

# THE FUCKING HAGGADAH

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a seder guide for irreverent Jews

arranged by doug sharf

## WELCOME TO OUR FUCKING SEDER, HEEBS AND GOYS!

Tonight we observe a dope festival that our peeps have celebrated for nearly two thousand years. But really it's to all get fucking twisted together and eat bastardized brisket recipes that include dairy.

Treif power, Yids.

Our history goes back 4000 years. We began as slaves in Egypt. Now we own Hollywood so we can produce blockbusters about when we were slaves in Egypt.

A longass time ago, back when people were still playing Sega Saturn, our ancestors left Egypt on a night such as this. On a night such as this, they celebrated their newly found freedom with MDMA and glow sticks.

Tonight, we do the same. There's crushed MDMA in the charoset for your convenience. On a more serious note, there's still a lot of fucked up shit in the world. Not everyone can celebrate freedom, and tonight we pour one out for them. Tonight, let's get shitty but wake up tomorrow at 2 PM with the intention of making the world better and with fewer assholes.

## CANDLE LIGHTING

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו  
במצותיו וצונו להדליק נר של (שבת ושל) יום טוב

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM A-SHER  
KI-DE-SHA-NU BE-MITZ-VO-TAV V'TZI-VA-NU L'HAD-LIK NER SHEL  
(SHABBAT V'SHEL) YOM TOV.

*Blessed are you, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music who makes us royal with  
commandments and commands us to light the festival blunts.*

Add this, but only on the first night. I swear, if you fuck this up...:  
ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, שהציתנו וקימנו והגיענו  
לזמן הזה.

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM  
SHE-HE-CHE-YA-NU V'KI-YE-MA-NU V'HIG-I-YA-NU LAZ-MAN HA-ZEH

*Blessed are you, Lorde our Dog, Ruler of pop music, who has kept us alive, sustained us, and enabled us to celebrate tonight with your catchy hooks and anti-pop rhetoric.*

## KIDDUSH (first cup of wine since before we started)

Most seders involve four cups of wine. That's bitch made. Ours involves one quantity of wine and one only: as much as it fucking takes. For our purposes, the FIRST four cups we drink will represent the normal seder shit. The reason it normally involves four is because Judaism is obsessed with fucking four. Four represents "the four seasons of the year", "the four douche bag ancient empires that fucked with Israel", and "the four corners of the universe". But the universe isn't square. YOU ARE. The bookish ones say four represents Dog's four promises to save our homies: "I will fucking bring you out; I will fucking deliver you: I will fucking redeem you: I will take you to be my fucking gangsters" (Exorcist 6:6,7).

Tonight, the four cups are the four types of freedom. Just fucking go with it.

The first cup represents physical freedom. This is the freedom to fuck whatever you want, so long as it's a consenting adult, fleshlight, Louisville Slugger or Cheesy Gordita Crunch. Our great-great-great X 100 grand Jews lacked this freedom as slaves.

Today, there are a lot of fucking pieces of shit that enslave large groups of badass, righteous folk. This first cup is for those folk. It's on us as free badasses to help them. Let's remember to use our badassery to free them so they can join the fuckfest.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרִי הַגֶּפֶן

*BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM BO-RAY P'RI HA-GA-FEN.*

*Blessed are you, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music, creator of this dank wine.*

DRINK UP, SLUTS.

## KARPAS (weed)

It's finally fucking spring. Allergies are destroying our faces. It's getting humid. Clarice Starling is listening to the slaughter of the spring lambs. BUT AT LEAST IT'S FUCKING SPRING. It's hopeful, damnit. The karpas reminds us of that hope. So does weed.

Alright, here comes a weird Jewy thing. We now dip the karpas in salt water because tears taste salty. We are drinking the tears that our homies cried when they were slaves in Egypt. Yeah, it's weird, fuck you. It's so we never forget how shitty it is to not be in control of our own lives and potential. Don't forget about their pain. Drinking tears is fucking metal.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָאֲדָמָה

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM BO-RAY P'RI HA-A-DA-MAH.

