

The background of the entire page is a close-up photograph of a woman's face. She has intricate black and white face paint or body paint applied to her skin, particularly around her eyes and on her forehead. Her hair is dark and appears to be styled in a way that blends with the paint. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a moody and artistic atmosphere.

underWorld

GUIDEBOOK ON GROUP ACTIVITIES
SUPPORTING DISCOVERY OF INNER SHADOW



Co-funded by
the European Union

underWorld

GUIDEBOOK ON GROUP ACTIVITIES
SUPPORTING DISCOVERY OF INNER SHADOW

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Graphic design: Vojtěch Žák, Zuzana Kasanová

Published by: INspire, Příkop 843/4, Zábřovice,
602 00 Brno, Czech Republic

Electronic book, PDF

First edition, 2026

Pages: 59

ISBN 978-80-909359-4-5

Funded by the European Union. The views and opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of the European Union or the Czech National Agency for International Education and Research. Neither the European Union nor the granting authority can be held responsible for them.

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“The shadow
is that hidden, repressed,
for the most part
inferior and guilt-laden
personality whose ultimate
ramifications reach
back into the realm
of our animal ancestors
and so comprise the whole
historical aspect
of the unconscious.”

CARL JUNG, AION 1951

Opening

Hi. My name is Jack. Jack, the Jackall.

The world went into a big kaboom years before I was born, and all that is left now is a great wasteland, with a few patched-up cities, in their parodic resemblance to the long- forgotten dream called civilisation.

I have been alone for as long as I can remember.
No parents.
No siblings.
No nothing.
Hard to say how I survived.
But I did.

I found a rifle. I found a bullet. I found a jeep and learned to drive it. I am scourging the Earth and searching for remnants of anything that used to be, but has been forgotten.



Building an avatar

You, or your participants, instead of talking about themselves, or experiencing themselves in their skin, can create an avatar, an **alter-ego**, and go through exercises and/or reflection in their skin.

Avatar is a storytelling technique that might help you with self-reflection and self-discovery, as it is allowing space for your desires and dreams, as well as a bit of a shift from your daily identity, and new perspectives. Deeply personal avatar allows space for taking a distance from oneself and see oneself in a completely new light.

Simply put, choose a “fantastic” creature you would like to be, living in a fantasy world where all its elements represent your daily struggles. Just like the Jack, the Jackal, represents a quality our hero likes to associate with (cleverness, resilience, nature) as well as his struggles (loneliness, exclusion, fear).

The tool was crafted by Alexandros Alexiou, and adapted by Vojta.

For the original tool, see here: [link](#)



AI-assisted artwork “Соняшниця”, envisioned by @sashamelty, 2026

The Beginning

Here I am
In the UnderWorld

I was meant to end up here

I first saw the notice a few months ago.
This Jackal guy inviting others into this
plane, to 'retrieve ourselves'. I knew
right away I want to sign up. Nevermind the
'Heroin-e ritual'. So - there I was.
I sent my letter in the faraway land of
Flumini, where I was getting my hands dirty
to learn something true-er.

No, not quite. Later.
I was meant to make it here.

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In the UnderWorld.

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No, not quite. Later.

I was meant to make it here.

How's my Shapeshifter?
In some ways she's getting something
out of this. It's really between the lines,
but it's there.

But she sees through the cracks of this
'UnderWorld'. She's yet again found
the strings, seen behind the curtain.
The Jackal just came in. Can I draw
a Jackal from memory?



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But she sees through the
cracks of this 'UnderWorld'.
She's yet again found the
strings, seen behind the
curtain.

The Jackal just came in.
Can I draw a Jackal from
memory?

He came in. And disappeared. But
then, right before going back in - he looked

Mar, the Shapeshifter
notes from the underWorld

Principles

I was staring at a fairy. Lux, she said.

Her name was Lux.

"Why do we have to go there?" I growl.

The cave looked dark and scary, and the name itself - underWorld - why would I want to go under?

"You don't," she smiled.

I gasped. "Then, why..."

"It wasn't me who seeked you out. I gave out the calling. But you answered it.

It was you who seeked out me."

"Yes, I did," I admitted.

"Why?"

She had very kind eyes, but full of passion.

I felt the desire to snatch her in my jaw.

"Because I felt lonely," I whispered.

"So... you can walk back, and maybe, just maybe, something will change. And you will stop being so lonely. But there is a better chance the loneliness will remain, both mental and physical."

"Why is this happening?"

"Because there is part of you that you are rejecting. I don't know what it is. Maybe your anger. Your fear. You refuse it, and so it is acting out when you need it the least."

I pondered all the moments I was meeting new people, anxious all over my body, alert, and ready to attack, or run away, all my cynical snaps protecting whenever I saw a weakness, or was threatening to show it myself...

And then I nodded.

"And if I walk in?"

"Then you will see the dark side of the Moon, and face what you don't want to see. Face yourself. And you will get a chance to hug him."

"That sounds weak."

"And yet you are terrified of it."

"I am afraid of nothing!" I snapped in anger, knowing it was a lie.

She smiled... and stepped aside.

There was a huge group of creatures gathered.

A sheep with a backpack. Little girl in a pink riding hood. Black and white cat.

Crow.

Goddess.

Samurai.

“Welcome, travellers,”
the fairy Lux told them.
“You have gathered here to meet
the darkness... and maybe to understand
that darkness can be beautiful.
To ensure the success of this journey,
I would like to invite you to embrace
the following principles. With an open
heart, mind, soul, and faith, it brings
you what you need.

Co-creation. In every moment, you are
an active part of this journey and of this
community. You are co-creating its
well-being, its successes, and failures. We
are interconnected, and your silence might
do as much good or damage as your voice.

Accountability. Please, be responsible
for your actions. Feel free to make mistakes.
Mistakes are welcome. But own them, and
if you do harm by accident, make an effort
to compensate for it.

Radical tenderness. Towards yourself, and
towards others. This world is full of should
and shouldn'ts, full of laws, and orders.
I will cheer if you give yourself a pet
whenever you feel down and offer the same
to others. We allow space for contradiction,
uncertainty, and learning.
We do not demand perfection
from ourselves or from others.

Engagement. You have the power to
be active creators. Use it. The more you
put into this experience, the more you
will get back.

Together, they form the beautiful acronym
CARE. Which is what I invited you the most
to. Take care. Care for yourself, and care
for others. And through it, you might create
something beautiful.”



Co-creation

Working in pairs, participants begin with a breathing meditation. Facing each other and holding a soft mutual gaze, they are **guided to breathe with a simple inner image**: *on the inhale, they receive from the eyes of their partner; on the exhale, they give back through their own*. This creates space for a quiet exchange of presence — an experience of being both seen and seeing.

In the second part, the focus shifts, and participants invite physical contact. Participants begin by bringing their fingertips to touch, allowing attention to settle on the subtle sensations of skin meeting skin.

Gradually, the contact deepens — from fingertips to full palm-to-palm connection — until both partners begin to gently share and negotiate balance, leaning into and receiving the weight of the other. In this phase, participants are free to explore the space and change levels (from a seated position to a standing position, and vice-versa).

Together, these two gestures — the breath and the touch — offer an embodied entry point into the core themes of co-creation: presence, reciprocity, and ongoing, nonverbal negotiation that happens whenever two people choose to build something together.



Co-creation was approached through paired breathing and touch-based exercises, focusing on negotiating presence, shared space, and mutual awareness.

Accountability & Support System



Accountability and support systems were explored in small groups through stillness, weight-sharing, and reciprocal trust inviting participants to experience giving and receiving support while respecting personal boundaries.

Participants are divided into groups of 4-5.

The activity opens with a grounding moment: standing back-to-back in stillness, the group tunes into each other's presence before moving into the core practice. Then one person at a time steps into the centre, closes their eyes, and gradually releases control of their weight. The surrounding group members offer a physical support system with their hands and bodies, holding the space with full attention.

Roles rotate until each person has had the experience of both giving and receiving support.

The activity closes with a round of appreciation: within the group each person shares one thing they value about the group (5 minutes).

Note: Activity can also be performed in trios.

Radical tenderness



Radical Tenderness is about relating with responsibility, presence, and respect, even when it is challenging. It is “*radical*” because it resists indifference and disengagement.

Instead of shutting down or hardening, we choose to stay open.

It is “*tender*” because it recognises vulnerability as a strength, not a weakness.

We used cradling as a way to embody care, trust, and emotional attunement.

Duration: 20-60 minutes.

Working in pairs, participants take turns being cradled and cradling. One partner lies down on the floor, removes shoes, loosens any tight clothing, closes their eyes and allows themselves to fully relax. The other partner gently lifts and holds their partner's arms, lower legs and head — one at a time — attending to the weight, the structure and the aliveness of each part of the body.

Through the act of cradling, each participant is both witness and guardian — invited to feel, perhaps for the first time, what it means to hold another person's body with full attention and care. Once the first round is complete, partners switch roles. The practice closes with a moment of sharing in pairs.

Note: Inform participants in advance that the practice involves their arms, legs and head being gently lifted and held.

*This practice is inspired by the Cradling activity from chapter 8 of **Coming Back to Life** by Joanna Macy and Molly Brown; second edition, published 2014.*

Engagement



Engagement, the final core agreement, was approached through the practice of "Engaged Dis-Identifications" and the un-storying of selves.

This activity challenged us to step away from the stories we often tell about ourselves and the identities others place on us. It asked the question: who are we beyond the stories, beyond the categories, beyond our physical forms?

