



TALES FROM
AN ALTERNATE

UNIVERSE
UNIVERSE

by
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SOMETHING IS NOT QUITE RIGHT

Chapter Three



THE STORY OF GUNTER FREUD



This is the absolutely true alternate universe story of Gunter Freud, Sigmund Freud's half-brother. I must tell you this story because I was an eyewitness to it all. Also, I'm telling this only to you because, if I pass it on, the secret will not die with me. I need someone I can trust with the story, someone I know that, no matter what, I can rely on to carry this message to the proper authorities. Unfortunately, I could not find such a person but I just happened to see your name in the phone book. I guess some things are just meant to be. I think they call it serendipity or maybe it is synchronicity. For the time being, we shall call it synchrodipity doo-dah.

In 1860, when Sigmund was but four years old his mother passed away. Odelia Freud, who was of German extraction, was cleaning the kitchen one day and had a tragic accident with a packing bag. On the bag it clearly said, "Do Not Let Children Play With This Bag – Risk Of Suffocation!" Being a cynical and inquisitive woman, she decided to test it herself. But, it wasn't the bag that caused her demise. Just before she blacked out she had put some leftovers in a microwave oven and set the timer. As she tried to balance herself she accidentally grabbed the controls to the gas burners on the stovetop. When the bell from the microwave sounded, an explosion went off as it ignited the excess gas permeating the air. Everyone in Fryburg heard it. It was big news in Austria prompting one paper to taunt in a local headline: "Big Sizzle in Fry-Burg." This easily illustrates the fact that Austrians



never miss a chance at a chuckle or two, when one can be had, especially if it's at the expense of a German.



Not wanting the child to be motherless, with the psychological repercussions that could be manifest, his father, Spaetzle Freud remarried quickly. At this point in his life the elder Freud was really more interested in a good time than finding a life-mate... but, there was a need. He met Katie O'Giloshaunessy on a big beer-drinking junket to Ireland. It was instant chemistry, 100 Proof. The more he drank, the better she looked... which was difficult to

understand because he couldn't see anything even when he was sober. With beer goggles, his eyesight was 20-20. This is due to the ratio of beer and testosterone intermingling in the bloodstream. It is a science that deserves more research. Two days later, Spaetzle, still drunk, married Katie. Bangers and mash with hot mustard were served at the reception. There were also numerous potato dishes. Times were tough. Her bouquet was made of dental floss, the waxed, minty kind.

Six months later little Gunter was born in Vienna. There were some issues that Gunter and his brother, Sigmund, had to work on as they grew older. For one thing, there were some ethnic and cultural differences. Gunter, not being Jewish, did not have the opportunity to have a Bris ceremony. Kids would tease him at school, "Hey cowboy! I'll bet your gun is still in the holster!" Things like that leave a mark on a developing young mind. If that were not enough, Gunter's mother, Katie, was proof that male pattern baldness is not the only thing that is passed from mother to son. Katie had vacuumed the entire house and, when finished, emptied the dust into a big bag. "Damn," Spaetzle thought, "another bag?" "What in Hades are you saving it for," he asked. He always said words like "Hades" and sometimes substituted "Hades" for "Sam Hill," "tarnation" or "dagnabit." "What in Sam Hill are you doing," he further quizzed. "Well," she said, "As you know, dust takes a long time to accumulate. What if we needed some right now?" She smiled wide and happily pointed to the bag with a few dusty plumes floating near the opening. Spaetzle, not wanting to embed himself further into a meaningless conversation decided to carry on with his whittling. He was about two thirds through carving a life-



Katie and her "Spuds O'Giloshaunesey

sized baby giraffe out of soap. No one knew where he got such a large brick of soap but everyone was happy that he was sharing the shavings. Soap was in short supply that year, especially bars of soap weighing eighty-two pounds. Putting it in a shopping cart often bent the cart to the point that the

front of the cart scraped the floor.



