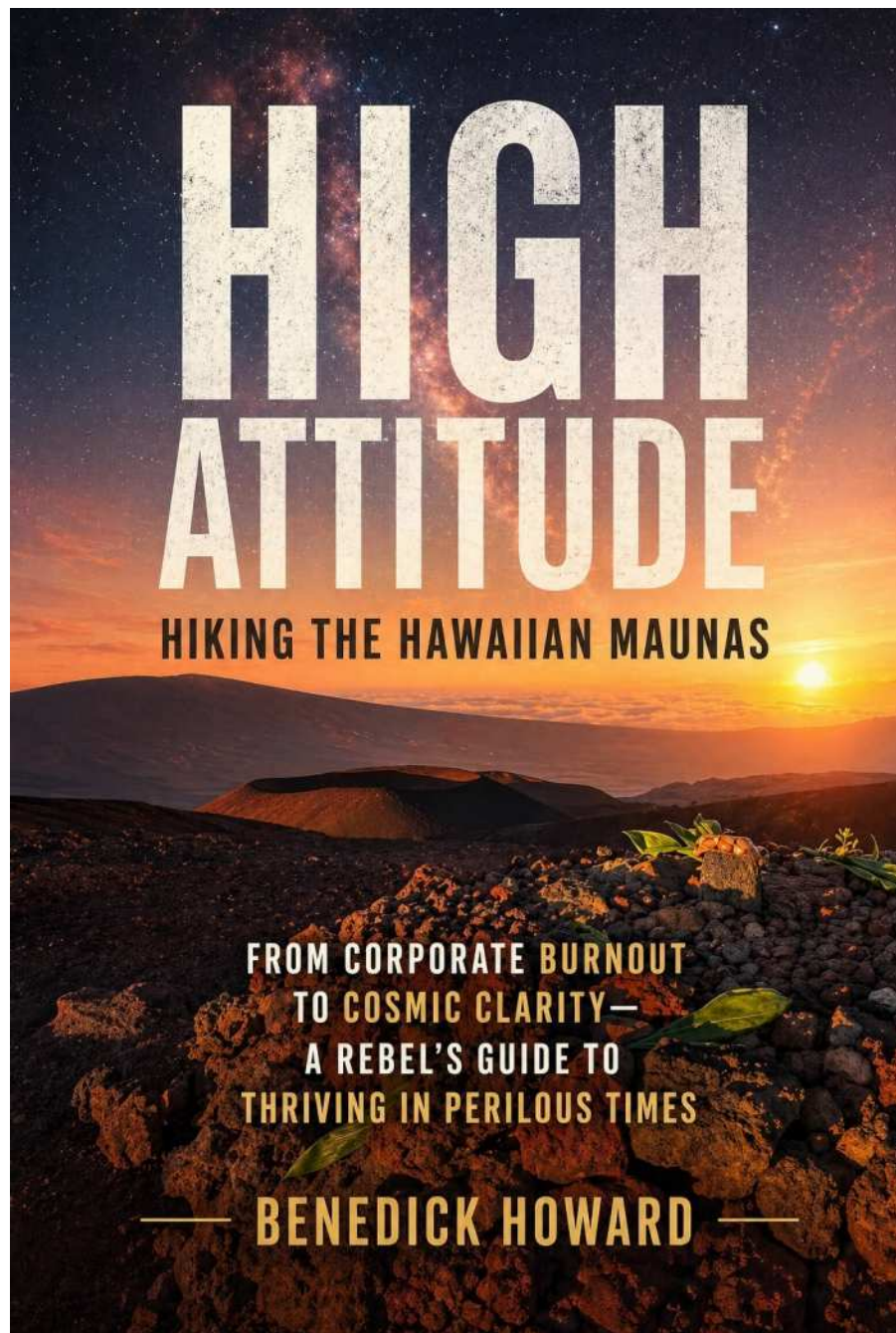


A SNEAK PEEK FROM THE UPCOMING RELEASE (JUNE 2026)

High Attitude Hiking the Hawaiian Maunas

*From Corporate Burnout to Cosmic Clarity:
A Rebel's Guide to Thriving in Perilous Times*

Note from Benedick: You are holding the opening of a 16-chapter blueprint for bio-sovereignty. This story begins at 3,000 feet, but it leads to a goal of living well past 100. As you read, remember: I am looking for “Founding Readers” to help me polish the final print. Details on how to get the full book for free. See below.



Chapter 1: A Lucid Dream That Changed Everything

The Piper Plane and the Omen That Called Me Home

The engine stopped.

