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迪士尼大电影
双语阅读



Disney · Pixar

COCO

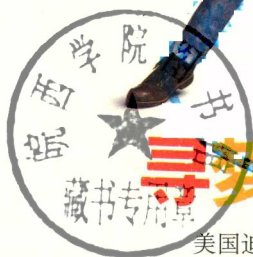



寻梦环游记

华东理工大学出版社
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Coco

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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.



序 言

有的时候，米格·里韦拉觉得自己被诅咒了。如果真是这样，那也不是他的错。事情要从他出生之前说起。

很久以前，圣塞西莉亚的一座小镇上住着一家三口，妈妈、爸爸和一个小女孩。这个家里总是充满了欢声笑语，还有音乐常伴左右。爸爸弹着吉他，妈妈和女儿跳舞，大家一起唱着歌。

但是，幸福小家里的这点音乐对爸爸来说还远远不够。他的梦想是为全世界的人演奏。于是有一天，他带着吉他离开了家，

① curse v. 诅咒

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 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



再也没有回来。

米格不知道这个音乐家爸爸后来怎么样了。但他对那个妈妈的故事一清二楚。梅尔达曾曾奶奶的故事在里韦拉家族代代相传。

梅尔达没有为那个一走了之的音乐家浪费一滴眼泪！她扔掉了所有的乐器和唱片，将音乐逐出自己的生活，又找了份工作。是做糖果？做烟花？还是做摔跤手穿的亮闪闪的摔跤服？都不是！

梅尔达做的是鞋子。后来，她女儿也跟着做鞋，接着是女婿，然后孙辈们也无一例外。里韦拉家族的鞋店生意就这样延续下

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

together.

Miguel heard this story each year on Día de los Muertos^①: 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^② wheelchair, vacantly staring at the ofrenda^③, that special place in their house where Miguel's family placed remembrances^④ 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



来。这个因音乐而破碎的家庭，又因做鞋而紧密相连。

每年的亡灵节，米格都会听到这个故事。那是缅怀祖辈的节日。从前都是他的可可太奶奶讲给他听，但她现在已经记不得多少事情了。今年的亡灵节，她坐在一把柳条轮椅上，盯着灵坛，一脸茫然。那是米格家专门摆放纪念品和礼物的地方，以此纪念他们的祖辈。

米格亲了亲她的脸颊。“嗨，太奶奶。”

“你还好吗，胡利奥？”

米格叹了口气。可可太奶奶有时候会忘事，比如他的名字。

① 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。

② wicker *n.* (编制筐篮、家具等用的) 柳条 ③ ofrenda *n.* (西班牙语) 灵坛

④ remembrance *n.* 纪念品

pretty much everything—things he couldn't tell his abuelita^①, who ran their household with an iron fist.

If Abuelita said he needed to eat more tamales^②, 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 music!” to the truck driver blaring^③ his radio. “No music!” to the gentlemen singing while they strolled^④ down the street. Her ban on music had affected all



但这也让她成了最好的保密人！他向太奶奶倾诉了几乎所有的心事，而这些事没法说给奶奶听。奶奶是家里的铁腕人物，做事向来说一不二。

如果奶奶命令他多吃点墨西哥玉米粽子，米格就会多吃一点。

如果奶奶想要他吻她的脸颊，米格就会亲吻她的脸颊。

如果奶奶听到米格对着汽水瓶吹小曲，吼上一句：“不许吹曲！”米格就会停下。

奶奶甚至会朝陌生人大吼。她朝听收音机的卡车司机吼：“不许放歌！”朝街上边散步边哼小曲的男士们吼：“不许哼歌！”

① abuelita *n.* (西班牙语) 奶奶 ② tamale *n.* (墨西哥) 玉米粽子

③ blare *v.* 发出刺耳的响声 ④ stroll *v.* 散步；闲逛

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.



