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Best Collection Of Akbar Birbal Stories

Akbar Birbal Short Stories



Wicked Barber's Plight

journey as well as one month's time to settle his family so that they had no trouble while he was gone. The king agreed to both conditions.

In the duration of this month, he got a few trustworthy men to build a tunnel from the funeral grounds to his house. And on the day of the ascension, after the pyre had been lit, Birbal escaped through the concealed door of the tunnel. He disappeared in to his house where he hid for a few months while his hair and beard grew long and unruly.

In the meantime his enemies were rejoicing as they thought that they had seen the last of Birbal. Then one day after many, many months Birbal arrived at the palace with news of the king's father. The king was extremely pleased to see him and ready with a barrage of questions. Birbal told the king that his father was in the best of spirits and had been provided with all the comforts except one.

The king wanted to know what was lacking because now he thought he had found a way to send things and people to heaven. Birbal answered that there were no barbers in heaven, which is why even he was forced to grow his own beard. He said that his father had asked for a good barber.

So the king decided to send his own barber to serve his father in heaven. He called both the barber and the magician to prepare to send him to heaven. The barber could say absolutely nothing in his own defense as he was caught in his own trap. And once the pyre was lit he died on the spot.

Nobody dared to conspire against Birbal again

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Jealous Courtier

One day Emperor Akbar was inspecting the law and order situation in the kingdom. One of his ministers, who was jealous of Raja Birbal, complained that the Emperor gave importance only to Birbal's suggestions and all the other ministers were ignored.

Akbar wanted the minister to know how wise Birbal was.

There was a marriage procession going on.

The Emperor ordered the minister to enquire whose marriage it was. The minister found out and walked towards the Emperor wearing a proud expression on his face.

Then the king called Birbal and asked him too to enquire whose marriage was going on. When Birbal returned, Akbar asked the minister "Where are the couple going?" The minister said that the king had only asked him to enquire whose marriage was going on.

Then Akbar asked Birbal the same question. "O My Majesty! They are going to the city of Allahabad," replied Raja Birbal. Now the King turned towards the minister and said, "Now do you understand why Birbal is more important to me? It is not enough if you complete a task. You have to use your intelligence to do a little more work.' The minister's face fell. He had learnt the importance of being Birbal, the hard way.

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The List of blinds.

Once King Akbar questioned Birbal if he knows the number of blind citizens of their kingdom.

Raja Birbal had requested Akbar to give him a week's time.

The next day Raja Birbal was found to be mending shoes in the town market. People were astonished to see Birbal doing such work. Many of them started to question "Birbal!! What are you doing?"

Once when he was asked this question by someone he started writing something. It continued for a week when on the 7th day King Akbar himself asked Birbal the same question.

Giving him no answer, Birbal reported at the court the next day and handed over a note to King Akbar. Akbar read the note when he found that it was the big list of people who were blind.

Emperor Akbar was stunned when he found his own name in the list. Angered by this, Akbar asked Birbal the reason for writing his name in the list.

Birbal said "O! My majesty! Like all other people you also saw me mending the slippers but you still asked me what I was doing. Therefore I had to include your name too."

Akbar started laughing at this and everyone enjoyed Birbal's sense of humor.

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The Wisdom Of Birbal

One fine day, Akbar lost his ring. When Birbal arrived in the court, Akbar told him "I have lost my ring. My father had given it to me as a gift. Please help me find it." Birbal said "do not worry your Majesty, I will find your ring right now."

He said, "Your Majesty the ring is here in this court itself, it is with one of the courtier. The courtier who has a straw in his beard has your ring." The courtier who had the emperors ring was shocked and immediately moved his hand over his beard. Birbal noticed this act of the courtier. He immediately pointed towards the courtier and said, "Please search this man.He has the emperors ring."

Akbar could not understand how Birbal had Managed to find the ring. Birbal then told Akbar that a guilty person is always scared.

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Story Of Servant.

One day Akbar and Birbal were riding through the countryside and they happened to pass by a cabbage patch.

"Cabbages are such delightful vegetables!" said Akbar. "I just love cabbage."

"The cabbage is king of vegetables!" said Birbal.

A few weeks later they were riding past the cabbage patch again.

This time however, the emperor made a face when he saw the vegetables. "I used to love cabbage but now I have no taste for it." said Akbar.

"The cabbage is a tasteless vegetable" agreed Birbal.

The emperor was astonished.

"But the last time you said it was the king of vegetables!" he said.

"I did," admitted Birbal. "But I am your servant Your Majesty, not the cabbage's."

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Story Of Children

Birbal arrived late for a function and the emperor was displeased.

