



How the Golden Eagle Chrys fights with his Shadow

Everything started with those strange dreams. For days now Chrys wakes up in disturbance and remembers more or less dreams filled with fighting and horror. After the night today he feels that something has to happen, because Aila, his wife, the queen of his heart, woke him up from a dream, where he had to witness how a dark, big golden eagle teared her into pieces before his eyes and he felt paralyzed and helpless, not able to do anything to save her.

“Chrys, my king of the air, what is happening?” asks Aila seriously worried. “You moved so vigorously in your sleep, that I was afraid our aerie could fall apart. Did you have a bad dream?”

“And how” says Chrys, but feels too much fear to tell the details. “I am sorry, I can’t remember what exactly happened, but it was terrible!”

For the first time since living together, he feels uncomfortable as they fly their joint morning dance. As usual he starts with a big circle, in which she flies an eight – a symbol for their male and female energies, which together in play result in a new, shared quality. But today he is absent-minded. Aila, sensitive as always, notices and tries for a while to pass on her energy and joy. Eventually, she ends the dance and sees him off with the words: “I need some time for myself and will fly a bigger round today.”

Chrys hardly notices, how Aila gives him space and replies in thoughts: “Yes, all right, see you later.” Aimless and restless he continues to fly in circles until suddenly the sun comes over the top of the mountains and full of fear he sees the dark, great golden eagle of his dreams flying at the opposite mountain face. Panic and fear fills him: “Where did Aila fly to? What did she say? What if he really follows her and I don’t know how to help her?” He accelerates his flight and observes horrified that his rival instantly becomes faster too. A cloud moves before the sun and Chrys can’t see the dark golden eagle anywhere. That only increases his fears and in his despair he flies to his old friend the toad, who often gave him new impulses. Breathless he reports what happened.

The toad listens quietly and answers only after Chrys is done and slowly catches his breath again: “It seems that you just meet your shadow.”

Chrys laughs. “Yes, you are right, obviously, it was my shadow. Why didn’t I notice that earlier? It is not the first time that I fly along mountain faces in the sun! I believe my dreams have unsettled me so much. Now I am truly relieved – I had such fear for Aila. Thank you, dearest friend and by for now.” Chrys takes off into the air again.

Meanwhile he is very hungry. When a marmot shows up, he leaps at it, kills it in seconds with his sharp claws that pierce directly into the brain, rips the fur apart and eagerly pecks into the delicious meat with his beak. Briefly he thinks about his dream, then he shakes off the image. He asks himself, where Aila might be and if he should bring her something.



A short thought flashes through him, without him being aware of it consciously: “She can look after herself for flying away like this.” Immediately after his more conscious reflection starts: “She will probably find enough, from how I know her. At the end she might even think I don't think she is capable of doing so. She is always very particular about it.” And reassured he pecks the last wispy rests and only leaves the skin and guts, before jadedly flying further.

There he already sees Aila flying. Shortly he feels embarrassed about his eating binge, but then he flies towards her and greets her with the words: “There you finally are, I was worried, because you disappeared so suddenly.”

Aila flies silently next to him. “Hei, what is going on, why don't you say anything?” pushes Chrys. Eventually Aila says: “If you hide your joy of seeing me behind accusations, I instinctively start to protect myself, so it won't hurt me. And then I am not so close to you anymore.”

“Oh dear, darn it, yes, I am sorry, I just can't do it better, I don't even deserve you.”, complains Chrys. Aila replies clearly and assertive: “Your self-pity destroys everything even more. Do you see the mountain chain before us? I am going to live there in a deserted aerie that I found previously for three days and I ask you to give me that space. Afterwards we can exchange again. I trust you and our love and I am sure that such times can strengthen and deepen our togetherness.”

After she disappears behind the mountain range, Chrys is overwhelmed by mixed anger, sadness and fear and feels depressed, lonely and filled with shame. Only after some time he comes out of his self-reproaches and bitter lamentations and resolutely flies to the toad. “Hello Chrys”, she welcomes him.

“Aila flew away for three days and I don't know what to do. I feel so weak and lonely and worthless.”

“How about starting with a greeting?”, asks the toad.

“But I don't even know your name.”

“Aha, that is in your opinion a justified reason, to go like a bull at the gate and to take it for granted that I am there for you and you don't have to follow any courtesy rules?”

Chrys is dumbstruck. “That is not how I know you, you sound really angry. I already feel terrible, how can you show so little compassion?”

