The Milkshake Club by Athalon Part 1	Athalon Клуб “Молочный Коктейль” Часть первая.
Petey's alarm clock rang prompt and insistent, its early morning beep new and cold and unfamiliar.	Будильник в комнате Пити резко и отрывисто запищал, наполняя раннее утро своими противными, чуждыми звуками.
The wolfboy peeped over the edge of the blanket, grumbled, fumbled for the switch.	Волчонок выглянул из-под одеяла, и ворча нащупал кнопку.
He could hear bacon sizzling in the hot sun-blinded silence which followed.	В наступившей душной тишине стало слышно как скворчит на плите бекон.
But his mom didn't give the customary call, to make sure he hadn't rolled over again for turtle sleep, ears-deep under the covers, pillow over his head.	Но мама почему-то не спешила его проведать, и как обычно убедиться, что он не завернулся в одеяло по самые уши, закрывшись сверху подушкой, лишь бы не вставать.
Things were already starting out different, he realized. It was his first day of junior high.	Теперь всё будет иначе, понял он. Ведь это его первый день в средних классах.
He brushed out headfur and fluffy grey tail, climbed out of pajamas, dressed.	Расчесав шерсть на голове и пушистый серый хвост, волчонок снял пижаму и оделся.
New jeans, conspicuously dark and whole, neat at the hems. A t-shirt with his favorite band on it. Ball cap, backwards. De rigueur. Huge white high-tops. Then stripped it all off. The kneeling wolf dug in towards the back of his wardrobe, found a package of underpants from his twelfth birthday.	Новые джинсы с подвёрнутыми штанинами на вырост, ещё не зашарканные и не разодранные, футболка с любимой группой, бейсболка козырьком назад, большие светлые кеды с высокой шнуровкой. Всё как и должно быть. Разве что… Быстро скинув с себя всю одежду, волк встал на коленки и начал рыться в глубине своего шкафа, пока не нашёл пакет с бельём, подаренный ему ещё на двенадцатилетие.
Boxers. The forgotten white briefs he was standing in had almost become the cause of a disaster.	Боксеры. Он совсем забыл про свои грязные белые трусы - способные опозорить его на всю оставшуюся жизнь, покажись он в них перед одноклассниками.
He pushed them down, limp and stretched and holed like a crippled battleship, ripped desperate fangs into the rippled plastic	Сняв этот застиранный, растянувшийся, дырявый как решето кусок ткани, он разорвал клыками рифлёную пластиковую

wrapping of the new and sound undershorts.	упаковку и достал новенькие, с иголочки труселя. (саунд тут в смысле качественные, добротные, а подшортники это не особый вид труселей? Может для плавания там...)
Petey had heard tell of it that summer, managed to put the issue out of his mind for a blissful sultry thirteen vacation weeks.	этот вопрос не выходил у него из головы на протяжении всех знойных 13 недель каникул (переписать)
In junior high, there's gym showers.	В средней школе, в спортзале есть душ.
Knock at the door. "Petey? Breakfast's ready." His ma.	Стук в дверь. - Пити? Завтрак готов, - это мама.
The wolf leaped behind the dresser, swooped into a pair of dark paisley drawers.	Волк прыгнул за комод, устремившись к темным пейсли??? ящичкам.
His big paws caught, tripped him up.	
He groaned desperation.	???. Он застонал от отчаяния.
Having Mom open and walk in to discover him naked wasn't the way he wanted the morning to go.	То, что мама войдет и застанет его голым не было путем(?) которым он хотел начать утро.
"Right there, Ma." His nose twitched, picking up the toasty caramel scent of A.M. pancakes. Petey didn't feel hungry. He might have skipped breakfast altogether. But that would only cause a fight. Petey didn't want to get off on the wrong paw like that on so perilous a day. Besides, he was in junior high now.	“Прямо здесь, ма”. Его нос дернулся уловив запах поджаренной(?) карамели на утренних блинах. Пити не был голоден. Он вообще мог пропустить завтрак. Но это только вызовет драку. Пити не хотел производить плохое впечатление(?) в такой опасный день. К тому же, он теперь старшеклассник.
Or felt like he ought to have felt like he was.	
Backpack, starch-stiff and clean brown, bulging with supplies and notebooks and pens and such, leaned against the beveled oak leg of the table when he dropped it.	
Alone. The kitchen was empty; brick floor accused him of sloth. Mom, Dad, Sis - they were all gone about their day. It felt so unusual: a nutritious cooked breakfast, but nofur at the table.	Один. Кухня пустовала. Кирпичный пол обвинял (?) его в лени. Мама, папа, сестрёнка - все они уже ушли. Это было так необычно: ??? завтрак и ни души(?) за столом.
And quiet in the house.	Тишина повисла в доме. Лишь тикание