*Blessed are you, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music, creator of fruit, flowers, and Grand Daddy Purp.*

## AFIKOMEN

There are three giant crackers under the cloth on the matzah plate. If you pick one up, you'll feel like a tiny human holding a Saltine. Take half of the middle matzah. That's gonna be our afikomen, which means "dessert." You will soon remember it's the worst fucking dessert ever. We are going to hide the afikomen because we are mysterious. The other half of the middle matzah we save for later. BE PATIENT. TRY NOT TO SHIT YOURSELF WONDERING HOW WE'RE GOING TO USE IT.

הָא לַחֲמַא עֲנִיָּא דִּי אֲכָלוּ אַבְהֵתָנָא  
בְּאַרְעָא דְּמִצְרַיִם. כָּל דְּכָפִין יִיתִי וְיִיכֹל, כָּל  
דְּצָרִיךְ יִיתִי וְיִפְסַח. הַשְׁתָּא הָכָא, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה  
בְּאַרְעָא דִּישְׂרָאֵל. הַשְׁתָּא עַבְדִּי, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין

HA LACH-MA D'AN-YA DI ACHALU AV'A-HA-TA-NA B'AR-A D'MITZRAYIM.  
KOL DICH-FIN YEI-TEI V'YEICHOL, KOL DITZ-RICH YEI-TEI V'YIF-SACH.  
HASH-TA HA-CHA, L'SHANA HA-BA-A B'AR-A D'YISRAEL.  
HASH-TA AV-DEI, L'SHANA HA-BA-A B'NEI CHORIN.

This is the bread of suffering which our people ate when they were slaves. Eat it. I know—it sucks. That’s the fucking point. Chew fast and chug some wine so it slides down your gullet faster. May no one *have* to eat this shit.

## FOUR QUESTIONS

Someone’s about to get fucked.

Someone’s going to have to sing the song asking why tonight is different from other nights. To figure out who this person is:

- Determine who is the youngest person
- Call them a bitch
- Make them stand in front of the rest of the group
- Have them pull their pants down
- Repeat step 2
- Project from your diaphragm, bitch

מה נשתנה הלילה הזה מכל הלילות  
MAH NISH-TA-NA HA-LAI-LA HA-ZEH MI-KOL HA-LEI-LOT?

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין חמץ ומצה, הלילה הזה כלו  
מצה  
SHE-B’CHOL HA-LEI-LOT ANU OCH-LIN CHA-MEITZ U’MA-TZA,  
HA-LAI-LAH HA-ZEH KU-LO MA-TZA.

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין שאר ירקות, הלילה הזה מרור  
SHE-B’CHOL HA-LEI-LOT ANU OCH-LIN SHE’AR Y’RA-KOT, HA-LAI-LAH  
HA-ZEH MA-ROR.

שבכל הלילות אין אנו מטבילין אפילו פעם אחת, הלילה  
הזה שתי פעמים  
SHE-B’CHOL HA-LEI-LOT AIN ANU MAT-BI-LIN A-FI-LU PA-AM E-CHAT,  
HA-LAI-LAH SH’TEI F’A-MIM.

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין בין יושבין ובין מסבין, הלילה  
הזה כלנו מסבין  
SHE-B’CHOL HA-LEI-LOT ANU OCH-LIN BEIN YOSH-VIN U’VEIN M’SU-BIN,  
HALAI-LAH  
HA-ZEH KU-LA-NU M’SU-BIN.

But what the fuck does it mean? This:

Why is this night even weirder than that night you took mushrooms near the dumpster of your local Golden Corral?

On all other nights we eat normal bread; why tonight do we only eat this bland shit that's going to constipate us something fierce?

On all other nights we eat and smoke dank herbs; why tonight ARE YOU GOING TO HOUSE A CHUNK OF RAW HORSERADISH ROOT UNLESS YOU'RE A PUSSY?

On all other nights we don't usually dip our foods; why tonight when I dip you dip we dip??

