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**The Death of Alexander the Macedonian.**  
**An essay of an authentic short war.**

Many years ago, at a chance meeting with Raja Virbhadra Singh, of Himachal Pradesh, India, I heard him, personally, recounting of the war leading to the defeat, and subsequent death, of Alexander the 'Great'. I have opted to drop the 'great' and replace it with the more accurate Macedonian, for that is the country he was from when he attempted to conquer Bharat, as India was known at that time in history. Besides, who gave him the moniker of 'Great'? It certainly was not India, where he was, and is, known as 'Iskalandar'.

I tell the episode in the words of Raja Virbhadra Singh as spoken to me. I have not yet gone to his palace, nor spoken to the historians to write of that part of my discovery.

These, below, were his words as told to me. Of course I am paraphrasing them:

“ My ancestor, the Raja of Himanchal Pradesh, had an army of 1,000 dogs. These were not ordinary dogs. They were as big as leopards. They are extinct now. They were naturally ferocious by nature. He had his trainers train them to be even more ferocious. They were given an armor of 1” thick leather on their backs and along the sides. The leather had spikes. They were known outside the kingdom for their large, terrifying presence, and to be killers, giving them an almost supernatural presence. It is the only country, in history, to have an army of ferocious dogs.

In addition to the dogs, the Raja had his personal warrior-elephant. It was customary at that time. Elephants were trained as warrior-elephant. As it is, elephants are designed by Nature to terrify the opponent. They had, in addition, very elaborated armor, with spears embedded in the head shields.

Alexander had been wounded in previous battle, plus he and his army, had just crossed over the Khyber Pass. Alexander had crossed over while nursing his wounds. They were exhausted,

probably thinking they could rest at the bottom of the mountains. The Raja's spies and runners kept a close tab, reporting all to the Raja, who readied his army, knowing the invaders were unprepared for the attack.

When the Raja, and his army attacked, the 1,000 dogs were released on Alexander's army. While the soldiers were struggling to survive the vicious dogs, the Raja, sitting on top of the warrior-elephant, attacked Alexander. Alexander had never seen an elephant before. He was on top of his favorite white horse. The Raja, with his long spear, killed the horse. Alexander fell, but as he fell he cut off the trunk of the elephant with his sword. The elephant reared in pain. The noise was terrifying. Alexander's soldiers could not see Alexander. They saw his horse lying dead on the ground. They thought their leader was dead. So they turned around and ran. Because the elephant was in so much pain, and had turned, going rogue, it gave Alexander time to be carried away from the battlefield.

Alexander was still alive when he lost the war, though wounded a great deal. He had been picked up by a few of his soldiers who took him back over the Khyber Pass. Most of his soldiers refused to go back on that pass. They were either wounded or preferred to stay back. Alexander died of his wounds on the disastrous return back over the Khyber Pass.

Alexander's soldiers, who had stayed back, married the locals, and settled in the area. They are known as the Hanza. Their descendants still look like Macedonians.. tall, strong built, green or blue eyes. They still live in the area, known as Dharmasala, the area where His Holiness, the Dalai Lama lives. You will see them often with the garments of the Macedonians, pleated skirts and sandals.”

This is what he told me. The fascination of his story blended in with the place we were sitting. We were at the Gymkhana Club, the oldest social club in India, built in 1903 during British Imperialistic times. It was a beautiful September evening. Gentle breezes drifting in. The elegance of the Gymkhana Club, the meticulously manicured lawns, the historic architecture, the elegantly dressed guests and members of the Club milling around with their laughter and the special speech of New

Delhi, mixture of a very British English and Hindi or Panjabi, the language of the New Delhi, and the North of India. The Gymkhana Club still is there, but I have not had a chance to visit it recently. Institutions like those do not die. They are a beloved historic relic kept alive by the love of tradition, as well as the beauty of the architecture of that period.

Raja Virbhadra had given me his card. It was the official card for the Congress Party, one of the two political parties of what is now called India. Both he and his wife were leading politicians. They lived half of their time in New Delhi, and the rest in Himachal Pradesh.

For those who are unfamiliar with the geography of Himachal Pradesh, it is the land just as one descends from of the western Himalayas. The extremely formidable Khyber Pass is in those western Himalaya range. Himachal Pradesh would be the kingdom Alexander and his army would arrive into as they descended from the Himalayas.

A question the reader might ask is why Alexander would be interested in that famed land south of the formidable mountains east of the Caucasus range of mountains where he was born? The enormous wealth and riches as well as the wisdom traditions would have attracted him. Though I estimate that the riches were more significant than the art, culture and writings.

While this episode occurred a few years ago, during my visit to New Delhi, I had kept it as one of my treasured memories, until I realized, of recent, that little is known about the death of Alexander. Mining the internet reveals of a golden coffin with was reputed to be full of honey to serve as an embalming agent. Since the art and science of embalming is ancient, predating Alexander, I accept this story with the various significance of honey. Honey, as we known, has many literary meanings and symbolism. But the most plausible explanation for the honey would have been the process of carrying a dead body for many days over the Khyber Pass, and into Macedonia. The honey would have been a adequate medium to serve as an embalming agent for the journey. They could not have taken a rotting corpse home to Macedonia. Nor could they have left the body of Alexander in the Himalaya mountains, or in Himachal Pradesh where he would not have been given the honor and dignity of a

burial in Macedonia. Had he died in Macedonia, he would have been expertly embalmed.

Embalming, as we know, can only be done within a certain time span after death.

The rest of the information on the internet are vague and mysterious. There is absolutely NO mention of the important kingdom of Himachal Pradesh. Further, there is No mention of the brilliant strategy of raising an army of 1,000 ferocious killer dogs.

In honor of Raja Virbhadra Singh, now deceased, and in honor of the brave traditions of the warriors of Bharat, I felt I would be amiss to keep his words to myself, keeping them in secrecy instead of giving them to the public, where readers can read them, inform themselves, and where history can know the facts of the death of Alexander the Macedonian.

How Alexander died is, now, no longer a mystery as it was, when listed by the western recounts of the life of, and the various wars fought by, Alexander the Macedonian, who is called, by western accounts, 'the Great'.

His death is vital to know, for death, like an inverted pyramid, reveals the life lived.

The Raja of Himachal Pradesh made short work of Alexander the Macedonian, blocking his entry into the great land of Bharat. The duration of this war was very short, yet it ended the invaders life, prematurely, at the young age of 33.

A year, or so, after this experience, one of my friends in Illinois got a new dog from the local rescue center. It was an Anatolian. Originally from the area around the Caucasian mountains and Turkey, these dogs have a stronger bite than a lion's bite. My friend's dog was extremely aggressive to where my friend was uncomfortable when he was feeding the dog since the dog would make growling sounds as if he was going to attack my friend. It was the nature of the breed. Few people keep this breed, it seems. But they are available. They are very large dogs. We examined the history of the breed and it seemed very similar to what Raja Virbhadra Singh had told me about the army of dogs of his ancestors. I called up Raja Virbhadra and mentioned to him about the Anatolia, telling him it is

possibly a related breed and would he like a puppy of that breed? He said no, that it would take too much effort to care for such dogs. Besides, he travels for much of his time.

I am fully aware that part of my reasoning to write this essay is to cover the persistent, and obvious, gap of keeping facts suppressed if they do not fit the narrative of western media. I am seeing so much of this around at this time of our written history, that I have determined to record Truth, through my essays, as the Truth becomes obvious and revealed to me. I know this essay will be circulated.

The internet, after all, never forgets.

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