



The Gang Survives The Holidays

a sunnyblr fanzine

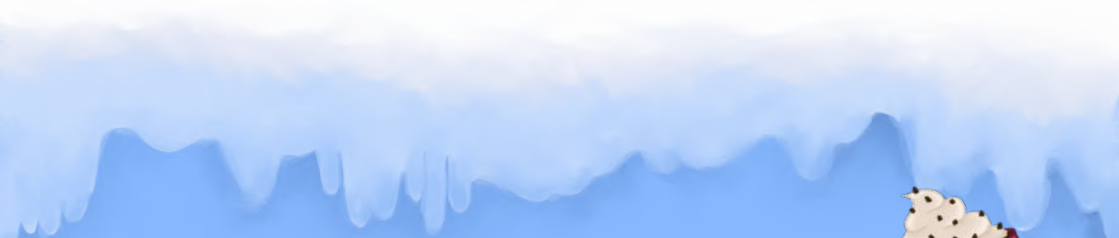


*It's Always Sunny
in Philadelphia*

*This is an "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia" inspired fanzine!
It is a free digital download and not for profit.*

"It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia" was created by Rob Mac, Glenn Howerton and Charlie Day.

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Malewife Okra



PLANETMO

@fatmacsbarbie

fantasyfaun

YEAGRAVE



VRK

THEHUSHSOUNDS



KATO

@lesbee-dee



@aarch-aangel



TUTU





• k.k. @
absolutely-
not-my-main-blog

KEZ
@psymachine

RYAN!
@OMEGEVERSE-YURI



@not-nabata



FRANOLLIE ♡



Al



FRANKIEFASTHANDS

@midnightcereal
Jude ♡

XXXHOLIC

CHAOTIC
SHARK 98















CHARLIE SAYS...



Deers eat meat!
If they're hungry they
will try to find birds
and snakes and shit?
And people. And rats!



So what now?
Are we supposed
to put presents
under him?

See guys! I told you
we didn't need to
get a Christmas tree!



Plus, blue is not
even a Christmas
color! I told you
to wear green, dude!



Either way, his scowl
definitely doesn't
look Christmassy...



Yeah give us a
lil smile for
the photo, kid!



Happy
New Year!

and Merry
Christmas





2026

EMER

PLAN
EMER





" NAUGHTY? NICE! "



BANGLES
ETERNAL FLAME

Miss Mini Phillips

Annabelle







HEAVEN SENT

(Not a Bird)

BIRD

BIRD

CHRISTMAS IN THE ROOM

by Frankie

When quarantine began, Mac and Dennis expected to be at each other's throats even more than usual. Of course, they hadn't expected it to last more than a few weeks. And sure, sometimes things still got tense and heated— and there were certainly bouts of cabin fever— but something about all these months stuck inside, mostly alone together, had softened things between them. The familiar company felt less stifling and more comfortable, especially with no one else around watching them. They had their routines, things they did together (like extra movie nights and grocery shopping— mostly for an excuse to get out of the apartment) and things they each did on their own (like when Mac would work out and Dennis would pick up a book.) So far, Mac had avoided getting scratched, and Dennis was keeping surprisingly cool.

Dennis had never been a Christmas person. Despite the disillusionment Mac had experienced in years previous, like realizing his family Christmases had never been as wholesome as he remembered, Mac couldn't completely shake a fondness for festivity.

They weren't the type of people that typically had places to go for Christmas, even when everything wasn't shut down. They didn't do gifts, they didn't do a tree, traditionally they did fuck all to celebrate the day together. This year Mac had decorated with a few strings of colorful lights that he had found in the back of a closet, and that itself was more than



they usually did around the apartment.

On Christmas day, they would drink heavily and participate in the traditional throwing rocks at trains with the gang, but it was Christmas Eve, and there wasn't much to do. Mac had picked them up some carryout, and they were several beers deep as they flipped through the various Christmas movies playing on every channel until they grew sick of the choices.

Then something occurred to Mac: "Wait, dude, we own Die Hard. Wanna just watch that?"

While Dennis had been about to suggest something not Christmas themed, even if it was Predator again, he figured Die Hard would work just as well.

"Sure, but wait— before we start a movie, I have something..."

"Have something?" Mac turned to him with a raised brow.

"Yeah, just give me a sec," Dennis responded as he sat his bottle down and stood from the couch.

They had not returned to their music act since the goddamn election, so Mac was surprised when Dennis returned from his bedroom, guitar in hand.

Dennis settled back beside Mac and tuned the guitar.

"What are you doing?" asked Mac, expression still perplexed.

"I learned a song, uh, for you." Dennis looked up at Mac with a small, bashful smile.



"For me?" Mac sought to confirm in disbelief, voice quiet and eyes wide.

"Yeah, just... here, let me..." Dennis took a deep inhale and then began to sing and strum.

"I'll have a blue Christmas without you..."

Every moment of Dennis' private performance, Mac watched rapt, albeit through increasingly misty eyes. He always loved the sound of Dennis' voice, plus this was one of his favorite Christmas songs, even though it was a sad one. The fact that Dennis had thought to do this at all was surprising and overwhelming.

When he heard this song, he couldn't help but be reminded of the Christmas they had spent apart, which had undoubtedly been much more blue than this year— alone together.

"You'll be doing all right with your Christmas of white, but I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Christmas..."

Dennis finished the song, and met Mac's eyes with a sheepish grin. "Merry Christmas, Mac."

Mac was awestruck and speechless, doing his best to reign in tears. All he could do was clap, and Dennis chuckled.

"How did you know I like this song?" Mac eventually managed to ask.

"I heard you singing it in the shower, when you thought I



was asleep," Dennis explained.

"Goddamn..." Mac trailed off distantly. When he spoke again it was with more vigor. "That's not fair. We don't do gifts. Now I owe you one."

Dennis did not look right at him as he spoke again. "I wasn't expecting anything." And Mac knew that Dennis had learned never to expect any gifts, for Christmas or otherwise.

"Yeah, well, that doesn't mean you shouldn't get something anyway."

"It's just a song, Mac."

"Yeah, well, it was really good." He paused, watching Dennis closely. "Thanks, Den."

"Yeah..."

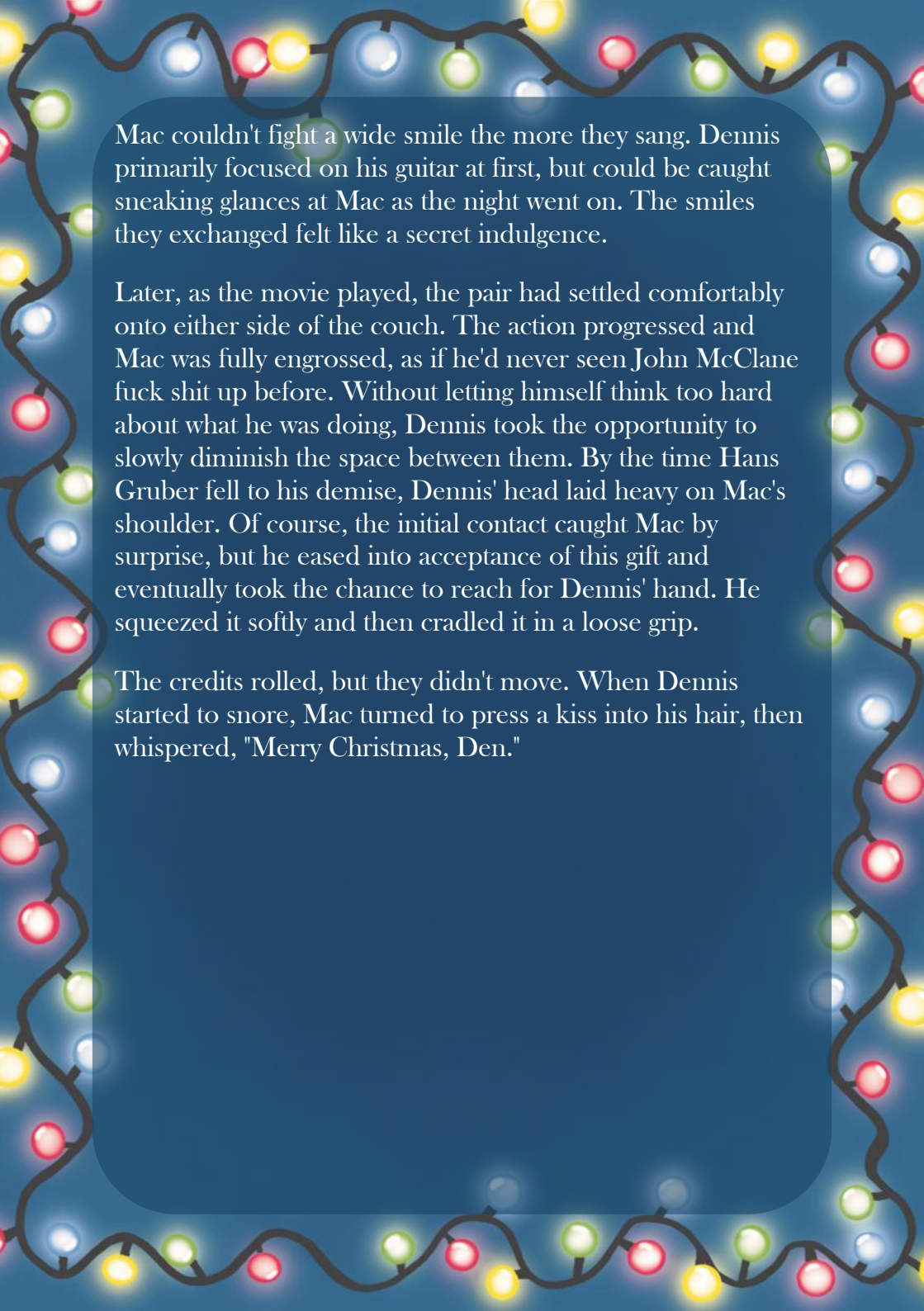
"Really. Thank you. That was... awesome." Mac's voice faltered on his last word. He could not find a better word to explain what it meant to him. Before Dennis could go put the guitar away, Mac asked, "Do you wanna sing some more, like together?"

