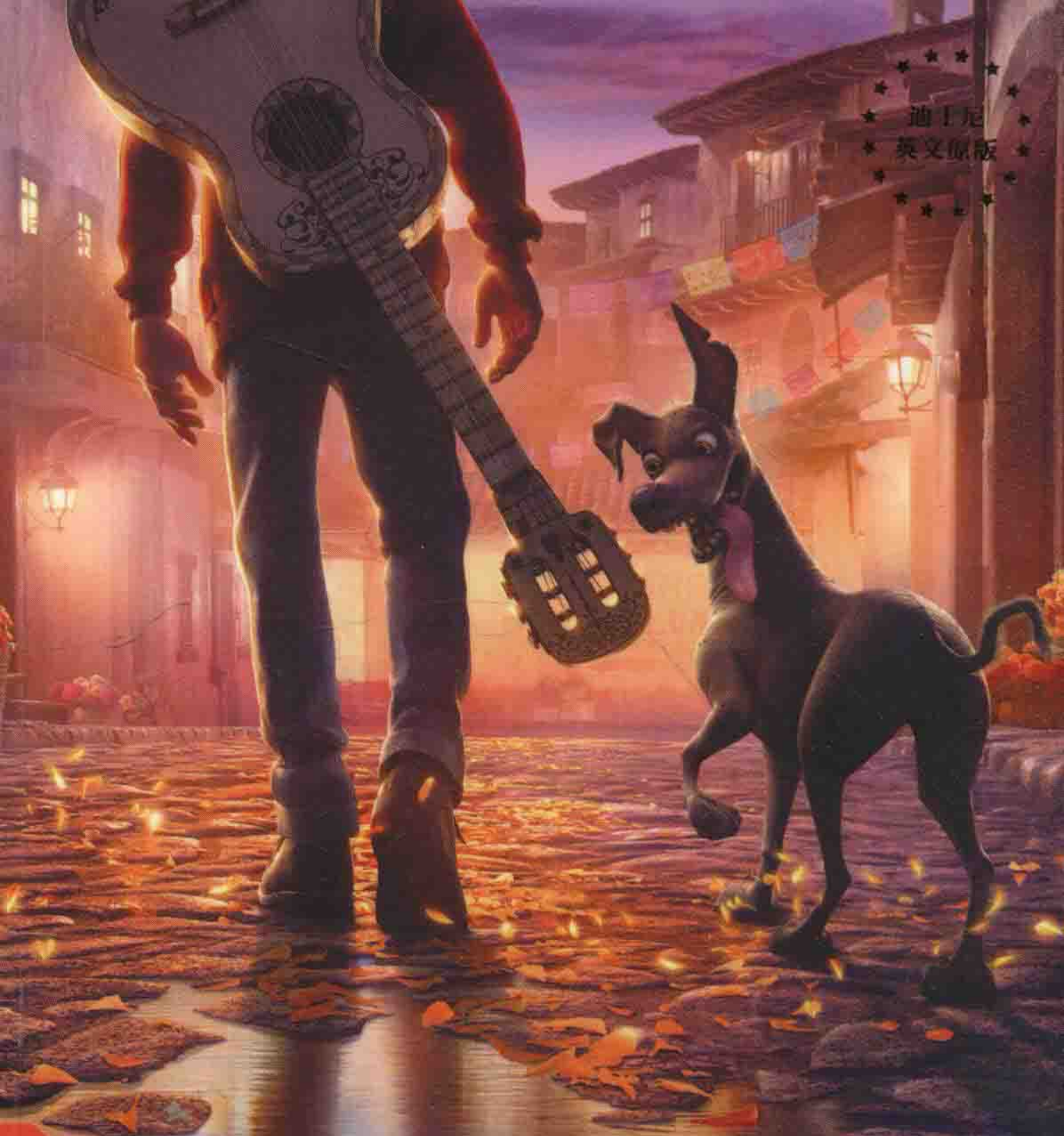


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Disney · PIXAR

COCO



寻梦环游记



华东理工大学出版社

East China University of Science and Technology Press



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A decorative flourish with two crossed guitars and leaves.

寻梦环游记

美国迪士尼公司 著

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迪士尼

英文原版





PROLOGUE

Sometimes Miguel Rivera thought he was cursed^①. If he was, it wasn't his fault. It was because of something that happened before he was even born.

Long ago, in the town of Santa Cecilia, there was a family with a mamá, a papá, and a little girl. Their house was always full of joy—and music. The papá played guitar. The mamá and the girl danced. And everyone sang.

But the music in the happy house wasn't enough for the papá. His dream was to play for the world. So one day, he left with his guitar and never returned.