Sitting across a partner, each holding a piece of charcoal, draw each other on a piece of paper placed in front of you. The invitation for this drawing is that you will only look at each other's face, never at the paper.

For the duration of 10 mins, engage with the gaze as a form of touch, caress, loving attention. Travel slowly through each detail of your partner's face.

Resist the impulse to 'draw it well', 'finish the task properly' and allow yourself to just be immersed in the experience of each detail of their skin, as if travelling an unknown landscape for the first time.

Then join with another couple to form groups of four. Expand the circuit. You are now drawing your partner through the eyes of someone else. Close your own eyes and just feel your partner through the touch of another onto your back. From cosmovision to cosmosensation. What surfaces on the paper is between and beyond me, you, us.

This shift from "cosmovision" to "cosmosensation" allowed us to experience something beyond ourselves and each other, as the drawings became a collective, shared expression.

Beh. Mar caught something from the silly creatures around her. Hence - it's hard not to explode into hatred towards them. So it simmers. At this point, the most she can get out of this "descent into the UnderWorld" is watch herself turn into stone. So what, may it take over.

~

Hari was stronger than my hate.

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Hari was stronger than my hate.

~

I feel like I just fucked. But better. Now I know who I am. Hera. Funny how Hari lead me into this discovery, then accompanied and lead me out in the way out. And disappeared. But then, right before going back in - he looked

Mar, the Shapeshifter
notes from the underWorld

Mentors

"Before we start the journey," Lux said, "ask yourself, what would you like to get out of it?"
I don't want to be so lonely anymore, I thought.

"There is one thing you can do to achieve that. Ask for help. Look around. Find someone. And ask them to help you."

I swirled, unsure what to do. Asking strangers for help sounded weird... vulnerable... dangerous.

But then, the Samurai popped-out next to my shoulder, and I blabbered sooner than I managed to stop myself: "Would you help me?"

"With what?" he asked.

"Not to be so lonely anymore."

Samurai slowly nodded. "Yes," he said. "I can help with that."





Pairing-up participants for mutual mentorship on regular basis is empowering the “mentor” while giving extra focus on setting up and reaching up a learning goal.

1) **Individual work:** participants divide paper into 3 columns:

- a) What I excel at,
- b) What I am horrible at,
- c) What I would like to learn.

2) **Mingling process:** find a couple, share; name, country, what’s on your paper, explain. Exchange.

3) **Select a mentor:** create a couple in a sense you are mentor/mentee to each other. Everyone should be mentor to at least one and mentee to at least one.

4) **Set up a learning goal** and discuss them.

Mentor and mentee meet every day for at least 20 minutes to work on their learning goal. What is important: at the end, there needs to be a showcase, where mentees show what they have learned in any way they find fitting.

Coach - coachee journey:
Learning Goal presentation

I used to go to bars like I came straight off of the red carpet. My hand would shake when I would try to light my first cigarette. It was the only tell-tale sign that I felt the weight of how I looked. With each free shot it felt easier. I allowed so many dresses get dirty like this. So many of my faces stained with unwanted kisses. I humiliated myself, time and time again. But I was cold, and a fire is a fire. I couldn't have understood why it was like this. Not within these circumstances. So, by a wonderfully unexpected turn of events - I left.

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Sardegna had welcomed me with open arms and passionate kisses on my cheeks. They still didn't quite understand, but unlike back 'home' - they welcomed it. They enjoyed it. Enjoyed me. And then, by fate, I was brought to the ones that also understood.

I had been an abomination in Poland, a wonder in Cagliari, and a star in the circus. I kept finding out that just when I thought I'd finally reach the ceiling - there was none.

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It's still hard to forgive all those who allowed me to smear myself in shit all those years - not saying a word, only watching. But now I have a path to walk upon, with my head up high, dripping in gold, blood, sweat - whatever. I decide. I have things to do.

I chose to abandon all that I was To become all that I could be.

To allow myself to be all that I always was.

I'm standing in an open field. The hills around are watching over me, waiting for my next move. I let go of the noise of the past. I have sewing to do. My land isn't gonna flourish on it's own. I will make it so. There's no going back. May I be the lighthouse for the right ones. I will show up - with all my best.

(thanks to the coach)

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Coach

Mar, the Shapeshifter
notes from the underWorld

Entering the underWorld

As we stood before the caving entrance to the underWorld, Lux opened her bag. "Leave here what don't need," she invited us.

"But I need everything," I answered.

"Really? How about all the thoughts about your loneliness?"

"But I am lonely."

"Not now. You are here with us."

At that moment, Samurai took my hand and a warm feeling flushed all over me.

"Alright," I said. "I will give you that."

And in that moment, a sense of ease flowed over me.

Lux closed her bag and passed me a candle.

"What would you like to take with you?" she asked me.

"A sense of companionship," I answered. Samurai squeezed my hand stronger. She touched my heart.

And a candle burst into flames.

"You have to enter on your own," she told me.

"But then will I not be lonely again?" I asked.

"You won't. Because you are carrying the companionship with you."

With the light in my hand, I crossed the threshold to the underWorld... but I still felt the presence of those in front of me, and behind me... and inside of me. Candle light flickered and shined through the dark. And I knew I am their companion, and they are mine.





Symbolical entrance into the underWorld provides space for self-reflection and ritual transition from mundane to magical.

- Participants meet in a circle.
- They are invited to write on a paper **what they want to leave behind because it won't serve them during this journey**. It is collected in a bag so they can pick it up after emerging from the underWorld.
- Then, they turn off their digital devices (if you want to accompany this journey with disconnection).
- Everyone receives one candle with a paper on it. They write on a paper an intention of what they want to take with them to the underWorld to support them on the journey.
- They get dressed, and individually, they **light the candle and cross** the threshold of the door.
- They are invited for 5+ minutes of silence with themselves and their candles.

Embodying Fear & Shadow

"What is this place?" I asked as I was descending through the dark tunnel.

"It's called a journey of fear... and it is allowing you to feel all the things that are holding you back."

We walked, and walked, and walked for hours, and my chainmail was getting heavier and heavier.

"I can't go on," I said finally.

"I am not surprised, considering the heavy load you carry with you."

"What heavy load?" I wondered.

She pointed at my chainmail.

"But I need that," I said. "It is meant to protect me."

"Maybe," she said. "But it is also weighing you down. And you don't need it here."

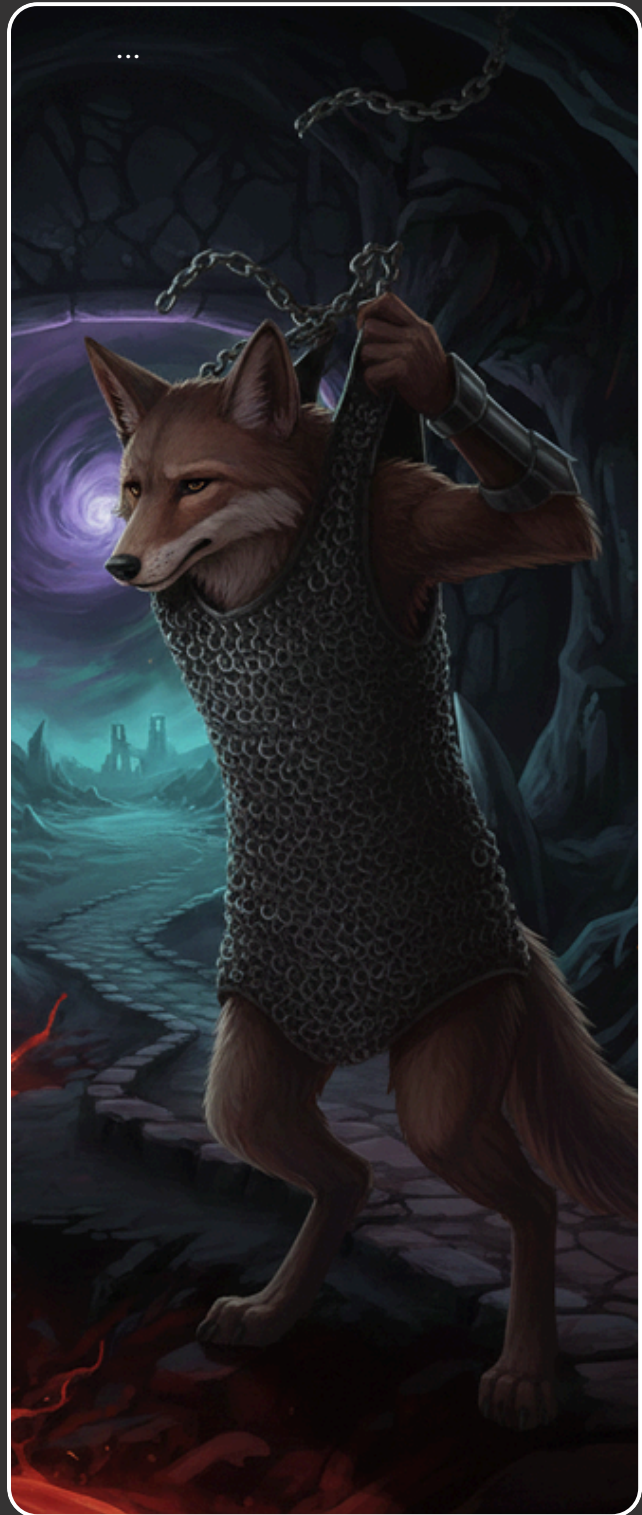
"Are you sure?"