"I don't know any more Christmas songs, and I don't really—"

"Nah, not Christmas music. Our songs."

Dennis' eyebrows rose. "Oh okay... yeah, sure."

So they spent a while harmonizing on some favorite songs and a few of their originals.



Mac couldn't fight a wide smile the more they sang. Dennis primarily focused on his guitar at first, but could be caught sneaking glances at Mac as the night went on. The smiles they exchanged felt like a secret indulgence.

Later, as the movie played, the pair had settled comfortably onto either side of the couch. The action progressed and Mac was fully engrossed, as if he'd never seen John McClane fuck shit up before. Without letting himself think too hard about what he was doing, Dennis took the opportunity to slowly diminish the space between them. By the time Hans Gruber fell to his demise, Dennis' head laid heavy on Mac's shoulder. Of course, the initial contact caught Mac by surprise, but he eased into acceptance of this gift and eventually took the chance to reach for Dennis' hand. He squeezed it softly and then cradled it in a loose grip.

The credits rolled, but they didn't move. When Dennis started to snore, Mac turned to press a kiss into his hair, then whispered, "Merry Christmas, Den."



HAVE A Sweet Dee



CHRISTMAS

EGG



NOW IN RED

DICK TOWEL 2.0



THE FULL PACKAGE

Decorate with ease!

Celebrate With Inflation! (the good kind!)



Special Offer!!!! Buy ONE blow up tree, get TWO chairs at half price

KITTEN MITTENS!



← NOW WITH HAT! HAPPY!

FESTIVE!



DISCLAIMER — NOT REAL ELFS. NO ELF OR GHOUL HARMED

NEW HOLIDAY FLAVOR!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

BY BODYGUARDS FOR BODYGUARDS

FIGHT MILK

EGGNOG EDITION

NOW WITH 300% MORE EGG!

Invigaron HOLIDAY SPECIAL!

LOOK, it's a Christmas tree!

ABSOLUTELY NOT A PYRAMID SCHEME!!

Success
Awareness
Referral
Commitment
Evaluation
LAST

This Holiday, Get Yourself RUM HAM

The Perfect Pairing For Wolf Cola + Fight Milk

PADDY'S SHOTGUN

You'll SHOOT YOUR RYE OUT!!

WOLF COLA

GET HARD THIS SEASON WITH WINE IN A CAN!

CLASSY!

40% Founder approved

WOLF COLA

NEW! HARD Holiday wine in a can Edition!

(Definitely not)

SACK FULL OF CHILDREN

KRAMPUS FOR HIRE

SCARE YOUR UNGRATEFUL KIDS!

(Nothing weird!)

CONTACT FRANK REYNOLDS

CHARDEE MACDENNIS

THE GAME

MIND: **LEVEL 1**

BODY: **LEVEL 2**

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: **LEVEL 3**

OF GAMES

THE PERFECT GIFT!







250 grams of flour
100 grams of butter
70 grams of sugar
1 egg
1 tbs of honey
1/2 tsp of baking powder
1 tsp of cinnamon
2 tsp of ground ginger

*I used store bought icing
cause I'm lazy :)*

*1. Cream the soft butter
with sugar and honey
until fluffy*

*2. Add the egg and stir
until well combined*



*3. Whisk together all the dry
ingredients (flour, baking powder
and spices)*

*4. Gradually add the dry
ingredients to the wet mixture,
mixing after each addition*





5. Divide the dough into 2 parts, wrap it in plastic wrap and let it rest in a fridge for at least 30 minutes

6. Roll out the dough on a slightly floured surface until it's 1/4-inch thick. Use cookie cutters to cut out your desired human shapes

7. Arrange your little humans on a parchment-lined baking sheets, and bake in a 350°F (180°C) oven until the edges are just set but the middles are still soft



8. Let them cool for 5 minutes on the baking sheet before transferring them to wire racks to cool completely

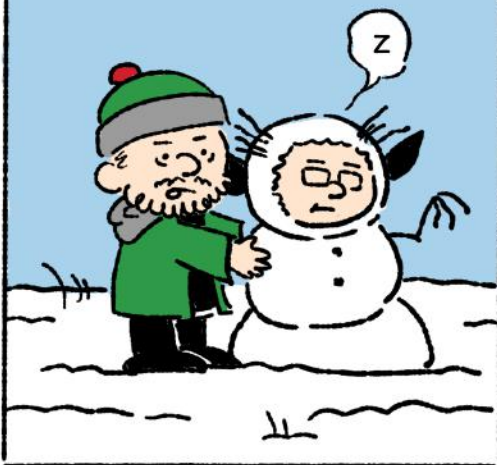


Decorate and nom nom nom!

SUNNY

SNOWMAN
COMPETITION
PRIZE: \$500

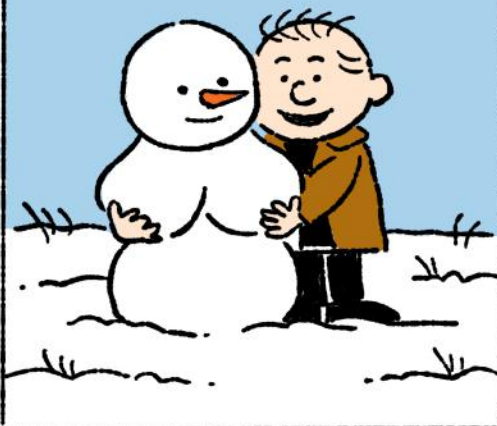
CHARLIE'S GHOUL(?)



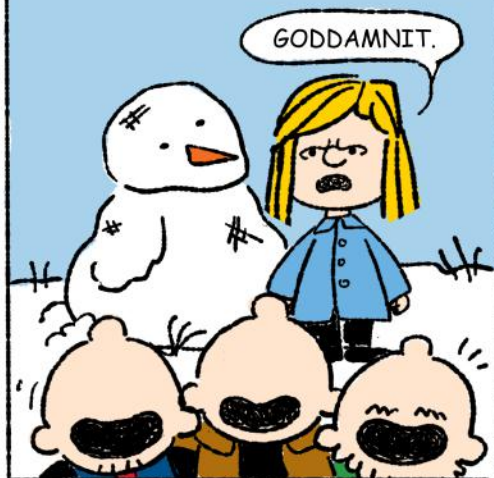
MAC'S BADASS



DENNIS' WELL-ENDED
SNOWMAN



BIRD!!
DEE'S ~~SNOWMAN~~



*The Rat Gang
Built a Snowman*



MERRY



CHR



@aarch-aangel

CHRISTMAS



Drive safe
during the
holidays!





11:40 PM



On Christmas Eve.

WHO THE HELL DECIDED TO CALL THE COPS ON US?

FRANK!



WHO WOULDN'T? JUST LOOK AT US—

SHIT!

I'M STUCK!



"The Gang Steals Christmas"

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- ~~MCPOYLE TRUCE~~
- BOYFRIENDS:
 - HOT (MAC)
 - RICH (DEE)
- PADDY'S EGG MENU
- 'TEACH RATS INTERNET'



Happy



New Year



Mac Gets Stuck in 2025

by fatmacsbarbie

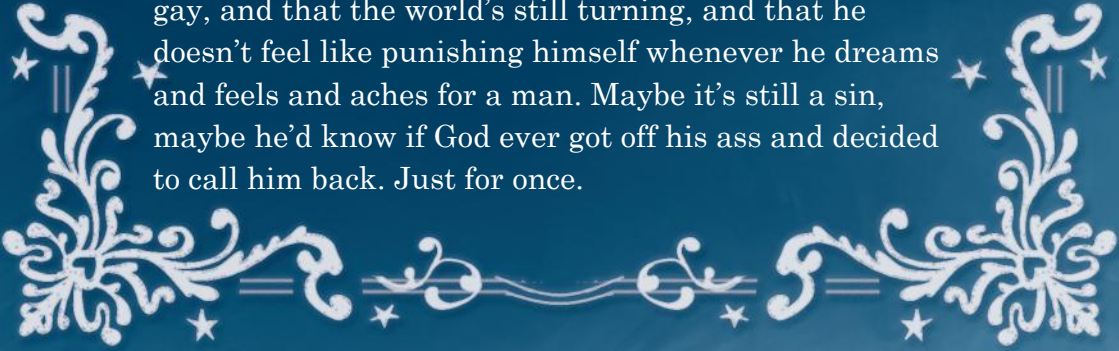
Mac loves New Year's Eve.