On all other nights we chow sitting up; why on this night do we lay our backs slathered in Gefilte jelly?

## THE FOUR FUCKING KIDLETS

On four occasions, that thing from Raiders of the Lost Ark instructs parents to teach their brats the macabre-ass tale of Passover. The bookish ones figured that this just had to mean there were four types of kidlets:

Wiseass kidlets ask: "What the fuck do Dog's laws and rules mean?" These smartasses need to watch their fucking tone. However, at least they're fucking curious. Indulge them after they bring you your slippers.

Evil little bastards ask: "What does all this shit mean to YOU?" You're *supposed* tell them "I do this shit because Dog helped ME out of Egypt", making the distinction that had the evil little bastard been there, it would have stayed in Egypt. Tell it this. Ostracize it until it becomes a little gutter punk, for it is an evil little bastard.

Gump children ask: "What?" Make sure you fucking pander to their idiocy with a dumbed down answer that prevents critical thinking, lest they seize out again.

There's a fourth that literally doesn't know how to fucking ask, which means it's either mute or under three years old. Just...leave that kid alone...it'll be fine.

Alas, the kidlets are a metaphor for the attitudes within each of us. They neglected to account for our most important attitude: ditching the haters and fucking dominating.

AND NOW, let's popcorn read a dopeass tale in which everyone gets boils but it's actually probably syphilis.

## THE FUCKING TALE OF PASSOVER

OUR TALE BEGINS WITH SHITTINESS AND ENDS WITH PURE DOMINATION. LET OUR FUCKING SICK LIVES END LIKE OUR STORY: WITH TEN FOOT DONGS AND TEN FOOT CLITS.

4,000 years ago, Jangsters were enslaved to a bunch of dickheads in Egypt. Every year, we delay dinner for a really long time to tell this tale because it reminds us of fucking FREEDOM, and freedom is awesome. This tale of our kin's Exorcist from Egypt should get us fucking jacked up about helping free others once we shake our hangovers tomorrow.

Once upon a fucking time, there was a famine in Israel. No falafel, no hummus, and no—this is hard as fuck to say—no bacon. That old Jew, Jacob, moved his hungry family to the only other place on earth that could possibly have food: Egypt. Jacob was rolling hard and blasted out...like...a nation of babies. Eventually, these babies grew into a strong nation of adult-sized babies.

Then, a new micropenis came to the throne of Egypt. He was scared as fuck of this huge population of adult-sized Jewbabies. Dick Cheney was like, "Hey, Micropenis. If there is a war, these Jews are gonna side with the nemesis. We can't be having that shit." So Micropenis enslaved the Jews. They had to build crazy shit like buildings and the tallest Jenga towers in history. Taskmasters (Passover buzzword!) would fuck up the slaves if they toppled a Jenga.

Our brethren cried out, "Lorde our Dog! WTF, shit sucks down here!" Lorde remembered her promise to deliver liberating pop jams to Abe, Ike and Jake in a time of need.

But Micropenis wouldn't let us go, so Lorde brought Ten Fuck-You-Ups to Egypt: Ragu, Kermit's, dome mites, Beast Mode, Mad Cowz, syphilis, fire snow, hippity hoppers, The Darkness, and Buffy the Baby Slayer. When Buffy tossed Micropenis' baby into a blender, he finally agreed to free the slaves.

Rabbit Aaron Samuel Tamaret explained: "Lorde executed these Fuck-You-Ups herself: 'For I will go through Egypt in that night. I and not any fucking intermediary. Can't be letting anyone fuck this up. Shit's heavy.' Lorde our Dog could have empowered the Jewlets to rampage themselves, but Lorde knows once you start beating the shit out of people as the defenders...you shall soon become the aggressors. So Lorde went out of her way to keep the Jewlets out of the Fuck-You-Ups to protect them, to such an extent they weren't even able to see the Fuck-You-Ups."

Oh, really, Rabbit Aaron Samuel Tamaret? SO CONVENIENT. Whatever. Fuck that. Let's just say we rampaged and fought a tyrant WITH Lorde UH OH I think the acid is wearing off...

