

## 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.

## 河灯的温柔——中元节的夜晚记忆

那天是农历七月十五，中元节。天色刚刚暗下来，村头的小河边已经聚满了人。河面很静，月光倒映在水中，像一层薄纱。母亲递给我一盏莲花灯，柔声说：“放河灯是为了给祖先引路，也寄托平安的愿望。”

我低头看着那盏小灯，灯芯里闪着微弱的光，纸做的莲花瓣被晚风轻轻吹动，带着淡淡的蜡香。我小心翼翼地蹲下身，把它放在水面上。灯轻轻一晃，顺着水流慢慢漂走。母亲站在我身边，双手合十，嘴里轻声祈祷。我也跟着闭上眼，心中默默许下心愿：希望家人健康，希望祖先安宁。

放灯的人越来越多，河面上渐渐亮起了一片灯海。红的、粉的、黄的莲花灯在水上漂荡，像星星落进了河里。孩子们追着跑，指着水面兴奋大喊：“看，那盏是我的！”大人们则默默注视着，脸上是温和的笑意，也有淡淡的怀念。

爷爷在我小时候就常说：“灯，是给灵魂照路的。人活着，也需要光。”我那时听不太懂，现在才明白，那光不只是给亡灵的安慰，更是给活人的希望。每一盏河灯，都是我们对生命与记忆的告白。

夜色深了，河灯已经漂得很远，只剩下几盏还在闪烁。风轻轻吹过，水面泛起一层细浪。我忽然觉得时间也在这一刻慢下来。母亲拉着我的手，笑着说：“走吧，祖先看见了。”我点点头，

心里暖暖的，仿佛那一盏盏灯，也在为我照亮回家的路。

## The Gentle Glow of River Lanterns — A Memory of the Ghost Festival Night

It was the fifteenth day of the seventh lunar month—the Ghost Festival. As night fell, people gathered by the small river at the edge of our village. The river was calm, the moonlight shimmering on its surface like a silver veil. My mother handed me a lotus-shaped lantern and said softly, “We float river lanterns to guide our ancestors’ spirits and to pray for peace.”

I looked down at the little lantern in my hands. Its flame flickered gently, the paper petals swaying in the night breeze, carrying a faint scent of wax. I crouched carefully and placed it on the water. It rocked slightly, then drifted away with the current. My mother stood beside me, palms pressed together in silent prayer. I closed my eyes too and wished quietly—for my family’s health, for my ancestors’ peace.

More and more people came to release their lanterns, and soon the river glowed with a sea of light. Red, pink, and yellow lotus lamps floated like fallen stars. Children ran along the riverbank shouting, “Look, that one’s mine!” while adults watched silently, smiles mingled with traces of nostalgia.

My grandfather used to tell me, “A lantern lights the way for souls—and for the living, it gives hope.” I didn’t understand it back then, but now I do. Each lantern is not just a comfort for the departed, but also a declaration of love and remembrance for the living.

As the night deepened, the lanterns drifted farther downstream, their lights dimming into the distance. A soft breeze rippled the water’s surface. Time seemed to slow in that moment. My mother took my hand and smiled, “Let’s go. The ancestors have seen it.” I nodded, feeling warmth rise in my chest—as if those lanterns were gently lighting my way home, too.

## 粽香里的乡愁——端午节的一天

端午节这天，天刚亮，院子里就飘满了粽叶的清香。母亲在厨房忙碌，桌上摆着糯米、红枣、花生，还有一大盆洗净的粽叶。我走过去，卷起袖子准备帮忙。母亲笑着说：“你今年得自己包几个，不能光吃。”

我拿起一片粽叶，小心地折成漏斗形，舀一勺糯米，又放几颗红枣。可是手一抖，糯米就撒得到处都是。母亲看着我笨拙的样子，忍不住笑出声来。她熟练地示范一遍，双手翻飞间，一个饱满的粽子便成形。那动作轻巧又有节奏，仿佛在织一段节日的旋律。

家里的气氛很热闹，奶奶在一旁讲着过去的故事。她说：“以前我们端午节都要划龙舟，包粽子是为了纪念屈原。那时候的糯米可不容易得，能吃上粽子是件大事。”我听着这些故事，心里升起一种莫名的敬意——原来节日的味道，不只是食物的香气，更是记忆的延续。

中午的时候，锅里的粽子终于煮好了。揭开锅盖，热气腾腾地冒出，香味扑鼻。母亲把粽子捞出来，用剪刀剪掉绳子。我迫不及待地剥开一只，糯米晶莹，红枣香甜。咬下一口，甜而不腻，嘴里满是家的味道。

吃完粽子，父亲在门口挂上艾草和菖蒲，说是可以驱邪避病。风吹过，艾草的香味混合着粽叶的清香，整个屋子都弥漫着夏天的味道。我望着挂在门上的绿叶，心里突然有种柔软的感觉——那是家的象征，也是我们对岁月最温柔的坚持。

夜幕降临，我在日记本上写下今天的经历。虽然只是包粽子、吃粽子，但在我心里，这是一次与传统的对话，一次与家乡的相遇。那些平凡的味道，藏着最深的乡愁。

## The Fragrance of Zongzi — A Dragon Boat Festival Day

On the morning of the Dragon Boat Festival, the scent of bamboo leaves filled our courtyard. My mother was busy in the kitchen, the table covered with glutinous rice, red dates, peanuts, and a large basin of freshly washed leaves. I rolled up my sleeves to help. Smiling, she said, “This year, you have to make a few yourself—no just eating!”

I picked up a leaf, folded it into a cone, scooped in some rice, and added a few red dates. But as soon as I tried to wrap it, rice spilled everywhere. My mother laughed at my clumsy attempt and showed me again. Her hands moved quickly and gracefully, turning out a perfect zongzi in moments. Her motions had a rhythm to them, like weaving a song of the festival.

The house was lively. My grandmother sat nearby, telling old stories. “Back then,” she said, “we used to race dragon boats on the river. We made zongzi to honor Qu Yuan. Rice wasn’t easy to get in those days, so eating zongzi was something special.” Listening to her, I felt a deep respect—the taste of a festival, I realized, isn’t just about food, but the memories and meanings carried with it.

By noon, the zongzi were finally cooked. When the lid was lifted, a wave of fragrant steam filled the room. My mother fished them out and snipped the strings. I peeled one open eagerly—the rice glistened, the red dates sweet and soft. One bite, and the flavor of home filled my mouth—sweet, sticky, and full of warmth.

After lunch, my father hung mugwort and calamus above the door, saying they would ward off evil. The scent of herbs mixed with the aroma of zongzi, filling the house with the smell of summer. Looking at the green leaves swaying by the doorway, I felt something tender stir inside me—it was the feeling of home, the quiet strength of tradition.

That night, I wrote down the day's memories in my diary. It was just wrapping and eating zongzi, yet it felt like a conversation with my roots, a meeting with my hometown. Within those simple flavors lies the deepest sense of belonging.