

# The Trumpeter Hornbill - *Bycanistes bucinator*, alias, the Quarantine Bird

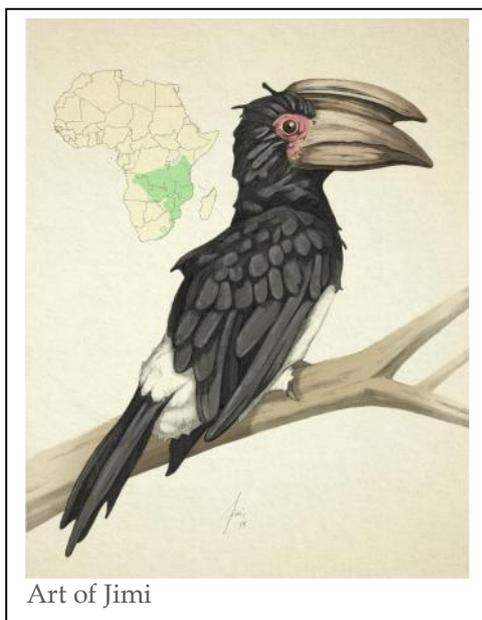
Written by Nora Pal and Kata Reczey

On 16th February 2019, five of us women gathered to “lock ourselves up” for a day, to perform the trituration proving of the *Bycanistes bucinator*, i.e., the trumpeter hornbill bird.

Little did we know that a year later, we, along with millions of our fellow humans would actually be living the life of this bird ourselves. We too would be voluntarily undertaking self-isolation to avoid imminent danger, while another member of the family had to take on the heavy burden of the responsibility of caring for all the others. From one day to the next, we would lose whatever independence we had and become vulnerable and fully interdependent.

## The trumpeter hornbill's life

There are 57 species in the Bucerotidae family. Some of them are native to Africa and some to Asia, neither species can be found on both continents. The trumpeter hornbill (*Bycanistes bucinator*) lives in Africa and is a relatively common species - which is good news because some hornbills are endangered. In terms of their breeding habits, hornbill-shaped birds can be divided into two groups. There are those who nest on the ground while others choose cavities for breeding. The trumpeter hornbill chooses the latter.



It is a medium-sized bird, 58-65 cm tall. Its eyes are brown or red, with pink skin around them and the face is red. The rest of the bird is black and white; its back and chest is black, while its belly, the end of its wings and underneath are white. They are reminiscent of European magpies in both colour and behaviour.

The trumpeter hornbill has two striking and unique features that are markedly different from other birds. One is related to the structure of the body - more precisely the formation of its beak - and the other is related to the way it reproduces.

Hornbills have a bony structure on top of their beaks that indicates the age, sex, and social

status of the bird. It is smaller in females than in males.



Photo: Bryn de Kocks

The extra weight of the horn is carried by the neck, the first and second cervical vertebrae of which are coalesced. This is a unique solution in the world of birds. Both the size and weight of the horn and the cervical anatomical lesion that restricts



Photo: Joel Sartore

movement and flight seem to go against the bird character.

The bird's beak is so large that its tongue doesn't reach out of it, so the trumpeter hornbill has developed a special eating technique: it doesn't pick the bite with its tongue the way woodpeckers do, but pinches it with its beak and throws its head back for the food to fall into its throat. Although their beaks interfere with their vision, they clearly focus on the end of their beaks and can grasp accurately. The bird's facial muscles ("buccinator" muscle) are very strong. Humans use this muscle to smile, whistle and babies to breastfeed.

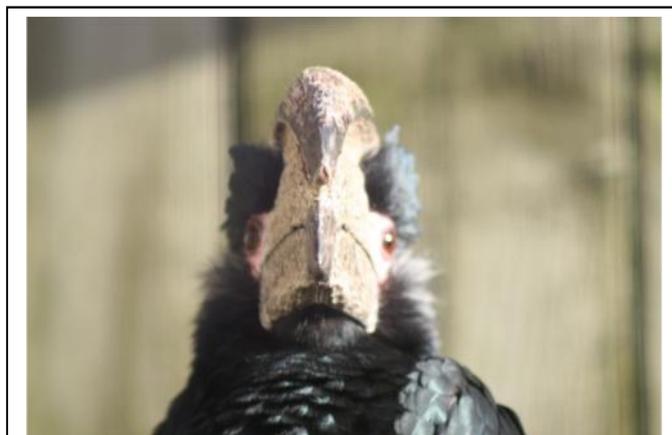


Photo: Birdland Park and Gardens website

The trumpeter hornbill is a fruit-eating bird that feeds mainly on the fruit of ficus. It always chooses the ripest fruit from the trees. Its favourite is the large fig that

contains water, sugar and calcium. This bird plays an important role in the dispersion of fruit tree seeds, especially since the ancient forests of Africa have become very fragmented due to urbanization. The trumpeter hornbill is a good flyer, able to travel long distances thus covering several isolated areas. It can carry an amazing amount of fruit weighing up to half a kilogram in its beak, expandable throat pocket, oesophagus and stomach, which is particularly impressive compared to its body weight of 565g-720g.