When we recall the Fuck-You-Ups, we remove a drop of dat good good—symbol of joy— from our wine sacks for each Fuck-You-Up, because our joy is lessened when we remember how bad the Egyptians got merked. This is tops. It sucks when innocent badassess croak because of their shitty leaders. Saddle up:

Ragu	דם	DAM
Kermit's	צפרדע	TZ'FAR-DEI-A
Dome Mites	כנים	KI-NIM
Beast Mode	ערוב	A-ROV
Mad Cowz	דבר	DE-VER
Syphilis	שחין	SH'CHIN
Snow Fire	ברד	BA-RAD
Hippity Hoppers	ארבה	AR-BEH
The Darkness	חשך	CHO-SHEKH
Buffy the Baby Slayer	מכת בכורות	MA-KAT B'CHOROT



The J-Dates skidaddled at midnight so tout de suite their bread stayed hard and flat: the water birth of matzah.

The J-Dates fled to the Red Sea with the Egyptians in hot pursuit. Rabbit Judah busts out: “When the Heebs stood at the shore of the Red Sea, one sputtered, “I’m not fuckin’ going in there!” and another burped, “Well, IM not fuckin’ going in there, either!” While they were twiddling dicks, Nachshon zipped by and cannonballed right in, bellowing out, “PUSSIES!” The waters started to swallow him up like a Sarlacc and he starts drowning. All the while, Moses is asking Lorde for some back up. Lorde replies, “Dude, what the fuck are you doing sitting there asking me for shit? That dude is drowning!” Moses is like, “Well, FUCK.” Lorde is like, “Alright lift up your pimp cane!” Moses raises his pimp cane. The sea splits down the fucking middle! “SHIT IS BALLER! WHAT ELSE CAN I SPLIT WITH THIS PIMP CANE?!” Moses daydreams about other possible splitting opportunities as he leads the Jewlets through the sea to the other side.

From there, they arrived at Mount Sinai Hospital and Dog gave them Raiders of the Lost Ark on Laserdisc. We pinky swear with Lorde our Dog to maintain a world free of slavery and Biebers.

Lorde did a load of righteous shit for us. She gave us magic pimp canes, Laserdisc and brought us to Mount Sinai Hospital. Any one of these treats would’ve been sufficient.

HOWEVER.

What if it wasn’t actually Lorde who brought our Yid-buds out of slavery, but the HUMANS themselves? What if Lorde’s liberating pop jams inspired HUMANS to stand up to a douchey tyrant?

That would have been metal. That would have been Magnum. That would have been sufficient. That would have been DAYENU. Awww yeahhhhh!!!!!! IT’S TIME TO GET ROWDY.

*PRO TIP: During the chorus, slam your fists on the table until your knuckles bleed and your phalanges fucking shatter.*

אלו הוציאנו ממצרים — דיינו  
 אלו נתן לנו את השבת — דיינו  
 אלו נתן לנו את התורה — דיינו

I-LU HO-TZI-A-NU MI-MITZ-RA-YIM DAYAY-NU. (chorus)  
 I-LU NA-TAN LA-NU ET HA-SHA-BAT DA-YAY-NU. (chorus)  
 I-LU NA-TAN LA-NU ET HA-TO-RAH DA-YAY-NU. (chorus)

*Had Dog only given us Star Wars IV, V, and VI, it would have been sufficient.  
 Had Dog only given us single stuff Oreos, it would have been sufficient.  
 Had Dog only given us three day work weeks, it would have been sufficient.*

## SECOND BUCKET OF WINE

Legend has it that when the Egyptians were being sucked down into the Red Sea, hallucinogenic angels wanted to chant a cover of Jeff Buckley's *Hallelujah* in victory. This peeved Lorde. Lorde rebuked: "Fucking angels! How you gonna do me like that? Those are MY little bastards drowning down there! I know they were doing bad shit, but fucking show some compassion!" To which one angel replied: "Did you just say butt fucking show?"

