

## 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欢喜。

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.