

cover



ch 1 : messages from the star

Friday, May 1st, 1987  
WVBA Boxing Center, Buffalo, New York  
8:47 pm

The crowd was roaring, almost soaring with excitement.

A young boxer makes his way to the final stretch for this boxing season. After having fought multiple heavyweights, a familiar friend, along with newcomers with newer strategies to go against, he was going to take on the champion of this circuit, the Major circuit.

Submerged chills of adrenaline ran down his back as the applause grew louder when he entered from outside the locker rooms to inside the stadium that held its boxing ring like a prized ornament. His coach followed behind the boxer, keeping a careful eye on his faithful student while the opponent and the referee watched the duo approach their eventful horizon.

It was an all or nothing kind of night for this match. The opponent, a renowned spanish boxer dubbed 'Don Flamenco', ripe at the age of 36, was going up against a supposed youngster born and raised from the Bronx. The boy wasn't that young, however. He was only 17 years of age since his birthday back in November.

Even still, it didn't help the sense of ambiguity that aired around him whenever he made his presence. All that was known about him was that he grew up in the streets, honed a talent for fighting as a key to his survival, and was extraordinarily known for his agile approach to boxing. The boy's coach can confirm for himself, you know.

Despite this, though? Fans adored this one-man league. It made everyone who even heard little of the boxer want to know more about him and possibly his endeavors within the near future. It was always a hit; being so young and free yet having the skill and experience of a hardened soldier. It was something out of that famous boxing film everyone knew about. Perhaps the boy was inspired.

Soon enough, the referee grabbed a hold of the microphone from the ceiling, clearing his throat for a moment before welcoming the audience to the stadium of the World Video Boxing Association for tonight's final match for this season. His voice was deep yet clear and crisp as the sun in the skies; it ringed through the speakers just above the seating and the ring itself but it especially ringed through the ears of the boy from the Bronx.

Now here came the introductions. When it comes to openers, the young boxer wasn't usually all for them. He felt awkward being placed on the spot just like that. How could he even introduce himself when there was nothing to show off to begin with?

Sure, he's a slugger with his fists but he doesn't do it for the money or fame. It was what he was taught. *It was what he was known for.*

"To our right, we have the 'Catalizador Casanova' from Madrid, Spain! Standing at 6'1" and weighing at around 152 lbs, in comes Don Flamenco!"

... Speaking *of* being known, if he was known for one thing, it'd certainly would have to go to his name. Back when he was much younger, anyone close to the boxer usually came up with a nickname for him since it was... very long. It happened from back in the orphanage and foster homes all the way up to the boxing ring.

Massimo Stellato de la Bravo was his name, his true name with the only connections to his family. In the foster units and schools? It was Max Bravo; it was short yet it punches with rarity. In the boxing ring?

“On this side of the ring, here comes the lightweight ‘Bruiser from the Bronx’, at the age of sweet 17, weighing at around 107 lbs and standing at 5’7”, with a whopping uppercut ...”

It was Little Mac.

The crowd erupted in excited and outrageous cheering at the introduction of the two final fighters for tonight's match.

Just as Mac had hoped, it was all or nothing. He would either win tonight's season as the new champion of the Major Circuit or would either walk away with nothing but a massive loss on his shoulders. The stakes were high yet Mac's confidence was higher.

[Mac and Don are about to fight each other but not before Doc is like “You got this this is the final stretch omg”. The fight begins and it's as hectic as you'd imagine. Mac is getting his ass kicked in the first half.]

As the referee was laying the ground rules of this night's match, Little Mac could see the pure smugness and pomp emanating from this man. This flamboyant, gaudy, vain, and most likely super selfish man... but a man in his regard. He's heard a bit about this Don Flamenco guy, actually.

Word around many households (or at least in the hispanic foster homes he's been in) is that he's got an underground music career back when he sang in bars. He was an alright singer and mainly did it to perform for this one woman who left him early. It was a random fact that ringed in the bruiser's mind as he hyped himself up for tonight. He just needed a sign. Something to set the both of them off, one way or another.

Then, the bell rang with a loud, pinging ring.

The referee motioned for the fight to begin and right off the bat

[During intermission, Mac is like “What is this guys problem” while Doc gives him cool advice like “I love chocolate BTW.”, Don is like “LOL get pwned”. Second match rolls around and this is where things start to get good ; Don gets his ass beat AND his toupee flies the hell off.]