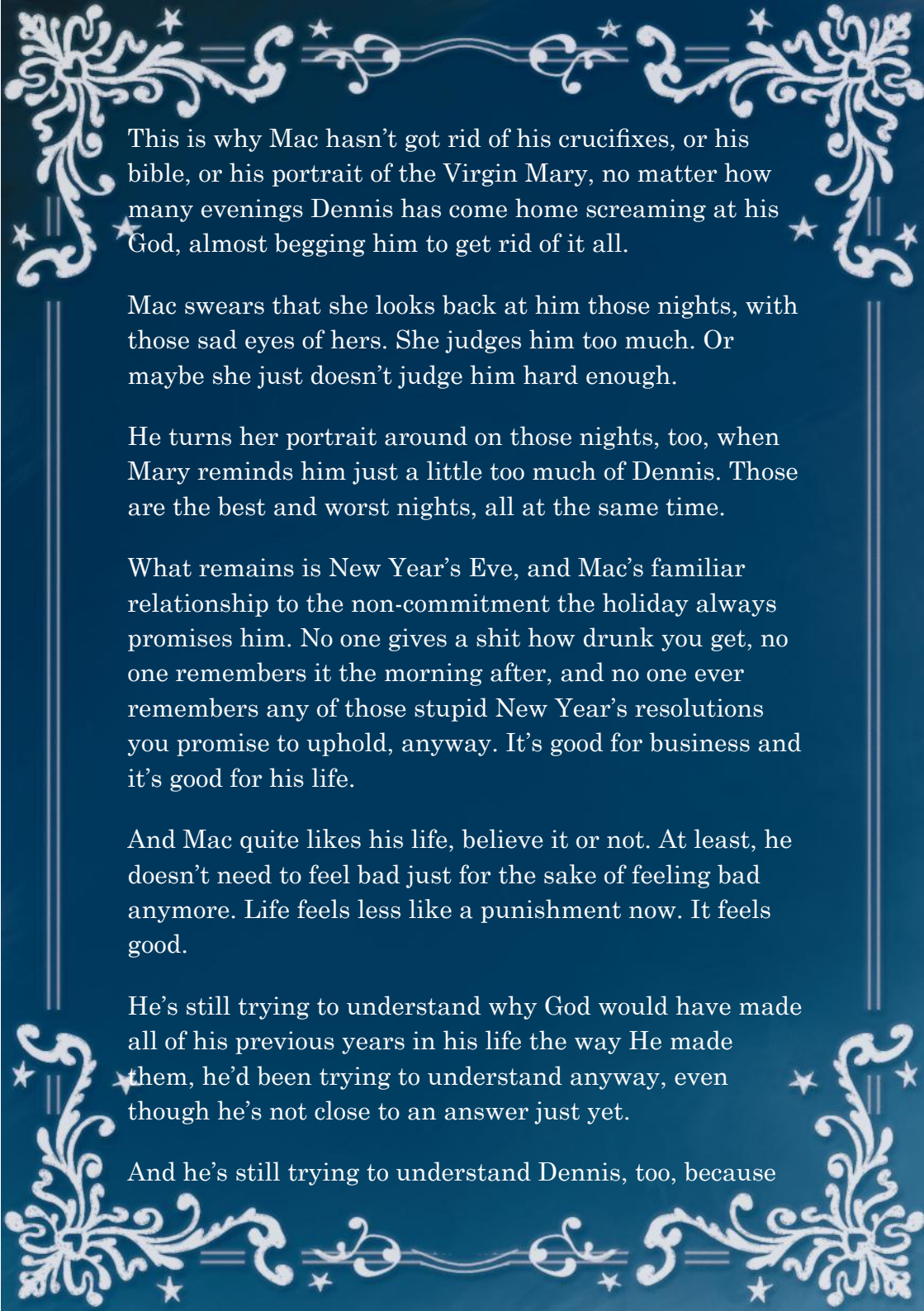
He used to love Christmas, too, but recently, his relationship with Christmas is complicated, too fucking complicated for it to be good or bad and instead just being entirely its own thing. A thing that just exists and he has no idea what to do with.

Mac still prays to God, like he's always done, but lately, he's been turning the Virgin Mary's portrait around before he goes to bed. Sometimes, he feels her eyes burn into his neck a little too hard. He turns her eyes away only to turn her back around again, apologize to her in another prayer, one he doesn't really know if it means anything at all.

It's complicated, but Mac still thanks God for watching over him and his friends and his mom, and he still thinks He hears him. After all, He's been keeping them safe all these years. And Mac's been doing a good job.

That has to mean something, right? That God made him gay, and that the world's still turning, and that he doesn't feel like punishing himself whenever he dreams and feels and aches for a man. Maybe it's still a sin, maybe he'd know if God ever got off his ass and decided to call him back. Just for once.





This is why Mac hasn't got rid of his crucifixes, or his bible, or his portrait of the Virgin Mary, no matter how many evenings Dennis has come home screaming at his God, almost begging him to get rid of it all.

Mac swears that she looks back at him those nights, with those sad eyes of hers. She judges him too much. Or maybe she just doesn't judge him hard enough.

He turns her portrait around on those nights, too, when Mary reminds him just a little too much of Dennis. Those are the best and worst nights, all at the same time.

What remains is New Year's Eve, and Mac's familiar relationship to the non-commitment the holiday always promises him. No one gives a shit how drunk you get, no one remembers it the morning after, and no one ever remembers any of those stupid New Year's resolutions you promise to uphold, anyway. It's good for business and it's good for his life.

And Mac quite likes his life, believe it or not. At least, he doesn't need to feel bad just for the sake of feeling bad anymore. Life feels less like a punishment now. It feels good.

He's still trying to understand why God would have made all of his previous years in his life the way He made them, he'd been trying to understand anyway, even though he's not close to an answer just yet.

And he's still trying to understand Dennis, too, because



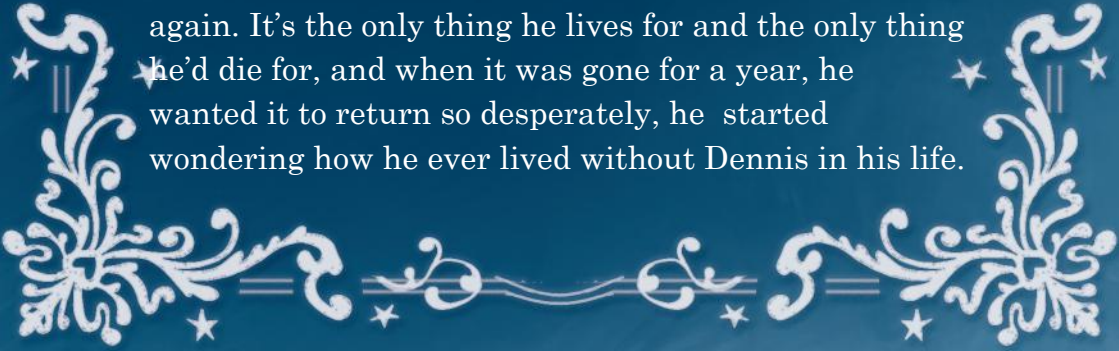
he might be the most complicated part out of all of it.

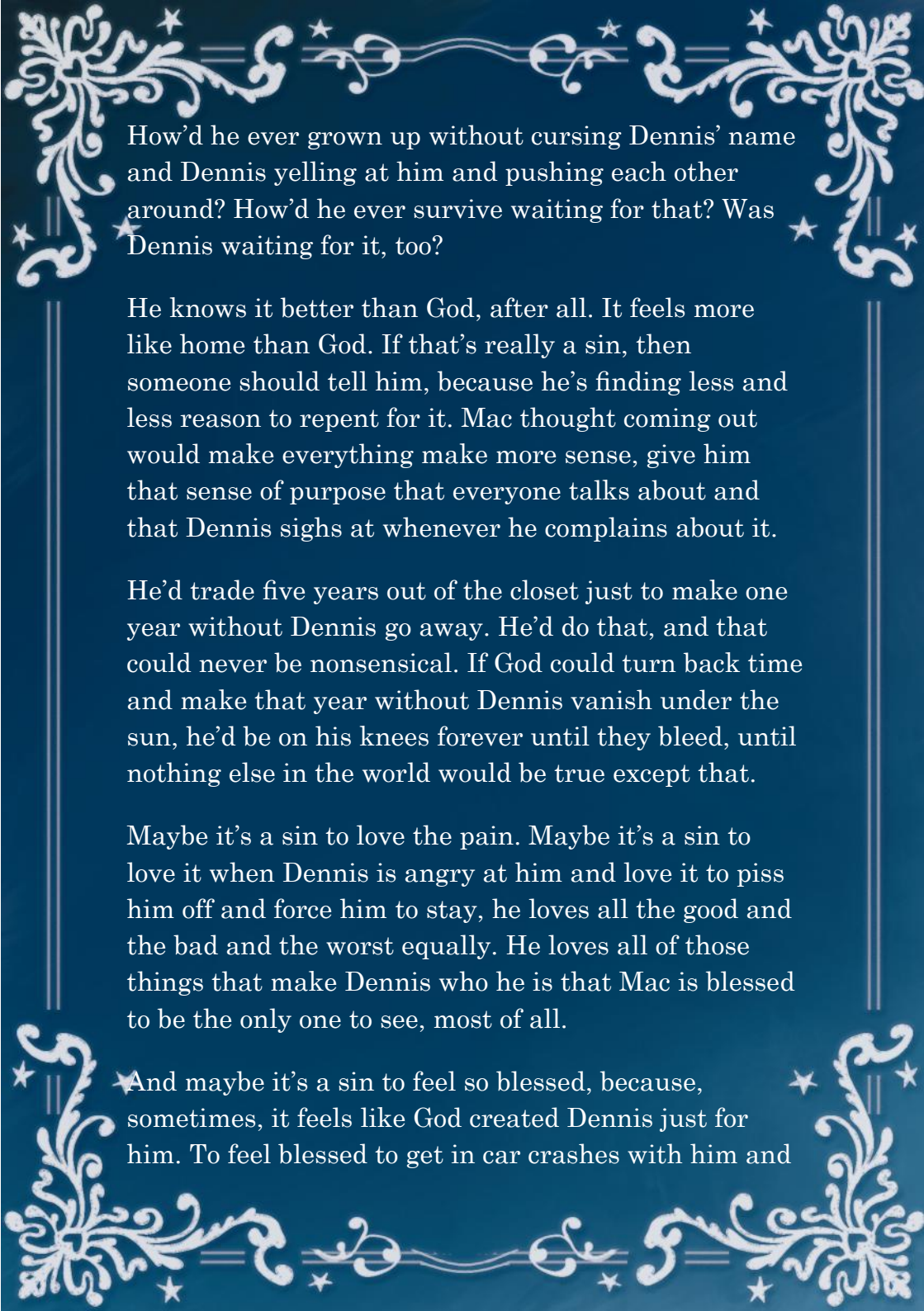
Dennis Reynolds is also a part of why Mac likes his life on earth, why he always has. He's only told God about this, but Dennis Reynolds was Mac's universe in every way it was possible and in every way that matters, and he has stayed that way through their whole life. His life revolves around him, and he kind of doesn't want it to be any other way than that, and if he could burn the entire world to keep Dennis warm, he would.