"My child was crying and I had to placate him," explained the courtier.

"Does it take so long to calm down a child?" asked the emperor. "It appears you know nothing about child rearing. Now you pretend to be a child and I shall act as your father and I will show you how you should have dealt with your child. Go on. Ask me for whatever he asked of you."

"I want a cow," said Birbal.

Akbar ordered a cow to be brought to the palace.

"I want its milk. I want its milk," said Birbal, imitating the voice of a small child.

"Milk the cow and give to him," said Akbar to his servants.

The cow was milked and the milk was offered to Birbal. He drank a little and then handed the bowl back to Akbar.

"Now put the rest of it back into the cow, put it back, put in back, put it back..." wailed Birbal.

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The Sweet Reply

One day the Emperor Akbar startled his courtiers with a strange question.

"If somebody pulled my whiskers what sort of punishment should be given to him?" he asked.

"He should be flogged!" said one courtier.

"He should be hanged!" said another.

"He should be beheaded!" said a third.

"And what about you, Birbal?" asked the emperor. "What do you think would be the right thing to do if somebody pulled my whiskers?"

"He should be given sweets," said Birbal.

"Sweets?" gasped the other couriers.

"Yes", said Birbal. "Sweets, because the only one who would dare pull His Majesty's whiskers is his grandson."

So pleased was the emperor with the answer that he pulled off his ring and gave it to Birbal as a reward.

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Best Story Of Blind Saint

There lived a saint in an ashram in the kingdom of Emperor Akbar.

He was believed to prophecy the future correctly.

Once he had a visitor who had come to treat their niece. The child's parents were killed in front of the girl's eyes. Once she saw the saint, she started to scream loudly saying that that saint was the culprit.

Angered by the girl's words, the saint demanded the couple to get away with their child.

The whole day the girl cried which made the couple to realize that the girl was not lying.

Therefore, they decided to seek the help of Birbal.

Birbal consoled them and asked them to wait at the Emperor's assembly. Birbal had invited the saint to Akbar's court too.

Then in front of all the ministers he drew a sword and neared the saint to kill him. The saint in bewilderment immediately drew another sword and began to fight. Thus by this act of the saint it was proved that he wasn't blind.

Therefore, Akbar demanded to hang the culprit and rewarded the girl for her bravery for telling the truth even at the critical situation.

Question for Question

One day Akbar said to Birbal: "Can you tell me how many bangles your wife wears?"

Birbal said he could not.

"You cannot?" exclaimed Akbar. "You see her hands every day while she serves you food. Yet you do not know how many bangles she has on her hands? How is that?"

"Let us go down to the garden, Your Majesty," said Birbal, "and I'll tell you."

They went down the small staircase that led to the garden. Then Birbal turned to the emperor: "Your Majesty," he said, "You go up and down this staircase every day. Can you tell me how many steps there are in the staircase?"

The emperor grinned sheepishly and quickly changed the subject.

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Count Of All The Crows In The Kingdom.

By nature, emperor Akbar was a kind-hearted man. But there were certain blemishes in him that were wholly human, and they would rather enhance his personality than diminish his stature. One such was his whimsicality. Birbal was always there by his side to set the wrong in him right.

On one evening, when Akbar and Birbal were on their daily walks in the palace gardens, they noticed the lurching of a host of crows on the garden trees. Suddenly Akbar got a thought:

"How many crows are there in my kingdom?"

This thought burrowed into his mind so deeply that he needed an answer from Birbal. As we all know, administrators evince greater interest in the compilation of data for their future plans and execution.

Birbal had wit enough to realize what to do in such emergency.

He readily answered:

"There are ninety five thousand four hundred and sixty-three crows in the kingdom".

Amazed at his quick response, Akbar tried his best to outwit him:

"What if there be more crows than you answered?"

Without hesitation, Birbal replied:

"Then some crows must have visited from neighbouring kingdoms"

"And what if there be less crows?" Demanded Akbar.

And then came Birbal's instant answer!

"Then some crows from our kingdom must have gone on vacation to other parts"

Emperor Akbar, thereby, realized that Birbal's wit was a hard nut to crack. Nevertheless, he realized his administrative folly on statistical data.

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True King Story.

The King of Iran had heard that Birbal was one of the wisest men in the East and desirous of meeting him sent him an invitation to visit his country.

In due course, Birbal arrived in Iran.

When he entered the palace he was flabbergasted to find not one but six kings seated there.

All looked alike. All were dressed in kingly robes. Who was the real king?

The very next moment he got his answer. Confidently, he approached the king and bowed to him.

"But how did you identify me?" the king asked, puzzled.