"I know that."

I have decided to believe her.

And as I removed my armor, all my movements became lighter and livelier.

I jumped and quickly caught up with the rest of the group.



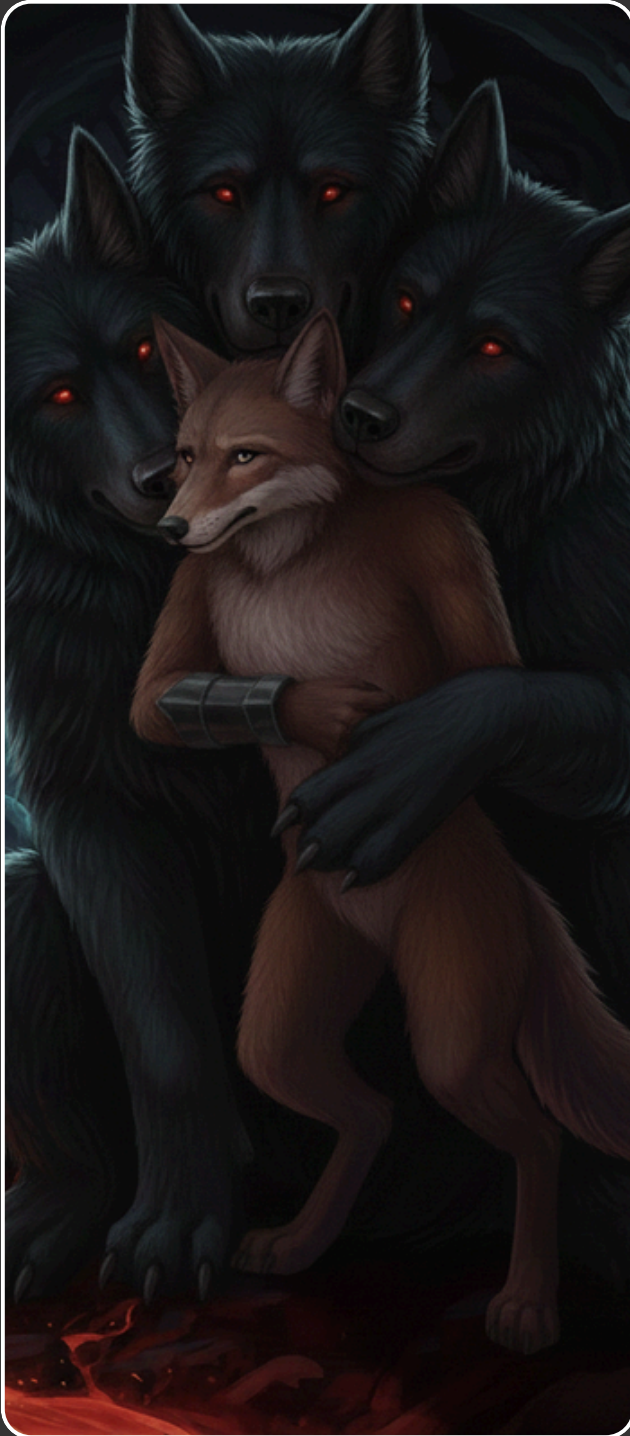
Combination of embodiment and journaling in order to explore inner blockages.

Every participant needs paper, pen, and a piece of clothes they will wear as a representation of their inner blockages.

- The activity explores light and shadow as metaphors for personal qualities.
- A rope divides the room into two spaces: **light** (representing qualities we control, like, or share) and **shadow** (representing repressed qualities and limiting beliefs).
- Participants spent 7 minutes in each space, reflecting on their feelings and exploring these aspects of themselves.
- In the integration part, the rope is removed, and participants are invited to interact with a T-shirt symbolising something constraining they were carrying.
- Through embodied approach, they explore how flexible these limitations could be and are prompted with questions about fear and its impact on decisions, relationships, and possibilities:
 - *What fears are unconsciously driving our decisions?*
 - *How do fears and insecurities create feedback loops in our lives?*
 - *What fears are limiting our possibilities of imagining otherwise?*
 - *What do fears do to our relationships?*
 - *When are fears generative?*
 - *What can fears teach?*
 - *How can we give each other courage and anchor to release clogged/clogging fears?*
- Participants write a positive sentence on a post-it that they would like to hear, related to the blockage, heaviness, or pain they were carrying.
- They then whisper these sentences to each other, allowing their imaginations to shift the narrative around their limiting beliefs or struggles.
- Finally, participants journal about how their bodies felt throughout the different steps of the activity.



Hugging the dragon



"There is a guardian of the underWorld we have to meet. Everyone has to meet him one by one," Lux told us. And they went, one after another, until it was my turn.

A three-headed dog as big as a horse pop-up in front of my eyes, and I almost squealed in terror. "What's my name!" he shouted.

"I don't know?" I answered, crouching. "What's my name?" he screamed again, but this time less loud.

"Fear!" I shouted.

And he nodded his three heads. "When was I your enemy?" he asked.

"When I wanted to say to people I want to live with them, but I was too afraid to do so," I answered.

"Yes," he sat on the ground. "And when was I your friend?"

"Well.. I remember this group of nomads who joined me at the fire, but tried to rob me in my sleep... but I was too afraid to sleep, and I was only pretending... and that's what saved me."

"Yes. Will you hug me now?" the scary three-headed dog asked, and I nodded:

"Yes, I will hug you."

And in his warm, strong, fluffy embrace full of saliva dripping on my shoulders from his three big muzzles, I understood that fear can be both my friend, and my enemy.

Just like anything else.





An activity combining a larp/game and psychodrama, allowing people to integrate part of themselves they were rejecting up until now. You need some people representing “dragons”. You also need soft larp weapons, or any sort of equipment that allows safe “fight” with no-one getting hurt.

- Participants are informed they have 3 lives.
- They are informed there are dragons around (with any form of fairy tale narration fitting your context) that they have to defeat.
- They have to be encountering them individually, one by one.
- Careful, dragons have magical powers.

Instructions for Dragons

- You represent anything that is repressed in the player. Any fear, anger, anything they reject, or don't like about themselves.
- You are immortal. The only way to defeat you is described below.
- As a player is approaching, you can be growling at them slightly, because no matter what, you have been ignored and molested by them up until now, as you represent something they reject in themselves.

- Otherwise, your main task is to mirror the player's behavior. If they go mild, you can calm down. If they attack, you attack stronger.
- In any case, you keep shouting at them: "What is my name?"
- You don't accept any other answer apart from something in line of "my fear, my prejudice, my self-judgement, my hate, my anger, etc."
- Even if they say "you are part of me", you keep shouting "What is my name?" because you want to know specifics.
- If the player answers "correctly" (aka, you believe what they are saying), you ask "When was I your enemy?" You want to hear a very short story from their life when this quality (anger, fear, hate, anything) caused them problems.
- If the player again answer "correctly", you ask them: "When was I your friend?" You want to hear about a situation when the very same quality was useful for the player.

Instructions for Sage

- Sage is any form of wise person. Adapt according to your narration.
- Participants are going to sage if they died, defeated all the dragons, or simply don't know what to do.
- If dead participants come, sage asks them: "What happened?" and gives them a chance to resurrect and defeat the dragon.
- To resurrect, they have to answer a riddle: "If you say my name, I am no longer here." (**silence**)
- After that, sage points them to 3 mirrors that would support them and invites them to bring a journal with them.

- If they answer correctly, you ask: "Will you hug me?" Hopefully, they say yes, and you give them a long supportive hug. They are just hugging something they were rejecting about themselves for a very long time.
- If they don't want to hug you, that is fine. You are already tamed.
- Player should defeat all available **dragons**, each one of them with a different quality (aka, every dragon should have a different name).
- When they defeat all the dragons or when they don't know what to do, they should go to **sage**.
- If player is either aggressive or stuck (in any phase), dragon should kill them quickly.
- If you struggle defeat player through skills, simply shout "fireball, you loose 3 lives" and kill them with a magic.
- If the same player comes to you repeatedly, you can try to coach them and support them in discovering the answers.

Mirrors

- It is good to place following questions at the mirrors, so participants can be looking at themselves while trying to answer.
- They should follow a given order of mirrors, because it is the same order in which they are answering dragon's questions.