她对音乐的禁令影响了米格所有的叔叔阿姨,还有兄弟姐妹。

米格十分肯定,全墨西哥只有他们一家人讨厌音乐。而最糟糕的是,家里竟没人在意这件事。

确切点说,没有人,除了他。

CHAPTER I

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

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第 1 章

走出家门，米格呼吸着清晨新鲜的空气，圣塞西莉亚又迎来了一个大晴天。在去小镇的路上，米格拎着他的擦鞋箱，经过一位正在打扫门廊的女士身边。女士冲他挥了挥手。

“早上好，米格！”

“早上好。”米格也朝她挥手致意。再往前，有一位吉他手正在自弹自唱，米格朝他笑了笑。越往镇上走，能听到的音乐就越多。教堂敲响了和谐的钟声；乐队演奏着欢快的音乐；收音机里

① crisp *adj.* 新鲜的 ② stoop *n.* 门廊

blared a swift cumbia^① rhythm. Miguel soaked it all in. He couldn't help tapping out a beat on a table covered with brightly colored wooden animal figurines^②.

As Miguel rushed past another stand with pastries^③ for sale, he grabbed a pan dulce and tossed the vendor^④ a coin.

Smelling the sweet bread, Miguel's canine^⑤ sidekick^⑥, 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^⑦ and laying marigold petals at their doorways.



传来快节奏的坤比亚旋律。米格陶醉在这些乐声中，情不自禁地在一张桌子上打起了节拍。那张桌子上摆满了色彩艳丽的木制动物雕像。

米格快步走过一家糕点铺，随手抓起一块墨西哥甜面包，扔给店主一枚硬币。

闻到甜面包的香味，米格的小跟班——小狗丹丹，悄悄贴到了他身旁。米格掰下一块丢给它，丹丹立刻大快朵颐起来。

放眼望去，家家户户都忙着系挂彩色的墨西哥剪纸，在门口铺上万寿菊花瓣，迎接心爱的人从亡灵之地归来。

① cumbia *n.* 坤比亚舞 ② figurine *n.* 小雕像 ③ pastry *n.* 糕点 ④ vendor *n.* 小贩
⑤ canine *adj.* 犬的 ⑥ sidekick *n.* (非正式) 伙伴
⑦ 墨西哥剪纸。这是一种墨西哥的民间艺术，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。

As usual, Mariachi Plaza was full of musicians strolling around, waiting for their chance to serenade^① a couple or a family with a love song or a classic corrido^②. Soon a tour group gathered around a large statue of a mariachi player in the center of the plaza.

“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^③ 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.



同往常一样，音乐家们在玛利亚奇广场上踱着步子，寻觅一对情侣或是一家人，为他们献上一首爱情小夜曲或经典的科里多。不一会儿，一个旅游团聚到广场中央一座巨大的雕像周围，那是一位从玛利亚奇广场走出去的街头乐手的雕像。

“就是这里，在这座广场上，年轻的歌神德拉库斯迈出了成名的第一步，成为墨西哥历史上最受欢迎的歌手。”导游介绍道。

旅游团里的每个人都点了点头，他们对这位传奇的音乐家兼歌手都非常熟悉。米格也和游客们一起抬头凝视着雕像。这座雕像他已经看了不下百遍，可每看一次都能让他心受鼓舞。

① serenade *v.* 为……唱小夜曲

② 科里多。这是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。

③ legendary *adj.* 传奇的



After a moment, Miguel found a spot in the plaza and pulled out his shoeshine box. A mariachi plopped^① 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^②. “And he 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



过了一会儿，米格在广场上找了个地方，打开自己的擦鞋箱。一名街头乐手一屁股坐下来，找他擦鞋。

米格知道乐手会喜欢他即将要讲的这个故事。毕竟，所有人都喜欢歌神。

“他从圣塞西莉亚的一个无名小卒起家，就像我一样，”米格说道，“但只要他一演奏乐曲，人们就会不由自主地爱上他。他主演了好几部电影。他拥有最酷的吉他。他还能飞呢！”米格在一些老电影的片段里见过这种特效。“他写的歌是最棒的！不过要说我最喜欢的是哪首吗？是那首——”米格指了指附近的音

① plop v. 扑通坠落；让身体沉重地落下

② clip n. (电影、广播、电视节目的) 片段

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 story,”



