

Nissan Sinai

The Dark Maze

THE DARK MAZE

New and Hidden Insights and Laws of Nature

Nissan Sinai

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INTRODUCTION

In this book, I reveal to you, the readers, some insights and natural laws, new and hidden, that I have discovered in the field of science, particularly in biology. Such insights as physical well-being, mental well-being, the concept of time, the principles of our creation, the conduct of each living organism and more; all these natural laws have thus far eluded us within the mysteries of "The Dark Maze."

How did I discover them?

Listen to my tragic and fascinating story. This story is absolutely true.

MY STORY

This is a story about a legendary thoroughbred. It must be said that horses of this breed aren't very exciting to look at. Not appealing to the eye. Still, as far as domesticated animals are concerned, my love was entirely reserved for them.

My story begins in the year 2001, in one of the rural communities in the south of Israel, the Holy Land, when a newly-born foal of a mare named Maigryaka, and a horse by the name of Bold Arrangement, caught my eye. The parents were fine race horses, but that quality did not pass on to their offspring. This foal was, for a change, exceptional looking. He captured my attention from the first moment I laid eyes on him; a black, ravishing, handsome, strong, noble and muscular foal. His body movement was hypnotizing as he trotted with great energy and long, lean movements. His gallop was elegant and refined, as he seemed to be a creature from another world. I was determined to get him at any cost.

In my mind, I was already toying with ideas for names and found the most appropriate name for this one: Flash Carbonado. (Carbonado meaning a black diamond, which suited his appearance because of his color, but mainly because of the sharp and chiseled angles of his muscles and extraordinary nature). Unfortunately, the foal and his mother were neglected, and kept without food, water, or regular care; all because they were owned by a group of boys with no experience or knowledge.

Later, the foal was left there without his mother or the herd he grew up with, alone and miserable. His sad,

extinguished eyes penetrated my heart. He was worried, overwhelmed, and exhausted. Yet, his tragedy had only just begun.

The days went by, but I couldn't stop thinking about that beautiful foal. Finally, when he turned a year old, I got over the obstacles standing in my way and bought him.

This is where the dark marathon began. Because we are taught that animals are emotionless, biological machines, I placed him with some adult horses, in the hopes that they would take him under their wing and strengthen his spirit, and that way he could play with them and develop; and along with the quality food I would provide for him he would be rehabilitated.

To my grave disappointment, the adult horses rejected him immediately. He was heartbroken, and stopped eating almost completely and came down with various illnesses, such as severe flu and diarrhea. In my naivety I believed it was only a matter of time before he got better, since we are all taught that the flu is transmitted by a virus, and that it always passes after several days. Unfortunately, his condition got worse and worse, and even the vet's treatment did not work. I have tried different vets over and over, but they all kept injecting him with massive amounts of antibiotics and other substances, to which he

only developed acute allergic reactions (with convulsions caused by heart murmurs). His condition continued to worsen.

Back then, in my time of ignorance, no one had connected his illness to his mental state. After a while, I made up my mind to take a drastic step. I wasn't about to give up on such an enchanting creature, so I brought him another foal of the same age to keep him company, and I removed the adult horses from the stable in hopes it would help him recover. But to my astonishment, the young foal, trying to imitate the older horses, attacked him as well, despite his critical condition (or maybe because of it).

How frustrating and degrading that was. From a vivacious foal with great strength and awareness of his own power, Flash turned into a wreck. My heart was broken along with him. I had no one and nowhere left to turn to. He was still under the care of several vets, and each injection he got was only followed by immense and terrifying swelling.

The foal was crashing by the day.

In fact, he became a shadow of his former self. I had separated him from the aggressive foal; I couldn't see any other way. Regretfully, I decided to put him down; which

was the custom with distressed animals – no other answer could be found.