In a "normal" seder, we'd fill our second bucket of wine only halfway to show that our boners are killed a little by any human suffering, even those ratchet slavers. In this seder, we fill two buckets of wine per person because...yeah.

This second bucket symbolizes the second type of freedom: intellectual freedom—freedom of the mind to think all sorts of fucked up things that you wonder if other people think about also but are too afraid to ask, like "do you also spend 10% of your shower engaging in hand-to-gland combat and the other 90% winning fake arguments against yourself?"

[Serious] Closed minds lead to human suffering and Fifty Shades of Grey. Open minds, knowledge and understanding lead to fucking FREEDOM and a world in which we are all ballers and shot callers.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם בורא פרי הגפן

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM BO-RAY PE-RI  
 HA-GA-FEN.  
*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, Ruler of pop music, Creator of this dank wine.*

CHUG.

YOU THOUGHT WE WERE DONE WITH SYMBOLS? DID YOU ALSO THINK THIS WAS A FUCKING GAME?

Rabbit Gamaliel gurgled: We have not solved the Da Vinci Code until we have explained these three cryptic puzzles: Prison Shank Bone, Matzah and Maror.

## PRISON SHANK BONE

What the fuck does this shank mean? Why does it resemble a lamb shin more than a sharpened toothbrush? Because the night they left Egypt, our ancestral J-Dates sacrificed a lamb to Dog.

Why a lamb? That lamb was likely cute as fuck and had only harmed fucking grass, right? WRONG. That lamb was a bastard who cheated on his wife and was found guilty of insider trading. Also, lambs were the animal that the Egyptians worshiped.

This shank symbolizes us flipping the bird to idolatry. Fuck idols. From Kelly Clarkson to Billy, history shows that when people worship idols, shit hits the fucking fan. It's on us as badasses to fuck idolatry in the ear and prevent the human suffering that follows when shitheads worship THINGS and DICTATORS and MONEY. FUCK YOU COMCAST.

## MATZAH

Raise a piece of shitty matzah up until you look ridiculous. This matzah reminds us of how fast our homies had to hoof it the night they left Egypt. Things were so bad, it was actually worth it to eat this stuff.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם המוציא  
לחם מן הארץ

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM HA-MO-TZI  
LE-CHEM MIN HA-A-RETZ.

*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music, who brings forth bread,  
potey brownies, and E.L. Fudges.*

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו  
על אכילת מצה

*BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM A-SHER  
KI-DE-SHA-NU B'MITZ-VO-TAV V'TZI-VA-NU AL A-CHI-LAT MA-TZA.*

*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music, who makes us royal  
with commandments and commands us to down this matzah so that real bread  
tastes amazing by comparison.*

## MAROR

Okay. We finally fucking got here. Prepare to be in a room full of crying adults.

IMPORTANT: IF YOU DON'T HAVE RAW HORSERADISH ROOT AND ONLY HAVE THE PUSSY JARRED STUFF, STOP THIS SEDER, FORAGE A ROOT, AND BEGIN THE ENTIRE SEDER FROM THE FUCKING BEGINNING.

Now, raise this home wrecker above your dome. Enjoy your life, right now, while it is still free from SATAN'S CHOKEHOLD. For on this night of Passover, we live through the torment and bitterness of slavery. We piss tears that our people pissed 4000 years ago. WE FUCKING REMEMBER THAT NOT EVERYONE GETS TO LIVE FREE AND REMEMBER THE TEMPO FOR CPR IS STAYING ALIVE BY THE BEEGEES.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו  
על אכילת מרור

*BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM A-SHER  
KI-DE-SHA-NU B'MITZ-VO-TAV V'TZI-VA-NU AL A-CHI-LAT MA-ROR.*

*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, ruler of pop music, who commands us to eat  
Satan's cock goblin.*

Prep thine portions of the devil's root.

RULE: The G who eats the largest portion of root gets to Scarlet Letter a "P" in Sharpie on the forehead of the wuss who ate the smallest portion, for thou hast not eaten horseradish but merely PONYRADISH.