The clock on the mantle ticked.	часов.
He hunted bacon with a fork, found a pile of pancakes in the warmer.	Он наколол на вилку бекон, нашёл в духовке стопку блинов.
Then changed his mind as nerves overcame anxiety, and ate seconds.	
The wolfboy missed the bus at the corner, feeling bloated and maple-syrup sleepy. No matter.	Волчонок опоздал на автобус ???, вдыхая усыпляющий запах (?) кленового сиропа. Не важно.
The inscrutable wizards who control the circuitous yellow-van routes had left him quite enough time to make it on paws. It was nice outdoors, cool but not uncomfortable as Autumn first hinted an uncommitted appearance. Petey hunched up his pack, set off into the morning sun. He even wagged.	Неведомые волшебники (силы?), которые управляют ??? . На улице было довольно приятно, свежо, но не дискомфортно как в по-настоящему осенние дни (как вариант: “так как осень еще не вступила полностью в свои права”). Пити ??? свой рюкзак, и отправился в путь в лучах утреннего солнца. ???
Most of the other furs had evidently caught a ride of some sort, as he didn't meet any until he'd drawn up alone to the forbidding stucco facade. It looked like a cross between the Alamo in Texas, and Darth Vader's Death Star. His stomach dropped, anticipation and the weight of a dozen pancakes draining him internally of fortitude and courage. The boywolf stared up, sneaks together. Authority and evil, a new year in a new school as old and alien as a strange planet. When he placed his paw on the handle of the door entering, like Dante, he knew all hope was gone.	
An enormous blast of sound and music rocked Petey back on heels. Three thousand junior high kits seemed to be talking, laughing, singing, yelling, and shrieking all at once; waving, wrestling, running through the halls and furpiling in indiscriminate corners as they pleased. He bounced out of the way of the door, ears flattened, when a herd of water buffalo in football team jerseys plowed into the fray.	
So wild and exhilarating, a stink of fresh	Такая дикая и волнующая, вонь свежего

sweat, hormones, and too much bad perfume.	пота и гормонов, смешанных с чересчур отвратительными духами.
He grinned hugely. It was going to be an exciting year!	Он широко улыбнулся. Этот год обещает быть просто восхитительным!
Johnny slapped him on the back. "Hay, dawg! 'Sup?" The black wolf was a bud from his last school.	Джонни хлопнул его по спине. - Привет, чувак! Бро? Черный волк был его приятелем с предыдущей школы.
"'Sup. Yo." Petey felt surprised to see him there. Ears rose, cool canid conspiracy. "I thought you said you were gonna transfer?" "Word. But my older bro - I mean, step-bro - Patrick, he's staying in district. If I transfer, I won't get to do a year of high school with him."	- Привет, бро Пити удивился, встретив его здесь. ??? - Я думал, ты сказал, что собрался перевестись. - ???. Но мой старший брат, точнее ??? Патрик, остался в ???. Если я переведусь, то не смогу окончить ?? среднюю школу с ним.
Petey shrugged, tail low. Who'd want to hang around their brother in high school? But he didn't say so, being junior high and mature that day and all.	Пити пожал плечами и опустил хвост. Кто будет нянчится с братом в средней школе?
Also, because he didn't have an older brother himself, couldn't imagine what that was like. Wondered. Jason, a cheetah fully two years ahead, crowded up. The passing pack of ferrets in choir dress snaked its musteline way down the tube-like center of the hall. Even the janitor leaped clear of their procession.	Также, не имея старшего брата, он не мог представить каково это. ??? Джейсон, старший него на два года гепард, ?? Проходящая мимо группа хорьков в хоровых одеждах ?? в ?? центр зала
"Dude! Kewl hat!" The teencat snatched the ball cap from between Petey's ears, tossed it towards the ceiling. The wolfboy leaped, scrabbled for it in air. When he landed, his feline furiend caught him confidentially arm in arm, took him aside. "Lose the cover, willya? That's the lamest thing since yiff bracelets."	
An otter called Chris and a bunny by the name of Doug showed up. Petey remembered them from his old school, too. "Yiff bracelets?"	Появились выдр[а] Крис и кролик Доуг. ??? Пити тоже знал их со своей старой школы. - Йифф-браслеты?
Jason rolled his eyes. "Get with it! Caps are	Джейсон закатил глаза