Mirror of Shame

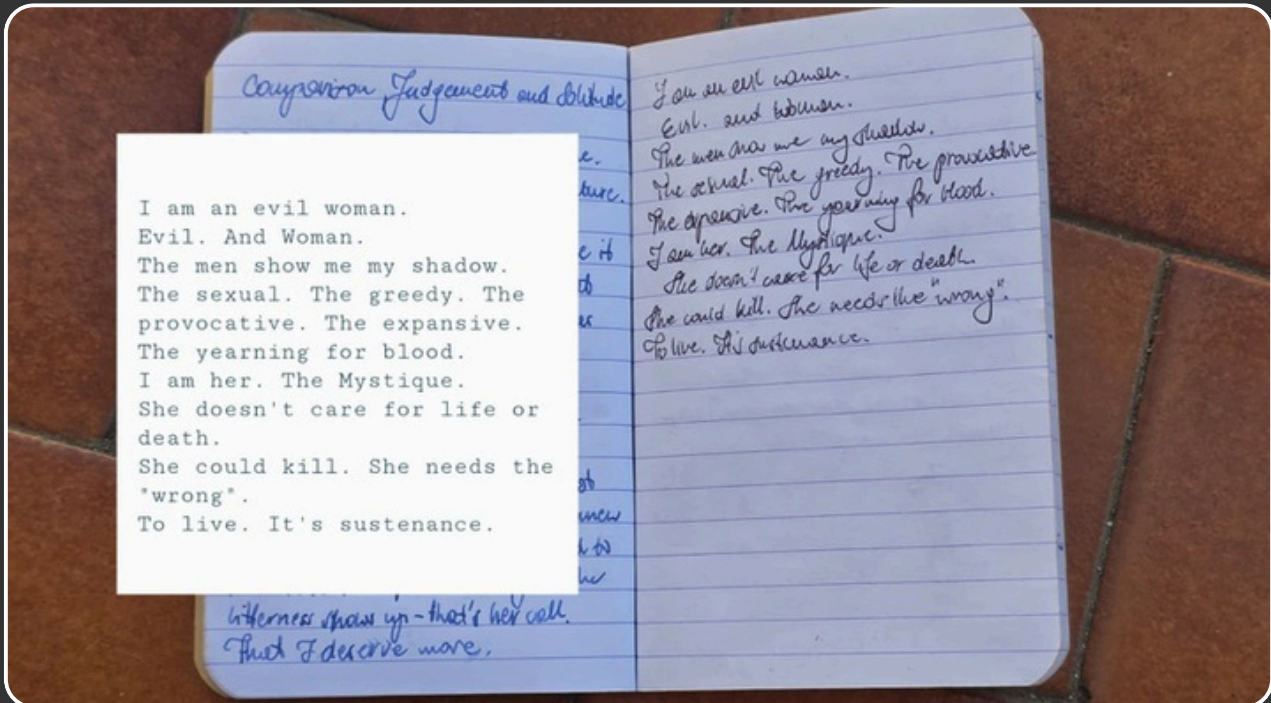
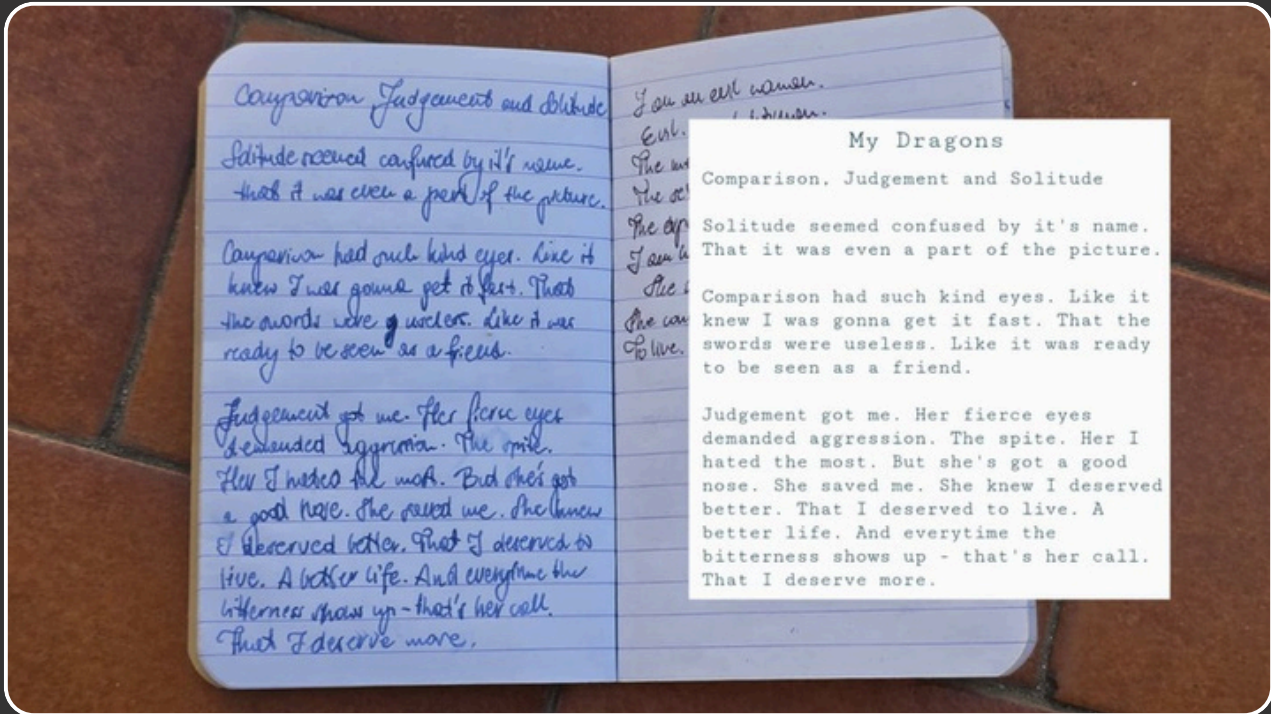
- **"What is the name of the dragons you are looking at?"**
- Write down everything you dislike about yourself.
- Don't be restrained only by physical appearance, think about characteristics as well.

Mirror of Truth

- **“This is your past. One picture for every situation when dragons inside you arose and were your enemy. Watch it carefully.”**
- Recall at least one moment for every bad feature Mirror of Shame revealed to you. Recall it in detail and full colors. Write every moment down.
- If you cannot recall a situation for any of your “features”, scratch it. You are deceiving yourself. You are better than you think.

Mirror of Unseen

- **“When was the dragon your friend? Find a situation where it was helpful.”**
- Recall at least one moment when your dragon was useful. Recall it in detail and full colours. Write every moment down.
- If you cannot recall a situation for any of your “features”, think harder. Think what is hidden behind the feature.
- When you are finished, you are ready to confront the dragons torturing the plane.



Mar, the Shapeshifter
notes from the underWorld

Giving back the burden

As we rested for the night, I opened my eyes and walked into an open field. And there they were, shadows of jackals, a woman and a man. *My mom and dad*, I knew, even though I have never see them alive.

I ran to them, falling on my knees, crying: "Why? Why did you leave me alone in this world?"

My mom leaned to me, and petted me on the face. "Such a heavy burden you must carry with yourself.

Burden which was never yours to take.

All this loneliness, just because you are trying to find us. But we are dead.

Stop searching, and start to live. Now, here, little one. Just give it back. Give this burden back." I bowed to them. "You are my mother and father. You gave me life. But I need to go my own way now. I need to live my life."

"Thanks for giving this burden back," they told me, "because it is ours, not yours. And go live your live. You have our blessing."





This activity comes from systemic therapy, and requires a proper after care. Participants are working in groups. Each one of them needs several stones to hold (heavy enough to feel their weight). This practice allows to release subconscious patterns.

This activity is about connecting with anything that we carry with ourselves in our lives, but it doesn't serve us, and it doesn't belong to us (aka, it was inserted there when we were young, possibly by our parents, but maybe also by ex-partners, grandparents, etc.).

To connect with this quality, you can open the session with a simple visualisation to let participants get in touch with that quality which is weighting them down.

It is ok if participants don't have a clear idea of what that is. The main thing is to connect with it on an energetic level.

Visualisation

Sit or lie down comfortably.

If you are ok with that, close your eyes. Otherwise, choose one spot and keep focusing on it.

Take three deep breaths in your own pace.

Feel all the points of contact with the ground. You feel as if your body was getting heavier and heavier. As if it would be slowly sinking to the floor...

You are finding yourself in the forest. It is a beautiful day and you are on a hike.

- In the group, participants decide who goes first.
- The first one needs to know to whom they want to return the burden. Let's say they want to return it to their parents.
- Participants choose two other people, asking them to represent their mother and father.
- Participants stands in front of them, holding the stones in their hands. They represent the burden.
- When the participant is ready, they say: "This doesn't belong to me. I took it from you out of love. But I need to live my life. So I am giving it back. Please, look at me kindly."
- The participant places the stones in front of the legs of the person they are returning the burden to. They can split the burden between more people. They can even keep part of the stones, saying: "I am keeping this with me, because I am not ready to let it go."

What do you see around yourself? What sort of trees? What colors? Flowers? Animals? What do you hear and smell?

You are at the foothill, and you know you want to reach its top before the nightfall.

You hoist up your backpack and start to climb up. It is a nice journey, but you are not moving as quickly as you would like to. The backpack is heavier and heavier. In the midday, it feels like a bunch of stones on yours back. But you keep dragging yourself up. But with this backpack, it is harder and harder. You sweat. You pant. And you already see, you will never get on the top like this.

Finally, completely exhausted, you take the backpack off, sit down, and start to search through it. You take out your loves, your dreams... and suddenly you see it. That big and heavy thing. That is not yours! To whom does it belong? To your mom? Dad? Sibling? Someone else?

You took it from them, because you loved them so much, and wanted to help... but it so so heavy...

- Parents (aka anyone who is receiving) is answering: "Thanks for returning it. I bless you."
- Representatives of parents (or anyone else) leave the constellation and shake themselves a bit (wash your face or drink water if you still feel in the heavy energy). Participant takes the stones out of the room, back to the nature.
- Then, they group up and share: "How was it for you? How do you feel? What do you need?"
- If there are heavy feelings left, call for a facilitator to provide you an emotional support.
- When everyone is ready, they can shift roles in the group.

And you understand now. Either you are going to give it back, or you will never reach the top.

