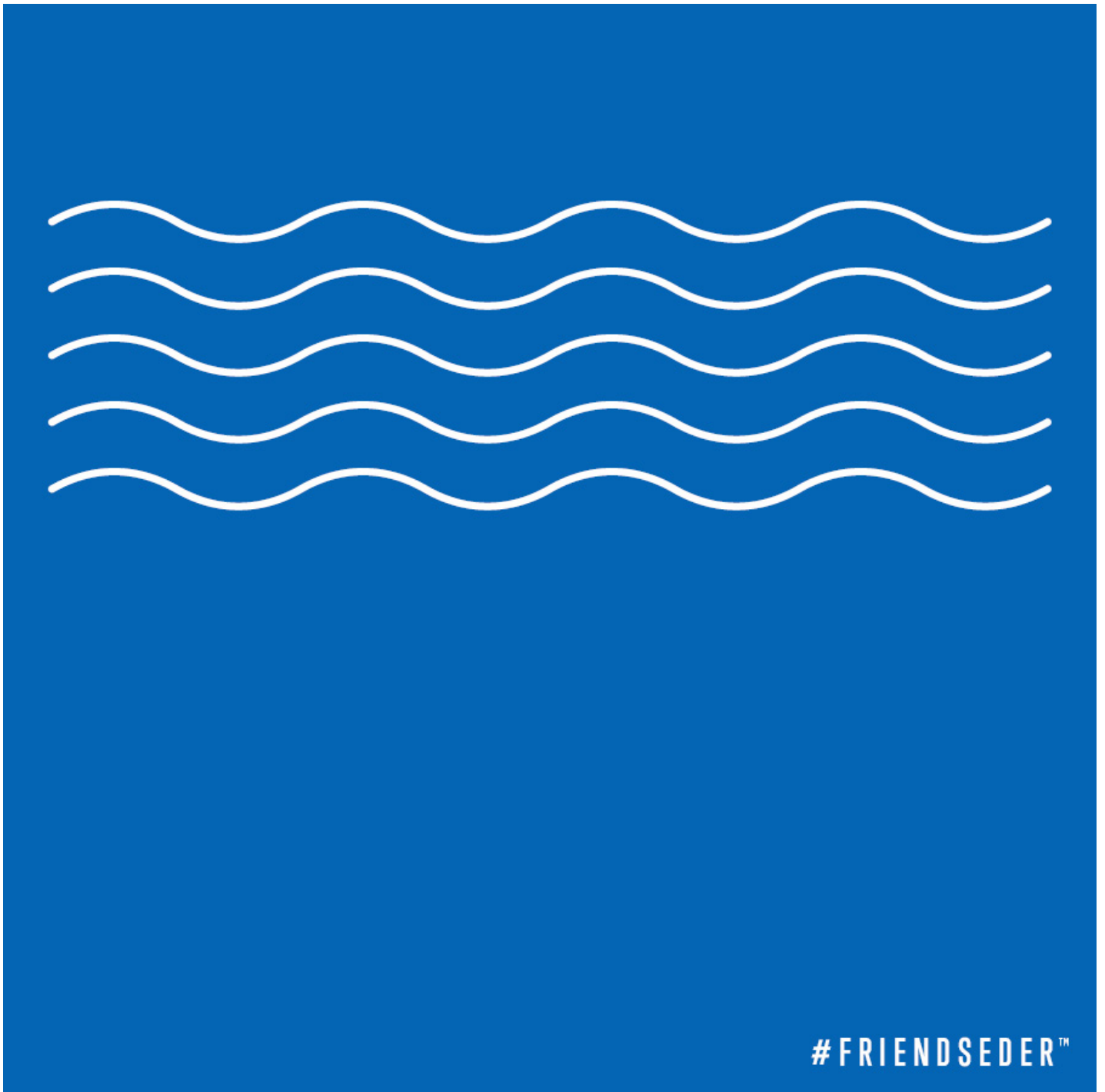


The Passover Story by Miriam

Contributed by [#Friendseder](#)

Source: www.friendseder.com



I knew from the very beginning that my baby brother was going to be special. We had to hide him from the crazy Egyptian soldiers who were seeking out and killing all the newborn Israelite babies due to Pharaoh's command. Whenever they came to our house and we hid him, somehow, he knew to stay quiet. One time he farted really loud but the guard didn't hear (or smell!) it. It was kind of a miracle now that I think about it. And also a plague... We actually didn't even give him a name because we were so scared that he might be killed and didn't want to become too attached.