He keeps getting it wrong, though. Mac used to understand him much better than he does now, he thinks so, at least, and he keeps getting it wrong, and consulting with God doesn't do much anymore, because it seems like He's gone on vacation recently, like he's praying to an empty room and no one's listening, and Mac isn't a coward, but no, it scares him.

The one thing he's ever seemed to understand about Dennis is one thing, how to upset him. How to get it wrong. How to push him away, whether he wants it or not.

And maybe this is what they do best, still, after all. Hurt each other again and again and return again and again. It's the only thing he lives for and the only thing he'd die for, and when it was gone for a year, he wanted it to return so desperately, he started wondering how he ever lived without Dennis in his life.





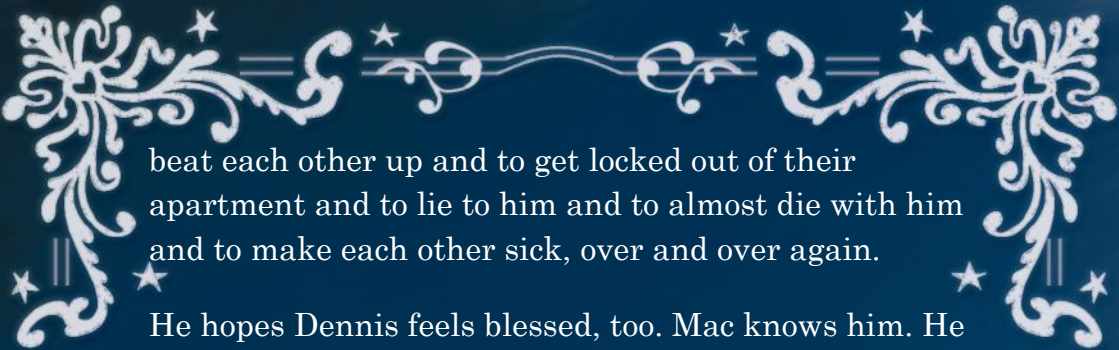
How'd he ever grown up without cursing Dennis' name and Dennis yelling at him and pushing each other around? How'd he ever survive waiting for that? Was Dennis waiting for it, too?

He knows it better than God, after all. It feels more like home than God. If that's really a sin, then someone should tell him, because he's finding less and less reason to repent for it. Mac thought coming out would make everything make more sense, give him that sense of purpose that everyone talks about and that Dennis sighs at whenever he complains about it.

He'd trade five years out of the closet just to make one year without Dennis go away. He'd do that, and that could never be nonsensical. If God could turn back time and make that year without Dennis vanish under the sun, he'd be on his knees forever until they bleed, until nothing else in the world would be true except that.

Maybe it's a sin to love the pain. Maybe it's a sin to love it when Dennis is angry at him and love it to piss him off and force him to stay, he loves all the good and the bad and the worst equally. He loves all of those things that make Dennis who he is that Mac is blessed to be the only one to see, most of all.

★ And maybe it's a sin to feel so blessed, because, sometimes, it feels like God created Dennis just for him. To feel blessed to get in car crashes with him and

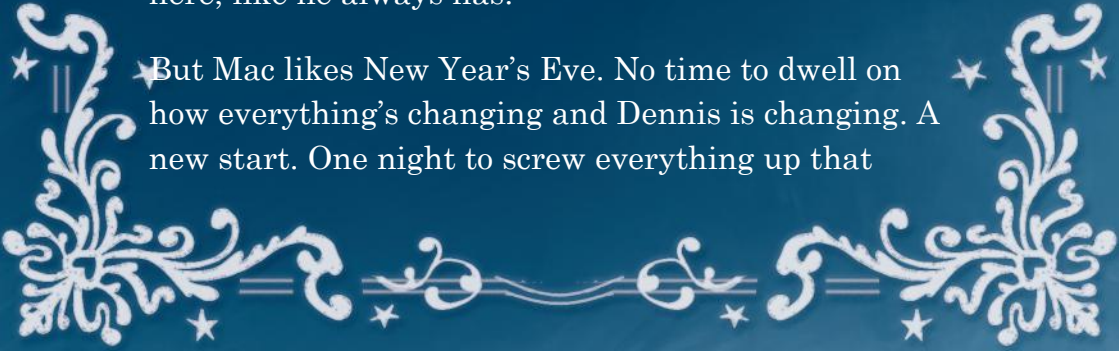


beat each other up and to get locked out of their apartment and to lie to him and to almost die with him and to make each other sick, over and over again.

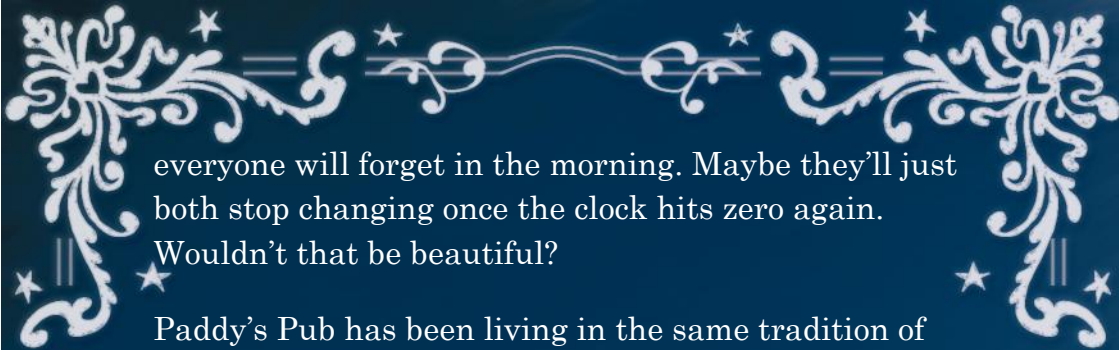
He hopes Dennis feels blessed, too. Mac knows him. He hopes he still does.

Or maybe he doesn't. The years are growing longer, lately, the years seem like they are spinning in circles and repeating themselves, lately, and Mac likes every one of their routines, but not like this. North Dakota, Mandy, Johnny. Trying to go back to normal while Dennis suddenly starts feeling like a stranger, just one day, two days, ten, out of the blue. Sometimes, he's scared, because if Dennis became a different person overnight, he'd tell him, right?

He hasn't talked to his best friend about any of this, because they'd never needed to do that before. You know, talking. Emotions are for fucking pussies, but he doesn't know anymore, where to place those emotions that make him want to dig a hole into his bed, as opposed to the ones that are ticking in the space between them, the ones where a hand grenade could blow this whole thing up and yet, he'd still stay right here, like he always has.



But Mac likes New Year's Eve. No time to dwell on how everything's changing and Dennis is changing. A new start. One night to screw everything up that



everyone will forget in the morning. Maybe they'll just both stop changing once the clock hits zero again.

Wouldn't that be beautiful?

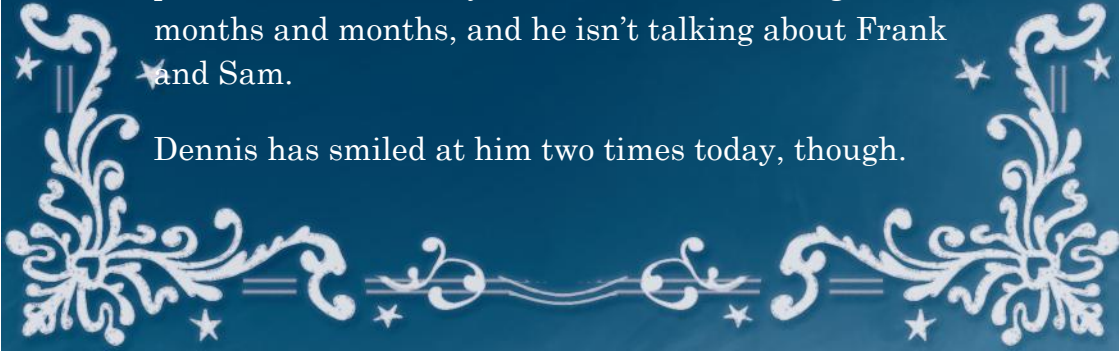
Paddy's Pub has been living in the same tradition of staying open all New Year's Eve every year since they first bought the place. Unlike every other morning of the year, where Mac gets up hours earlier than Dennis ever would, this is one of the rare mornings where he gets to get ready with his best friend.