Miguel didn't know what happened after that for the musician. But he sure knew what

① curse v. 诅咒

the mamá had done. The story of Mamá Imelda had been handed down in the Rivera family for generations^①.

Imelda didn't waste one tear on that walk-away musician! She banished^② all music from her life, throwing away instruments and records, and found a job. Was it making candy? Fireworks? Sparkly^③ underwear for wrestlers? No!

Mamá Imelda made shoes. And so did her daughter. And then her son-in-law. And her grandkids. The Rivera business and the family grew in sync. While music tore the family apart, shoes held them together.

Miguel heard this story each year on Día de los Muertos^④: the Day of the Dead. He used to hear it from his Mamá Coco, but she didn't remember much anymore. This year, she sat in a wicker^⑤ wheelchair, vacantly staring at

① generation *n.* 一代人 ② banish *v.* 驱逐；消除 ③ sparkly *adj.* 闪亮的

④ 墨西哥亡灵节。这个节日具有浓厚的印第安民族文化特色。在这一天，人们祭奠亡灵，却绝无悲哀，甚至载歌载舞，通宵达旦，意在与死去的亲人一起欢度佳节。

⑤ wicker *n.* (编制筐篮、家具等用的) 柳条

the ofrenda^①, that special place in their house where Miguel's family placed remembrances^② of and gifts for their ancestors to honor them.

Miguel kissed her cheek. "Hola, Mamá Coco."

"How are you, Julio?"

Miguel sighed. Sometimes Mamá Coco had trouble remembering things, like his name. But that made her the best secret-keeper! He told her pretty much everything—things he couldn't tell his abuelita^③, who ran their household with an iron fist.

If Abuelita said he needed to eat more tamales^④, then Miguel ate more tamales.

If Abuelita wanted a kiss on her cheek, then Miguel kissed her cheek.

And if Abuelita caught Miguel blowing a tune over the top of a soda bottle—"No music!"—then Miguel would stop.

Abuelita even yelled at passersby. "No

① ofrenda *n.* (西班牙语) 灵坛 ② remembrance *n.* 纪念品

③ abuelita *n.* (西班牙语) 奶奶 ④ tamale *n.* (墨西哥) 玉米粽子

music!” to the truck driver blaring^① his radio. “No music!” to the gentlemen singing while they strolled^② down the street. Her ban on music had affected all the aunts, uncles, and cousins, too.

Miguel was pretty sure they were the only family in Mexico that hated music. The worst part was that no one in his family seemed to care.

No one, that is, but him.

① blare v. 使发出刺耳的响声 ② stroll v. 散步；闲逛

Chapter 1

Leaving the family home behind, Miguel breathed the crisp^① air of another sunny morning in Santa Cecilia. As he headed into town with his shoeshine box, he passed a woman sweeping a stoop^②. She waved.

“Hola, Miguel!”

“Hola.” Miguel waved back. Closer to town, Miguel smiled at a lone guitar player plucking away at a song. The farther in Miguel went, the more music filled the air. Church bells chimed in harmony. A band played an upbeat tune. A radio blared a swift cumbia^③ rhythm. Miguel soaked it all in. He couldn't help tapping out a beat on a table covered with brightly colored wooden animal figurines^④.

① crisp *adj.* 新鲜的 ② stoop *n.* 门廊 ③ cumbia *n.* 坤比亚舞

④ figurine *n.* 小雕像

As Miguel rushed past another stand with pastries^① for sale, he grabbed a pan dulce and tossed the vendor^② a coin.

Smelling the sweet bread, Miguel's canine^③ sidekick^④, Dante, sidled up to him. Miguel tore off a piece of the bread and Dante chomped it down.

Everywhere Miguel looked, people were preparing for their loved ones to return from the Land of the Dead by hanging colorful papel picado^⑤ and laying marigold petals at their doorways.

As usual, Mariachi Plaza was full of musicians strolling around, waiting for their chance to serenade^⑥ a couple or a family with a love song or a classic corrido^⑦. Soon a tour group gathered around a large statue of a mariachi player in the center of the plaza.

① *pastry* *n.* 糕点 ② *vendor* *n.* 小贩 ③ *canine* *adj.* 犬的

④ *sidekick* *n.* (非正式) 伙伴 ⑤ 墨西哥剪纸。一种墨西哥的民间艺术形式，与中国的剪纸类似，通常以鸟类、花卉和骷髅为主题，用于祭祀等活动。⑥ *serenade* *v.* 为……唱小夜曲 ⑦ 科里多。一种叙事类型的歌谣，形式如同诗歌，通常以历史、社会生活和农民日常生活等为主题，在当今的墨西哥非常流行。

“And right here, in this very plaza, the young Ernesto de la Cruz took his first steps toward becoming the most beloved singer in Mexican history,” said the guide.

