

热闹的庙会——记我在家乡的民俗体验日

每年农历三月十五，是我们家乡一年一度的庙会。这一天，村子仿佛从冬眠中苏醒，热闹得像过年。我一大早就被锣鼓声吵醒，推开窗户，看到街道上已经人头攒动，红灯笼高高挂起，空气里弥漫着糖炒栗子的香味。

我跟着父母去庙里上香。庙门前烟雾缭绕，香客络绎不绝。老爷爷们手里拿着拐杖，虔诚地磕头；年轻人则在祈求事业顺利；孩子们被香火呛得直咳嗽，却仍旧兴奋地跟在大人后面。那种庄重与热闹交织的氛围，让我心里莫名地感动。

拜完神，我们沿着街边的摊位慢慢逛。庙会的摊位几乎覆盖了整条主街：卖糖人的、卖布偶的、唱大戏的、拉二胡的……热闹得让人目不暇接。我买了一串糖葫芦，酸酸甜甜的滋味在嘴里绽开，像极了小时候放学后的那份快乐。

中午的时候，村口的广场上开始舞龙表演。几位身强力壮的小伙子赤着膀子，汗水顺着脖颈流下，他们高举着金龙，随着鼓点翻腾起舞。龙身在阳光下闪着金光，围观的人群一阵阵欢呼。鼓点震得我胸口发烫，我忍不住也跟着节奏拍手。

傍晚，庙会还没散场，夜色却渐渐降临。灯笼一盏盏亮起，把整条街染成温暖的橙色。人声、笑声、吆喝声混成一片，仿佛所有的欢乐都浓缩在这一夜。我站在热闹的人群中，忽然有一种特别的幸福感——那是属于家乡的味道，属于传统的力量。

回家的路上，我对父亲说：“以后我也想每年都回来赶庙会。”父亲笑着拍了拍我的肩膀：“这是我们的根，不能忘。”我点点头，看着夜空中飘着的烟火，心里默默地想着：不论走多远，这份热闹与温情，我都要记在心里。

The Lively Temple Fair — My Folk Experience Day in My Hometown

Every year on the fifteenth day of the third lunar month, my hometown holds its annual temple fair. On that day, the whole village seems to awaken from its winter slumber, buzzing with life like it's the New Year. I was woken early by the sound of drums and gongs. When I opened the window, I saw crowds already filling the streets, red lanterns hanging high, and the sweet smell of roasted chestnuts wafting through the air.

I went to the temple with my parents to offer incense. The temple gate was surrounded by thick smoke and waves of worshippers. Elderly men leaned on their canes as they bowed devoutly, young people prayed for success, and children coughed from the incense but still followed the adults with excitement. The mix of solemnity and festivity moved me deeply.

After praying, we strolled along the fair stalls that lined the main

street—vendors selling sugar figurines, cloth dolls, opera performances, and folk musicians playing erhu. The sights and sounds were dazzling. I bought a stick of candied hawthorns; the sweet and sour taste brought back memories of my carefree childhood.

At noon, a dragon dance began in the village square. Strong young men, bare-chested and sweating, lifted the golden dragon high, dancing in rhythm with the pounding drums. The dragon shimmered under the sunlight as the crowd cheered loudly. The drumbeats resonated in my chest, and I couldn't help clapping along.

As evening fell, the fair was still in full swing. Lanterns lit up one by one, painting the streets in a warm orange glow. Voices, laughter, and the shouts of vendors mixed together, creating a festival of joy. Standing amidst the crowd, I felt a deep sense of happiness—it was the warmth of my hometown, the strength of tradition.

On the way home, I told my father, “I want to come back every year for the fair.” He smiled and patted my shoulder. “This is our root,” he said. “Never forget it.” I nodded, watching fireworks bloom across the night sky, and thought to myself: no matter how far I go, this joy and belonging will always stay with me.