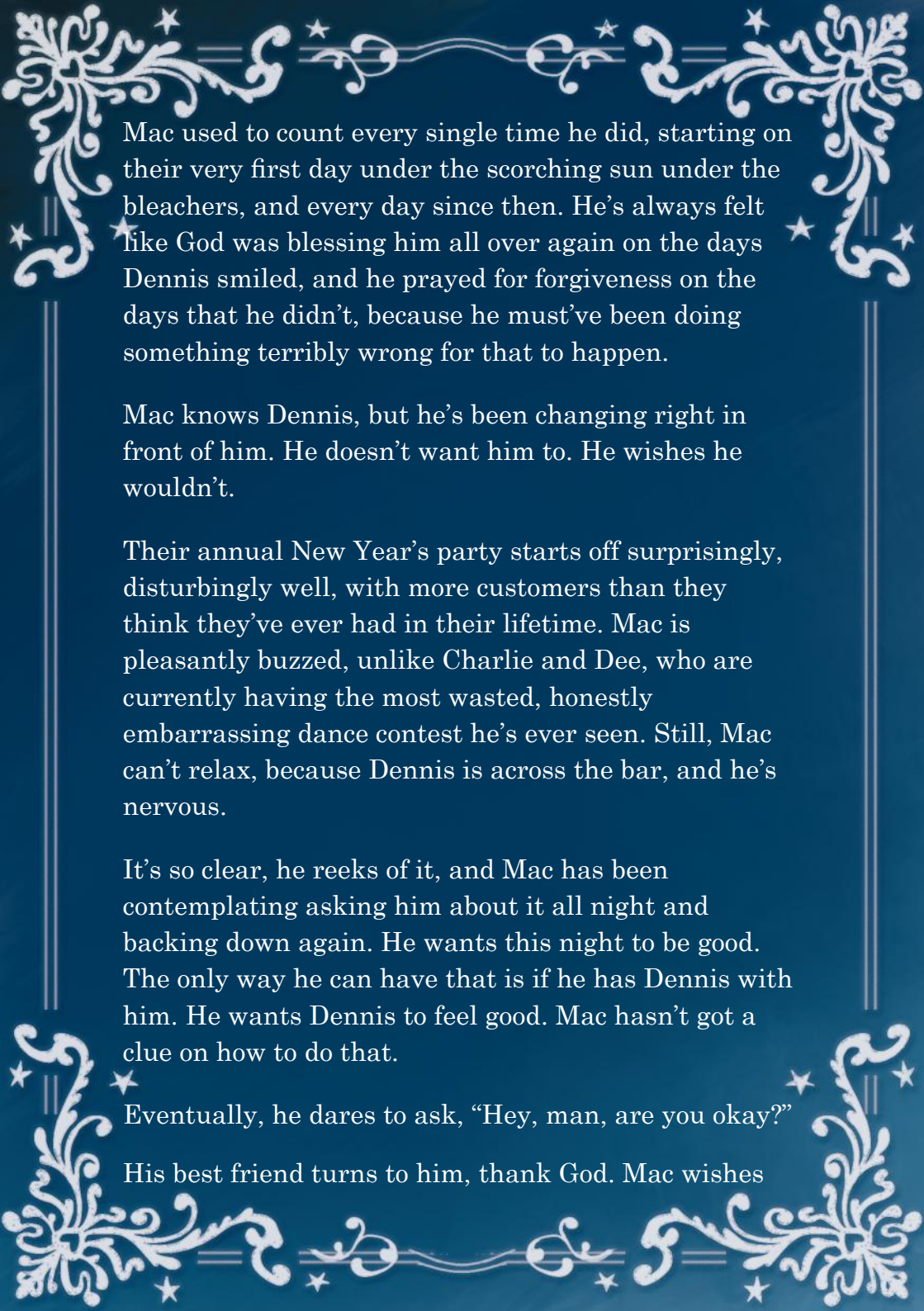
It feels normal, and actually, genuinely good the entire day. Charlie's finally installed a larger flat screen in the bar, they've been handing out flyers for weeks on end, and Dee isn't even being that much of a bitch today, crazy, right?

And Dennis is Dennis. Dennis is beautiful, but that's not anything new. He's always been beautiful, and yet, Mac turns around every day and wonders how it's even fucking impossible for him anymore to still grow more beautiful every day, how he always shines in a new light than the day before.

Dennis is quiet today. He's seemed distracted these past months, and they haven't had a movie night for months and months, and he isn't talking about Frank and Sam.

Dennis has smiled at him two times today, though.





Mac used to count every single time he did, starting on their very first day under the scorching sun under the bleachers, and every day since then. He's always felt like God was blessing him all over again on the days Dennis smiled, and he prayed for forgiveness on the days that he didn't, because he must've been doing something terribly wrong for that to happen.

Mac knows Dennis, but he's been changing right in front of him. He doesn't want him to. He wishes he wouldn't.

Their annual New Year's party starts off surprisingly, disturbingly well, with more customers than they think they've ever had in their lifetime. Mac is pleasantly buzzed, unlike Charlie and Dee, who are currently having the most wasted, honestly embarrassing dance contest he's ever seen. Still, Mac can't relax, because Dennis is across the bar, and he's nervous.

It's so clear, he reeks of it, and Mac has been contemplating asking him about it all night and backing down again. He wants this night to be good. The only way he can have that is if he has Dennis with him. He wants Dennis to feel good. Mac hasn't got a clue on how to do that.

Eventually, he dares to ask, "Hey, man, are you okay?"

His best friend turns to him, thank God. Mac wishes



he would smile at him for a third time.

“Hm, yeah,” he shrugs, “Just waiting for someone.”

Out of all the possible answers he was expecting, this certainly wasn't one of them.

Before he can get himself to redirect the conversation elsewhere and pretend like he isn't thinking about it, the other man's eyes widen, and he stands up, rushing towards the door. All Mac can do is watch him helplessly, as his eyes follow his roommate and land on the last person he expected to see tonight.

Mandy's here. Mac is so screwed.

He should move past it, though, right? He moves past Dennis inviting Mandy to New Year's Eve, moves past them hugging and feeling like he's dying a little bit inside, because Mandy is nice, and Mac wants to chew his own limbs right off, he hates that about her.

And he can move past it while drinking himself to oblivion. He moves past it with such lightning speed that he's more drunk than Charlie and Dee combined by the time the countdown to midnight starts, that Charlie's the one holding him up, and he's so fucking ready to forget everything in the morning already.

It's beautiful, right until he turns his head and spots Dennis pulling Mandy in for a kiss as the clock strikes



midnight. Mac hates New Year's Eve.

...

When Mac wakes up the morning after New Year's Eve, he doesn't have a hangover.

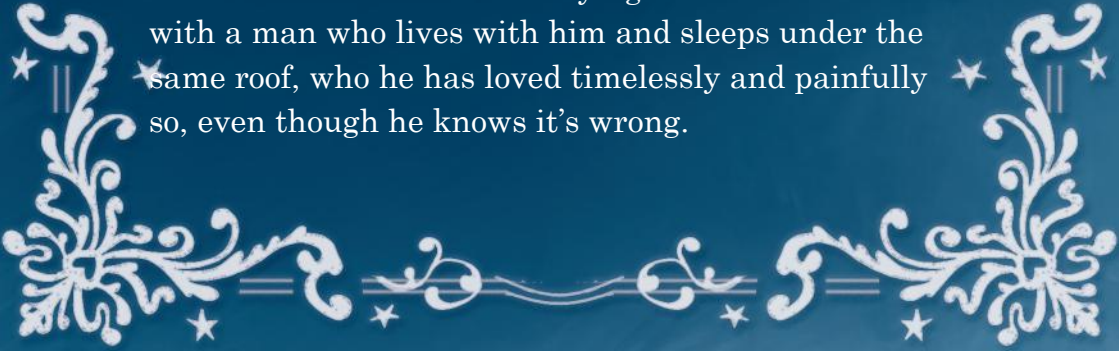
That's weird. He thought everything would be gone in his memory by the morning, but he remembers everything from last night only until the second the clock hit midnight, which is even weirder.