Everyone in the group nodded, familiar with the legendary^① musician and singer. Along with the tourists, Miguel gazed up at the statue. He'd seen it a hundred times, but it always inspired him.

After a moment, Miguel found a spot in the plaza and pulled out his shoeshine box. A mariachi plopped^② down for a shine.

Miguel knew the mariachi would enjoy this story. After all, everyone loved Ernesto.

“He started out a total nobody from Santa Cecilia, like me,” said Miguel. “But when he played music, he made people fall in love with him. He starred in movies. He had the coolest guitar. He could fly!” Miguel had seen that special effect in some old film clips^③. “And he

① legendary *adj.* 传奇的 ② plop *v.* 扑通坠落；让身体沉重地落下

③ clip *n.* (电影、广播、电视节目等的) 片段

wrote the best songs! But my all-time favorite? It's—" Miguel gestured to some musicians nearby, who were playing "Remember Me," Ernesto's biggest hit. "He lived the kind of life you dream about. Until 1942, when he was crushed by a giant bell."

The mariachi looked pointedly^① at his shoes, which Miguel was only halfheartedly shining.

Ignoring the musician, Miguel shrugged off Ernesto's unfortunate death. "I wanna be just like him. Sometimes I look at Ernesto and I get this feeling, like we're connected somehow. Like if he could play music, maybe someday I can, too." Miguel sighed. "If it wasn't for my family."

"Ay-yi-yi, muchacho^②," said the mariachi, snapping^③ Miguel out of his story.

"Huh?" said Miguel.

"I asked for a shoeshine, not your life

① pointedly *adv.* 明确地; 直截了当地

② muchacho *n.* (西班牙语) 小伙子 ③ snap *v.* 突然打断

story,” replied the mariachi.

“Oh, yeah, sorry.” Miguel lowered his head and polished the man’s shoe. As he worked, the mariachi casually plucked^① at his guitar strings. “I just can’t really talk about any of this at home, so—”

“Look, if I were you? I’d march^② right up to my family and say, ‘Hey! I’m a musician. Deal with it.’ ”

“I could never say that.” “You ARE a musician, no?”

“I don’t know. I mean, I only really play for myself—”

“Ahh!” the mariachi howled^③. “Did Ernesto de la Cruz become the world’s best musician by hiding his sweet, sweet skills? No! He walked out onto that plaza and he played out loud!” The mariachi pointed to the gazebo^④, where a giant canvas^⑤ that read talent show was being unfurled^⑥. “Ah! Mira,

① pluck *v.* 拨（弦） ② march *v.* 前进 ③ howl *v.* 咆哮；怒吼

④ gazebo *n.* 眺望台；露台 ⑤ canvas *n.* 帆布

⑥ unfurl *v.* 展开（伞、帆或旗帜）

mira! They're setting up for tonight. The music competition for Día de los Muertos. You wanna be like your hero? You should sign up!"

"Uh-uh—my family would freak," Miguel said. "Look, if you're too scared, then, well, have fun making shoes." The mariachi shrugged. "C'mon, what did Ernesto de la Cruz always say?"

"Seize your moment?" Miguel said.

The mariachi looked Miguel over and then offered him his guitar. "Show me what you got, muchacho. I'll be your first audience."

Miguel's eyebrows rose. The mariachi really wanted to hear him play? He glanced down the street to make sure the coast was clear of any family members. He reached for the guitar. Once it was cradled^① in his arms, Miguel spread his fingers across the strings, anticipating^② his chord, and—

"Miguel!" a familiar voice yelled.

① cradle v. 轻轻地抱或捧 ② anticipate v. 预判；预见

Miguel gasped^① and threw the guitar back into the mariachi's lap. Abuelita marched toward him. Tío Berto and Prima Rosa followed close behind with supplies from the market.

“Abuelita!” Miguel exclaimed.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“Um ... uh ... ,” Miguel stammered^② as he quickly packed away his shine rag and polishes. Abuelita didn't wait for Miguel's answer. She barreled^③ up to the mariachi and struck^④ him with her shoe. “You leave my grandson alone!”

“Doña, please—I was just getting a shine!”

“I know your tricks, mariachi!” She glared at Miguel. “What did he say to you?”

“He was just showing me his guitar,” Miguel said sheepishly^⑤. His family gasped.

“Shame on you!” Tío Berto barked at the mariachi. Abuelita's shoe was aimed directly at

① gasp v. 倒抽气 ② stammer v. 口吃, 结结巴巴地说 ③ barrel v. 飞奔
④ strike v. 攻击 ⑤ sheepishly adv. 胆怯地