

## 红联映门楣：家乡春节的热闹与温情

每年腊月一到，家乡的年味就开始在空气里弥漫。大街小巷都忙碌起来，门前的尘土被扫净，屋檐下挂起一串串鲜红的灯笼。那种喜庆的气息，从每一个人的脸上都能看出来。

除夕那天，最重要的事情便是贴春联。父亲总是早早磨好浆糊，母亲把一副副大红春联拿出来。上联下联对得工整，横批写着“福满人间”或“家和万事兴”。我站在门口，看着父亲举起春联贴上去，心里总有一种仪式感。那一刻，旧岁仿佛被掸去，新的希望悄然降临。

夜幕降临时，家家户户的灯光亮起，厨房里飘出香味。母亲包的饺子里总有几颗藏着硬币，据说吃到的人来年会好运连连。外面鞭炮声此起彼伏，震得窗户都在颤。我喜欢那种喧闹的声音，它宣告着年的到来，也唤醒了每个人心底的喜悦。

吃完年夜饭，全家围坐在火炉旁看春晚。奶奶一边织毛衣，一边念叨着今年家里谁要结婚，谁要盖新房。孩子们在旁边打闹，屋子里充满笑声。到了午夜，父亲会点燃门口的长鞭炮，那一瞬间，火光映红了每一张笑脸。那是家的颜色，也是年味最浓的时刻。

正月初一，大家早早起床穿上新衣，到亲戚家拜年。老人们笑着收红包，小孩们蹦蹦跳跳，街上处处是笑语。还有舞龙舞狮的队伍从村头走过，锣鼓声震天，龙身闪着金光，象征着新年的吉祥与热闹。每次看到那一幕，我都觉得，这样的风俗，才是我们最珍贵的传承。

如今我离开家乡在外求学，每到春节，那种红红火火的画面总会浮现在脑海。城市的鞭炮声少了，但我知道，真正的“年味”，藏在那张贴了春联的门里，藏在家人团聚的笑声中。

## Red Couplets on the Door: The Warmth and Joy of My Hometown's Spring Festival

Every year as the twelfth lunar month begins, the scent of the New Year starts to fill the air in my hometown. Streets and alleys bustle with activity, doors are swept clean, and red lanterns hang under the eaves. The festive spirit shines on everyone's face.

On New Year's Eve, the most important task is pasting the Spring Festival couplets. My father prepares the paste early, while my mother takes out pairs of bright red couplets. The words are neatly matched, with horizontal scrolls reading "Blessings Fill the World" or "Harmony Brings Prosperity." Watching my father paste them on the door gives me a deep sense of ritual—it's as if the old year has been brushed away and new hopes quietly arrive.

When night falls, every home glows with warm lights, and delicious smells drift from the kitchen. My mother hides coins in a few dumplings—whoever finds one will have good luck in the coming year. Firecrackers boom outside, shaking the windows. I

love that noise—it proclaims the arrival of the New Year and awakens joy in everyone's heart.

After dinner, the whole family gathers around the fire to watch the Spring Festival Gala. My grandmother knits while chatting about who's getting married or building a new house. Children laugh and play nearby. At midnight, my father lights a long string of firecrackers at the door, and for a moment, the firelight brightens every smiling face. That's the color of home, the purest flavor of the New Year.

On the first day of the new year, everyone dresses in new clothes and visits relatives. Elders smile as they hand out red envelopes, children jump with excitement, and the streets are filled with laughter. The dragon and lion dance teams parade through the village, drums echoing, dragon scales gleaming. Every time I see that scene, I feel that these customs are the most precious heritage we have.

Now that I live away from home, I often recall those vibrant New Year moments. The city might be quieter, but I know that the real “flavor of the year” still lives behind the red couplets and in the laughter of family reunion.

## 灯火映笑颜：元宵节的团圆夜

在我的家乡，春节的热闹并不会随着年初一的过去而结束。等到正月十五元宵节，年味又会被重新点燃。那一天，街上灯火通明，人声鼎沸，仿佛整个村庄都被光照亮。

傍晚时分，村口的大槐树下早已聚满了人。孩子们手里提着小兔灯、莲花灯，在人群中跑来跑去。大人们则一边聊天，一边欣赏着街道两旁悬挂的花灯。各种形状的灯笼：鱼灯、龙灯、走马灯，被点亮时闪烁着温柔的光，照在人们的脸上，也照进了心里。

我最喜欢的，是猜灯谜的环节。那些用毛笔写在红纸上的谜语被挂在灯笼下，风一吹轻轻摇晃。有人凑过去念：“一口咬掉牛尾巴，打一字。”旁边的叔叔哈哈一笑：“是‘告’！”一阵掌声和笑声随即响起。那种热闹，带着人情的温度。

家里也忙得不亦乐乎。母亲早早煮好一锅汤圆，圆滚滚的白团子在锅里翻滚，香气四溢。她总说：“元宵节吃汤圆，团团圆圆才吉利。”我喜欢那一口甜糯的味道，芝麻馅流出来的时候，仿佛幸福也被品进了嘴里。

夜色渐深，灯火却愈发亮了。村里的龙灯队开始巡游，锣鼓声震天。那条长龙盘旋在人群中，闪烁着金色的光芒，孩子们欢呼雀跃，老人们笑得合不拢嘴。天上挂着一轮圆月，照在这一幕上，温柔又动人。

多年以后，我仍记得那晚的灯火。它不仅仅是节日的装饰，更像是一种连接，把散落一地的乡愁和笑声串联起来。无论我身在何处，想起家乡的元宵夜，心中总会亮起一盏温柔的灯。

# Lanterns and Laughter: The Reunion Night of the Lantern Festival

In my hometown, the joy of the Spring Festival doesn't fade after New Year's Day. By the time the Lantern Festival arrives on the fifteenth day of the first lunar month, the festive spirit is rekindled. That night, the streets glow with light and laughter, and the whole village seems illuminated.