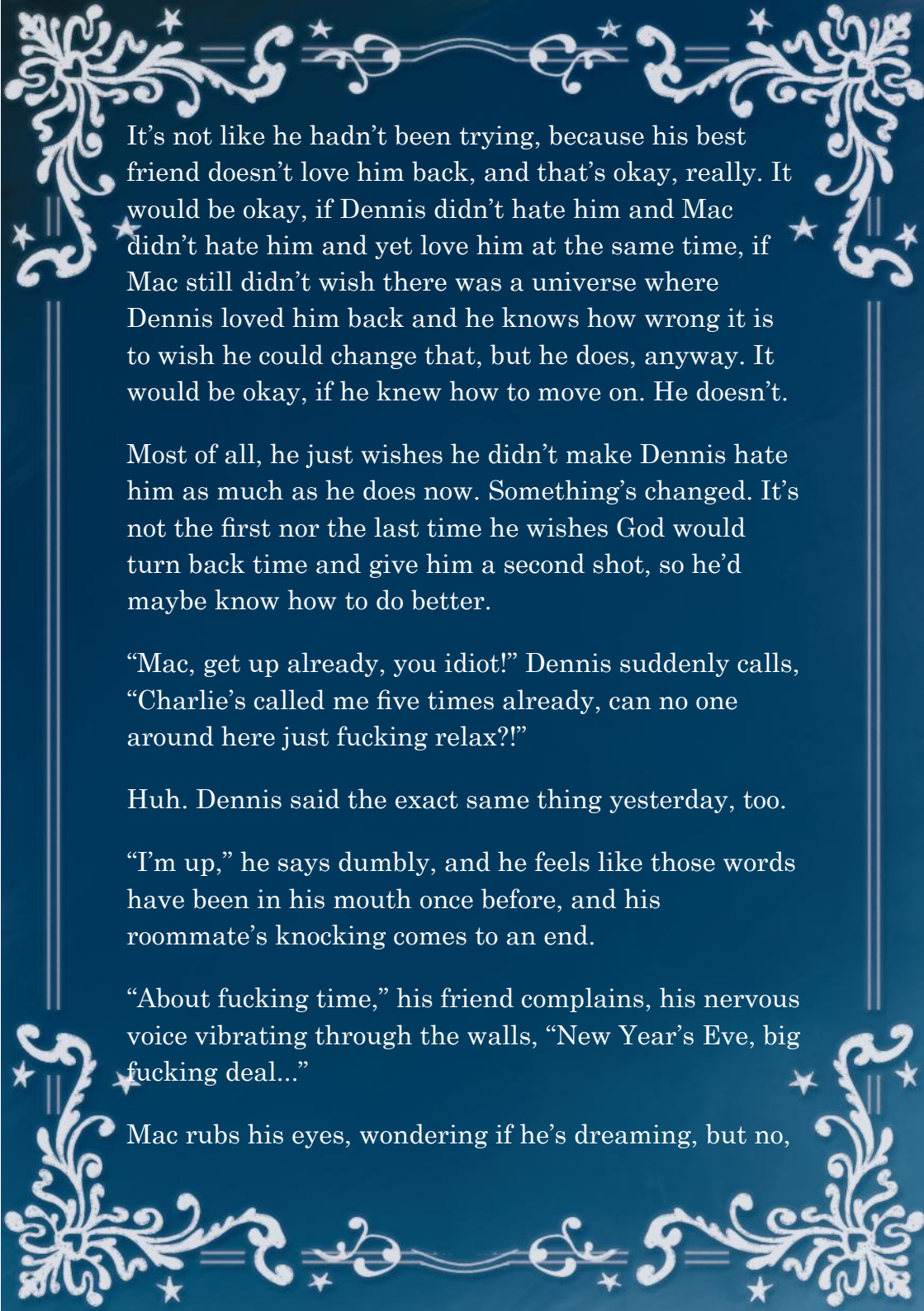
Dennis kissed Mandy at New Year's Eve, and Mac is alone in his bedroom, with no one but the Virgin Mary and her pitiful eyes to keep him company.

He shouldn't be surprised. Perhaps this is a sign from God to get himself a new resolution for the year of 2026.

To control his feelings, all the ones that feel good and all the ugly ones, too. To stop feeling stuff in general, maybe. Or to fall in love with someone else, at least, it's probably a good thing if he did that, if he knew how to do it.

It's not like he hadn't been trying to fall out of love with a man who lives with him and sleeps under the same roof, who he has loved timelessly and painfully so, even though he knows it's wrong.





It's not like he hadn't been trying, because his best friend doesn't love him back, and that's okay, really. It would be okay, if Dennis didn't hate him and Mac didn't hate him and yet love him at the same time, if Mac still didn't wish there was a universe where Dennis loved him back and he knows how wrong it is to wish he could change that, but he does, anyway. It would be okay, if he knew how to move on. He doesn't.

Most of all, he just wishes he didn't make Dennis hate him as much as he does now. Something's changed. It's not the first nor the last time he wishes God would turn back time and give him a second shot, so he'd maybe know how to do better.

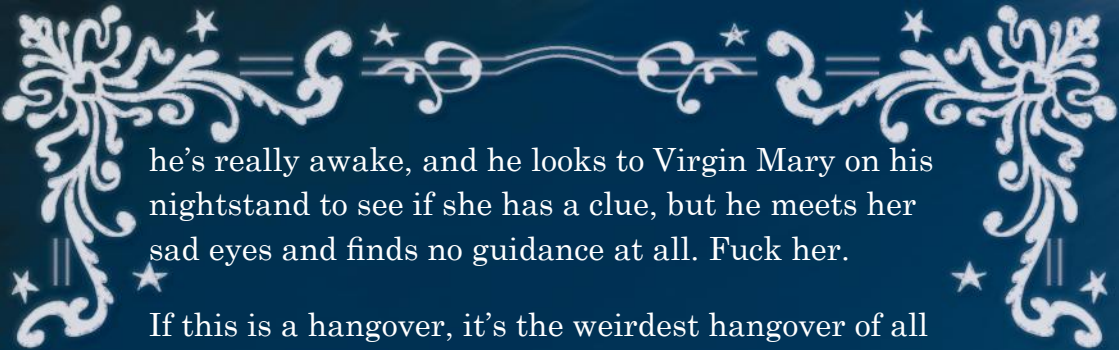
"Mac, get up already, you idiot!" Dennis suddenly calls, "Charlie's called me five times already, can no one around here just fucking relax?!"

Huh. Dennis said the exact same thing yesterday, too.

"I'm up," he says dumbly, and he feels like those words have been in his mouth once before, and his roommate's knocking comes to an end.

"About fucking time," his friend complains, his nervous voice vibrating through the walls, "New Year's Eve, big fucking deal..."

Mac rubs his eyes, wondering if he's dreaming, but no,



he's really awake, and he looks to Virgin Mary on his nightstand to see if she has a clue, but he meets her sad eyes and finds no guidance at all. Fuck her.

If this is a hangover, it's the weirdest hangover of all time. Eating breakfast with Dennis is one of Mac's favorite things to do, but his best friend seems scarily distant and occupied, like yesterday morning, he's impatient and not smiling at Mac at all when he's flipping the eggs. He abandons the coffee to turn on the television, wondering if the bar burned down yesterday and he just didn't notice, or something.

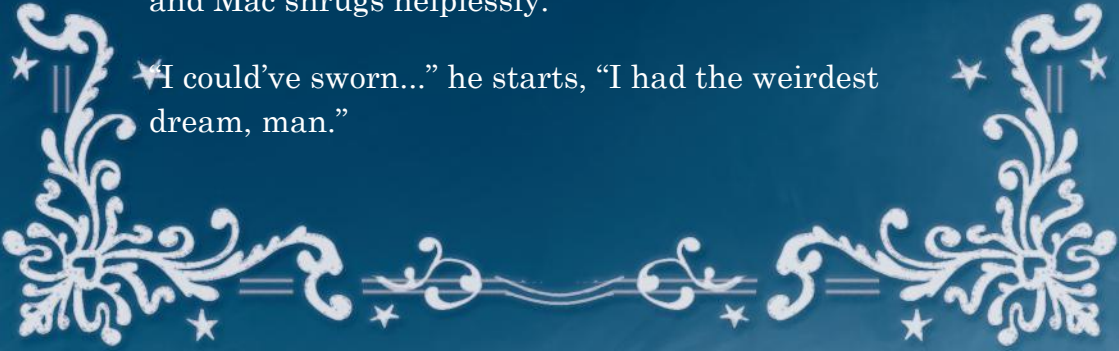
"Hey! Where the hell are you going-"

"It was New Year's Eve yesterday," Mac mumbles, because he's pretty goddamn sure it was, and yet, the news host tells him it's the thirty-first of December, 2025.

