

suffering from a ~~xxxx~~ continuous head cold for two months. She couldn't smell anything else, but she was continuously haunted by the strange persistent smell of burning paper. Freud asked her, Are you willing to be hypnotized. And she said, Naturally, if it would help me. And he put her into a light drowsing sleep. And he said, When did you actually last smell burning paper, and she said, it was two months ago I was teaching my two little girls how to cook. We just put some pastry in the oven, when a letter was brought to me, a letter I hesitated to open. He said, Why? She said, I knew it was a letter from mother, and I knew she would again invite me to come home to England to live with her. Does your Mother need you? Freud asked. Not exactly, the young woman answered. She has a companion. But it was a kind of a ~~xxxx~~ form of politeness that exists between us for her to invite me home, even though I know she doesn't miss me. Then why were you troubled, Freud asked. The little governess hesitated. Then in a very low voice she said, For another reason I had been thinking of going home, and yet I had not been able to make up my mind about going. ~~xxxxxxx~~ For this reason my mother's invitation disturbed me. I wanted both to go and to stay. And as I stood holding the letter in my hand, the pastry which I had put into the oven the little girls burned to a crisp, filling the room with smoke, and the smell of burning pastry. And ever since she said I have had an irritation in my head, and the smell of smoke. My eyes stream and my nose runs, and wherever I go I continually smell burning pastry. Freud woke up the governess from her hypnotic sleep, and then and during subsequent visits he closely questioned her about the ~~xxxxxxx~~ situation in the household where she worked. She was employed by a wealthy young widower, whose wife had recently died, leaving him with two little girls whom she taught. She was very fond of her small ~~xxxxxx~~ charges. He said, Then why are you thinking of leaving the household. She explained she hadn't been getting on very well with the servants lately. They seemed to be critical of her. He said, But formerly you got along with them? She said, Oh, yes, excellently. Freud said, gently, with a voice of deep sympathy, ~~xxxx~~ trying not to