for adults. I called it “Liquid Candy Rum – Adults Only”. Unfortunately, children can only see words of things they like, so when they saw the word ‘candy’, they automatically stopped reading and made their guardians buy it. I suppose adults are incapable of reading as well because they would get it for them. So of course I had to discontinue the line before anyone knew I had made it. I saved this one last bottle just in case I ever wanted to start it up again.”

Jack stared at the rum with greedy eyes. “That was a lovely story and all, but I’d like the rum if you would please,” he said, wanting it to be handed over A.S.A.P. “I’ll give you some only if you let me take you on a tour of my factory,” Willy declared. Jack was about to burst from lack of rum and patience, and snatched the bottle away from Willy in one swift motion. Then he took a swig of the substance he had come to love and wiped his mouth clean with the back of his hand. “Well, that wasn’t the best tasting rum I’ve ever had, but-”

Suddenly, a metal cage came down from the ceiling and trapped Jack inside. Shocked, but not unused to these things happening, he yelled, “Why’d you do that??” “I don’t like when people steal things from me. I’m sorry, but until you learn your lesson, you’ll have to stay here indefinitely,” he replied. Jack glared at him, but stopped when he heard music from somewhere else. When he turned to look, he saw little orange creatures dancing simultaneously. “What the...?” He began. “They’re the Oompa Loompas I was talking about. It looks like they are gonna’ sing you a song,” Willy squealed. And so they did:

“Captain Jack Sparrow,
Listen to this now!
Rum makes you
Dumb! Oh yes.
Rum makes you
Dumb!
You drank too much before you came
And now you’ll swallow in some shame!
Oh yeah.
Rum makes you
Dumb!
Rum makes you
Dumb!
It makes you do crazy things

Like steal cursed pirate rings!
You didn't stop takin'
So get ready for a spankin'!
Oooh...rum makes you dumb...rum makes you dumb..."

They kept singing as they went back to wherever it was that they had come from. Jack looked as if he wanted to die. He could not even begin to form words for what just happened. Instead, he took out his frustrations by banging his head against his entrapment. He consequently blacked out moments later.

Johnny Depp awoke to the jarring noise of his alarm clock, which he promptly silenced. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, looked at the *Pirates of the Caribbean* poster on his wall, and shook his head. "Man, I need to stop watching movies I star in before going to bed. That one was the weirdest dream yet..."

THE END

Christina Price, Age 20, 7/26/09, Sunday, 3:49 A.M.

(Disclaimer: Jack belongs to Disney. This Willy Wonka belongs to Tim Burton. Johnny Depp belongs to himself even if his many fangirls disagree.)