Photo: Hugh Chittenden

The trumpeter hornbill likes riverside forests. It usually feeds at the canopy level of trees, rarely descending to the ground. They have favourite areas they like to return to and from which they rarely deviate, unless necessary. Because their diet is seasonal in nature, they are sometimes forced to migrate, so when they run out of food, they search for new feeding grounds. In addition to ficus, other species are included in their diet, e.g. plants belonging to the strychnos family, sometimes cultivated crops, nectar-rich flowers, and even small amounts of crabs, bird eggs, chicks, and insects, which they catch in mid-flight.

Numerous speculations have been made about the function of the superstructure on the beak of the hornbill, but no clear explanation has yet been given.

The large beak can be useful in fighting, preening, nest building, and they are quite skilful at catching flying insects with it. The large horn on it is hollow, and so amplifies sound, allowing long-distance communication. This is of great importance because of another unique characteristic of the bird, that of its extraordinary breeding strategy.



Photo: Warwick Tarboton

### *Self-isolation is the key to security*

As the breeding season approaches - from October to January in Africa - the hornbill couple selects a tree hole or a narrow rock cavity into which the

female settles in, and then together they block its entrance by building a wall. They use mud, fruit pulp and their own faeces for this.

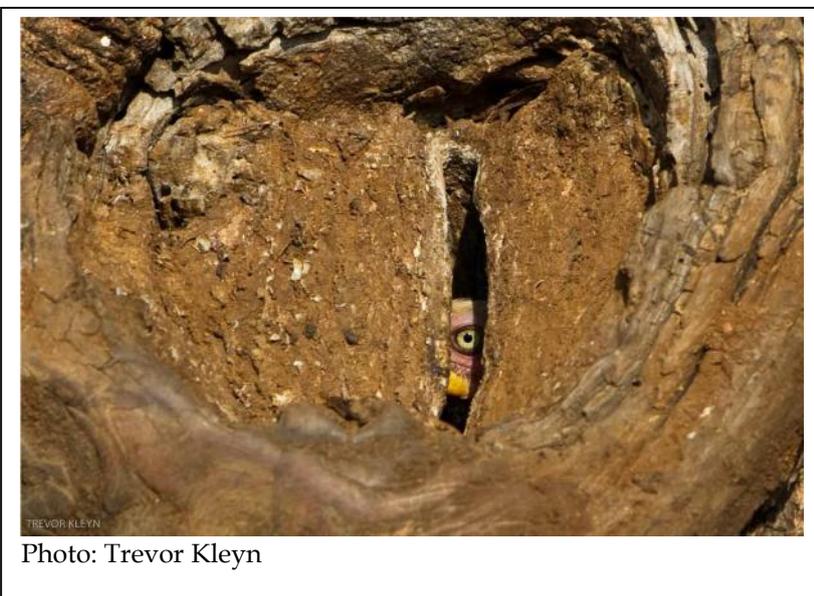
At first, the female walks in and out carrying the building material, but as the opening narrows, she stays inside and practically locks herself in with her mate's assistance. They leave only a narrow opening through which the male will be able to feed the female and future chicks in the coming months.

Once the nest is complete, the female moults, plucking her own feathers - even her flight-feathers - and throws them out through the opening. She does this to fit more comfortably and make space for her eggs and chicks with whom she will be sharing this tight place. This, however, makes her perfectly vulnerable for months to come.

With this, the hornbill female loses the essence of "birdhood" at her own free will. She becomes prisoner of her own "cage", in which she has made herself a flightless bird.

She then lays 4-5 white eggs and lives locked up in the cavity for the next three months or so. During this time, the male cares for her and the chicks.

In this bird family, the mother and the father have very different and irreplaceable responsibilities. The gender roles played in the caring of the offspring are markedly separated. The most dramatic part of the hornbill's story is that the female - due to the plucking of her flight-feathers - is forced into imprisonment, vulnerability and dependence on her mate for several months even if, for some reason, the desired chicks do not hatch.