Take the thing into your hands. Look at it closely. What does it look like? What is its shape? Smell? What is its weight?

Hold it in your hands. Soon, you are going to return it to the owner.

Now, leave the hill, and slowly return back here. Wiggle your toes and fingers a bit. Take a three deep breaths... and in your own pace, return to this room. Whenever you will be ready, you can open your eyes.

Threshold walk

We stood in front of a narrow path disappearing between the trees.
“No dragons this time?” I asked, scanning the shadows.
Lux smiled. “No. This time, you meet yourself without armor. Without fight. Only with steps.”
I looked down. My boots were dusty. My hands slightly trembling. Samurai stood behind me, but did not touch me this time.
“You have to walk it alone,” she said softly.
“And what if nothing happens?” I growled.
“Oh, something will,” she answered. “The threshold always changes the one who crosses it.”
I swallowed.
“What if I meet the jackal again?”
“You will,” she said. “And this time, he will not run.”
I stepped forward. The air felt different. Thicker. Alive.
With every step, memories flickered like shadows between the trees.
The loneliness. The anger. The hunger to belong.
Halfway through the path, I heard it — a soft rustle.
Out of the bushes stepped the jackal. Not wild. Not snarling. Just watching me.
“You left me behind,” he said.
“I thought I had to,” I answered.

“You left because you were afraid people would see me.”
“I was afraid they would see too much.”
The jackal tilted his head.
“I am your instinct. Your survival. Your sensitivity. Your sharp nose for truth. Without me, you are tame. But with me, you are alive.”
I knelt. For the first time, I did not try to dominate him. Nor escape.
“I don’t want to be alone anymore,” I whispered.
“You are not,” he replied. “But you must carry me consciously. Not as a shadow. As a companion.”
He stepped closer. Pressed his forehead to mine.
And then he was gone.
When I reached the end of the path, Lux was waiting.
“You crossed,” she said.
“Yes.”
“And?”
“I did not leave anything behind,” I answered slowly. “I integrated it.”
She nodded.
“Welcome back.”



A ritualised silent walk marking transition from one inner state to another. This practice creates a liminal space between “who I was” and “who I am becoming.”

This activity has two parts: walk and sharing.

Walk

For the walk, participants are given a very specific timeframe (2-4 hours) in which they will go for an individual walk. They are instructed:

- Make an intention, i.e.: “I want to take a look at my loneliness” or “I want to find happiness,” etc.
- Go alone. Don’t take any headphones, or book, or music, nothing that would disturb you (but take your phone for safety purposes).

Sharing

You need at least 1 guide per group. The group ideally has up to 8 people.

- The sharing has 2 parts: the story, and mirroring.

Story

- In the sharing part, you tell us how was your experience. If you want, you can also share your intention.
- You are sharing it a bit as a fairytale.
- You have max. 5 minutes for sharing.

- When you find a good spot (usually in between 2 trees), draw an imaginary threshold and cross it.
- At that moment, drop any intention and thoughts, and just follow your intuition. Walk where you walk, do anything you want, but stay attentive and aware. Pay attention to nature and what it is telling you.
- When you will feel you had enough, cross the threshold back (ideally the same one, but if needed, you can draw a new one).
- Return back home. After lunch, there will be sharing.

Mirroring

- Everyone can share what they heard when listening to your story.
- We are sharing from the position of Authentic relating: "When listening to you, I was imagining..."
- We are welcoming metaphors, i.e. "When listening to you, I was imagining Alice in Wonderland searching for her lost parents..."
- Prevent yourself from judgements like "good", "bad", "lovely story", etc. But you can share i.e. "I felt sad while listening to you..."
- Let people reach their own conclusions from the mirroring.
- Max. 5 minutes for the mirroring.

Bel. Mar caught me... ally creatures around her. Hence - it's hard not to explode into hysterics towards them. So it amuses. At this point, the most she can get out of this "d... into UnderWorld" is watch her... into stone. So what, may it take...

~
 Her was stronger than my hate.

~
 I feel like I just fucked. But I know who I am. I am Hera. Funny how Hari lead me into this... then accompanied and lead me on the way out. And disappeared. But then, right before going back in - he looked over. To make sure that I remember. And that I will remember, even without his guidance.

The Threshold Walk

I feel like I just fucked. But better. Now I know who I am. I am **Hera**. Funny how Hari lead me into this discovery, then accompanied me and lead me on the way out. And disappeared. But then, right before going back in - he looked over. To make sure that I remember. And that I will remember, even without his guidance.

Incredible. I couldn't have thought of how to play it out better myself. Thank you, my dear Eternal. I have your job to do. I'm here for it. Bring it on.

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...the way. I knew I wanted to do a workshop. From the jump. I had come a long way since then - doubt, rejection, bitterness, all of my most awful shades of self. But it turns out that that was exactly the way. And - perfectly enough - I have time to prepare. I need to pick out the music. And think of the story. This is the Shapeshifter regaining the connection with it's purpose. Well, that was easy - before I wrote that sentence I was gonna write that I need to think of a storyline. Now I got it already. Maybe we should do it as our characters.

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Mar, the Shapeshifter
 notes from the underWorld

Authentic movement

I did not like the idea.
“Move... without knowing what I am doing?” I asked.
Lux nodded. “Yes.”
“That sounds stupid.”
Samurai stood across the space. Still.
Upright. Watching.
“You will be seen,” she said.
I felt my fur rise. Seen? Without armor?
Without strategy?
“No weapons?”
“No weapons.”
“No performance?”
“No performance.”
I stepped into the center of the room.
The ground was cold under my paws.
“Close your eyes,” Lux whispered.
“Let the movement come from inside.”
I shut my eyes.
At first, nothing happened. Only tension.
My shoulders tight. Jaw clenched.
Breath shallow. I could feel Samurai’s presence like a blade — sharp, precise, unmoving.
He was not judging.
But he was witnessing.
And that was worse.
My body wanted to pose. To look strong.
To look wild. To look in control.
Instead, my right paw twitched.
Ridiculous.

Then my head tilted slightly to the side.
As if listening.
Listening to what?
A low growl escaped my chest.
Not aggressive. Just... there.
My spine curved. I felt the familiar crouch of survival. The readiness to run. To attack. To disappear.
But no one was attacking.
No one was chasing.
So the movement shifted.
My paws began circling the space slowly.
Not hunting. Exploring. Sniffing the invisible air. My shoulders rolled.
My tail flickered behind me.
Memories moved through my muscles — nights alone, guarding fire; mornings waking up ready to defend; the constant scanning of danger.
My body shook suddenly.
A tremor from my chest outward.
I wanted to stop.
Samurai inhaled softly. I heard it.
He was still there.
Not intervening. Not correcting.
Witnessing.
The tremor became larger.
My knees softened. My chest opened unexpectedly. A strange sound came out — not a growl this time, but something closer to a whine.

Lonely.
The word moved through my spine.
I curled inward, forehead almost touching
the floor.
There it was. The small jackal.
Not the survivor. Not the scavenger.
Just the one who wanted warmth.
Silence.
My breathing slowed.
Without planning it, my body rolled onto
its back — exposing the softest part of me.
The belly. The throat.
Total vulnerability.
My heart pounded.
Samurai did not move.
He did not attack.
He did not look away.
And in his steady witnessing,
something inside me reorganized.
My paws stretched upward.
My chest expanded.
A long exhale.
The movement grew taller.
I rose slowly.
Vertebra by vertebra.
When I opened my eyes,
Samurai was still standing there.
But his gaze was different.
Softer.
“What did you see?”
I asked, my voice low.
He answered carefully.
“I saw strength pretending
to be hardness.”
I swallowed.
“And then?”
“I saw fear shaking itself into truth.”





Authentic movement practice allows you to research any topic though body, in less rational and more intuitive way. It can unblock you.

Make pairs, and divide A & B.
 A is the Mover. Their task is to connect with any topic (or no topic) they want to explore (*i.e., fear, shadow, love, anything they reject within themselves, etc.*).
 B is the Observer. Their task is to be 100% present with their Mover, paying full attention to them as well as to what they are experiencing within themselves while observing.
 As they begin, A is invited to close their eyes and start to move, following any inner impulses they have, without overthinking anything. They are allowing their body to move. B is observing.

Note: Any music might be distracting, or framing the experience.
 Might be better to do this in silence.

After 5- 30 minutes, A is invited to stop.
 A shares with B how they felt and what they went through. B is actively listening (no interruption, no questions, no talking) for 2- 10 minutes.
 Then B is sharing their experience, focusing on what they went through (feeling-wise, body-wise, thought-wise), avoiding any sort of judgement or advice to A. A is actively listening for 2-10 minutes.

Then the roles switch.

Orpheus's journey

They say Orpheus descended
to the underworld for love.
I descended because something
inside me was already dead.
Lux told me once:
"You don't know what you are searching
for. But your body does."
So this time, it was not Euridice I was
following. It was a scent.
A faint, almost forgotten scent.
Warm fur.
Ash.
Milk.
Home.
They set the path.
A beginning.
An end.
Samurai stood behind me.
Not touching.
Not speaking.
Just watching.
"I am Jack," I said out loud.
"My own Orpheus."
And I began to walk.
Slowly.
The ground felt unstable.
Each step pulled memories out of the soil.
A burning city.
A rifle in my hands.
A night I pretended not to cry.