Sigmund und Gunter once got in an hilarious fight over which one's mother was best when, all of a sudden, Gunter, with a gutten-busten look on his face, shouted, "Well at least my muzzer is schtill alive!" They laughed about that for a long time and then poured another Schlamdinger. It was a crude and callous thing to say to a young boy who had lost his mother so young in his youth. It was the first thing that came to mind for Gunter and he just blurted it out. Gunter was prone to blurting. In an effort to take some of the sting out of his thoughtless comment, Gunter put his hand on Sigmund's shoulder and comforted him. "I didn't not mean to zay my muzzer's schtill alive... I meant to zay your muzzer iz schtill... dead." The comment was forgiven but it was enough for young Sigmund to begin wondering why people say things the way they say them. He also wondered why people would make a solid yellow brick derived from spoiled milk and call it cheese. Yes, there were many journeys in the universe of the mind that he could undertake. Sigmund's first analysis was his diagnosis that Gunter was dyslexic because, as he put it, "it is zee reason he eats his dessert before he hass his dinner."

When he was about ten, it was noticed Gunter was spending an awful lot of time with butterflies. Then, as if the meadow were made for dancing, he would skip through the high grass puffing on a "blow flower" or waving that "dandelion clock," as it's called, into the air releasing its beautiful floating seed onto the wind causing people with allergies to sneeze, generally be miserable and committing them to write run-on sentences. Now, for most people in many parts of the world, no one would think anything of it. But they were Austrian, for Chris'sake! Skipping is not allowed.



Meanwhile, Siggy, as they liked to call Sigmund, was a few feet away and being very critical of Gunter, telling him that he is interfering with the natural order and that he had some kind of obsessive-compulsion to be “one with nature.” Almost exactly at that moment a dragonfly skirted past Siggy’s face as his eyes followed the insect. In less than one-tenth of a second Siggy’s tongue lashed out and sucked the bug into his mouth with a loud “t-h-w-a-c-k!” Not everyone can do that. Siggy also took up smoking stogies when he was 14 saying that he needed something to spruce up his “image.”

Gunter’s mother was not the sharpest tack in the toolbox and it was apparent that he had inherited her traits. She used to make cookies out of spinach. She theorized that children would eat their spinach if it looked like a cookie. Unfortunately the cookies were rather stringy and dry and the macadamia nuts and chocolate chips did not help at all.

As Sigmund was beginning to formulate the basis of psychoanalysis, Gunter was either playing in the fields or making something in the workshop that had no use whatsoever. The first thing he made was a satin liner for men's pants. “But it has only one big leg, Gunter, it vill bunch up,” his father was quoted as saying. “It makes no zense!” But Gunter had a plan. He also invented an egg timer. No, not the one we use today. This was a device that calculated how long an egg takes to roll off a non-level table. He would spend hours watching eggs roll and write down the timings. It took weeks to clean several days’ worth of dried egg yolk and eggshell glued to the oak wood floors in the Freud kitchen. He later created a delicacy made from potatoes brought in from Paris. He called them French Freud Potatoes. He was ahead of his time with at least one other idea. He had devised a way to put wieners in a can. He hadn't figured out how to make them small enough but thirty-seven years after his death Hormel used the idea and named them Vienna Sausages in his honor. Almost all of his inventions were nonfunctional and idiotic. But one day he would be famous... sort of... in an anonymous way.

Among other inventions: He invented a catapult that slammed a boulder into the ground



Katie O’Giloshaunessey Freud

instead of into the air because he said that the enemy would be disoriented by the thud beneath their feet. They weren't. He was first to come up with wine in a box but it never caught on because the box was made of knotty pine. It leaked... like a sieve. Another exercise in futility came in 1878 (at age 18) when he invented shoes made especially to walk a tightrope. In testing them, a terrified Gunter was certain that he would fall to his ultimate doom even though the 10 feet of line was only two feet off the ground. His brother called that a "phobia."

Siggy analyzed dreams, Gunter made dreams a way of life. That begs the question: "Is it good to have dreams or is it better to analyze them?" The answer is simple: How much money do you want to make? Well, maybe that's a question, too.

Through the years Gunter came out with mind-blowing concepts that were far ahead of their times... or any time, for that matter.

Most all of them are preposterous... except for one thing that gave Gunter a life of wealth and happiness. The flared satin liner used for pants for men that had only one leg were given to his secretary, Rowena Kürbis, who put them on under her wool skirt. So, the next time you hear someone say, "That was a Freudian Slip," only you will know the true meaning.



Artist Concept: Slip