Birbal smiled and explained: "The false kings were all looking at you, while you yourself looked straight ahead. Even in regal robes, the common people will always look to their king for support."

Overjoyed, the king embraced Birbal and showered him with gifts

The Well Dispute

Once there was a complaint at King Akbar's court.

There were two neighbors who shared their garden. In that garden, there was a well that was possessed by Iqbal Khan. His neighbor, who was a farmer wanted to buy the well for irrigation purpose. Therefore they signed an agreement between them, after which the farmer owned the well.

Even after selling the well to the farmer, Iqbal continued to fetch water from the well. Angered by this, the farmer had come to get justice from King Akbar.

King Akbar asked Iqbal the reason for fetching water from the well even after selling it to the farmer.

Iqbal replied that he had sold only the well to the farmer but not the water inside it.

King Akbar wanted Birbal who was present in the court listening to the problem to solve the dispute.

Birbal came forward and gave a solution. He said " Iqbal, You say that you have sold only the well to the farmer. And you claim that the water is yours. Then how come you can keep your water inside another person's well without paying rent?"

Iqbal's trickery was countered thus in a tricky way. The farmer got justice and Birbal was fairly rewarded.

Akbar Birbal Long Stories.

Akbar Birbal Story Of Khichdi (Rice)

Famous Story

On a cold winter day Akbar and Birbal took a walk along the lake. A thought came to Birbal that a man would do anything for money. He expressed his feelings to Akbar. Akbar then put his finger into the lake and immediately removed it because he shivered with cold. Akbar said "I don't think a man would spend an entire night in the cold water of this lake for money." Birbal replied "I am sure I can find such a person." Akbar then challenged Birbal into finding such a person and said that he would reward the person with a thousand gold coins.

Birbal searched far and wide until he found a poor man who was desperate enough to accept the challenge. The poor man entered the lake and Akbar had guards posted near him to make sure that he really did as promised. The next morning the guards took the poor man to Akbar. Akbar asked the poor man if he had indeed spent the night in the lake. The poor man replied that he had. Akbar then asked the poor man how he managed to spend the night in the lake.

The poor man replied that there was a street lamp near by and he kept his attention affixed on the lamp and away from the cold. Akbar then said that there would be no reward as the poor man had survived the night in the lake by the warmth of the street lamp. The poor man went to Birbal for help.

The next day, Birbal did not go to court. The king wondering where he was, sent a messenger to his home. The messenger came back saying that Birbal would come once his Khichri(Rice) was cooked. The king waited hours but Birbal did

not come. Finally the king decided to go to Birbal's house and see what he was up to.

He found Birbal sitting on the floor near some burning twigs and a bowl filled with Khichri(Rice) hanging five feet above the fire. The king and his attendants couldn't help but laugh.

Akbar then said to Birbal "How can the Khichri(Rice) be cooked if it so far away from the fire?"

Birbal answered "The same way the poor man received heat from a street lamp that was more than a furlong away."

The King understood his mistake and gave the poor man his reward.

Positive Analysis.

The Sadhu

Akbar came to the throne when he was only thirteen years old. In the years that followed, he built on of the greatest empires of his time. He lived in unimaginable splendor. He was surrounded by courtiers who agreed with every word he said, who flattered him and treated him as if he were a god. Perhaps it was not surprising that Emperor Akbar was sometimes arrogant and behaved as if the whole world belonged to him.

One day, Birbal decided to make the great emperor stop and think about life.

That evening as the emperor was going towards his palace, he noticed a Sadhu lying in the centre of his garden. He could not believe his eyes. A strange Sadhu,

in ragged clothes, right in the middle of the palace garden? The guards would have to be punished for this, thought the emperor furiously as he walked over to that Sadhu and prodded him with the tip of his embroidered slipper.

"Here, fellow!" he cried. "What are you doing here? Get up and go away at once!"

That Sadhu opened his eyes. Then he sat up slowly. "Huzoor," he said in a sleepy voice. "Is this your garden, then?"

"Yes!" cried the Emperor. "This garden those rose bushes, the fountain beyond that, the courtyard, the palace, this fort, this empire, it all belongs to me!"

Slowly that Sadhu stood up. "And the river, Huzoor? And the city? And this country?"

"Yes, yes, it's all mine", said the emperor. "Now get out!"

"Ah", said the Sadhu. "And before you, Huzoor. Who did the garden and fort and city belong to then?"

"My father, of course", said the emperor. In spite of his irritation, he was beginning to get interested in the Sadhu's questions. He loved philosophical discussions and he could tell, from his manner of speaking, that the Sadhu was a learned man.