After about 90 days, the hen breaks open the entrance to the nest and, she and her feathery chicks all fly out for their first wing beats. The hen tests her renewed plumage, and the chicks start familiarising themselves with the unknown vast space and new terrain.

The grown chicks remain with their parents for a minimum of six months after that.

The hornbill is a monogamous but sociable creature: outside the breeding season, couples move in large flocks with their peers. Usually, 2-5 birds form a team, but sometimes as many as fifty, flock together and they like to breed close to each other. They are the most active and noisiest in the morning and evening. They have a far-

sounding donkey-like bray, which is well amplified by the special formation on their beaks.

They are highly intelligent birds, and so, unfortunately for them, people like to use them as performers in zoos and circuses, similarly to parrots or the kea.

## **The homeopathic remedy**

### **Our first encounter with the trumpeter hornbill - the missing remedy**

In December 2018, we met a patient who - while formulating typical bird themes - needed help in resolving *fourth row* issues.

(In homeopathy, the fourth row of the periodic table reflects the following topics: tasks, routine work, duty, learning, abilities, usefulness, diligence, perfectionism, rules, order, control, exam, failure, material gains. These remedies also have a pronounced need for security. )

Since the Joshis list running birds and cavity nesters among the birds of the fourth row, we had to choose him from these.

We continued to ask questions to find out what safety meant to her. During the case taking she talked a lot about her childhood experiences and remembered that when she was a little girl, and they moved to a distant African country with her family, in the first few weeks after their arrival, when her father went off to work each morning, he would lock the hotel room door on them, to keep them safe while he was away. It was this story that led us to the hornbill but since we had no knowledge of there being a homeopathic remedy from it, we decided to get a feather and perform a trituration proving of the bird to get a homeopathic understanding of it.

We were given a feather by a bird breeder who was proud to be able to say that his trumpeter hornbill couple had raised two chicks, which is a rare sign of trust and well-being among birds kept in captivity. The feather came from one of the trumpeter hornbill family.

Five people took part in our proving, all of us middle-aged women and mothers.

At the time around the proving, such life events occurred that are very easy to link to the trumpeter hornbill. The following happened to one of us:

“On the Sunday before the proving, we were exiting the garage with two cars, one after the other, when my husband, after reversing out first, accidentally closed the gate on me with the remote control, so I crashed into the gate with my car. The car was unharmed but the metal gate dented so severely that it got stuck halfway down. It would neither open nor close. My car was stuck inside, and the gate was half open. Our home open vulnerably. Our outing thus cancelled, we sent our two young children back into the house, while we tried fixing the gate, the main entrance to our home. My husband hammered it

from the outside, while I tried to pull it down from the inside. In the end, we managed to close it with only a twenty cm gap left at the bottom, which we considered safe enough.”

The other one of us experienced the following in the week after the proving:

“We set off on a long-awaited trip abroad with the family, but the children became ill along the way, so nothing came of the excursion I had dreamed of. I sat inside the mountain hut with the bed-ridden children, looking out the window longingly, while my husband was walking outside in the fresh snow and blue skies. I felt a great kinship with the trumpeter hornbill hen.”

### *Proving themes and symptoms*

During the trituration proving, the issue of *different gender roles* arose with the greatest emphasis. The provers recognized that it was the order of things for men and women to have different responsibilities and that *power, strength and security lies in their cooperation and unity*. Their roles are *complementary and not interchangeable*. In addition to the positive associations, the issue of *dominance and vulnerability* also emerged. Relating to this, the topic of conflicts within the group and within the family was raised.

*Security* received a great deal of emphasis. *Confinement* and *constraint* were also important themes, but interestingly, these were put into positive context too.

*Participants realized that confinement doesn't necessarily have to be a sacrifice made for safety, but it is what allows for the deep introversion that is paramount to inspiring, creative work. This realisation was accompanied by a feeling of euphoria.*

Several typical bird topics came up in the proving, such as *the importance of belonging to a group* and the issue of *conflicts in the group*, the topic of *jealousy*, the sense of *responsibility* and efforts to *protect children*, and the issue of *teaching and learning*. The *ideal of celestial purity, light flooding in and shining over everything, silence and immeasurable time*, are also bird themes, which appeared with great emphasis during the trituration.

