

We Begin to Answer

Contributed by [Cantor Cheryl Wunch](#)

Source: Uncle Eli's Haggadah

We were slaves to King Pharaoh, that terrible king, and he made us do all kinds of difficult things.

Like building a pyramid of chocolate ice cream when the sun was so hot that the Nile turned to steam,
and digging a ditch with a spade of soft cotton. That Pharaoh was wicked and nasty and rotten!

He made us prepare him a big birthday cake and buy fancy presents for Pharaoh to take,
and he kept us awake with a terrible noise, but he never allowed us to play with his toys.

It's a good thing that God took us out of that place and gave evil old Pharaoh a slap in the face.

Because if God hadn't, we'd all be in trouble, still slaving away in the dust and the rubble,

cleaning up the king's mess and still folding his clothes and arranging his torn socks in eighty-four rows, and
balancing eggs on the tips of our toes.

Yes, even if we were as smart as my mother, as wise as my best friend Dov's four-month-old brother,
if we'd read all the books in the public library or watched as much TV as old Uncle Murray--

We still should keep telling this wonderful story of how we got out in a huff and a hurry.