One moment we were banking south over Hilo Bay in a rickety Piper plane, the late sun turning the ocean a deeper blue below us, MaunaKea and MaunaLoa rising through the clouds like sleeping gods. Then a splutter. A shake. And silence — except for the gasps of four passengers, the wind in the struts, and the pilot turning in his seat to say: "Oh, this happened earlier. Don't worry, it started right away."

He tried the engine. Not a cough. Not a sputter. Just the dry cranking of a motor that had decided it was done.

I looked out the window at the beauty below me and stilled the fear. I had been here before — or somewhere like it. A decade earlier, on a tourist flight from Toronto to Colombia, the pilot had announced there was a terrorist bomb on board. Hours later, back on the runway in Toronto, we were told it was a hoax. None of us had been prepared to die that day. Neither had we died. My daughter Elektra, two years old then, had sat in my lap the whole time, calm as water.

Today, gliding above Hilo, it did not feel like my time either. It felt like a sign. An omen of some kind. A moment to stop listening to the noise and start paying attention to the quiet messages underneath it.

The pilot had radioed ahead and turned east toward Hilo airport, now several miles away. We glided down. The silence seemed to last forever. Then the engine spluttered back to life — just in time for us all to land safely.

We were offered refunds or a place on the next flight. We took the flight.

It was August 18th, 1997. I had been on the Big Island for one week, scouting the island for the first time in my life. My goal was simple and enormous: ask for a definitive sign about whether Hawaii could become my new home — a get away halfway around the planet from my British ancestral roots.

I had spent the day driving from one black sand beach to the next, rubbernecking around the island and arriving in Hilo just in time for the last lava flow sightseeing flight of the day. Walking across the tarmac, I'd spotted the Piper plane — to my mining engineering eye, it looked exactly like my old VW bus with wings and a motor bolted on the front. We strapped in, roared down the runway with more noise than speed, and climbed slowly into the late afternoon air, rich with the mana of the island.

The sun was beginning to tint apricot orange. Hilo Bay stretched below us, white surf outlining the dark cliffs of the Hamakua coastline stretching north, and the endless Pacific to the south and east. A pinch-me moment, unfolding with such beauty that I had to wipe tears of thankfulness from my face.

Such a relief from the noise of the east coast — the sound healing workshops, the sacred geometry trainings, the beginnings of getting back into yoga, a separation from my two young girls, the nights kayaking out to a postage-stamp mudflat on the Chesapeake Bay to sleep under the stars.

As we turned west and south, I gazed out at the two massive volcanoes rising from the blue ocean. First the rugged silhouette of MaunaKea, summing at 13,803 feet, sunlight glistening off the observatories atop its cinder cones — a natural temple. Then MaunaLoa's long, smooth outline rising to 13,679 feet, its bare lava flows cooling from the heat of the day, turning deep mauve in the setting sun.

I had never seen such beauty or felt such power. Those twin summits, reaching through the clouds — at winter time dusted with snow, looking mystical and alive and alluring. All these years later, after hiking up there hundreds of times in every conceivable weather condition, to pray for world peace and keep myself fit for my longevity goal of living well past 100, they are as familiar to me as my own hands. But that first sight? I was undone.

Little did I know then that this initial wonder would become a full-blown passion — a devotion to connect with the mana of the Maunas. To connect with that energy, that molten volcanic force threading through the earth's core and into the sun. More on that later.

But there was something else alive in me that day, alongside the wonder. Something older and less beautiful.

Despite the gratitude, despite the tears, I was haunted by a deep feeling of worthlessness. Low self-esteem had been my quiet companion for years — a nagging voice that questioned whether I was capable of anything lasting, whether I deserved what I had, whether a life as luminous as the one I was glimpsing from that window could really belong to someone like me. My sense of my own future felt collapsed, as though I could see the beauty of the world clearly and my place in it not at all.

Could Hawaii become my new home? Was I worthy of living in a place this beautiful? If the answer was yes — give me a sign.

The engine had stopped.

I thought of the Maunas' own relationship to destruction and creation as we glided in silence. There is nothing passive about these volcanoes. Their lava does not ask permission. Years later, in the 2019 eruption, rivers of molten rock destroyed over 700 homes and buried farmers' dreams under new lava — cracking and at times exploding like cannon-fire as the flows surged toward the ocean. Some residents were lucky, their properties spared by a matter of meters. Others were airlifted out by special forces helicopters, watching their homes engulfed in flames.