I could feel something behind me.
Not a woman.
Not a ghost.
A smaller version of me.
The cub.
The one who did not survive the world
— the one who adapted into teeth
and cynicism and solitude.
Was he following?
I could not hear him.
I could not see him.
Only silence behind my back.
And that silence was unbearable.
"What if nothing is there?"
"What if I invented him?"
"What if I am alone even inside myself?"
My shoulders tightened.
My jaw locked.
I wanted to turn.
Just to check.
Just to make sure.
But Lux's voice echoed somewhere
in my spine:
"Don't look back before you reach
the surface."
The walk became heavier.
Every step forward felt like betrayal.
If I didn't look — was I abandoning him again?
If I did look — would he disappear?

The threshold was close.
I could almost smell daylight.
My heart pounded.
The anxiety was not about losing him.
It was about discovering whether
he was ever there.
Three steps from the line — I stopped.
My neck burned with the urge to turn.
And I didn't.
One more step.
Two.
And I crossed.
Only then — slowly — I turned around.
There he was.
Not fading.
Not smiling like Euridice.
Just standing.
Small.
Wild-eyed.
Waiting.
"You didn't look," he said.
"I wanted to," I answered.
"But you didn't."
"No."
He walked toward me.
"You keep thinking I am your weakness,"
he said. "But I am your grief."
"And?"
"And grief is proof that you loved."

He pressed his forehead to my chest.
And instead of disappearing, he merged.
Not erased.
Integrated.
When Samurai shared later, she said:
"I saw a body resisting collapse.
I saw a spine fighting the past.
I saw someone choosing trust over
control."
I nodded.
Orpheus lost Euridice because
he could not tolerate uncertainty.
I did not lose my cub because
I finally could.



Orpheus Journey is a Psychodrama that allows you to research your subconscious through a narrative framework.

- Form trios.
- Decide roles:
 - A – Orpheus → the one walking
 - B – Euridice → what follows (vulnerability, grief, rejected part, etc.)
 - C – Observer (Hades) → silent observer
- Before starting, step into the role by saying out loud:
 - “I am Orpheus.”
 - “I am Euridice.”
 - (The Witness does not need to enter a role verbally.)
- Define a starting point (underworld) and an ending line (surface/daylight).

The Walk – Round 1

- Orpheus walks slowly towards the end line, focusing on their body and inner processes. They may look back at any time — or not. Notice what happens inside when you feel uncertainty about what is behind you.
- Euridice follows at their own pace, as they feel it. They may come close, stay far, slow down, or stop. Do not speak. Notice what it feels like to follow (or not).
- Observer observes silently, staying grounded in their own body (sovereignty). Pay attention to changes in pace, hesitations, body tension, moments of impulse. Avoid interpretation. Stick to the observable facts.

Sharing After Round 1

- Gather together.
- **Orpheus** shares first:
 - What was happening inside?
 - When did I want to look back?
 - What did I feel at the end?
- **Euridice** shares:
 - What was your experience following?
 - When did you feel connected/disconnected?
- **Observer** shares:
 - "I saw..."
 - "I noticed..."
 - No interpretation or advice.

The Walk – Round 2

Repeat the journey.

- It can be faster or slower.
- Orpheus may choose differently this time.
- Sharing can be shorter.

Then rotate roles so everyone experiences each position.

Embodiment Closure

After finishing your role:

- Draw an imaginary circle around yourself.
- Step out of it physically.
- Shake your body gently.
- Say out loud: "I am (say your name)."

This helps release the role.



Iron code

I sat alone by the fire. Samurai was sharpening his blade nearby, but he did not speak. He knew this was not a night for conversation.

All my life, I survived by instinct.

By teeth.

By running first and asking later.

But survival is not a code.

It is a reflex.

If I was to walk differently now — not just away from loneliness, but toward something — I needed something stronger than reflex.

I needed my Iron Code.

I looked into the flames.

Who am I, when I am not defending?

What do I stand for, when I am not hiding?

What do I protect — and what do I refuse to carry anymore?

The jackal inside me circled the fire.

"You are not just hunger," he said.

"You are direction."

So I spoke. Slowly. Hammering each word inside my chest before letting it out.

"Fear can guide me, but it does not rule me.

Loneliness is a signal, not my identity.

Vulnerability is not weakness — it is courage without armor.

*I walk with my shadow, not against it.
I choose connection over isolation.
I stand present, even when I want to run.*

*To transform survival into belonging.
To protect what is alive — in me
and in others.
To build fire where there was only
wasteland.*

*I do not abandon myself to be accepted.
I do not carry burdens that are not mine.
I do not silence my instincts when they
whisper truth.*

*I listen before I attack.
I sense danger without becoming it.
I endure.
I adapt.
I return to center."*

Not poetry for beauty.
But poetry for structure.
And when I was done, I carved it into the metal.
Not because I would never forget.
But because I might.
And iron remembers better than fear.

Samurai read the metal plate in silence. He nodded once. "This is not armor," he said.

"No," I answered.

"It is a lighthouse."

And for the first time, I did not feel like I needed to snarl to exist.



Iron Code is a poetic method allowing person to anchor a key guideline they want to follow in life in a way that is both meaningful for them, and easy to remember.

This is an individual reflective and poetic practice. The Iron Code is a short structured poem that defines your internal compass. It is not a performance piece. It is a declaration to yourself.

1. Preparation

- Take paper and pen.
- Find a quiet space.
- Take 3 slow breaths.
- Ask yourself:
 - Who am I becoming?
 - What do I stand for?
 - What must I no longer tolerate?
- Avoid overthinking. Let phrases come from sensation rather than intellect.

2. Structure of the Iron Code

Your Iron Code can include any of the four elements:

Affirmations (Beliefs)

- What do you deeply believe about yourself or life?
- Who are you choosing to be?

Purpose

- What are you here to do?
- What direction are you moving toward?

Boundaries

- What do you refuse?
- What are your non-negotiables?

Skills

- What strengths do you already carry?

3. Writing Guidelines

- Keep it concise (haiku length is ideal).
- Use present tense.
- Avoid explanation.
- Make it simple, strong, and embodied.
- If it feels slightly scary to claim — you are close to truth.

4. Optional Ritualization

You may:

- Read it silently to yourself.
- Stand while reading it.
- Speak it once aloud.
- Fold the paper and keep it with you.

No applause.

No feedback unless requested.

This is not about sounding impressive.

It is about building internal structure.

Integration Questions

After writing, journal briefly:

- Which line felt the strongest?
- Which line felt the hardest to write?
- Where in your body do you feel this code?

The Iron Code is not armor. It is the spine you build so you no longer need to fight to feel solid.

Return to the surface

The cave was quieter than when we entered. Not because it was empty — but because something inside me had stopped screaming.

Lux stood near the exit. Samurai beside her. And in front of the threshold, two figures waited. Tall. Still. One holding scales. The other wrapped in shadow. Guardians of the gate.

“Anubis,” Lux whispered. “Anput.”

I swallowed.

“I thought we already did the hard part.”

Samurai shook his head gently.

“Integration is not complete until it can speak.”

The air was different near the doorway. Lighter. But sharper. Like truth before dawn.

Anubis stepped forward. His eyes were ancient.

“Who are you?” he asked.

The old reflex almost answered: Survivor. Jackal. Loner.

But that was not the code I forged in fire.

I stood straighter. “I am Jack,” I said.

“I walk with my fear, not ruled by it. I

choose connection over isolation.

I protect life — including my own.”

Anubis did not nod. He only stepped aside.

Anput approached. She did not ask

immediately. She stepped closer — and

I felt it. She became smaller. Curled.

Lonely. My old shame.

My hunger for belonging. The cub I tried to bury.

She looked at me with my own eyes.

“Who am I?” she asked softly.

My throat tightened. “You are my loneliness,” I said. “You are the part of me that believed I was unwanted.”

She tilted her head. “Will you hug me?”

The old Jack would have snarled.

Dominated. Turned away.

Instead, I stepped forward. “Yes.”

I wrapped my arms around her. And she was warm. Not monstrous. Not dangerous.

Just... human. When I let go, she was no longer separate.

Anubis spoke again: “Why do you want to return?”

The surface was visible now — light touching the edge of stone.

“Because I am not escaping anymore,”

I answered. “I am bringing what I found

here. I bring courage without armor.

I bring fire where there was wasteland.

I bring companionship

— and I will build it.”

The guardians stepped aside.

I crossed.

The sun did not blind me this time.

And for the first time, I was not leaving something behind.

I was carrying it consciously.



This is a ritualized threshold-crossing marking integration and return. Participants leave the underworld one by one.

Two guardians hold the threshold:

- **Anubis** – Guardian of Truth and Declaration
- **Anput** – Guardian of Shadow and Integration

Silence is held throughout the ritual.

Preparation

- Define a clear threshold line (doorway, marked line, symbolic gate). Anubis and Anput stand before it.
- Participants wait in silence until called.
- Before stepping forward, reconnect briefly with your Iron Code poem.

1. Crossing the Threshold

- Participant steps forward alone.
- They stand in front of Anubis first.

2. Question of Identity

- Anubis asks: “Who are you?”
- Participant responds with a self-declaration. This should be connected to their Iron Code.
- Anubis silently acknowledges and steps aside.

3. Question of the Shadow

- Anput steps forward. They embody, mirror, or subtly reflect one of the participant's previously rejected qualities.
- Anput asks: "Who am I?"
- Participant names the rejected or previously denied part: "You are my fear", "You are my anger", "You are my loneliness," etc.
- Anput then asks: "Will you hug me?"
- Participant may choose how they will react.
- If participant refuses, that is allowed. The guardian does not force.