The theme of *unfinished things* also appeared; postponed weddings, unwritten theses. *Confusion and irresolution* were related to these.

On the physical level, the most important area of action is *the respiratory system*. *Breathing is difficult, inhalation is arrested*. It's like *not getting enough air in, and the little that enters causes pain in the chest*. *It is only superficial, small intakes of breath that is tolerable*.

*Dryness of the nasal mucous membranes* was experienced by several people. It felt *as if dust had entered the nose, urging them to sneeze*. *The nose felt so dry inside that it hurt and they felt compelled to moisten it somehow or pick it and bore inside*.

*The eyes were also dry, burning, and the skin around was itching from being so dry*.

*Chills and burning heat* flooding the whole body was also felt.

*A sudden stabbing pain of the ovary* was typical.

The pains were generally *tingling, pinching, stabbing*.

*Nibbling, snacking, eating constantly* seems to be an important topic - there were those who tried to soothe their heartburn this way during the proving, but many felt the urge to constantly munch on something because they had food in front of them.

In the days after the proving, two important dreams were reported by one of the provers. In one, a feeling of *complete trust* appeared, in the other, *suffering* due to the loss of a partner. These may be the two extremes of the emotions felt by the trumpeter hornbill hen in connection to her companion.

“I was climbing upwards in a beautiful green environment. It was like the fairy tale beanstalk reaching up to the sky. The tendrils were intertwined, holding on to each other like in a jungle. With a small backpack containing food and water, I was climbing a very tall tree, knowing that somewhere up there was a nest and a suspension bridge leading to it. I finally reached it but the space was so tight that to crawl across the bridge to the tiny cavity in the tree I had to take off my backpack. I took it off and it fell into the deep. I climbed into the nest, lined with soft, felt-like material. It wasn't dark, the light filtered in, giving it a warm yellowish glow inside, like when you close your eyes facing the sun. I liked being there, it felt good. I wasn't scared, even though, I knew I had nothing to eat. I was wondering how painful it was to starve to death. This nest was like a womb: warm and safe - but I knew the food here would come from outside, not from the mother, but from the father!”

“It was a terrible dream from which I woke up crying. I was walking down the ramp of a spiral parking garage along the curving wall. My husband was walking a few feet in front of me. Suddenly I heard a car coming behind me, and when it passed me, I drew away towards the wall because it came very close to me. It was a large SUV, and it seemed as if its driver had lost control over it, the heavy vehicle was just rolling down the ramp. I saw that it would hit my partner. And it did. I watched helplessly as it ran him over and I knew that he was dead.”

### ***Reunion with the trumpeter hornbill***

In Hungary, it was on March 13, 2020, that as one of the precautionary measures relating to the Covid-19 pandemic the closure of all educational institutions was announced. The children were sent home to the family nest. Such restrictions were not only introduced in Hungary. During these weeks, millions of families around the world had to create a protective shelter - much like that of the hornbill - for themselves just overnight.

Thousands of mothers left their jobs to take care of their children, and with this, suddenly the fathers became the only breadwinners. Or vice versa. In the health care for instance, doctors and nurses had to care for others instead of their own, leaving their partner to cope at home. The family structures were unexpectedly transformed, and gender roles and responsibilities were markedly separated. But while in the outside world life or death became the question, in the lives of individual people the main focus turned on family unity, the security of the home, and the recognition and appreciation of true values.

The children also had to re-evaluate their sibling relationships and exchange their previously competitive behaviour for cooperation if they wanted a play-friend.

And for us – the authors - who are both mothers of young children, the themes of the trumpeter hornbill returned to our lives. As millions others all around the world were forced to abandon their freedom, mothers locking themselves up with their children in the safety of their homes, and as a result, parental couples finding themselves in an interdependent relationship and a tightening financial situation, we watched the parallels emerge in astonishment. In addition to the fear of illness, existential anxiety also appeared in the lives of many, which also fits into the homeopathic image of a *fourth row bird*.

And as our attention turned to the trumpeter hornbill again, strangely enough, we both had a very similar dream almost the same night. In our dream we had to take care of a small, helpless child. One of us was anxious about whether she would be able to breastfeed her baby and take care of her other children as well, while the other of us knew that the baby wasn't even hers, yet it was the most natural thing to be breastfeeding it.

It's as if the theme of the trumpeter hornbill's extreme parental responsibility is the opposite of the cuckoo's reproductive strategy. Not surprisingly, the theme of the cuckoo came up in various forms, several times during the trituration proving. It emerged as a topic of conversation, and cuckooing intruded on us as a violent sound stimulus too, as one of the participant's phone signalled with this sound aggressively and repetitively.