By dusk, the old locust tree at the village entrance is surrounded by people. Children carry rabbit-shaped and lotus lanterns, running through the crowd. Adults chat while admiring the lanterns hanging on both sides of the road—fish-shaped, dragon-shaped, and rotating lanterns, all glowing softly, lighting up faces and hearts alike.

My favorite part is guessing lantern riddles. The riddles are written in brush calligraphy on red paper and hang beneath the lanterns, swaying gently in the breeze. Someone reads aloud: "Bite off a cow's tail—what character is it?" An uncle bursts into laughter, shouting, "It's '告'!" Applause and laughter ripple through the crowd. That lively warmth carries the true flavor of human connection.

At home, my mother busies herself cooking a pot of glutinous rice balls. The round dumplings roll in boiling water, releasing a sweet aroma. "Eating tangyuan means reunion," she always says. I love that chewy sweetness, and when the sesame filling oozes out, it feels like tasting happiness itself.

As night deepens, the lanterns shine brighter. The dragon dance parade begins, drums echoing through the village. The golden dragon coils and waves among the crowd, shimmering under the moonlight. Children cheer, elders beam with joy, and the full moon above watches over it all, soft and serene.

Years later, I still remember those lights. They were more than decorations—they were threads connecting laughter, nostalgia, and love. No matter where I am, when I think of my hometown's Lantern Festival, a gentle lantern seems to light up in my heart.

## 清明雨上：家乡的思念与传承

每到清明，家乡的山野总会笼罩在一层淡淡的雾气里。细雨如丝，润物无声。人们说，这雨，是思念化成的。

清明这天，家家户户早早起床，提着纸钱、香烛和供品，沿着泥泞的小路去扫墓。一路上，山花点点，青草吐翠，空气里弥漫着泥土的香气。祖坟坐落在半山腰，四周松柏环绕，显得庄重而宁静。

父亲先清扫墓碑上的灰尘，母亲摆上供品，我和弟弟则在一旁烧纸钱。纸灰随风飘散，像极了那些远去的思念。磕头时，父亲总要叮嘱我们：“要记得他们，我们今天的一切，都是他们给的。”那一刻，我第一次明白，清明不只是悲伤的节日，更是一种传承的仪式。

扫墓完毕后，大人们会在田间插柳。村里老人常说：“清明插柳，不负春光。”柳枝嫩绿，象征生命的延续。孩子们最喜欢的，是放风筝。那一只只彩色的风筝在天空中翻飞，仿佛把愿望和思念都带上了天。

傍晚回家的路上，村庄被雨雾笼罩。炊烟升起，远处传来鸡鸣犬吠。母亲煮了一锅青团，软糯中带着青草的香气。她说：“清明吃青团，寓意清净长寿。”一家人围坐在一起，吃着青团，心里有一种说不出的温暖。

长大后离开家乡，每逢清明，我仍会去郊外走走。虽然身边没有熟悉的山和墓，但那种肃穆与思念的感觉依旧。清明教会了我珍惜眼前人，也让我懂得，传承不仅在血脉中，也在记忆和心意里。

## Under the Qingming Rain: Memories and Traditions of My Hometown

Every year during Qingming, my hometown is shrouded in a gentle mist. The fine drizzle falls silently, nurturing everything it touches. People say this rain is made of longing.

On that day, every family rises early, carrying paper offerings, incense, and food, walking along muddy paths to the ancestral graves. The hills are dotted with wildflowers, fresh grass glistens with dew, and the air smells of earth. The family tomb sits halfway up the mountain, surrounded by pine trees—solemn and peaceful.

My father wipes the dust off the tombstone, my mother arranges the offerings, and my brother and I burn the paper money. The ashes drift away with the wind, just like our thoughts for those who have passed. As we bow, my father always reminds us, “Remember them. Everything we have today comes from them.” In that moment, I understood that Qingming is not only about grief—it is a ceremony of remembrance and inheritance.

After visiting the graves, adults plant willow branches in the fields. The elders say, “Plant willows during Qingming and cherish the spring.” The fresh green symbolizes life’s renewal. Children love to fly kites—the bright colors soaring

into the sky carry our wishes and memories upward.

On the way home at dusk, the village lies under a veil of rain and smoke. The smell of cooking drifts through the air. My mother makes qingtuan, soft green rice cakes with a faint aroma of herbs. "Eating qingtuan means purity and longevity," she says. Sitting together as a family, sharing those warm green cakes, I feel a quiet, unspoken peace.

Even now, far from home, I still take walks in the countryside when Qingming comes. Though the familiar hills and graves are gone, the feeling of reverence and remembrance remains. Qingming has taught me to cherish those who are still here and to understand that inheritance lives not only in blood, but also in memory and the heart.