4. Question of Purpose

- Anubis asks the final question: "Why do you want to go back?"
- Participant answers with purpose: What are they bringing to the world, what are they building, what are they choosing to embody, etc. This must reflect their purpose from the Iron Code.

5. Crossing

- Participant steps fully across the threshold.
- They pause for one breath.
- Then they move to the integration space in silence.

Aftercare & Integration (optional)

Once all participants have crossed, gather in a circle for a short reflection:

- What was it like to declare yourself?
- What was it like to face your shadow publicly?
- What changed in your body after crossing?

Facilitator ensures emotional grounding before closing.

The Way Back

I've made it out of the UnderWorld. I have left my companions behind as we parted ways - each in the direction where they belong. I have embarked on my journey back home. 'Home'. What a tricky concept. Like our cabin in Habfi didn't feel like home? Please. I already miss my beast. I miss our duties. Even though I have a hard time now imagining my place in our troupe. 'The Queen'. but somehow not the first one to represent it. Or? If someone asked for the most vibrant member, most noticeable, most distinct - who would it be? Who, other than me? Can I finally allow myself this? What's the point of holding it back at this point? I found out all I could to encourage me. I am her. She is me.

I've made it out of the UnderWorld. I have left my companions behind as we parted ways - each in the direction where they belong. I have embarked on my journey back home. 'Home'. What a tricky concept. Like our cabin in Habfi didn't feel like home? Please. I already miss my beast. I miss our duties. Even though I have a hard time now imagining my place in our troupe. 'The Queen'. but somehow not the first one to represent it. Or? If someone asked for the most vibrant member, most noticeable, most distinct - who would it be? Who, other than me? Can I finally allow myself this? What's the point of holding it back at this point? I found out all I could to encourage me. I am her. She is me.

We are Goddess Queen.

Mar, the Shapeshifter
notes from the underWorld

A Story from underWorld

Meeting my shadow

I had a dream.

And in this dream, I was walking down
a curvy mountain path,
leading into a forest.

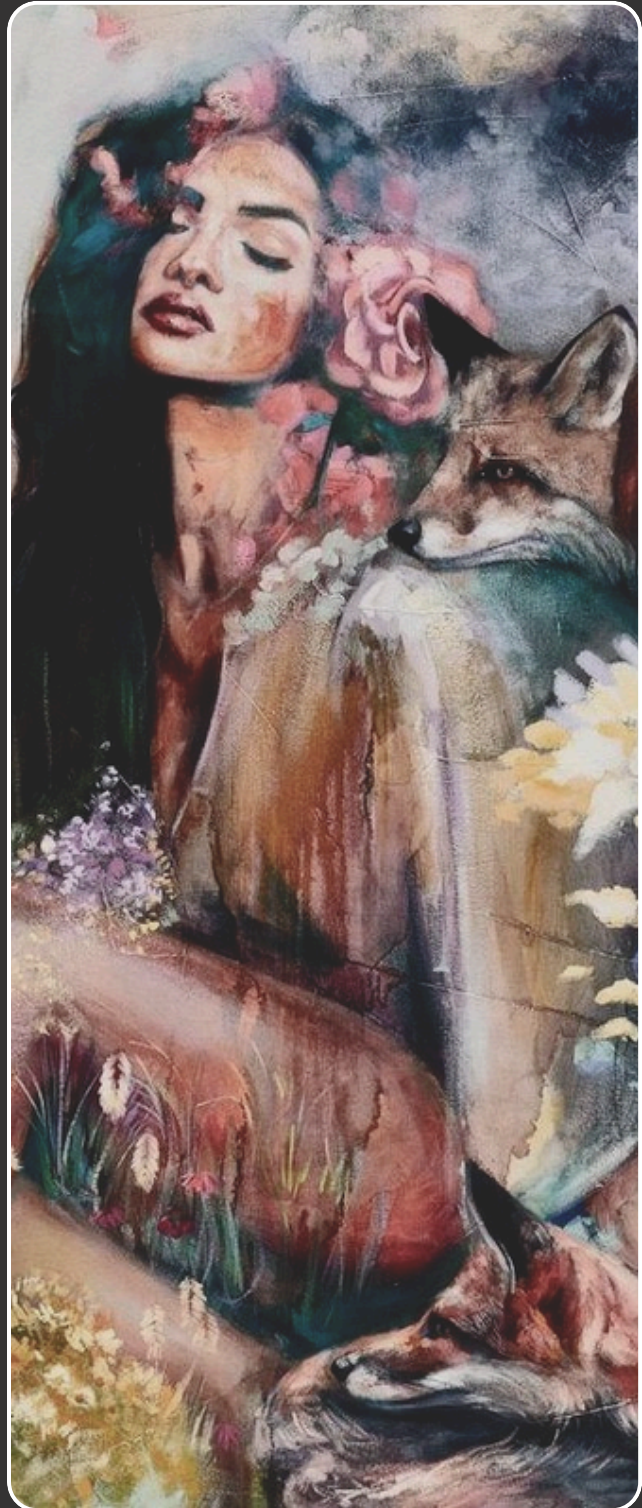
I was walking with the moonlight
on my back and my shadow in front
of me, guiding the way.

The air smelled like the ground smells
right after it rains.

I could hear a stream of water somewhere
in the distance. It was a powerful stream,
with a roar that oozed danger.

I could hear wolves howling
in the distance, their howls sending
shivers down my spine.

When suddenly the air got cold
and I felt scared.
I knew something was about to happen.



And right in that moment, my shadow started to change its shape. Its shape started to resemble more of a hairy creature than a human. Its fingers growing long claws. And it grew bigger, bigger than me, bigger than the road ahead of me, until it spread all across the path and into the forest, reaching the tops of the trees.

I stopped.

I could feel the coldness of the air reaching my heart. I could feel the uncontrolled power of the creature behind me. Then, the creature started to scream, like a child screams when it needs to be heard.

I woke up with my heart racing and my palms sweating, but I knew what I needed to do. I put on my coat and started my quest to meet with this creature.

I walked towards the nearest mountain, but right at its edge, I encountered a little demon. It looked quite friendly, so I decided to walk past it. But the closer I got, the bigger it grew. Its growls telling me this is not my path to take. And then, somewhere in the distance, I heard a river calling me.

So I turned around and dived into a forest, a forest so dense, its branches were scratching my face, leaving a scent of my blood in the air. I continued until I reached a point where I had to dig my hands into the wet ground and crawl. Crawl and crawl and crawl some more. And somewhere in my crawling, I became a predator.

The forest around me gained new colours, sounds, and scents. I felt one with the forest. And when I opened my mouth, I began to sing. I sang like I have never sang before, strong and powerful. Loud.

I became a singing predator, encountering new mountains to climb. And each time, they were taller and taller until I reached the tallest one. At the top of it, I sang once more. And in my singing, I became lighter, softer inside, my legs longer.

In my singing, I became my own prey. A doe. And I ran. I ran as fast as I could, and as far as I could, until I could run no more. And when I could run no more, I fell to the ground and I surrendered to the power of my breath.

In and out.
In and out.
In and out.

When once again, I could feel my hands. But they were smaller, much smaller, like the hands of a child. I began to laugh, laugh at the joy of life. And as a child, I continued my quest.

The journey was longer, with such short legs, but also more colourful. I was playful, wandering until I reached a strange place. A labyrinth of a sort, with three entrances. This labyrinth was guarded by a little elf. I sensed he could and wanted to help me to choose the right entrance, but only after I played a game of hide and seek with him.

I understood in that moment that one doesn't have to do all by themselves, and so I chose to be helped by him.

Only one path would lead me to the river that was calling me. The adventurous one, for the wanderers brave of heart.

I reached the river, having grown back into my full strength on this adventurous path. I took off my clothes and entered the freezing river, and in her freezing flow, the ice around my heart melted.

I could feel the river's strength in her stream.
Her playfulness by observing the curls and little dances on her surface.
I followed her flow and felt her curiosity.
I looked in the distance and admired her courage to never stop exploring.
And finally I could hear her voice, her powerful voice. And so we sang together.

I was the forest, and now I became the water too. I absorbed her powers and made them mine.

My strength is my power.
My playfulness is my power.
My curiosity is my power.
My courage is my power.
My voice is my power.
And my power is my friend.

I had a dream.

And in this dream I was walking down a curvy mountain path leading into a forest.

I was walking with the moonlight on my back and my shadow in front of me, guiding the way.

The air smelled like the ground smells right after it rains.

I could hear a stream of water somewhere in the distance. It was a powerful stream with a roar that oozed respect.

I could hear wolves singing in the distance, their beautiful tones sending shivers down my spine, when suddenly the air got cold and I knew something was about to happen.

But this time I wasn't scared. I was curious.

And right in that moment my shadow started to change its shape. Its hair growing long and strong, its muscles forming beautiful shapes. And it grew bigger, bigger than me, bigger than the road ahead of me. Until it spread all across the path and into the forest, reaching the tops of the trees.

I stopped. And I smiled.

I could feel the amazing power of the creature behind me. And then, the creature started to laugh, like a woman laughs when she knows that she's loved.

And from that moment me and my power walked together.

Barbora Dušková,
participant of underWorld

A journey into the Underworld.

I went on a journey.
To the place called **the Underworld**.
It is a home of the Unknown.
It's pretty dark and it's cold.