In front of me was a poor, shattered creature. His former nobility had become awkwardness, and his diamond-like muscles turned into burnt coal. He became round, greasy, and ugly. His head was dropped; his nose got stuffy, full of liquids, and his body suffered from loose joints. He had a dim cough from the pit of his stomach. His skin had withered and dried; his hair was dry and burnt (even though he was constantly in the shade). He was like a mourner. He didn't even try to swat flies that piled around him as if he were a carcass. Flash became a living-dead creature.

His condition snowballed. No matter what I had stubbornly tried to do, it backfired. For instance, I had tried to spray with fly repellent, but due to his deteriorated condition, his skin reacted harshly, drying up and cracking. I was often obligated to get several mares to keep him company, in hopes he would be interested and to warm his heart. But that only helped for a day or two. I lost all hope.

When the time had come to put him down, I couldn't take that step, as could be expected. My love for him was bigger than the sum of all his illnesses. Besides, there was the enormous amount of prestige and potential embedded

within him. But what more could one do in this dismal state – a state of a cruel destiny? Destiny!

To my amazement, several months later I found a small, cute, and quiet horse. A friendly horse that possessed all the qualities I had been looking for in a horse, to keep Flash company. This time, things were indeed looking up: the horse accepted the young foal as his friend, and I could afford to immediately terminate all the vet treatments. Flash did recover from his flu without any medication, after a long and exhausting year; but still, he was never his old self again. It was too late; the damage had already been done. Flash had developed a deep aversion to the stables, the environment, and the entire atmosphere surrounding him, which had left him deeply wounded. Even worse, he developed an aversion to me as well, because of the combined treatment I had provided for him. On the one hand, it was a devoted, results-oriented treatment. On the other hand, it was an intensive treatment, filled with my outbursts of rage, and fueled by frustration and disappointment.

A year passed. The foal matured into a grown horse. When he reached the age of two, to his great dismay, I began training him to strengthen him both mentally and physically (though not for the purpose of racing, due to

his condition). As expected, his energy level was at an all time low. For instance, when given the signal to shift from a light trot, he would trip and fall on his hind legs. He was still suffering from gas and constant diarrhea; he would sweat heavily, yawn often and his moaning was worrisome. He would produce those frequent yawns from the depths of his shattered soul. His neighing then sounded almost mute, because his frailty didn't allow him to make any sound. He was forced to inhale air into his lungs a second time, before he could make use of his voice. Only then did his neighing make a sound. I had fallen out with many horseshoers, because of Flash's general condition and I was particularly angry about the fact that his loose joints didn't allow him to even stand on three legs. They lacked any understanding of or empathy toward his condition, and so would hit him any time he lowered his leg. My numerous attempts to explain the causes of his behavior were always met with the thoughtless responses of closed minds.

This excruciating and disappointing marathon, which had been my share since the very first day I purchased him, was gradually leading to my *own* collapse. I had no one to consult with. After all, even the biggest experts in the field could not diagnose his condition. To the best of their knowledge, a fat horse is a healthy horse; and it is up to you

to simply train him, build his muscles, and have him run around (being the biological machine that he apparently was).

The days passed, with no solution in sight. I contacted many vets from all across the country and abroad, but they too treated the horse as they would any other animal – as a mere biological machine. They all suggested giving him enhancement vitamins, Glucosamine and Chondroitin for his arthritis, ulcer medications and numerous shots. He was also put through multiple series of blood, urine, and stool tests, in addition to receiving active coals to treat his gas problems. Nothing seemed to be working, and what's worse, some of the treatments almost killed him.

I finally came up with a rehabilitation plan, basically containing the following principles: providing him with a new environment, cutting him off from me, and transferring him to a female caretaker (since I have a deep aversion to the dominating, humiliating, and 'know it all', typical male caretaker). In short: starting over with reasonable and cautious steps, under my guidance, since I am the only one who understands Flash and the depths of his soul. As I anticipated, everybody mocked me. All the "experts" suggested I be more aggressive in my treatment of him and use a whip to push him around. They

all ignored his condition and ridiculed my constant claims that the root of this grim condition was entirely mental, and that an aggressive treatment would only make matters worse. Being inexperienced in those matters, I was backed into a corner, and had to take their advice. So I took him out to train him alone with a whip, because of the experts' opinion that the horse was simply lazy, or that his behavior was a result of a genetic problem of some sort.