Life is a balancing act on an active volcano in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

On the second flight, the light had dimmed to early dusk. We headed south toward the glow of the Kalapana lava flows. Through skylight holes bored in the roofs of active lava tubes, you could see rivers of red-hot rock gushing downhill, imbued with heat and weight and the primal mystery of lava birthing new land. One flow had ignited a stand of palm trees. The pilot banked sharply and told us that earlier that week, he'd watched people stacking rocks for a new retaining wall. It had

been breached a few hours ago — and the new lava had just covered an ancient sacrificial stone Heiau, burying the site's dark history under molten rock.

We circled once more. I found myself tuning into the energy of that place, the old thought-forms of the sacrificial site burning up in the flow. There was something being released.

It was dark as we descended toward the crescent of twinkling lights reflected in Hilo Bay below — like a lei laid on the water. The last canoes had been packed away.

The plumeria hit me the moment I walked through the airport — warm, saturated, grounding. We grabbed a late meal at the Pancake House (no green smoothies in Hilo back in those days) and headed north up the Hamakua coast to Laupahoehoe Beach Park.

The full moon lit the sugar cane fields and dark forest patches, cutting across steep tropical gulches. I felt the weight of the day lifting into gratitude. Fortunate to be alive. Fortunate not to have been sacrificed, unlike those who once lost their lives at that Heiau now covered in new lava.

As I set up camp, I became aware of a presence — old and wise, watching from the darkness — while the Pacific thundered against the rugged cliffs and the wind moved through the Norfolk pines. I fell into a deep sleep beneath the full moon, the last image in my mind the burning Heiau and whatever had been set free.

A few hours later I woke to the sound of a full orchestra playing Wagnerian music.

Loud. Powerful. Warlike. The heralding of horns and thundering kettledrums, inviting change. I lay there thinking it must be a live performance — but how? The middle of the night. The instruments clear as a concert hall. The more I listened, the more I understood that this sound had an exquisite otherworldly quality: it came from every direction, and from no direction at all.

It was in me and around me, conjuring its own transcendent reality. Immersive, intense, evocative — almost loud enough to drown out the waves crashing rhythmically against the cliffs below.

I sat up and looked around. I was drawn to the ocean. I walked toward the concrete jetty and the boat ramp — a fortress against the pounding surf. There was a grass knoll in front of me, and as I crested it I could see the front of a procession: six enormous giant-like men, moving in column. The two at the front carried wooden lances with long flowing pennon streamers — red, with golden symbols. All six were dressed in the same long, velvety flowing ochre orange capes, helmets shaped like the bearskin caps worn by the Queen's Royal Guard in London.

Not intimidating at all. Majestic. Grounded. Protective. Otherworldly — like scenes from a Kurosawa folk-tale film. Just behind them, following across the dark lava, came a tree-of-life procession of sea creatures, ranging from cetaceans to crustaceans.

It was then I fully understood I was in a lucid dream. I had walked through the side of the tent without opening the flap. And then, almost simultaneously — in a flash — my viewpoint shifted to the tip of one of the lances the ochre giants were carrying, and the scene before me intensified.

The procession marched toward the water and the towering cliffs. Together we descended down an invisible ramp into the ocean, through the rocks at the base of the cliffs, and deeper into the hot magma — connected through massive tubes and caves to the lava that had engulfed the sacrificial Heiau I had seen earlier that evening.

I was alone now with the ochre giants, and they invited me to journey deeper into the magma. It was neither hot nor threatening. Then, by way of a glass-clear energy spout — like an elevator of pure light — we began to stream away from the planet, ascending toward the sun. I looked around and saw whales and dolphins traveling with us. I had seen this same device years before and this time the destination was different. The sun grew rapidly larger. I could see black holes in its surface and plasma spouts erupting outward.

We kept going, straight toward one of the black holes.

In a flash I popped through the sun's surface — alone now — into an exquisite, seemingly endless universe. Clusters of planets and star systems. Spinning, glowing nebulae that swirled with prismatic colors, like a Hubble photograph but with a different, more intimate quality. The light was crystalline and nurturing. It floated me and my awareness.

As I took in this infinite and bottomless universe, I found myself sitting alone in full lotus — very peaceful, my heart full, floating in something like childlike innocence and wonder. Then it was time to return. Years later I would discover that Paramhansa Yogananda had described something remarkably similar:

“A swelling glory within me began to envelope towns, continents, the earth, solar and stellar systems, tenuous nebulae, and floating universes.” Autobiography of a Yogi

I woke the next morning to crashing waves and the first birds. The sun was rising. My memory of the mystical realms was vivid — immediate — like a seed planted simultaneously in my mind and in some deeper part of me that I had no good word for yet. I knew that though I had returned, something in me would always remain among those stars.