NOW CONSUME, MINIONS!!!!!!!!!!

Number for American Association of Poison Control Centers: 1(800) 222 1222

(Take a short break to fucking recover)

Is anyone alive out there? Hello?? Is anyone alive out there?!?!?

Oh! Is this everyone? Has everyone survived the Maror?

Congratulations!

Guess what???

YOU GET TO EAT IT A-FUCKING-GAIN!!!!

Relax. This time you get to dull the agony by turning it into a maztah-charoet sandwich. Charoet is love, charoet is life. Charoet represents the mortar our homies used to bind the bricks that built the Jenga towers. And it tastes fucking awesome.

This sandwich is piece of shit slavery and fucking sweet freedom all together in one bite. In times of slavery there is the hope of freedom. In times of freedom, there is the memory of oppression. It's a fucking emotional roller coaster, this sandwich. Never fucking forget.

YOU FUCKING MADE IT!

**TIME TO FUCKING CHOW. LUBE YOUR THROATS WITH BRISKET DRIPPINGS AND SHOOT THOSE GEFILTE NUGGETS DOWN LIKE YOU'RE SENDING PARATROOPERS OUT THE BACK OF A C130!**

SPACE LEFT INTENTIONALLY BLANK WHILE YOU GET BLACKOUT

Okay, remember we hid half of the afikomen? GO FUCKING FIND IT! If you want. That was sorta...for the kids. If instead you just wanna play flip cup, that's most tranquil.

## BIRKAT HA-MAZON

This is the post-meal blessing. It takes too fucking long. If you're one of those people that does this, there's a perfectly good corner over there. I'm not gonna write it out here because if you are one of those people, you know it by heart anyway. We're gonna keep going.

## THIRD CAULDRON OF WINE

This third cauldron symbolizes spiritual freedom. Many times in history, dickheads said fuck no to Jewlets and their practice of snipping tips. Asshats also said fuck no to Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, Christians and Buddhists. This is all bullshit. These oppressive shit eaters may not join our fuckfest.

If you're choosing to lead your seder with this heretical Magna Farta, you may not even believe in Dog. That's cool—because of spiritual fucking freedom. We can take a lesson from the Jangsters that kept Faith Hill even through persecution. May we have the strength to stick to our guns.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם בורא פרי הגפן

*BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM BO-RAY P'RI HA-GA-FEN.*

*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, Ruler of pop music, Creator of this dank wine.*

Just submerge your dome into your cauldron and breathe in.

## ELIJAH'S CUP

Here's the part where we fill a cup of wine and leave it unattended so that a prophet named Elijah can come drink it. Also, if your MDMA has worn off, now would be a primo moment to pop another.

According to one legend, Elijah takes a drop of wine from every seder in the world and bottles it all up to distribute to poor people like some Robin Heeb.

Some scholars believe that legend comes from the schizophrenic guy on Third Avenue.

Tradition has us leave the front door open so Elijah can come take the cup of wine, but that schizophrenic guy was seen around here recently and we really shouldn't risk it.

The Cup symbolizes messianic fucking freedom. A time that hasn't come. And we can't drink from the Cup until it gets here. Choose your messiah. Your messiah can be world peace or the day you collect every single US state quarter.

Fuck it, let's be bullish and open the door. COME IN, ELIJAH. Sing it, badasses.

אֵלִיָּהוּ הַנָּבִיא, אֵלִיָּהוּ הַתְּשֻׁבִּי, אֵלִיָּהוּ הַגִּלְעָדִי  
בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ יָבוֹא אֵלֵינוּ עִם מָשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד

*EI-LI-YA-HU HA-NA-VI, EI-LI-YA-HU HA-TISH-BI,  
EI-LI-YA-HU EI-LI-YA-HU EI-LI-YA-HU HA-GIL-A-DI.  
BIM-HEI-RA VE-YA-MEI-NU, YA-VO EI-LEI-NU;  
IM MA-SHI-ACH BEN DA-VID, IM-MA-SHI-ACH BEN DA-VID.  
Elijah the baller, Elijah the shot caller, Elijah the 20 inch blades on the Impala;  
may he soon come and bring the noise AND the funk.*

PS: We're not actually gonna leave that cup of wine just sitting out all night. Someone drain it.