so kittygarten. This is junior high. You wear hoodies!" Petey nodnodded, noticed for the first time. His bright Wuffeh concert tee was out of place in a sea full of grey fleece. "Bad?" A badger bulled in on the moment, gave him a look which confirmed the worst. Moved away mercifully.	- ??? Пити закивал (оригинал текста точно английский? Или автора японец покусал?), ??? .
The cat sighed. "So last year. Just get with it and maybe the shame will have worn off by Spring Break." Then a passing vixen caught his attention. As the wolf watched, Jason gave her the eye. Grabbed his crotch, licked his short feline muzzle. It made Petey's eyes pop. "Yo, Cassie," the teencat purred. "You got plans for those on Saturday?" He stared right at her budding breasts; his tail lashed. Emerald, a black pantheress in green mini and halter, scoffed passing. "Slut." Then changed her mind, a rightful predator hanging about to watch, ears erect and lidded eyes patient.	
The vixen smirked, pushing her proud chest out, slipped a paw into the front of the lowest jeans the wolfboy had ever seen. "I could say I'm staying home to wash my hair," she replied fluffily, "But you already know I shave..."	Лиса хмыкнула, ???
The furs around hooted with laughter, and Petey blushed. Emerald glowered.	Фурри вокруг громко заржали и Пети смутился. Эмеральда нахмурилась.
Jason raised the grey boycanid under the chin with one claw. "You met the new fur yet?" he asked the girls. Petey made eye contact with Cassandra, blushed again hotly. "Cass," she advised for his benefit, extending a painted paw. "And yer?" "Petey."	- Вы ?? - спросил он девчонок. Пити взглянул на Кассандру и покрылся румянцем. - Кесс -
Jason whacked him on the chest, appalled. "He's Pete, Cassie. Get with it, dude! This is	

junior high!" The wolfboy raised eyebrows in bemused exasperation. "Pleased to meet you," she replied. Emerald shoved her way in. "Emmie. Goddess of Lust; Princess of Yiff."	
The wolf flushed again at the teasing, the laughter, her paw thrust forth for osculation. He shook it. Felt funny, the center of attention. But not at all bad. It was strange and novel that the female furs seemed to like him. The vixen glanced assassinating derision at the catgirl as Emerald's twin brother Adrian appeared, pelted and dressed to match Emmie in crack-tight shorts and cut-off shirt, groped his developing sister.	
"Sup, Chocolate?" Chris said. Then Robert passed, and they greeted with slapped paws. Petey turned to Jason. "I gotta go to the sandbox. You know where it is?" The cheetah groaned, shrugged. "Next thing you'll be wanting me to wipe your tailhole!" The other furs about all roared.	
"Pardon him," Petey replied to Cass somewhat coolly, as she favored the canid with a look. (The wolfkit decided at that moment he liked Emerald better.) "Jason was raised in a kennel." From the expressions on muzzles, he thought he'd scored a point. Surprising. He grinned. Interesting...	
The vixen batted her eyes. "It's all the same to me. Go pitch yerself a wicked shit - I'm from New Jersey." Petey laughed with the rest, turned his discomfort on Jason, punched him playfully on the stomach. The feline fur didn't recoil, had been doing situps all summer in preparation for MC-JROTC. The wolfboy rubbed his paw. "Restroom?"	
Jason sighed theatrically. "Excuse me, Cass. Have to potty the kittie." He flashed her a	

