



Pulsatilla vs Chamomilla: A Comparitive Analysis

She is sweet, Pulsatilla, and gentle; sensitive – oh so tender; maybe even thin-skinned (or wears her heart on her sleeve, as they say), so that one thinks to approach her with the utmost care and kid-gloves, lest the child be hurt deeply. One moment unsure, the next smiling shyly, the next a little anxious, perhaps then a single tear slides down her cheek for a secret grief or fear. When she cries, the sound is unbearably sad, pitiful, as though she is a lost soul, and there is no bottom to the depth of her sorrow.

She loves her friends and plays on with them for hours getting along quite well, seeming to be very flexible and yielding to their more aggressive natures. She is easy-natured and seems easy to please; she laughs and has a lot of fun, and she enjoys people around her all the time. She much prefers her friends to solitude and seems to be disappointed when it is time for them to go home before dinner. After dinner, she appears a little cranky – irritable and dismayed. She doesn't want to take a bath, but she is hot and sweaty and somewhat musty smelling from play, so her mother insists. She grows quieter during the bath and appears tired or sad.

She tells her mother how her friend, Chamomilla, made her feel sad today, because Chamomilla threw her doll into the water and said she didn't want to be friends anymore.

Later in the evening, after in bed for a time, she does not feel well (for the children played and splashed in the water during the day, and she got soaked through to the skin); she cries soulfully when she tells her mother of her earache and how her tongue burns. She is anxious and wants the covers off; it is so very difficult to be hot. She becomes slightly agitated, and worries that she will be too sick to see her friends at school tomorrow. What if she doesn't get well?

Her mother knows these shifting moods all too well. She gently sits on the bed with her daughter, holding her and stroking her back, singing a soothing song to calm her down. She moves to open the window, leaves the room momentarily and returns with the remedy for which her daughter was named, then lies next to her to keep company while Pulsatilla is falling asleep. Little Pulsatilla begins to calm down in the cool evening air and the companionship of her mother, slowly nodding off to sleep after reciting her bedtime prayer. At night she is a bit restless and sweats inside her pajamas, but is better for the open window, lack of blankets, and the little bedside lamp her mother has left on to disperse the shadows of night. By morning the medicine has acted and she is once again her sweet, shy self.



Chamomilla has a very tough day. She plays in the water with Pulsatilla and the other children. She is fine earlier in the day, but after becoming very wet and cold, she begins to act rather cranky and angry with everyone. Nothing seems right to her. Her head starts to hurt something awful. She cannot bear it and she throws Pulsatilla's doll into the water and shouts that she doesn't want to be friends anymore.



She runs home to her mother, complaining loudly. She becomes even more upset when her mother tries to console her, telling her everything will be fine and not to worry. She wildly waves her hands at her mother, giving her that "Oh, never mind!" look, and she stomps upstairs to take a nice warm bath. Oh, her head hurts her so, and her nose is beginning to run. It burns her nostrils and makes her snuffle and cough. She feels better after a hot bath and dressing in her warmest, most cozy pajamas. It is so much better to be in the steam of the bath.

Back in the company of her family, however, she is once again dissatisfied with everything; impatient, demanding, cranky – asking for this and that, but wanting none of it when it is given. She wears everyone thin. Her meal isn't warm enough, her drink isn't in her favorite cup, and on it goes. She refuses to eat. Her mother offers her something else, and she agrees to have soup – but this too is refused later. She throws her spoon and kicks at her mother.

Off to bed it is with her, having tired her parents of her anger and irritability. They see she isn't feeling well and they know, too, they cannot please her. She will not be comforted, and she will not settle down. By close to 9:00pm, when she should be sleeping, she is howling in pain and crying out, rolled into a ball in her bed. She shrieks as her stomach knots in pain. She wants nothing offered, and she will not be consoled.

Her mother remembers she was this way when very young, when she was teething and colicky, and she remembers the best way to tame her daughter and calm her down is to carry her. She scoops her out of bed and into her arms, carrying her as she walks through the house to calm her down. She doesn't sing to her, doesn't console her, but gives her the medicine that carries her name, then only holds her and carries her, moving about gently to quiet the child, hoping to have her drop off to sleep as the medicine begins to heal.