

# Baking Bread in Bulgaria

*by kyriaofdelphi*

Hermione misunderstands a folk tradition.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione misunderstands a folk tradition.

Friday before Easter Viktor and Hermione were getting ready to bake the traditional loaf of bread with the eggs in it. Hermione had dyed the eggs that morning while Viktor had made the dough for the bread. His Mayka was coming over to help with the baking. Hermione was still a bit under the weather with a headache and a slight tummy ache.

Viktor told her to relax and stay out of the kitchen, that he and Mayka would do the baking. Hermione misunderstood the reason he said this and got upset. She went to sulk in the bedroom when Mayka arrived.

Once the loaf had been stuffed with an uneven number of red eggs, Viktor stuck it in the oven to bake. Then he and Mayka came in the bedroom to find Hermione crying.

Mayka hugged her daughter-in-law and explained the tradition. "Bread is magic in Bulgaria. No one who is unwell should touch the bread before it is baked. No one with unclean hands should touch the bread. This Easter bread is a tradition. The loaves will be taken to neighbours and friends. Viktor merely wanted you to watch as we baked because you don't feel well. But I think there is going to be more to celebrate than Easter." She smiled looking at the miserable young woman.

"What are we going to celebrate? That I have a raging headache and can't keep anything down?" Hermione asked snarkily.

Viktor put his arms around her and kissed her forehead as Mayka laughed.

"I think my Viktor knows what we will be celebrating in a few months' time. You probably won't feel good again until the morning sickness has passed. You are pregnant, Hermione. Congratulations."

She hugged her son and daughter-in-law before going back to check on the bread.

"You mean we got pregnant after we quit trying? I will never understand why that happens, Viktor. But it is what we wanted these past five years, isn't it?" Hermione asked her grinning husband.

His answer made her smile, in spite of the nausea. "Yes, Minerva and Alastor had a suggestion last month. They gave me a phial of Felix Felicis that I have been adding one drop of to your food every day. It worked and I am deliriously happy about it."

*ApollinaV's prompt was:*

*A Bulgarian folk tradition, a misunderstanding, and unexpected joy.*