

## **Shiva Stole My Bible**

© Chinmoy Mukherjee 2026-2046. No part of this document may be used without explicit written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Shiva Stole My Bible

Introduction: The Threshold of Fire

Chapter 1: The Zealot's Commission

Chapter 2: The Beauty That Broke the Armor

Chapter 3: The First Crack in the Veil

Chapter 4: The Deconstruction

Chapter 5: The Void

Chapter 6: The Psychedelic Key

Chapter 7: The Return

Chapter 8: The Philosophy of Unity

Chapter 9: The Message

Chapter 10: The Weaving of the Tapestry

Chapter 11: The Sacred Rebellion

Chapter 12: The Architecture of Awe

Conclusion: The Infinite Dance

### **Introduction: The Threshold of Fire**

The transition from a world of black-and-white dogma to a landscape of infinite color does not happen in a single moment; it is a slow erosion, a rhythmic sanding down of the soul by the grit of reality. Before I ever set foot on the sun-drenched soil of the East, my world was a monochrome fortress of certainty. I lived in a universe governed by the sharp, metallic smell of old hymnals and the sterile, fluorescent glow of windowless prayer rooms. There was a comfort in that narrowness—a safety in knowing exactly who the

enemy was and precisely which verses could be wielded like serrated blades to strike them down. I was a child of the Midwest, raised where the horizon was a flat, predictable line and the Spirit was a disciplined force contained within the four walls of a sanctuary.

But the soul is a restless thing, and mine was hungry for a battle I hadn't yet earned. I looked at maps of the world and saw not people, but targets; not cultures, but territories occupied by a dark, ancient foe. I wanted the heat, the sweat, and the glory of the front lines. I wanted to be the light that pierced the "heart of darkness." What I didn't know—what I couldn't possibly have grasped as I packed my leather-bound Bible into my carry-on—was that the darkness I sought to conquer was merely the shadow cast by my own unexamined heart. This is the story of how that shadow was consumed by a much larger, more ancient fire. It is a chronicle of a spiritual collapse that was, in truth, a spiritual awakening. It is the account of how I went to India to save souls, only to find that mine was the one that needed rescuing, and that the "demons" I feared were the very masters who would eventually lead me home.

---

## **Chapter 1: The Zealot's Commission**

The blinding, halogen-white glare of the Midwest terminal faded into memory as the heavy, metal doors of the Boeing 747 hissed open to the vast, sweltering world outside. I stood on the tarmac at a busy international airport in the summer of my twenty-first year, Bible in one hand, passport in the other, heart hammering like a war drum. Heat radiated from the black asphalt in shimmering, mirage-like waves, distorting the sleek silver fuselages of the planes and filling my lungs with the heavy, acrid stench of burning aviation

fuel. The deafening, metallic shriek of jet engines spooling up created a chaotic, overwhelming symphony that perfectly matched the frantic, percussive rhythm pounding against my ribs.

I was a Bible major at a prominent evangelical college in the American Midwest, a quiet place of sprawling green cornfields and muted, gray winter skies, and I was utterly convinced I was stepping onto the front lines of a cosmic war. The air here vibrated with an unseen, terrifying energy. To my rigid, indoctrinated mind, the gods of India were not metaphors meant for dusty, academic poetry, nor were they beautiful cultural curiosities to be admired in museums. I had been taught, and I fiercely believed with every fiber of my being, that they were demons—real, ancient, hungry entities that lurked in the shadows and had enslaved millions in heavy, suffocating chains of dark idolatry. Sitting under the pale yellow glow of my dormitory desk lamp, I had memorized the verses: Deuteronomy 32:16–17, 1 Corinthians 10:20–21. The gods of the nations were literal devils hiding in elaborate, colorful disguise, and I saw myself as a modern crusader; like Paul before his blinding Damascus road vision, I was Saul the persecutor turned apostle, arriving with spiritual fire, ready to tear down their invisible, towering strongholds.

My worldview was absolute. The college had forged me in a furnace of passionate, unrelenting fire. I still carried the vivid, ringing memories of our nightly prayer meetings in the cramped, cinderblock dorms, the air thick with the smell of cheap coffee and teenage sweat, where we closed our eyes, spoke in fervent, ecstatic tongues, and loudly bound invisible principalities hovering over entire continents we had never even touched. Pacing before chalkboards, my professors had quoted Paul's ancient letters as if they were classified, blood-stained battle plans: "We wrestle not

against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers". Their voices echoed in the fluorescent-lit lecture halls, and I believed every single, terrifying word. We were instructed that true missionaries were not casual tourists handing out flimsy, colorful pamphlets; rather, we were elite spiritual commandos dropping directly behind enemy lines. The lost souls of India—the beautiful, welcoming, brightly smiling people I had only ever seen illuminated by the flickering light of classroom slide shows—were, in my absolute certainty, helpless prisoners locked away in the suffocating, pitch-black kingdom of darkness. My divine job, the sole purpose of my beating heart, was to set them free with the purifying, crimson blood of Jesus.

My first real taste of this imagined battlefield was a short trip, just three weeks, functioning as part of an eager, wide-eyed summer team. We flew into a major northern city, a sprawling, chaotic metropolis illuminated by flashing neon signs and choked by a thick, brown haze, and then immediately took a rattling, rust-colored train south to a much smaller, sleepier town. The moment I stepped off the train, the heat hit me like a physical, wet slap to the face. The air was a heavy, intoxicating soup of scents: choking, dry dust kicked up by sandals, the sweet, heady smoke of sandalwood incense, the sharp, throat-burning tang of diesel exhaust, and the overwhelming, perfumed sweetness of fresh jasmine flowers. Everything around me smelled fiercely, undeniably alive in a vibrant, chaotic way my sterile, manicured Midwestern hometown never had. I took one step away from the clacking tracks and immediately saw it—a roadside shrine nestled under the sprawling roots of a banyan tree: a slick, black stone lingam heavily garlanded with bright, blindingly orange marigolds, while a woman in a vivid crimson sari was pouring white milk over it with slow, deeply reverent hands.