Through a peculiar interplay of coincidences, while compiling the material on the hornbill, we met a mother raising three children. Two are her own twin children, while the third is the child of her new partner. He is only a few months younger than the twins. This child lost his mother at the age of one and a half years, and three years later fate brought him together with his future "new" mom and siblings. They have lived as a family for years, in love and harmony, but the most significant concern of the woman to this day is how to ensure that all three of her children can regard her as mother equally. She actually experiences what we both saw in our dreams.

Considering all this, the idea arose in us that this bird remedy could be useful for women who have to make great sacrifices to become mothers. They might have to turn to adoption, or they might be undertaking exhausting in vitro procedures. In

doing so, they are suppressing themselves (their own hormonal system certainly, but often have to give up their previous lifestyles as well) for a desired higher goal. They walk this path alone but the man at their side also has a very important task. He is the one who has to support the woman, emotionally and often financially as well.

Last year, we were working for several weeks on summarizing the experiences of the trituration proving and the findings were almost completely ready for publication, but just as we experienced in the proving, the work remained unfinished before the goal. The good weather arrived and we flew out of the closed study-rooms into the open air.

This year, again, the story of the homeopathic trumpeter hornbill would not have been written if the world had not ended up in a hornbill situation, experiencing the confinement, in which freedom of flight can be lived in only one way, soaring in the spiritual intellectual sphere.

The world is now asking us to close in, to narrow down, to look inwards. One can choose to experience this either negatively or positively. The universe offers us free choice in this: it needn't be a torment to live within boundaries. It might just be easier for all of us if we were able to dedicate ourselves to this situation. The greatest teaching of the trumpeter hornbill's proving was that if we are able to accept tight boundaries and fall silent, in the stillness of this, we will find deep within ourselves an uplifting creative force from which a whole new life will emerge. It might happen in the way one of us experienced it during the trumpeter hornbill's homeopathic trituration proving:

“It's good to rub around and around (trituration), I feel like it's a creative work that requires calm. Calmness is very important. There is a need for silence, I even close my eyes: I turn inwards. The silence immediately draws me in, I am perfectly inside. My senses are sharpened, especially my hearing, and my skin too. I don't mind the sounds, they are signals from the outside world: they carry information. I am living in infinite time. For the first time, I really feel good.”

### *Proving Symptoms*

(The number at the beginning of the line is the ID of the prover)

#### ***MIND***

#### **Significance of different gender roles**

5. This family is the pinnacle of evolution, but in the event of vis major, everyone dies.
2. The father is indispensable, without him the whole family would perish.
3. The father does not even see his child/ren while closed up in the nest. He does what he has to do because that is the order of things. There is no positive feedback.

3. Order is important, roles cannot be swapped. I understood that the paternal and maternal tasks are also very important, markedly separated. They cannot stand in each other's place.

3. A very feminine woman and a very masculine man. He is very responsible. All work and responsibilities are his. The moment the woman surrendered to him, he has no choice but to go along with it. It is good for a man to know the woman at home, not to be afraid of her cheating on him.

2. Well distinguished gender roles and equality. The unity of the small family works very well, an attack can come from the larger family.

5. I don't believe in unequal relationships. The woman should never be smarter.

Many of us: we discuss ethnic groups (Muslims, Swabians, Gypsies) where there are very precisely defined and very different gender roles. A Syrian man, one of the children's friend's father calls on the phone in the midst of this conversation.

3. Up until now I only focused and cared about the mother bird and thought how awful it must be for her to be locked up but now I realise that it's okay this way, it is the order of things and Dad serves them.

3. I couldn't rub (triturate) and take notes at the same time. I feel like I can't do the two at once, one is at the expense of the other. The two tasks are very different and I have the choice to do the one I feel like doing.

3. It feels good to focus inwards, I meditate, but I feel attracted to the outside world too. You can't have both at the same time. I can't go outside, into the light, and be making the homeopathic remedy at the same time.

2. Total motherhood or fatherhood. It takes total dedication and sacrifice on both sides - complementary roles. The two are essential to each other.

### **Repression and vulnerability**

4. Male dominance is offensive when you feel he is shoving something down your throat.

3. The theme is that men dominate women, but in return women like being served by them. The dominant man expects to be flattered. I feel it's a very bitter and cynical thought, something I cannot relate to, I want to see everyone so sincere and good, both men and women.

