

Shivji and Einstein

A Spiritual and Scientific Journey

Mohit Bakshi

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About the Book

Shivji and Einstein is a spiritual and science-fiction novel that explores an imaginative meeting between Albert Einstein, Shivji, Krishna and other cosmic figures. The story connects questions of rebirth, spirituality, science, consciousness and humanity.

About the Author

Mohit Bakshi is an emerging author and storyteller from Delhi whose writing explores spirituality, philosophy, science and human emotion. His work seeks to bring ancient spiritual ideas into dialogue with modern scientific curiosity.

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Chapter 1 — First Meeting

The streets of America stretched endlessly under the pallid afternoon sky as Einstein and Niels Bohr wandered, lost in the labyrinth of thought and conversation, their steps echoing against the silent march of a world teetering on the precipice of chaos.

“Einstein,” Bohr’s voice cut through the hum of traffic and distant clamor, “what do you make of this war, this relentless maelstrom that devours everything in its path?”

Einstein, his brow furrowed like a storm-riven sea, replied slowly, “I fear the day is not far when men will kneel and beg for a modicum of happiness. The weapons of tomorrow are beyond my comprehension, yet I know this—World War Three will rage with instruments of fire and steel, and World War Four... alas, it will be fought with sticks and stones.”

Bohr nodded solemnly, his eyes tracing the shadows cast by the towering edifices. “I share your dread. Humanity teeters on the brink, lost in its apathy. No one lifts a hand for the suffering, no one heeds their cries.”

Einstein’s gaze hardened. “And yet it is not solely the architects of this war who bear the blame. No, it is those who stand idly by, whose inertia becomes the faultline of catastrophe.”

“Yes,” Bohr murmured, “we are all, in some sense, the children of Jesus. To look away is to betray our very nature. To act is our duty... yet forgive me, I digress. I heard you were unwell yesterday?”

Einstein gave a wan, rueful smile. “Ah, yes, my friend. Age is an unforgiving tutor; it renders the body fragile, the spirit vulnerable.”

Bohr clapped a hand on his companion's shoulder. "Then, take care of yourself, Einstein. I must be off, but we shall meet again."

"Goodbye, Bohr," Einstein replied, his voice tinged with the quiet weight of inevitability.

With that, Bohr disappeared into the throng of the city, leaving Einstein to his own rumination. He returned to the quiet sanctum of Princeton University, the room that had become a sanctuary for his restless mind. Books and papers lay scattered like islands in an ocean of thought, yet today the air felt heavy, oppressive. A sudden, searing pain gripped his chest, sharp and unyielding.

He called out for help, his voice quivering like a candle in the wind. A passerby, recognizing the peril, swiftly escorted him to the hospital, the sterile corridors swallowing him in their clinical embrace.

In the Intensive Care Unit, the atmosphere was taut with anxiety. His son and his wife hovered, faces etched with fear. The doctor revealed the truth: Einstein's condition was critical.

His son, trembling, pleaded, "Do everything. Do anything. Save him, please."

The medical team, methodical and resolute, prepared for surgery. An hour stretched into eternity, every second a silent plea to fate. And yet, when the scalpel fell still, Einstein had passed beyond the grasp of mortal hands.

But death, as the cosmos often reminds, is rarely the end.

Suddenly Einstein awoke. The world he returned to was unlike any he had known. He found himself in a grand hall, luminous and vast, where the departed of that very day emerged from their caskets like actors from a stage. The air shimmered with the quiet cadence of eternity.

He stepped from his coffin and joined the line, a procession of souls navigating toward the exit gate. Each soul was soon sorted, guided by the invisible hand of the cosmos to their respective halls, divided by the faiths they had embraced in life.

Einstein, bound by the legacy of his faith, made his way to the Jewish Hall. HaShem stood upon the podium, a figure of unearthly authority, his presence both commanding and serene.

"Welcome," HaShem began. "To each of you shall come a choice: whether to return to the earth, to walk once more among the living, or to remain here, in the eternal embrace of heaven."

"But before this choice is presented," HaShem continued, "there is one among us who stands distinguished, whose mind illuminated the world and whose name resonates through the corridors of science. This person is none other than Albert Einstein. I request that he join me upon the podium."

Einstein rose and ascended to meet HaShem.

"Einstein, throughout your life you have proclaimed the existence of a force governing all, yet maintained unshakable faith. Few, even among the wise, have dared such conviction. In recognition of this, I offer you a land unlike any you have known, a place where reverence for God reaches its zenith, where abhorrence diminishes, and humanity flourishes. This land is called India."

Einstein, undeterred, lifted his gaze. "Very well, Lord. I would like to go there."

HaShem then asked him whom he would wish to meet among the principal Hindu deities. Einstein studied the images presented before him and finally declared: "I choose Shivji."

Einstein entered the Hindu Hall, where Nandi awaited him.

“Welcome, my friend,” Nandi said. “Please, come forward. You are the illustrious scientist I have long heard of—your discoveries, your unparalleled imagination that pierces the veil of the unknown.”

Einstein asked Nandi to tell him more about Shivji. Nandi described Shivji as a principal deity of Hinduism, a protector and transformer of the cosmos, a yogi dwelling upon Mount Kailash, bearing the crescent moon, the River Ganga and the third eye.

Moments later, Einstein entered Shivji's divine court. The hall shimmered with crystalline ice, glowing like frozen starlight. At its center sat Shivji, calm and majestic.

“Welcome, Einstein,” Shivji said gently.

Einstein bowed deeply. “It is an honor beyond imagination to stand before you.”

Shivji listened as Einstein explained that he desired peace rather than conflict and wished to understand a civilization where spirituality shapes everyday life.

“Then your new journey shall begin,” Shivji said. “Nandi, take him to the Embryo Conversion Chamber.”

Within the chamber, Einstein underwent a miraculous transformation. His spiritual essence became an embryo, prepared for a new earthly birth.

As the embryo floated through Earth's magnetic field toward its future mother, a familiar celestial figure appeared: Narad Muni.

“Narayan! Narayan!” Narad exclaimed. “Is it true that Albert Einstein is to be born in India?”

Shivji confirmed the decision. Narad then hurried to inform Krishna.

At Vrindavan, Krishna listened carefully. His peaceful expression changed when he learned that Einstein had already begun his descent toward India.

“I must speak with Shivji,” Krishna said.

Krishna arrived at Mount Kailash, where Shivji sat in deep meditation amidst the snow-covered peaks.

“I have learned that Albert Einstein is being sent to India,” Krishna said.

Shivji replied that Einstein had desired a land where humanity, peace and devotion were cherished.

Krishna considered Einstein’s solitary nature and argued that the transition into Indian society would raise a profound question: could an extraordinary scientific mind, accustomed to solitude and abstraction, harmonize with a civilization built around family, community, tradition and devotion?

Shivji listened carefully. Krishna finally asked him to halt Einstein’s descent.

With a sacred utterance, Shivji suspended the embryo within Earth’s magnetic field, leaving Einstein between Heaven and Earth while the next stage of his destiny remained undecided.