warm fangy smile, gallant under his juvenile burden. "Just wash your face while you're there," the vixen countered to the cat, never missing a beat. "I only sit in clean places..."	
The cheetah moaned, took Petey around the shoulders, leading him away. The wolfboy felt like he should apologize. But before he could begin, the cat said, "Did you see how she was looking at me? Her nipples were so up!"	
Petey shrugged, gave a wry grin. Then wished he hadn't, knew that Jason must have noticed his discomfiture. So he was expected to watch girls' shirts, too? Besides hiding his ignorance of this, that, and the other. And everyfur who seemed to be more important than himself in the grand junior high scheme of things. He'd have to stay on the bounce to cover for all it was turning out he didn't know these days.	
The empty restroom was big. Lots of slick jaded tile, lots of cold curved ceramic molded to fit. Deco. Crowded. High ceiling seemed inappropriately formal, heavy, embossed with ugliness and gilt with dust. A long row of sinks with a sad and wrinkled mirror above faced a rank of ugly green stalls. They had no doors. Petey took one, faced the water, unzipped and fished himself out through stiff new cotton. He'd gotten a good sprinkle going when he felt eyes on his back.	
Jason's face burned with disgust as the wolf cast an inquiring look over one shoulder. "Dude! What am I gonna do with you? This is junior high. You don't pee at the toilet! You pee at the urinal!"	
Petey oh'd his muzzle in silent surprise, raised eyebrows in mock assent. He pinched off, using willpower and a paw, toddled over to the lengthy porcelain trough on the wall. Releasing his pants from one fist, he glanced down the plumbing. Why, you could probably	

launch a submarine in that, he thought.	
The cat was washing paws at the sink when Petey looked again. Never mind. The canidboy just wanted to get through the day. Embarrassing screwups aside, he hoped he just might make it.	
Zipped and adjusted - a new experience with boxers - he was soaping his own pads, watching the teen feline poke invisible zits. "Dunno what I'm gonna do wif ya, kit." "What? For pissing?" "No. Everything. You need somefur to look out for ya."	
Petey nodded, reached for toweling. "I know! Wait right there." Jason squeaked open the restroom door, whistled loudly. His voice cracked in a most painful way when he hollered, "Tommy! Over here!"	Пити ??? - Я знаю. Подожди здесь. Джейсон ??? - Томми! Сюда!
They were joined in a moment by a boyfox. Dressed in hoodie, as Pete was careful to notice. "'Sup, 'Nilla?" "Tom, this is Petey. He's new here too. And..." The cat hung his head, degraded by the very admission. "He needs somefur to keep him in the groove. You down for it?"	
Pete could feel the fox's stare, cool and radical and appraising. "You've been here a year?" "Nah. My first too."	Пити почувствовал на себе ??? взгляд лисы. - Ты бывал здесь в прошлом году? - Не. Я тоже впервые тут.
"But he knows how the plays go," the cheetah added. "He's in the meme. You gotta trust him and go with it. What class are you in?" The little preteen wolf suddenly felt small, dug a card from the pocket of his jeans. "Umm, 6G. Arithmetic first."	- Но он знает ??? - добавил гепард.
Tommy's jaw fell with a groan, and Jason shot him a look of abject commiseration. "See? Ya gotcher work cut out. Total newb." The fox nodded, passed a sympathetic paw around the cringing wolfboy's shoulders.	

"'George 6th'. It's 'Math', not 'Arithmetic'. This is junior high."	
The cat snickered, made carelessly for the door, feeling accomplished. "Don't let him into the girls' locker room by mistake. He might not know the difference yet."	
"Latez," called the fox after him. And to Petey: "Just stick with me and look like yer cool and everything's easy. We'll make it." He seemed not in the least hopeful.	
Petey didn't hear that, other things on his mind. He wanted to ask Tom about locker rooms. And gym showers. Didn't know if he should trust him that far. The schedule itched through denim, begged to be checked again on the impossible chance that P.E. had somehow disappeared. Ten o'clock period it was, ten o'clock it had remained. As it was at the beginning of summer, is now, and ever shall be - the card had not mutated when he pulled it out a second time. The wolfboy's anxious pads grew moist.	
"C'mon, the bell's about to ring."	
There was an assembly first period after roll was called. The principal appeared, a big bear in FurScout uniform, pressed and ribboned and medallioned and sashed like a banana state dictator in a bad art film. He advised them all in no uncertain terms that (for their information) he would take no guff, no sass, no backtalk; neither flippancy, truancy, fecklessness, recklessness - nor impudence - was acceptable from any of them.	
At any time. This school is a Tight Ship, he said, and he Intended to Keep It That Way. Petey was mesmerized by the ursine delivery, the draw and hypnotism of Hitlerian cadence. And a bit frightened by the rising level of implied threat as the bruin's harangue drew on. Tommy, however, seemed to take it in stride, kicking back with his eyes closed	