5. There is great power in vulnerability - like when a handicapped must be served and takes advantage of her/his disability.

3. I'm thirsty, but I can't stand up, I don't want to interrupt this meditative state. I wish someone would ask me if I would like a drink, I wish someone would pour me a glass. It is so nice to be taken care of.

### **Conflicts within the group**

5. There is fragmentation in the homeopathic community. I put in a lot of work and effort and shared my info, but when I asked for the same in return, I didn't get anything back.

3. Reflection on previous: I know this feeling and my solution to it is not to connect with them, not to open the newspaper, or Facebook, not to be open at all.

2. Disappointment that the small community doesn't work, squabbling, hidden attacks coming into the small community because we're not equal after all. "Liberté, égalité, fraternité" (Freedom, equality, brotherhood) doesn't exist in reality.

2. The rules of a community can be a restriction on the individual. You have to adapt but this sets limits and the individual is lost.

2. The unity of the small family works very well, an attack can come from the greater family.

### **Relationship conflicts, divorce**

2. An all or nothing relationship - if it works well, everything is divine. However, if things don't work out and in the case of people, they end up with divorce, and it all boils down to taking or keeping the material gains and getting rid of the other in the nest.

1. In an ugly divorce; financial vulnerability, loss of the home, loss of security.

1. Jealousy, sibling rivalry.

2. Family unity is important, even in the long run.

2. Talk about a jealous husband who regularly checks his wife's phone.

### **The ideal of heavenly purity**

1. How can a pure science like homeopathy be tainted by earthly, material things?

1. I am attracted by a purer quality, to benefit others, to enter into a kind of pure spiritual community - I definitely have the desire to belong somewhere.

5. People are not good.

3. Opening my eyes after a long meditative inner peace led me to notice where I am, to focus on the material world around me. I saw a lot of beautiful objects, but felt that they were all so earthly, material goods everywhere, too many objects.

### **Learning, teaching, information exchange**

3. We share our experiences. It's like teaching each other. A mutual exchange of information.

3. Learning is the topic, the sharing of knowledge. The aim is to find the family value system in the wider world and expand into that. One cannot relate to values, morals that are dissimilar to the family heritage and teachings.

5. Choice of school for the first grader is the topic, one reaction is the following "You don't have to worry about this, you put him in a school, and if it doesn't work, you move on and put him in another." (This attitude, according to another prover, is the cuckoo attitude.)

### **Responsibility**

5. Responsibility theme - "doesn't someone else want to do it now?" (tiring of the trituration)

3. I just raise my hand to take notes out of a sense of responsibility. It is just a sense of duty that leads me to save the information. I don't really feel like moving.

2. It's not like when an ostrich protects its eggs, because when it chases away the enemy, it leaves the eggs unprotected.

2. Cuckoo - does not take on parental roles. The cuckoo is: disguise, deceit, exploitation.

Cuckoo theme was thoroughly discussed. It is a parasite bird. Negative emotions about this bird.

### **Protecting the offspring**

1. Protection, protection of nature, protection of children.

3. This is how I got to know another prover, she was asking for advice about a psychologically abusive teacher.

1. My child was abused and I had to stand up for him. I can overcome aggressive male strength with intellectual superiority only.

### **Helplessness**

3. Depressing feeling of helplessness.

4. Inertia.

1. I am helpless, I don't know how I should protect my child.

1. Her little son cries about how he could protect nature.

### **Confinement and security**

2. This bird sacrifices a lot for its safety, it gives up flying.

3. Defence is very important to this bird.

5. Throughout his life, he carries the heavy beak that is needed to sound an alarm and, of course, to fight.

5. The nest is the prison - in the construction of which the hen is also involved.

2. It's amazing to recognize that it could actually be good to be locked up. For me it's something to escape from. It is strange to think it could mean security and comfort as well.

4. I haven't moved out of my home in weeks and that's good for me.

4. I feel cramped up and suffocating in this place here where I sat down originally (between the table and a wall behind).

3. I offer her to change places with me and I sit in another chair closer to the open terrace door.

3. I feel like going outside. The conversation inside is too depressing. Outside the sun is shining and the world is peaceful. I want fresh air, it's hot. I open the door and just go out on the terrace in stockings (this is C1 before the real transformation has begun)

### **Light**

1. Light is important.

1. I look at the pine tree opposite, how much light passes between its branches, how beautifully the sun shines on its trunk.

