Count the stars
After cracking lots of joke, Gopal realised that the king was quiet worried.

Is there any reason that you are not listening to my jokes?
Don’t disturb me Gopal. I’m not in any mood to listen to your jokes.
Gopal realised that there must be something wrong...

Looks like it is the crazy Nawab again. What would be it this time?
The Nawab things that I'm a magician. He has given me a new task of counting the number of stars in the sky. You think is it possible?
Oh! Is this the problem? Leave it to me your majesty. If I could measure the earth, I can count the stars too. Just arrange a flock of sheep for me your majesty.
A flock of sheep? What is the link between the star and sheep.

Just have faith in me. I will show you my magic by convincing the Nawab.
Then Gopal took the sheep to Murshidabad and waited outside the mosque.
When Gopal saw that the Nawab was coming towards him, he started counting...

...four thousand six hundred fifty five, four thousand six hundred fifty six...

What is that fellow upto?
...four thousand six hundred fifty seven, four thousand six hundred fifty eight...

Hey! What are you doing here?
Oh no! I’ll have to start all over again!
Start what! all over again?

Counting the hairs on this flock of sheep your excellency.
Are you crazy?
What a foolish thing to attempt!
Isn't it less foolish than counting the stars your excellency?
Then the Nawab realise his foolishness and said...

Gopal you are genius! Now you can go. I'll talk with your king.

Ok, thank you your excellency.