Booking It

by CrystalWolfShining

Notes

In this AU I consider Susan to be 10 years old (4th grade) when Frank took her with him. He’s just started “deadheading,” so it’s late February, ’65. Also, I know that Frank’s parents divorced in ’62 and he ran away in ’64, but I moved both events to the same time in ’64. I am not familiar with how to obtain school books in 1965 or at all, so some suspension of belief may be necessary.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Brother? I don’t want to.” Frank Abagnale looked at his sister. “Susan, you need to have some school. I won’t have you not learn anything while we’re hopping around like this. Don’t worry, I’ll teach you. I taught my class.” She looked up at him with wide eyes as they stopped at a red light. “Really?” “Yeah, I did. I’ll tell you about it on the way back.” They pulled into the driveway of a school supply store and walked in.

“Can I help you, sir?” Frank smiled charmingly at the man behind the desk. “Yes. I am from an elementary school in Manhattan. We are interested in keeping our school supplies up-to-date, and I have been sent to see your wares and to purchase a sample to bring back with me, if possible.” He motioned to the girl at his side. “This is, Susan, a student of mine. She’s doing a project for her class and volunteered to help me today.”

The man smiled at them. “Of course. Right this way.” They left an hour later with a three boxes filled full of books, like the Macmillan Spelling Series and Fun With Dick and Jane. Susan laughed until she cried when Frank told her about pretending to be a substitute teacher and taught her class.

After that, Susan spent much of her time while on flights bent over one of her books. Curious flight attendants were told that she was enrolled in a special program in a private school, allowing
flight attendants were told that she was enrolled in a special program in a private school, allowing her to take her school with them. Spare moments found them looking at dog-eared pages where she didn’t understand something.

She was a quick learner, though, and soon she had all but mastered the books presented to her. Not wanting to call attention to themselves by obtaining new schoolbooks, Susan resigned herself to re-reading the old every once in a while, until she left them behind after an FBI agent broke into their hotel room.

End Notes

I apologize for leaving it as long as I did. You guys wanted more, so I almost immediately got this idea. I wrote and I researched, then… I drew a blank. It was far too short, so I tried to write more. Then I got sidetracked for a long time. Finally, last night, at 1:30 in the morning, it finally hit me what I wanted to write, so I put it down in the Notes of my iPod.

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