Again, to my amazement, the horse went into a state of shock and began showing symptoms of Laminitis (a disease that paralyzes his hoofs). That was the last straw. I stood there helpless against a dysfunctional system. I detached myself from everyone.

During those moments of complete meltdown, changes were beginning to occur within me. I began feeling as though I was able to understand animals and see clearly what was happening within them, both in body and soul, without the use of any unnecessary and invasive means. From that point on I started to develop insights and revelations of things that were unknown to me up until then. That's when the "no choice" insight manifested within me. I discovered that the basic condition for revelations is detaching oneself completely from human conventions and from humanity in general.

I began to see in detail what was happening inside my dearly beloved horse. I could sense that he was suffering from depression, chronic weakness, chronic fatigue, heartbreak and humiliation. He was mourning and generally suffering from a mental breakdown. This caused his body to react with ulcers, an inflammation, numbness, and poor digestion. His skin was brittle and began to crack; his fur looked like patches of wild weed; his joints loosened and were inflamed; his chin swelled up and dried blisters appeared on his tongue. Gradually, he began showing signs of senility: his energy level was almost nonexistent; he seemed to be lacking such vital ingredients as testosterone and dopamine; his organism was engulfed in multiple bodily toxins and he was generally in pain. All these symptoms went completely undetected by the experts and no one appeared to want to hear them.

Once again I tried to explain to all these so-called "experts" that the horse's condition was caused by his mental problems, and hence the treatment should be mental and not conventional. But they all mocked me, claiming that horses do not understand anything about mental issues. "They have no memory, so how can they be suffering from mental disorders?" They laughed at me and continued providing me with their ignorant explanations. I couldn't stand his condition anymore – the increasing yawns,

the multiple sighs, and the impossible circumstances all around. It was a mutual collapse, as far as both the horse and I were concerned: a never-ending, downward spiral. I was now facing a tough dilemma. On one hand, I desperately needed to take him out of this environment, which held no hope for him. On the other hand, I knew that whoever took Flash under his care would only cause him to deteriorate further. This was nothing short of a "mental rape." I found myself reaching my ultimate limit. Flash seemed like he was desperately begging me for his life, to free him from the chains of his agonizing soul, and particularly from me and my surroundings. It was in fact a kind of unrequited love: a humiliating one, nonetheless. It was truly a tragedy.

Left with no choice, with harsh reality slapping me in the face, forcing me into it, and with very little common sense, I gave away the most precious thing I have ever had to a man who, even though he was highly experienced in handling horses, had actually tried to hurt Flash a while back.

The man was a professional horseshoer, who had had his eye on Flash for quite a while, and decided to do whatever it took to have him. Once he noticed that Flash had Laminitis disease, he saw an opportunity in the grim

situation to carry out his scheme. He had intended to damage the horse's hoofs and temporarily disable him so that my despair from him would grow and I would hand him over. Still, I agreed to turn Flash over to him, because my then poor judgment told me that if he loved him so much, he would take proper care of him. But all my worst fears came true.

The man, as I later discovered, had no knowledge of training horses and had therefore trained the horse with excessive brutality; using a whip, and assuming the horse was just lazy and fat. He would hit Flash for every mistake he made or any immediate disobedience, since he failed to realize the horse was senile, exhausted, passive, and lethargic. He conducted horrific experiments on him to reenergize and awaken him, such as giving him Diesel supplements; or whenever the horse got out of the sprinting device, the fellow would use the whip on his behind to accelerate his leap. At the end of each practice, he would rush him with a whip, to inflate his lungs, to the point where there was no longer any use in trying to explain that the lungs were not a balloon to be inflated, and that there are reasonable methods to start over with. In addition, he also fed him moldy food and would starve him before each race to keep him light on his feet.