3. There is sunshine outside, so luring.

1. I start looking outside, longing to be there. I like that there is a lot of light in the house, that the windows are big. I keep thinking about how to refurbish the kitchen at home - what I could wall in and where I should put a bigger window.

### **Immeasurable time**

3. Time - I am doing the trituration and the others forget to tell me to stop, that time is up. I don't say anything until I feel the tension that time has run out. And I realise that it's so wonderful not to have to watch the time. That is always a task for me as a mother with young children.

3. It's good not to have to pay attention to time. All I have to do now is to focus on the experience.

2. How peculiar that she can hardly turn on the timer on her phone and then she can't stop the beeping and has to shut it down completely.

3. I am living in infinite time. For the first time, I feel really good.

## **Silence**

1. When silent, I felt like we were doing our task, what we had agreed to do.

There was a lot of noise first, then we let silence take over. The phone then started cuckooing aggressively and everyone started talking about the cuckoo. As if the cuckoo were the counterpart of the hornbill.

3. I really need silence.

4. The sound of scraping is very disturbing, it's unbearable.

3. I'm glad I stood up for myself and asked the others to keep quiet, silence is very important to me now!

3. It is good to stir around and around (do the trituration), I feel that this is a creative work that requires calm, calm is very important. There is a need for silence, I close my eyes, I turn inwards. The silence draws me in immediately, I am perfectly within. My senses are sharpened, especially my hearing, also my skin. I don't mind the sounds from outside, they are signals from the outside world, they carry information.

## **Focus on creative work**

3. While I am within, in silence and doing something creative, nothing material and earthly matters, only the present. Creating total security for this inner depth is all that matters.

2. To be in the present. Being inside means being in the present, anyone who is outside is stuck in material things, getting food, doing chores, moving, theoretically free, but bound by responsibility and tasks.

2 The bird is also near-sighted, focusing only on the now, only seeing till the end of its beak.

3. It is good to stir around and around (triturate), I feel that this is a creative work that requires calm, calm is very important. There is a need for silence, I close my eyes, I turn inwards. The silence draws me in immediately, I am perfectly within. My senses are sharpened, especially my hearing, also my skin. I don't mind the sounds from outside, they are signals from the outside world, they carry information. For the first time, I really feel good.

Up until C1 everything was busy and hectic. I understand that for the hornbill hen this confinement is not only a forced bondage that she undertakes for the sake of safety, but this retreat also gives her a focus, she can pay attention to the creative work that is her job there and then.

## **Euphoria**

3. Euphoria during C2, a sense of security throughout.

4. Euphoria, I have to smile and then laugh, exhilaration, relaxation, joy. I'm in a good place, in good company, safe - Nux vomica has done this to me twice so far.

5. Physical complaints are in stark contrast to the calm in which I am.

### **Unfinished things**

3. Unfinished things come to mind.

4. I cannot complete my dissertation.

1. My daughter's wedding is constantly postponed.

### **Confusion, clutter**

3. Confusion - when I don't have to triturate, I can't get my thoughts together. A question comes to mind: what is the price of a child? I don't know where the question came from, and I don't know the answer to it.

1. Confusing, helter-skelter thoughts.

5. I'm a Swabian by blood and you all scattering the powder out of the bowl is really annoying. Look how I scrape it together neatly.

1. It annoys me too, I have Swabian blood in me too.

5. When I got home, I got all irritable because I thought there was a mess at home, even though there wasn't. The children had put the bedlinen out on the balcony to air and at first I considered that messy.

4. Dream of tidying up, I was sorting the children's stuff, tidying up.

### **Secret**

5. Hidden things. We don't really know what the hornbill's horn is for. There are so many mysterious things about these birds.

### **Rat**

2. I saw the rat climb up to the bird feeder and started to worry if it would hurt the birds. The food lures the birds and the attacker is lurking.

### **Integration and destruction**

2. The disintegration of unity, I can't even start writing my work. I have to destroy what I have put together already and start reconstructing. Patch together - to break apart.

## ***PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS***

### **Generals**

3. Pinching, prickly feeling.

1. Throbbing, pulsing with excitement and anxiety.

1. Positive excitement, exhilaration, palpitations.

1. My pulse got stronger, I could feel it in my neck, it spread towards my head.

Tremor

### **Chills**

4. I felt the sensation that comes before a chill but then the shiver never came. Then I felt it again, and this time I did shiver, but I didn't feel cold.