That night answered my question. Not with certainty about logistics or timelines or practical plans. The sign was not that kind of sign.

It was something simpler and more demanding: a demonstration that there were forces at work here — in these islands, in these volcanoes, in the magma connecting this place to the living core of the earth — that were bigger than my fear, bigger than my worthlessness, bigger than the small and frightened vision I had been carrying of myself and my future.

The Maunas had called. And I had heard.

In the next chapter, you'll meet the moment I said no — and how that single word, spoken against every social instinct I had, catapulted me across the Pacific for good.

— End of Chapter 1 —

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WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
The descent was only the beginning.

In the full edition of **High Attitude Hiking the Hawaiian Maunas**, launching **on my 75th Birthday (May 2026)**, we go beyond the “omen” to explore the mechanical and spiritual architecture of longevity:

- **The “No” That Saved Me:** Discover the moment I rejected social expectations to claim my life in the islands.
- **The Bio-Electric Laboratory:** How I use the unique frequency of the Maunas to maintain the energy of a man decades younger.
- **16 Chapters of Insight:** From sacred geometry to high-altitude protocols for cellular health.

BECOME A FOUNDING READER

I am looking for a select few to join my “Inner Circle” before the June 2026 print run.

Would you like a free Review/Proofing Copy of the full 16-chapter book?

In exchange for an early digital copy, I am looking for:

1. **Your Testimonial:** A few sentences on how this journey resonates with you.
2. **Your Feedback:** Help me catch any technical “hiking” or “attitude” errors before the final press.

To claim your full copy, simply reply to the email you received with the words, the AWA Facebook group “I’M IN.”

To the summit,

Benedick Howard

Longevity Architect & Author

[Join the Ageless Warrior Alliance Facebook group](#)

PS Chapter titles:

Chapter 1

A Lucid Dream That Changed Everything: the Night I Stepped Into Another Universe
The Piper Plane and the Omen That Called Me Home

Chapter 2

How a Single ‘No’ Catapulted Me Across the Pacific—And Why You Need This Skill Too
The Hidden Cost of People-Pleasing—And How to Break Free

Chapter 3:

Ghosts of the Howard Dynasty: How My Ancestors Shaped My Survival on the Maunas
The Bloomsbury Group, Suffragettes, and the ‘Confido’ Seal

Chapter 4:

Unveiling the Earth’s Secrets: Vortexes, Geometries, and Telluric Forces
The Dipole Mystery: How Earth’s Energy Fields Rewire Your Mind

Chapter 5:

The Splinter in the Mind

From the Queen's Palace to the Black Cabin at 13,125 Feet

(Act 2 chapters 6 - 9: Trails and Trials)

Chapter 6:

Fasting Is Faster: The Spiritual Science of Hunger for Clarity

From Brain Fog to Laser Focus: How Fasting Rewires Clarity

Chapter 7:

Surviving the Summit: Gear, Grit, and Grace You Can't Afford to Ignore

Packing Light vs. Packing Right: Reading the Sky Like a Navigator

Chapter 8:

Tripped at 13,670 Feet: What the Maunas Taught Me About Surrender

The Art of 'Controlled Panic': My Near-Disaster and the Instincts That Saved Me

Chapter 9:

Brainwashed by Default? Why Your Beliefs Aren't Yours

Developing resilience and adaptability in unpredictable environments

(Act 3 chapters 10 – 13 Liberation)

Chapter 10:

Leave No Trace? The Deeper Ethics of Walking Sacred Ground

Sacred vs. Selfish: Are You a Pilgrim or a Tourist?

Chapter 11:

The Dark Side of Conformity: Who Profits While You Sleep?

The 'Mind Fuck' Files: From Demons to Dogma

Chapter 12:

Why the Future Is Tribal: Mental Firewalls Against Mass Hypnosis

From Centralized Lies to Decentralized Truth: My 70+ Year Unlearning

Chapter 13:

When Science Becomes Religion: Questioning The Forbidden Data

Why 'Peer-Reviewed' Doesn't Mean 'True': The Battle for Reality's Blueprint

(Act 4: Chapters 14 – 16 Ascension)

Chapter 14:

The Summit Within: Your Legacy vs. Your Comfort Zone

The Targeted Prayer That Changed Everything: My Ritual for Clarity

Chapter 15:

Why the Maunas Are the Ultimate Mirror: Solitude's Revelations

From Low Self-Worth to Summit Strength: The 'Mana Mindset

Chapter 16: Beyond the Maunas: How to Live the 'Consciousness Revolution' Daily

The Last Cairn: Join the Next Ascent