乐家，他们正在演奏《请记住我》，那是歌神最火的歌。“人人都羡慕他的生活。可惜1942年，他被一口大钟压死了。”

米格心不在焉地擦着鞋，街头乐手则直勾勾地盯着自己的鞋。

米格假装视而不见，他换了个话题，不再谈论歌神的不幸逝世。“我就想成为他那样的人。有时候我看着他，就有一种感觉，好像我们俩是连在一起的。就好像如果他会演奏音乐，那么或许有一天我也可以。”米格叹了口气，“如果不是因为我的家人。”

“喂喂喂，小伙子。”街头乐手没好气地打断了米格的故事。

“怎么了？”米格问。

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

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



“我是要你擦鞋，不是要听你的人生故事。”乐手说。

“哦，是啊，对不起。”米格低下头，又开始擦鞋。他擦着鞋，乐手则时不时拨弄吉他的琴弦。“我在家根本没法说这些，所以就……”

“听着，我要是你，我就立马跑回家，对他们说，‘嘿！我是名音乐家。你们看着办吧。’”

“我不能这么说。”“你到底是不是个音乐家？”

“我不知道。我是说，我只弹给自己听……”

“啊！”乐手咆哮起来，“要是歌神德拉库斯藏着他的高超技

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

his sweet, sweet skills? No! He walked out onto that plaza and he played out loud!” The mariachi pointed to the gazebo^①, where a giant canvas^② that read talent show was being unfurled^③. “Ah! Mira, 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,



艺,他还能成为世界上最棒的音乐家吗?不能!他站出来了,就在这座广场上,响亮地演奏!”乐手指向露台,一张宣传才艺表演赛的巨型帆布在那里临风招展。“啊!看啊!那些都是为了今晚准备的。为亡灵节举办的音乐比赛就要开始了。想跟你的偶像一样厉害?你就应该报名参赛!”

“可——可是,我的家人会发疯的。”米格说。“听着,要是你害怕参赛,那就老老实实做鞋子去吧。”乐手耸了耸肩,说道,“拜托,歌神德拉库斯经常说什么来着?”

“‘莫失良机’?”米格回答。

① gazebo *n.* 眺望台; 露台 ② canvas *n.* 帆布 ③ unfurl *v.* 展开(伞、帆或旗帜)

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.

Miguel gasped^③ 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.



乐手打量了米格一番，把自己的吉他递给他。“让我见识见识，小伙子。我来当你的第一个听众。”

米格惊讶地抬起了眉毛。乐手真的想听他弹琴？米格四下张望，确保街上没有家人的身影。他伸手接过吉他。吉他一入怀，米格就迫不及待地把手指按在弦上，摆好和弦的位置，准备开始演奏。

“米格！”一个熟悉的声音吼道。

米格倒吸一口凉气，一把将吉他扔回乐手的腿上。只见奶奶正大步走来。贝托伯伯和罗莎堂姐提着市场上买的東西紧随其后。

“奶奶！”米格惊呼。

① cradle v. 轻轻地抱或捧 ② anticipate v. 预判；预见 ③ gasp v. 倒抽气

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“Um ... uh ...,” Miguel stammered^① as he quickly packed away his shine rag and polishes. Abuelita didn't wait for Miguel's answer. She barreled^② up to the mariachi and struck^③ 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^④. His family gasped.

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



“你在这儿干吗？”她问。

“嗯……啊……”米格一边结结巴巴地应付着，一边飞快地收起了擦鞋布和鞋油。还没等米格回答，奶奶一个箭步冲到乐手身边，抄起鞋子狠命砸他。“离我孙子远一点！”

“拜托了，婆婆。我只想擦个鞋！”

“我知道你的把戏，弹琴的！”她瞪着米格，“他对你说什么了？”

“他只是给我看看他的吉他。”米格窘迫不安地说。他的家人都倒吸了一口气。

“真可耻！”贝托伯伯朝乐手吼道。此时，奶奶手里的鞋子

① stammer v. 口吃，结结巴巴地说 ② barrel v. 飞奔 ③ strike v. 攻击

④ sheepishly adv. 胆怯地