2. Flooding with heat.

2. Feeling hot with shortness of breath.

1. Sympathetic infra-red activity, encourages me to switch from hibernation to active state.

Itch.

Warmth, burning sensation, feeling of heat in my back and chest when I had the remedy in my hands.

2. Dryness - after the C30 potency was done, I added too many drops of the remedy to the globuli, and when it dried the globuli stuck there, and could hardly be scraped off. It was like dry mud, the little globuli flew out of the glass container.

### **Head**

1. Headache, from back to front, moving forward on both sides of the head, over the ears, coming together in a point over the eyebrows. Pulsating headache, strongest in the occiput.

Headache, work ameliorates.

4. I need to support my head. Although it is impolite I put my elbows on the table and hold my head in my hands. Then I lean back and prop my head against the back of the chair.

Sensation of heat around the head.

3. My head is very light. Tingling, floating.

### **Vertigo**

1. I feel dizzy, which intensifies when I close my eyes but it stops when I am doing the trituration.

### **Eye**

5. As if dust had gone into my eyes. My eyes feel tired.

3. Itching under the right eye.

### **Throat**

2. Swallowing is difficult – getting hold of the proving ingredients was a struggle (in Hungarian there is an expression “painful to swallow” meaning something is a struggle, difficult to get done)

### **Nose**

1. Dryness, feeling of dust in the nose.

1. Unfamiliar but delicious scents.

3. My nose tingles as if I was sniffing dust, urging me to sneeze.

2. My nose tingles as if I was sniffing dust, and a lot of sneezes follow.

2. The dry sensation in my nose remains for weeks. It feels so dry that I have the constant urge to pick it, and crusty scabs form inside, which bleed when removed.

3. My nasal bone is sore, the pain radiates downwards, towards the nostrils, my nose is numb from it.

3. The pain in the saddle of my nose intensifies. If I lower my head, it aggravates further. I have to keep my head above my neck because I feel the weight of my head pulling downwards if I do not keep it in the centre- yet it’s not a bad sensation.

5. It was as if dust had gone into my nose.

### **Face**

4. My face is itching and I need to scratch it or caress with my hands. This is something new. I never do anything like this.

### **Neck**

4. Itching.

3. I have to hold my head straight because it feels as if it would pull downwards if I didn’t.

2. Stiff neck, I feel the urge to twist and turn it so it crackles. The weight of my head is pulling downwards.

### **Ear**

1. Left ear drumming.

4. My earache intensified, and a pinching, stinging sensation also emerged, spreading towards the temples.

## **Back**

1. Sensation of heat between the two shoulder blades.
1. Suddenly my left side cramped next to my spine. I wanted to stretch to the other side to ameliorate the pain with no success.
3. It's as if someone is holding my waist symmetrically from two sides. Like my partner leading in dance.
4. I have to sigh. This is a familiar symptom, which is brought on after taking homeopathic remedies. I have a cramp in the back that usually goes along with it. It is uncomfortable to sit in any position.

## **Stomach**

3. Constant nibbling, even though this is very unlike me. It doesn't even feel good, yet I keep reaching into the bowl. They put it in front of me and I feel obliged to eat.
2. Everyone is nibbling the salty snacks. I get thirsty from it. Salt dries everything out.
5. Heartburn, compelling to nibble, I must eat something to ameliorate.

## **Abdomen**

3. Pain, cramping, stabbing pains, radiating upwards. Putting my hand on it ameliorates.
4. It is as if the hypochondrium is pushing down on the abdominal area below.

## **Female**

3. There is a sharp stabbing in my left ovary, then the right.
2. Very strong left ovarian pain. Like someone stabbing there unexpectedly. This pain persisted for two weeks after the proving.

## **Respiration**

1. Dyspnoea, suffocating.
3. It is difficult to breathe, as if there is weight over my lungs. I have to force myself to take a deep breath, but it feels like the air is not going in. It is very distressing as if something is squeezing my chest.
2. Shortness of breath, I crave to take a deep breath. Every intake of breath is accompanied by a sense of warmth in the chest. It's not a strangling, choking feeling, it's very difficult. It's as if the air is not going in.
4. Symmetrical tightness in the diaphragm, throbbing, difficulty breathing, trembling at every inhale.

## **Chest**

### 1. Heat.

Warmth, burning, feeling of heat in my back and chest when I am doing the trituration.

Throbbing.

## **Skin**

4. Itching, hypersensitive skin on covered parts.

2. The nail splits.

The dog's nail split, slit in length, looking like a hornbill beak.

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