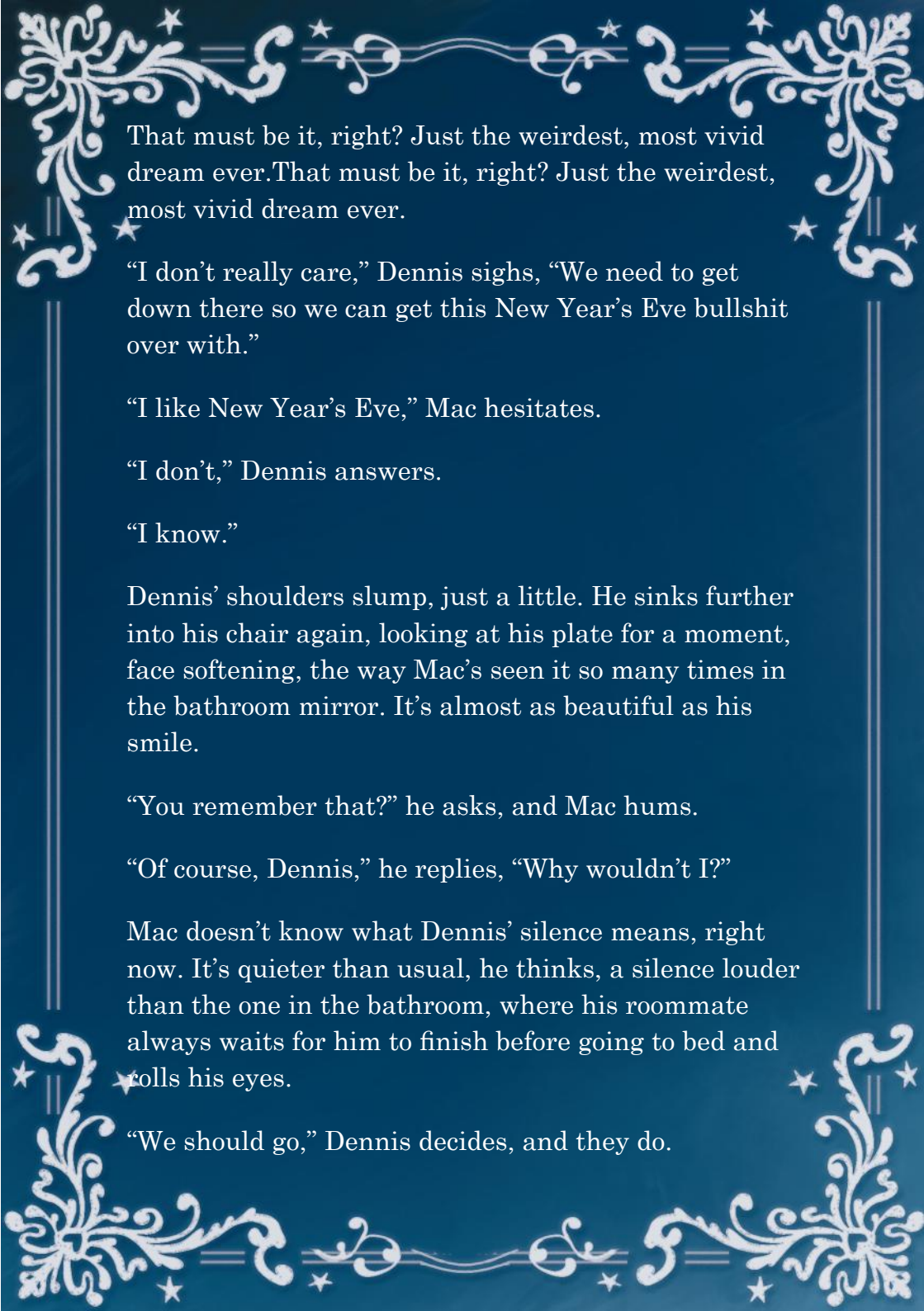
"What?"

"We were at Paddy's yesterday," he repeats, "For New Year's."

"When are we not at Paddy's, Mac?" Dennis groans, and Mac shrugs helplessly.



"I could've sworn..." he starts, "I had the weirdest dream, man."



That must be it, right? Just the weirdest, most vivid dream ever. That must be it, right? Just the weirdest, most vivid dream ever.

“I don’t really care,” Dennis sighs, “We need to get down there so we can get this New Year’s Eve bullshit over with.”

“I like New Year’s Eve,” Mac hesitates.

“I don’t,” Dennis answers.

“I know.”

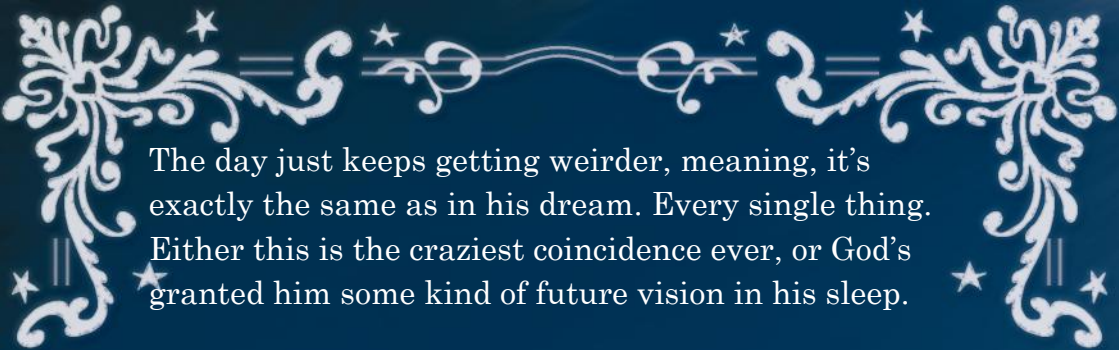
Dennis’ shoulders slump, just a little. He sinks further into his chair again, looking at his plate for a moment, face softening, the way Mac’s seen it so many times in the bathroom mirror. It’s almost as beautiful as his smile.

“You remember that?” he asks, and Mac hums.

“Of course, Dennis,” he replies, “Why wouldn’t I?”

Mac doesn’t know what Dennis’ silence means, right now. It’s quieter than usual, he thinks, a silence louder than the one in the bathroom, where his roommate always waits for him to finish before going to bed and rolls his eyes.

“We should go,” Dennis decides, and they do.



The day just keeps getting weirder, meaning, it's exactly the same as in his dream. Every single thing. Either this is the craziest coincidence ever, or God's granted him some kind of future vision in his sleep.

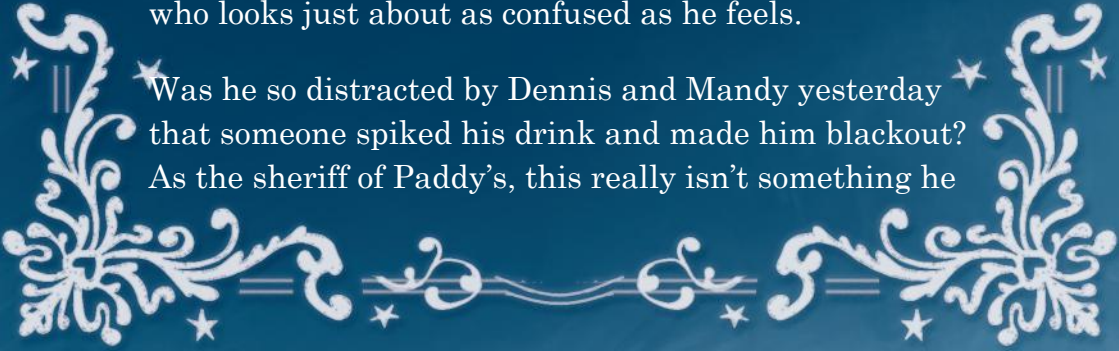
That would be pretty fucking badass, but it feels less badass when Mandy shows up again, and his roommate is talking to her quietly and looking back at Mac with that distant look in his eyes again, the one that only seems to make the space between them bigger.

Maybe this is God taunting him, then. Really making sure he understands that Dennis will leave him and that there's absolutely nothing he can do about it. Dennis will leave him again. He wants to stop it, but he doesn't know how.

This is what he thinks must be the case when he sees their lips touch again, barely hearing Charlie cheering right in his ear. God really can be cruel, sometimes.

...

Dennis is banging on Mac's door when he wakes up, and he opens his eyes to stare right into Virgin Mary's, who looks just about as confused as he feels.



Was he so distracted by Dennis and Mandy yesterday that someone spiked his drink and made him blackout? As the sheriff of Paddy's, this really isn't something he



should allow to happen.

“Mac, get up already, you idiot!” he yells, “Charlie’s called me five times already, can no one around here just fucking relax?!”

Okay, someone must be fucking with him. He can’t have dreamed this exact same scenario twice, and also, Mac is pretty sure that’s not how a prophecy of the future works.

And there Dennis is, once again, expectantly waiting for him to cook them breakfast, and Mac fetches the same newspaper he’s already laid eyes on two mornings in a row now. It’s exactly what he feared to see. Today is New Year’s Eve again.