I didn't want to go, it felt awful and scary.
I fought and I cried. Is it really
nessecary?!
But I couldn't ignore it. The call was real.
**Something deep within me
was calling to heal.**

There was something really precious
missing in my life.
It seemed that I have lost **the Divine
Spark**.
The life has lost it's meaning.x
What was the point of living?
And so into the Underworld I began
to descent.
As this journey of suffering
wasn't coming to an end.

Not knowing what's to come,
I was equipped with trust and love.
On my way I met a few creatures.
First one enchanted me with its bright
features.

It was a Sunflower.
It was in full bloom.
He said: "Go my dear!
The summer will end soon.
It's time to go back to the Earth.

My neck already went stiff,
As I set my gaze on the rising Sun.
Soon I will die and drop my seeds.
**It's time to go back to the Earth,
my dear."**

A story telling poem about
Soul's quest through the darkness.



And very quickly the wind came
and the rain started to fall.
It became dark... and very, very cold.

The leaves fell from the trees,
like the offering of what they don't need.
They stood there, stripped bare
in their raw and naked form.

**"Its time to go back to the Earth.
Time to let go."**

As I walked down, I met another creature.
Soft and cuddly was my next teacher.
A black and white cat.
She was just like yin and yang.
She healed a part of me
that was longing for softness.
She healed a part of me
that felt so much loneliness.

But just as I was getting ready to stay
and spend the winter in front of the fire,
She said: "You must go my dear.
**Don't settle for anything less than
you desire.**

You deserve the very best in life -
so go and find your missing Spark!"
"Look deeper." - she told me.
"Places you never thought of."

**And so the threshold appeared -
opening the UnderWorld.**

I was invited to walk into the darkest
parts of my mind.
The ones that had never even seen
the light.
Equipped with nothing but my trust
and love,
I also realised I was carrying something
more...

...It started to make my back really heavy,
my head was foggy and my legs felt weary...

Here I was offered a chance
to finally leave this burden behind.
To leave the fear that was keeping
me stuck.
There was one condition though:

**Along with my fear,
I had to give away The Mask.**

The Mask,
that made me who I was in the past.

Who would I be without this piece?
How do I take it off after all these years?
Who am I without this pain?
How will I ever find myself again?

All these questions rushing through
my mind,
I too had to leave them all behind.
I felt every little piece of me falling away.
Making me stripped bare
like the trees I saw on my way.

Standing there naked in my raw truth,
I encountered death.
She told me the end will come soon.
And in this darkest place...

**I became friends with my fear
as it only tried to keep me safe.
I became friends with my weakness
and it turned into my strength.
I became friends with my shadow
and it showed me the source of Light.**

Now I'm ready to leave,
can my Spark now ignite?

And so appeared the next creature,
in the darkest cave of my mind.
She appeared out of nowhere
and bit me right in my hand!...

A Snake made of shimmering green light,
injected something into my blood -
but it didn't give me a fright.
I felt suprisingly good
after all I gave away my fear.
I felt comfortable too
because death told me the end was near.

And just as I surrendered into the feeling,
the life in my veins started to flow again
freely.

I felt it flowing all around my body,
into my cells, my organs, my skin and
bones.

Nourishing my being with

All That Ever Was.

And in this very moment I finally found
the **Everlasting Light**

that springs from every heart.

And from this moment now on

I was ready to go.

**I found the Divine Spark I was looking
for.**

Having befriended my fear,
with shadow by my side,
I began my ascend towards the light.

The snake said: "Don't look back my dear.
You left your fear - now take a souvenir.
The gift you choose is yours,
what will you take to open the doors?"

I didn't have to think twice:

**"I take the courage to speak up!
To stand up for myself
never take less than I deserve.
I take respect of my boundaries
a courage to move on.
When something doesn't serve me -
I know when to let go.
I take deep trust in my body
self love as conscious choice.
I take my power back
and I claim the sound of my voice!"**

And as I walked up towards the light,
I felt into the journey I was leaving behind.
I felt deep appreciation for all that has been,
all the healing that's happened
deep in the Unseen.

My ancestors now walking behind my back,
I feel supported, I'm on the right track.
And just as I'm leaving the Underworld,
a different landcape begins to unfold.

The sun comes out, I feel it's kiss on my face.
Pleasant warmth on my chest.

I can finally rest.

But the journey doesn't end here,
It's only a start.

The mission now is to **share the Divine
Spark.**

Because once it's shared
it grows bigger and brighter.

And this way the light will never go out.

So keep the flame burning.

Let others ignite!

This journey really was a Soul initiation,
you can never turn down such invitation.

And now I am here ready to serve other
Souls,
who embark on their journey
...into the Underworld...

Anna Pastuszka
participant of underWorld



Notes from under World

That evening I had already started to feel something.
While I was talking with the candle, I felt sensations.
I went back into the training room and I already had the feeling of wanting to stay there forever.
I didn't want to go back to my room.
Through the spontaneity I wrote on the candle, can I really bring out my most unique and original traits?
I want to believe it!!.....
The following morning I felt something during the body movement.
I felt very supported during the exercise of maintaining eye contact with my partner.
I chose my support group guided by instinct and fear.
I had anxiety about regretting my choice, overthinking it, and choosing the wrong people.
Cross things archetype
It was intense.
I was afraid of my tyrant,
I am not very connected to him...
The healer felt very natural, I didn't have to force it, it was pleasant.
The ninja was scary — I went too deep into the role and I truly felt in danger, ready to attack the person in front of me.
The playfight was amazing.
The group kept going even after the activities had officially ended.
It was admirable to see how many people put in more than what was asked of them.
During the blindfolded playfight I released a lot.
I felt good with my partner, we really played.

I'm surprised by the care and attention that most people put into it — it's unbelievable, but real.
I didn't feel much during the give back burden activity,
maybe because I had done it a month before,
or maybe because I had already processed part of my experience.
I don't know, but I know I felt like shit for not receiving the intensity I was expecting.
Self-expression was my breaking point, and the turning point of the entire Erasmus.
I changed my goal.
Part of my behavior with people changed. Something deep inside changed — I feel it, and I think I will feel it for a long time.
I put everything there.
Everything I hadn't been able to express in the previous days...
The intuitive walk was very useful.
I had almost never left the building, we always had things to do.
It really helped me, especially being forced to stay alone with my thoughts for a long time,
because in the previous days I had always been with others — talking, listening, doing exercises...
But one sentence really hurt me.
A person from my support group, during the mirror phase,
while I was talking about my threshold and searching for my self-expression, told me that from my story,
my self-expression seemed very, very far from me. Much more than I thought.
But even in the pain, I remained happy.
I had taken a step toward my goal.
It doesn't matter how far it still is.

The vulnerability shown by the trainers is moving and admirable. Like Orpheus, I always feel that people don't want to follow me, because I don't think I'm worth following. And like Eurydice, I do the opposite: I feel whether people are worth following, and I judge based on their spiritual strength or something like that — what they transmit to me. During the exotic dance (an extra activity without trainers on the fifth evening), something else happened — a second breaking point inside me. I felt a whirlwind of emotions. It was magical. I said: I feel like I belong to this red carpet, to this training room, just like in my previous Erasmus. I tried to explore this feeling through dance and movement. I processed my anxiety about leaving that place and going back to everyday life. I said: I don't belong to the training room — the training room belongs to me, and I have the power to recall it in my mind whenever I want. I felt many rhythms, tribal energy, a lot of non-verbal connection with people. I hit my knee badly against the wall but kept dancing. I entered a state of trance — intense energy and freedom. At some point I became an airplane with my eyes closed, I felt like a playful child. Then I became a bird, flapping my wings and flying around. I cried again at the end, this time more intensely than before. We all came together — physically and spiritually — in breathing and vocalizations (ohm, ohm, etc.).

It was magical. I will remember it forever. It was one of the strongest connection experiences I have ever had. The pyramid of the method made me feel bad. It was very difficult and very useful. It felt like a self life-coaching session. I realized that my work life and personal life are much more connected than I thought. It's a tool I will come back to again and again. Inner child was very heavy. I came from days of little sleep, and that morning the practice exhausted me. It was very touching. I really wanted to stay with my inner child. I feel that we both need it deeply... I want to bring light and strength into his life. The last day was insane. I felt emotions I didn't even know I had. After this, I am sure I changed. Something inside me changed. I had confirmation last night (the last night of Erasmus). It was one of the few certainties I had left, and now even that has vanished. And that's positive, because this Erasmus has started a particular change that began in me 7 years ago, and now can finally move into its second chapter. The feeling of emptiness and disorientation is very strong after the experience. Going back to everyday life is really difficult. Even after two months I still struggle. A part of my mind is still in the training, and I am working to reconcile with it. Bringing the training experience into everyday life and improving my life.

Giovanni Riccardo,
participant of the underWorld

Context

underWorld eBook was developed as a part of **underWorld training course**, no. 2025-1-CZ01-KA153-YOU-000297231, which was co-funded by European Union.

The training course was focused on supporting youth workers in embracing their shadows, and supporting their youth in doing the same.

The project was hosted by **INspire** (Czech republic), and co-developed in cooperation with Forwarf4Future (Ukraine), Freedom Universe (Poland), Papaya Association (Spain), New Wellness Education (Italy), and Hopeland (Greece).

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Co-funded by
the European Union

Under the World

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ISBN 978-80-909359-4-5



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