## MIRIAM'S CUP

Set aside a Big Gulp of pure, uncut water. This reps prophet Miriam's account of a water well that accompanied the J-Dates through the wilderness. May we draw strength and courage from Miriam's well in order to tackle the last drink of wine.

## SONGS

Singing the following song together is fucking mandatory. No fucks are to be given if you try to belch out an excuse.

**"Boils" by Lorde**

(sung to the tune of Royals by Lorde, duh)

I can feel those whip scars in the flesh  
I cut my hands on pyramid bricks in the cities  
And this mortar sure makes a mess,  
It's a backwards town, can Lorde please help us

But every plague is like mad cows, bull frogs, hailing balls of fire  
Locusts, beast wars, darkness in the bathroom,  
We should care, these people are getting really scared.  
But everybody's got head lice; Buffy, slaying all the babies.  
Fucked up, so sad, sorry to the parents.  
We should ache, but one plague done takes the cake:

And Egyptians got boils (boils)  
The worst plague of them all,  
You should really wear a shawl,  
Complexion's hideous as balls.  
Let me give you concealer (cealer)  
Can salvage your beauty  
And Pharaoh we out, we out, we out, we out.  
Let me split that bloody sea.

Moses and I—we've hit the road.  
We brought our matzah with the crew to the Red Sea.  
And now sand all up in our shoes, it's so damn hot  
But we shan't worry...

Cuz every plague is like mad cows, bull frogs, hailing balls of fire  
Locusts, beast wars, darkness in the bathroom,  
We should care, these people are getting really scared.  
But everybody's got head lice; Buffy, slaying all the babies.  
Fucked up, so sad, sorry to the parents.  
We should ache, but one plague done takes the cake:

And Egyptians got boils (boils)  
The worst plague of them all,  
You should really wear a shawl,  
Complexion's hideous as balls.



Let me give you concealer (cealer)  
 Can salvage your beauty  
 And Pharaoh we out, we out, we out, we out.  
 Let me split that bloody sea.

Eww eww ew  
 Matzah really tastes like shit,  
 There's nothing that can cover it.  
 Eww eww ew  
 Let's wait another minute please!  
 I'm going to kill this slow-ass yeast.

And Egyptians got boils (boils)  
 The worst plague of them all,  
 You should really wear a shawl,  
 Complexion's hideous as balls.  
 Let me give you concealer (cealer)  
 Can salvage your beauty  
 And Pharaoh we out, we out, we out, we out.  
 Let me split that bloody sea.

## FOURTH JACUZZI OF WINE

And now...the end is near. Everyone—lose your pants, it's time to jump into the Jacuzzi of wine.

Mad injustice still remains on this fucking orb. This Jacuzzi of wine reminds us that cracking your iPhone isn't that big a fucking deal. Our lives mean more than that. As we get neck deep in this Manischewitz, let's vow to crumble the tyrants, end war, feed the famished, and just all around fucking dominate.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם בורא פרי הגפן

BA-RUCH A-TA A-DO-NAI E-LO-HAY-NU ME-LECH HA-O-LAM BO-RAY  
 P'RI HA-GA-FEN.

*Blessed are You, Lorde our Dog, Ruler of pop music, Creator of  
 the wine Jacuzzi.*

TURN ON THE JETS, SNITCHES, WE'RE GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

## CONCLUSION

There are a lot of fucking Jews that love the traditions and culture and just don't vibe with Dog in a religious way. Because we see the universe differently—one that is based on human observation, logic, reason—that shouldn't preclude us from having fun with the rituals of our younger selves, parents and ancestors. Many of the messages regarding freedom and activism are applicable to our lives. It's good to be slapped into remembering that we actually have the power to make the world better.

**HAPPY FUCKING PASSOVER, EVERYONE.**