and ears down, or else passing notes, whispering, tossing wadded paper at groundlings in front.	
The wolfboy figured that all this peril and discipline stuff must be bluster, then. Just more of the newness of junior high, he thought, yawning frightfully.	
After that came English class, which Petey unfortunately styled 'Language'. He got laughed at by all for that one. Tom made sure his charge wrote out the homework schedule as the teacher copied it to the board.	
"No worries," the wolf had protested smugly. "I'll remember." "Write it down, sheathbreath. You can't blow off homework now. This is junior high." It was an interesting class, though. The Bard totally absorbed Petey's attention until the bell and bustling rush following to be elsewhere.	
"What's next, Tommy?" "Gym." Cold shiver in silence.	
The locker room was still colder, though very noisy. Dark. Coach assigned benches, handed out locks. Left. After a bit of confusion finding his assigned spot (which happened to be quite distant from Tommy's), Petey realized that the other boyfurs were already dressing out. Slowly he removed his shoes, taking eons. There were shorts and a muscle shirt in the wolf's backpack.	
Muscles. He glanced at his bare chest, saw none. Then the coach was back, a stocky bull terrier, too loud and eager with his testicles dragging about his knees. He tossed small flat boxes to each boyfur.	
When he passed Petey still mostly dressed, he growled, "Hurry up, son." The wolfling shivered, examined the	

presented package. Supporter. He groaned, stood on the bench, looked across the room searching for the toilet stalls.	
Maybe he could bring it off that way. He wasn't even sure how to put the silly thing on in the first place. In the end, he waited until the crowd in the changing room had thinned appreciably, tossed the boxed jock deep into the wire confines of his gym locker, zipped out of his pants and into workout shorts. His underwear hardly saw mold-colored neon light.	
It was a basketball day, and Petey loved basketball. No wimp, but no star either, he got lucky, caught a goal and blocked two. But try as he might, he couldn't take his mind off what was to follow the game. And wound up so upset in spite of himself, in fact, that he retched the tailings of his pancakes and bacon into the drinking fountain when he'd stopped for a break. The coach, attending his sudden illness, 'sent him to the showers', and Petey blanched so badly and sheened up with oily sweat, that the tattooed pitbull suggested the school nurse instead.	
Now the locker room was cool and quiet, strangely welcome after the ear-twisting squeal of sneaks on hardwood, the mental taunt of approaching fursonal doom which he had tried so hard to deny. But it stank of wet bread and socks and penii of all species, too, an odor that made the sick wolf feel even queasier. Petey changed clothes in the silence and privacy, suddenly realizing that he was escaping the dreaded inescapable after all! He ducked out, backpack over his shoulder and a grin on his muzzle, as the remainder of the boyfurs flooded in, roiling clouds of vapor from the showers rolling out.	Сейчас в раздевалке было тихо и свежо,
The two canids met up again (Tommy's headfur still wet) in History, which the wolf was ever so careful not to call 'Social Studies'. It was real history, and real long	

ago. They heard about the Sumerians who worshipped cats. The boywolf giggled, thinking Jason wouldn't mind living there - not if Cassie was around. Petey wondered, too, what it would be like to be a cat. Silky tails, short muzzles. Short dicks, if everything 'they' say were true.	
Which might not be. The wolf had heard a lots of things already that day, most of which the sort to be written off as gossip, meaningless secrets. Planted disinformation. But to his ears they were News, and the Who's Who of his school had already taken on epic importance in his mind. He knew by that time which vixens put out (it wasn't many who didn't, seemingly), and which parties and sleepovers were not to be missed. Who did drugs, and of what sorts.	