“You have arranged that very neatly. Who is responsible for you feeling bad?”, asks the toad full of clarity and compassion.

Chrys shouts reluctantly: “Aila just flew away, I already told you so!”

“That is not the answer to my question.”



“What was the question, ah yes, who is responsible, Aila of course, because she just bailed on me.”

The toad stays despite his stolidity clear and calm: “Then it certainly makes sense that you complain and moan and wait for Aila to change something. During earlier occasions I have met a different Chrys and right now I feel sad, because you hide the inner part that wants to grow so much.” Chrys can feel the sadness of the toad as she says it and while a part of him is still resistant, he consciously decides to allow his own sadness. In doing so the knot in his throat dissolves, tears flow punctuated with sobbing and whining, until he finally still sobbing asks: “What should I do?”

The toad looks at him and for the first time Chrys discovered the depth and beauty in her eyes. His words come all by themselves: “Of course, I am responsible, nobody else. Only then do I have power and can actively change something. You have wonderful eyes. What is your name?”

Does the toad actually turn a little darker? “My name is Bufora. Thank you for your appreciation. It is the first time that I feel genuinely seen by you.”

“Hello Bufora. Thank you for the many times you have given me advice. Do you have any idea what is going on with me right now or what I can do?”

“Do you remember what I told you recently?”

“When you brought to my attention that I just saw my shadow?” asked Chrys

“Obviously you don't remember it exactly. My words were: It seems to me that you are encountering your shadow. And I didn't mean the image created by the sun on the mountain face.”

“No? Okay, so what did you mean?” asked Chris irritated.

“I invite you to further explore by yourself. Bye for now, Chrys! With your courage and spirit of discovery I am sure you will find out a lot. See you next time.” And before Chrys could ask more or urge her, she is gone.

Chrys flies contemplatively through his territory. Without Aila it is so empty. “I did not really listen to her”, he realizes. “Instead of seeing and hearing how she gives me space and valuable feedback about my behavior, I was in my mind or wallowed in justifications and self-pity. I believe that sometimes I am not really attentive. Could my dreams be a hint that I destroy her and our relationship with this?” He recalls his feeding binge and this time he faces his darker thoughts. “Indeed, that is exactly how I hack what is actually precious to me.”

Just in time he notices how fast he slides from this thought further in the direction of self-pity, this time however he vigorously shoots the latter: “Peng!”.



“Fortunately, I remembered again how I shot my expectations in the beginning of the relationship.” In fact, this voice blaster, a tool he got from the toad, proved to be useful before, but in recent times he lost sight of this possibility. “I was so occupied with my drama, that I wasn't really in lively relationship anymore. Okay that is over now.”

Joy fills him as he sees an amazing stone with his sharp eye. Quickly he grabs it and flies back to the toad's favorite place. “Hello Bufora”, he greets her, when he finds her and places the stone in front of her.

The toad beams with joy. “Hello Chrys – thank you. That is a wonderful stone.”

“Yes, a wonderful stone for a wonderful friend. Because of your impulse, I discovered some of my shadow parts and somehow I feel better now.”

“That makes me feel glad. I assume, you will observe that you gain new power and joy of life. If you direct the light of your consciousness to your shadow sides, they are illuminated and you can even use them.”

“How can I use my destructive, careless and unkind sides?” asks Chrys astonished. “I would much rather defeat them once and for all!”

“Consider that your shadow belongs to you. If you fight against it, you fight against yourself. This would be a pyrrhus victory, where you loose your joy of life and power and at the end only lead a shadow life.” The toad seems very touched and Chrys feels that she is speaking from personal experience. Chrys looks at her wondering and clueless, he hesitates to destroy this moment with words.

Joy flashes in the eyes of Bufora. “Thank you for staying silent just now. Once you know, what your shadow parts are, you can decide in every moment whether you let yourself be unconsciously controlled by them and thus destroy valuable spaces or whether you keep them in rein and instead use them consciously in other situations.”

“How could I deploy such bad characteristics consciously and sensibly?”, asks Chrys irritated.

“Do you remember how viciously I destroyed your self-pity earlier? I was only able to do this by using my own shadow parts, otherwise I would have been too nice and kind.”

“It was definitely not nice, I agree. Well, I think I am getting an idea.”

And he says good bye to Bufora and uses the absence of Aila to decorate the aerie. The horrible dreams stop all by themselves, while the pain of consciously perceiving his own shadow part stays with him from now on. Once Aila returns, they both experience so much freshness, passion and joy in their relationship that it balances the pain by far.