[Still the second match but it's now ALL or NOTHING at this point. Don is like “What the FUCK” and then Mac throws a series of rapid fire punches before that Fuckass Spaniard can even react; Mac is about to hit a final blow before suddenly the SPAINARD POPS BACK OH GOD.; Mac dies badly while Don is like “haha newb get pwned”.]

May 1st, 1987  
Humboldt-Hospital Station, Buffalo, New York  
11:27 pm

[After the match, Doc and Mac walk to the station where they discuss futures and shit plus it's just cool father/son moment.. Even if Mac was beaten to shit. Mac is abt to head back to da shelters so Doc is like "OK son stay safe, remember to drop soon so we can do a one-on-one training sesh, mkay?" and Mac is just 😊.]

[Mac is at the train station and shit and rests his back against like, the tiled wall pillar thingie at the stop. He is currently thinking shit like "wow i did so good!" but also "i didn't think i'd make it this far ngl. esp at my age." and Oh Lookie, the train arrived!]

[Mac soon enters the train, thinking nothing of it, and the first thing that hits him as he walks in is that... this is not a subway train. At All. Which is confusing to Mac because didn't he just enter the subway car, why the fuck does it look bigger on the inside. Why does it look like it came from an old ass railway. Whadda hell.]

[He tries to step out of the car but it immediately locks him inside and takes off with him just trying to get the hell out with no avail... so he just slumps down to the floor in defeat because not only did he take the wrong train, he's going to be far away from his HOME. TO NOWHERE.]

[That is until footsteps walk up to him and is like "hey r u lost."

??? ?th, ????  
?:?? am

[Mac ends up staying in the spare passenger cars for what is now known as da Hades locomotive and is like "this is such bullshit i boarded on to the wrong train what rhe fuck!" and then theres like a voice that can barelt be heard frim tha telly before just freezing on an old cartoon.]

[Mac in the meanwhile is just like "..... wh what rhe fuck-" before the TV speouts legs! and it stands up!! turns out this is a sneast living on this train!!!! understandabl macs like WHAT THE FUCK and throws his sneaker at it but it just laughs at getting thwacked with a shoe. just like "i like your funny words magic man!"]

[The spider sneasts introduces itself as Widow Peak and is like "hello yes i actually run this train and i need help gettinf it back. Mac isnt buying it so Widow is like "lemme elaborate further: i am part of an entity and my entity needs to go back home. so do my other pals." and at this point Mac is fully convinced hes got a demon in his room so he tries to wash his face in the sleepinf car but surprise bitch Widow is now somehow in the mirror!]

[Mac is straight up becoming thag one meaniescomic panel thags like "LEAVE" because he is not dealing with a fucking demon after gettinf lost he knows better!!!! but widow is like now hear me out boy... if i go away now, like forever, the passengers would all end up missing including you because the train will straight up vanish without us. the train is tethered between us, our entity, and the very passengers that board this train. its a long story but ... one of our friends wasn't so lucky. now instead of six, only five of us remain.]

[Now Mac cannot help but look almost conflicted. he wants to go back home but knowing that if he doesnt help now, this weird spider thing will vanish because apparently its host is not around and that will lead to him vanishing and not returning to home at All, which is Not Good.]

[So he obliges and Widow is like “YIPPEE THANK YOU btw you can call me alex :)” and mac js like ok alex whatever you weird...*thing*. after going back into the passenger car, mac looks at the calender and the clock above it and gets so confused because what do you mean it's already 2024?! wasn't it 1987!? is he time traveling!?

alex is like “no lol burlingham is in a different world thus different time and decades! aint that neat?” mac does not think so.]

Monday, April 1st, 2024  
Dimmesdale Railroad Station, Burlingham  
11:27 am

[Mac is now both confused, frustrated, AND scared because what the hell do you mean he’s in the future and what do you mean that he’s in some place called Dimmesdale or whatever. Alex reassures him though that hes going to be okay, he didnt even age in real time and hes still very young (this did not help mac at all)]

## ch 2: dances for the macabre





ch 3: achtung!



ch 4:



ch 5: something up your sleeve