"And who was here before him?" the Sadhu asked quietly.

"His father, my father's father, as you know."

"Ah", said the Sadhu. So this garden, those rose bushes, the palace and the fort all this has only belonged to you for your lifetime. Before that they belonged to your father, am I right? And after yours time they will belong to your son, and then to his son?

"Yes", said the Emperor Akbar wonderingly.

"So each one stays here for a time and then goes on his ways?"

"Yes."

"Like a dharmashala?" the Sadhu asked. "No one owns a dharmashala. Or the shade of a tree on the side of a road. We stop and rest for a while and then go on. And someone has always been there before us and someone will always

come after we have gone. Is that not so?"

"It is", Emperor Akbar quietly.

"So your garden, your palace, your fort, your empire... these are only places you will stay in for a time, for the span of your lifetime. When you die, they will no longer belong to you. You will go, leaving them in the possession of someone else, just as your father did and his father before him."

Emperor Akbar nodded. "The whole world is a dharmashala", he said slowly, thinking very hard. "In which we mortals rest awhile. That's what you are telling me, isn't it? Nothing on this earth can ever belong to a single person, because each person is only passing through the earth and must die one day?"

The Sadhu nodded solemnly. Then, bowing to the ground, he removed his white beard and saffron turban and his voice changed. "Jahanpanah, forgive me!" he said, in his normal voice. "It was my way of asking you to think about..."

"Birbal, oh, Birbal!" the emperor exclaimed. "You are wiser than any philosopher. Come, come at once to the royal chamber and let us discuss this further. Even emperors are but wayfarers on the path of life, it is clear!"

The Three Questions

King Akbar was very fond of Birbal. This made a certain courtier very jealous. Now this courtier always wanted to be chief minister, but this was not possible as Birbal filled that position. One day Akbar praised Birbal in front of the courtier. This made the courtier very angry and he said that the king praised Birbal unjustly and if Birbal could answer three of his questions, he would accept the fact that Birbal was intelligent. Akbar always wanting to test Birbal's wit readily agreed.

The three questions were

1. How many stars are there in the sky

2. Where is the centre of the Earth and

3. How many men and how many women are there in the world.

Immediately Akbar asked Birbal the three questions and informed him that if he could not answer them, he would have to resign as chief minister.

To answer the first question, Birbal brought a hairy sheep and said, "There are as many stars in the sky as there is hair on the sheep's body. My friend the courtier is welcome to count them if he likes."

To answer the second question, Birbal drew a couple of lines on the floor and bore an iron rod in it and said, "this is the center of the Earth, the courtier may measure it himself if he has any doubts."

In answer to the third question, Birbal said, "Counting the exact number of men and women in the world would be a problem as there are some specimens like our courtier friend here who cannot easily be classified as either. Therefore if all people like him are killed, then and only then can one count the exact number."

As we all know, Birbal was not only Emperor Akbar's favorite minister but also a minister dearly loved by most of the commoners, because of his ready wit and wisdom. People used to come to him from far and wide for advise on personal matters too. However, there was a group of ministers that were jealous of his growing popularity and disliked him intensely. They outwardly showered him with praise and compliments, but on the inside they began to hatch a plot to kill him.

One day they approached the king's barber with a plan. As the barber was extremely close to the king, they asked him to help them get rid of Birbal

permanently. And of course, they promised him a huge sum of money in return. The wicked barber readily agreed.

The next time the king required his services, the barber started a conversation about the emperor's father who he also used to serve. He sang praises of his fine, silky-smooth hair. And then as an afterthought he asked the king that as he was enjoying such great prosperity, had he made an attempt to do anything for the welfare of his ancestors?

The king was furious at such impertinent stupidity and told the barber that it was not possible to do anything because they were already dead. The barber mentioned that he knew of a magician who could come of help. The magician could send a person up to heaven to enquire about his father's welfare. But of course this person would have to be chosen carefully; he would have to be intelligent enough to follow the magicians instructions as well as make on-the-spot decisions. He must be wise, intelligent and responsible. The barber then suggested the best person for the job – the wisest of all ministers, Birbal.

The king was very excited about hearing from his dead father and asked the barber to go ahead and make the arrangements immediately. He asked him what was needed to be done. The barber explained that they would take Birbal in a procession to the burial grounds and light a pyre. The magician would then chant some 'mantras' as Birbal would ascend to the heavens through the smoke. The chanting would help protect Birbal from the fire.

The king happily informed Birbal of this plan. Birbal said that he thought it a brilliant idea and wanted to know the brain behind it. When learning that it was the barber's idea, he agreed to go to heaven on condition that he be given a large sum of money for the long

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