

# Exodus Revisited

*by ApollinaV*

Hermione attends her first Passover seder.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or anything recognizable to the HP-Universe, JK Rowling does. I'm not making any money off the writing of this fanfic.

Warning: If you're unfamiliar with a Passover seder, this may be difficult for you to read, and you may not get any of the humor.

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"I'm sorry, Hermione, I really am," Neville said sheepishly.

Hermione frowned ever so slightly, uncertain why he was preemptively apologizing; the seder hadn't even begun. "I was happy to accept your invitation," she replied honestly. "I've always been curious about Passover."

Neville gave her a pained smile that did nothing to help Hermione's nerves, just as Madam Longbottom opened the front door.

"You're late," she announced, exasperated. "Don't give me this Jewish Standard Time nonsense; I was worried sick. The very least you could do was Floo. Come here, now," she ordered, grabbing Neville by his shoulders. Madam Longbottom surveyed him from shoelaces to knitted kippah and grimaced. "You're not eating. Isn't the school feeding you anything?" Neville tried to break in to answer. "That I should have to fatten you up on the holidays just so you don't waste away..." She paused and blinked suddenly aware of another presence. "Nu? Who's this shayna maidel?"

"Gran, this is Hermione." Neville apologized again with his eyes.

Neville was quickly ignored as Madam Longbottom, or 'Gran,' as Hermione'd been asked to call her, shoo'd her into the house. It was still a bit chilly and wouldn't do at all to catch a death of cold. Uncle Hershel, the fool, of blessed memory, had died of such a chill. It was bad enough they had to let the draft in when Elijah visited.

Gran saw to it that Hermione was introduced to all the other members of the family, Great Uncle Algie and Great Aunt Enid. Gran took great pride in announcing she had arrived *with* Neville.

Hermione smiled through her clenched teeth. Just as Hermione was explaining for her fourth time that, yes, she was in good health, thank you very much, Gran called the family to the table.

"If you lot don't get a move on, it'll be breakfast before we eat."

Hermione kicked herself for not taking Neville's advice for having a 'bit of nosh' ahead of time.

The family shuffled around the table, and Hermione found a seat. Just as she was about to sit, Algie piped up, "That's Elijah's seat, girl!"

"Oh, very sorry," Hermione responded, confused, as she nabbed another seat next to Neville. She hadn't met an Elijah.

"Don't listen to him, Hermione," Gran said sweetly. "You can do a blessing over Miriam's cup." Gran turned and glared at Algie. "Unless you don't believe in the equality of the sexes."

"Of course I do," Hermione responded warily, watching the staring contest between Gran and Algie. Enid seemed completely unaffected, was slumped in her seat, and was already dozing off.

Apparently, Gran won the staring contest, and she turned back to Hermione with a tight smile, which immediately turned into a frown.

"Recline, dear girl, recline!"

"Pardon?" Hermione asked, as she noticed everyone slightly slumped in their seats, not just softly snoring Aunt Enid.

"Gran, she's not Jewish," Neville piped up.

Gran paused for a moment. "That's alright, dear, nobody's perfect. Try to recline, though; you're not a slave tonight."

And with that pronouncement, little books appeared at each of their place settings.

They shared the reading, each taking turns to read paragraphs and passages as the story of Exodus unfolded. Hermione stumbled over the few transliterated Hebrew words scattered on the pages. Hermione smiled at Neville encouragingly when he was called upon to chant and sing, and though he blushed profusely, he had a nice voice.

A small glass of thick sweet wine was shoved into her hand, and she took the advice to heart when Neville quietly warned her to go easy on the wine. They'd be consuming several glasses of the stuff during the seder. Hermione's eyes bulged; nursing a small glass was easy, but drinking several over the night? The wine wasn't that good.

When it came time to talk of the Midrash about the four sons, Algie was the wicked, Gran was the wise, Neville was the simple, and Hermione was the child who didn't know what to ask.

Gran directed the seder, pausing occasionally to explain foreign things to Hermione like tapping the plate with drops of wine, but the focus of the evening was the story. The seder was an experiential learning exercise, to feel the process of progressing from bondage to freedom, and everyone - even Enid - participated.

"There are so many ways this is relevant," Hermione gushed during a pause. "When I think of the upcoming war and the way Muggleborns are treated, I can't help but find parallels to the modern day."

"Of course, child. The story has been told for thousands of years, and it's still just as relevant. If it wasn't, it would have faded into obscurity long ago," Gran replied, loading a matzah with an odd mash of apples and horseradish and passing it to her.

The horseradish quickly became Hermione's least favorite thing about the seder. Fortunately, just before she felt ready to pass out from pure starvation, it was time to eat, and food magically filled the table. It was rich and hot, and though she knew that none of it was made with leavening agents, it was good. And she was too hungry to care.

"Neville, you'd better find the afikomen on time this year," Algie spoke up as he polished off the last of his farfel kugel.

Neville groaned. "Make Hermione do it. Besides, she's younger than me."

Hermione was about to interject that she was in fact older, but his pleading look stopped her.

"I'd love to find the afikomen!" she enthused.

Neville bent to whisper in her ear. "It's in a satin pouch under the hearth rug."

"How do you know?" she whispered back.

"It's under the hearth rug every year."

A/N:

Original drabble prompt, from HermioneWeasley1972: In honor of Easter, choose a family in the wizarding world and show how they celebrate Easter or Passover, whichever they do.

Toda raba to Shayna Christev20 for beta'ing the fic.