When baby bro Moses (I like to call him "Chalupa Batman") got so big that we couldn't hide him anymore (it's not like our slave accommodations were so spacious... they were more like an individual WeWork office), my mom suggested that the only way to save him was to send him down the Nile in a basket, hoping that he might find a better future downriver.

I followed Chalupa down along the banks of the river, and watched as Pharaoh's daughter, Daenerys Targarean, pulled him out of the water and decided to keep him! She was a Mother of Hebrews, and the one who named him Moses – an Egyptian name meaning "I drew him from the water." I'm not quite sure how I got through her personal security guard, Paul Blart, but I ran up to her and let her know that if she needed a nursemaid for the baby, that I could help find her one. And just like that, my mom became her own son's nursemaid!

When he inevitably was weaned (Mom would've kept nursing til his Bar Mitzvah if she could've) we went back to slave life, with no real interaction with him for decades, until one day my big brother Aaron disappeared, and then we heard murmurings around town about an Egyptian man who had come out as being a Hebrew. And he was advocating for us. And bringing miracles. And that Aaron was his press secretary ... er ... spokesperson. And wouldn't you know it, but that out and proud Hebrew man was my baby brother.

Along the way he seemed to have picked up a speech impediment – hence the need for Aaron's support – as well as a few magic tricks and a personal unbreakable relationship with a God who self-described as "I am that I am" – sounds like a kind of sweet potato if you ask me ... I Yam that I Yam ... We are starving after all. Is it time for the festive meal yet?

It turned out Pharaoh was crazy stubborn! Despite some crazy plagues he just wouldn't agree to either just let us go, or to shift to a sharing economy – he called it Democratic socialism ... the fiery hail didn't quite make him "feel the Bern." But, in the ultimate twist of irony, his own firstborn was killed along with the firstborn children of man and beast in all of Egypt – except for ours. Schadenfreude – taking pleasure in the pain of another. A great word I learned from Avenue Kuf! Have you seen Avenue Kuf? I learned what the internet is for.

That last night in Egypt we painted our doorposts with blood, quickly shared a roasted lamb with our neighbors (how we had lamb to eat despite being slaves I'm not quite sure...), and ate bitter herbs (we had dried and packed all the delicious ones!). Because we weren't sure if there were bathrooms in the desert where we were going, we made sure to make our bread in such a way that we'd be sure to not need to use the bathroom for at least a week – hopefully we make it to the Promised Land by then.

If you ask me, the Egyptians would've gotten off way easier had they had a female leader. The palace would have been more of a safe space. Pantsuits would have been introduced way earlier into historical garment records.

I should mention: while Mom was nursing Moses for Pharaoh's daughter I got tight with two of her royal helpers from the local dance academy. They inspired me to take moments to just dance – it'll be okay – and so one of my most noteworthy moments was leading all of our women – like a million of us! – in dancing after we passed through the Red Sea. We couldn't do the electric slide due to being so close to water, and everyone knows that Hebrews are incapable of square dancing – no one is willing to follow instructions – so circles it was!

In the end, I'm actually described as a prophetess in the Bible – pretty sweet. I have a mystical well that follows me (and the Israelites) as we wander in the desert – you know you're jelly. Many families put a cup on the Seder table filled with water in my honor due to my story's close association with it. While I end up dying before both Moses and Aaron, which admittedly is a bummer, at least I had the chance to have it all, rolling in the deep.