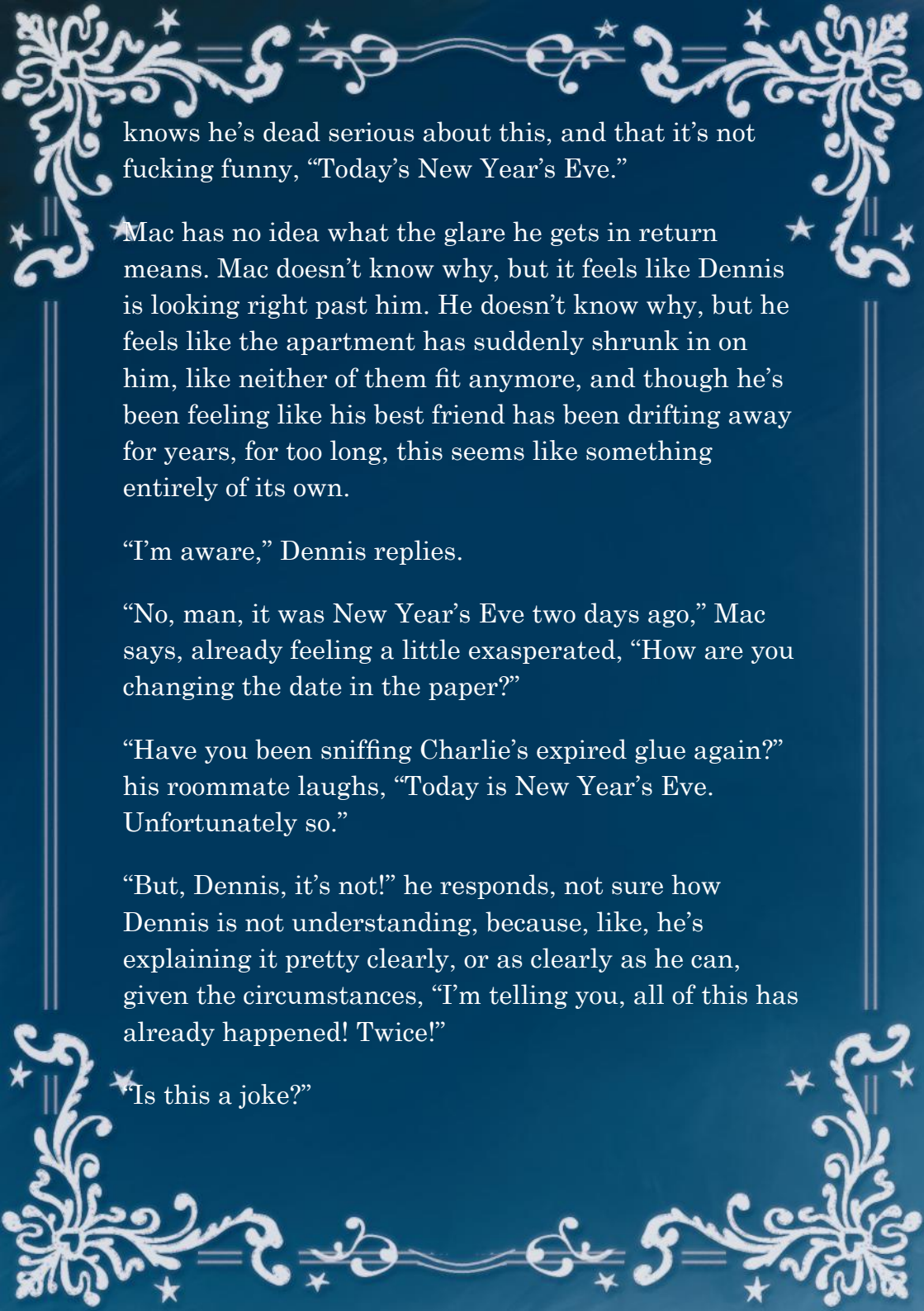
“Okay, what’s going on?” he asks, and his roommate looks up at him with one raised eyebrow, and Mac can’t tell if he looks more bewildered or annoyed.

“What now, Mac?”

“You’re pranking me, right?” he laughs uneasily, “Are you still mad about the apples last week, because I swear I didn’t-”

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“Today,” he says and throws the newspaper down on the dining table in front of him, so he’s sure Dennis



knows he's dead serious about this, and that it's not fucking funny, "Today's New Year's Eve."

Mac has no idea what the glare he gets in return means. Mac doesn't know why, but it feels like Dennis is looking right past him. He doesn't know why, but he feels like the apartment has suddenly shrunk in on him, like neither of them fit anymore, and though he's been feeling like his best friend has been drifting away for years, for too long, this seems like something entirely of its own.

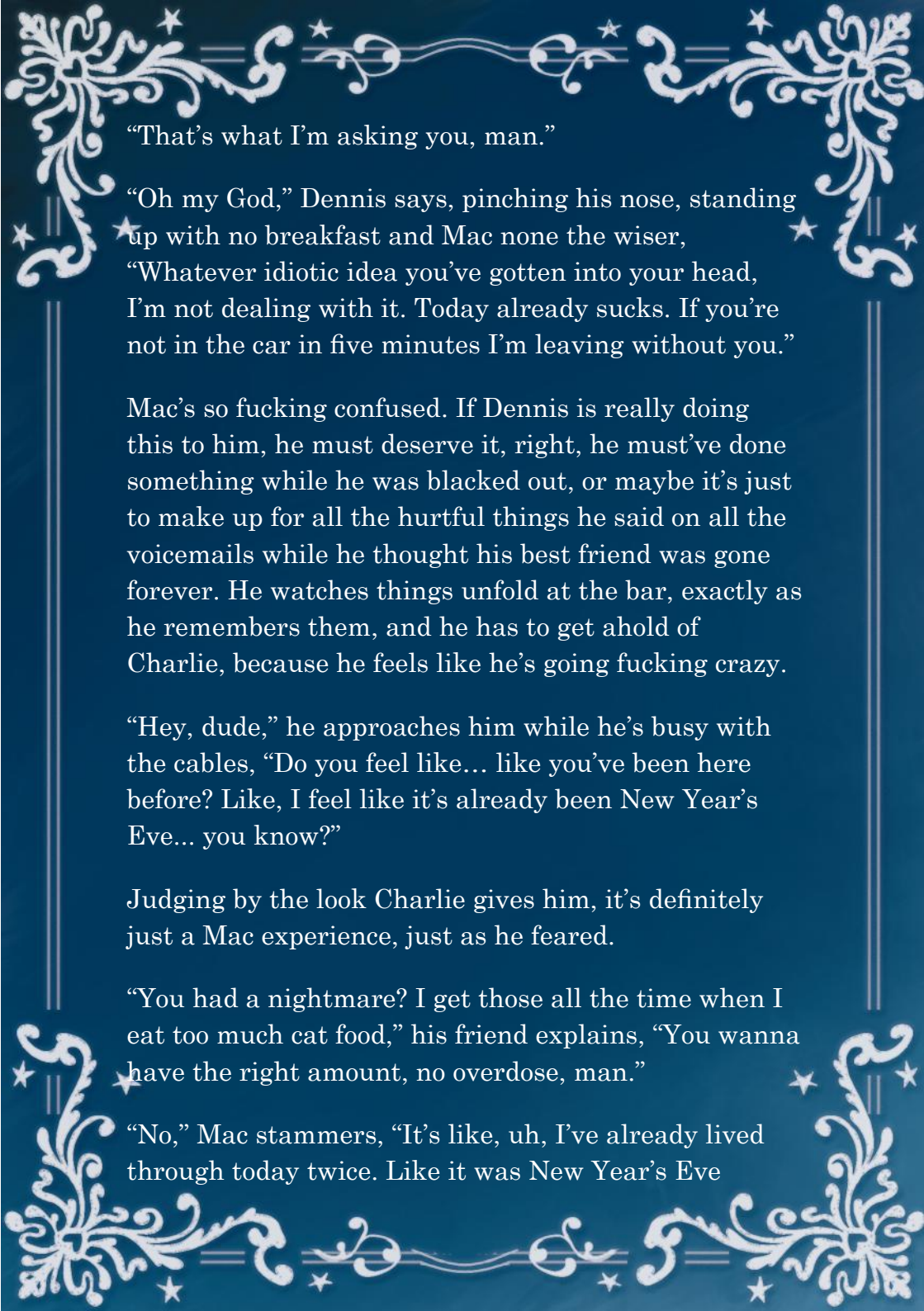
"I'm aware," Dennis replies.

"No, man, it was New Year's Eve two days ago," Mac says, already feeling a little exasperated, "How are you changing the date in the paper?"

"Have you been sniffing Charlie's expired glue again?" his roommate laughs, "Today is New Year's Eve. Unfortunately so."

"But, Dennis, it's not!" he responds, not sure how Dennis is not understanding, because, like, he's explaining it pretty clearly, or as clearly as he can, given the circumstances, "I'm telling you, all of this has already happened! Twice!"

"Is this a joke?"



“That’s what I’m asking you, man.”

“Oh my God,” Dennis says, pinching his nose, standing up with no breakfast and Mac none the wiser,

“Whatever idiotic idea you’ve gotten into your head, I’m not dealing with it. Today already sucks. If you’re not in the car in five minutes I’m leaving without you.”

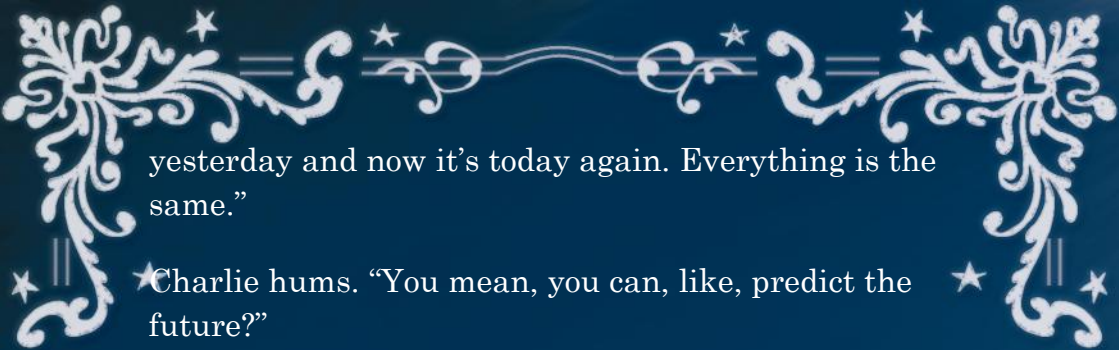
Mac’s so fucking confused. If Dennis is really doing this to him, he must deserve it, right, he must’ve done something while he was blacked out, or maybe it’s just to make up for all the hurtful things he said on all the voicemails while he thought his best friend was gone forever. He watches things unfold at the bar, exactly as he remembers them, and he has to get ahold of Charlie, because he feels like he’s going fucking crazy.

“Hey, dude,” he approaches him while he’s busy with the cables, “Do you feel like... like you’ve been here before? Like, I feel like it’s already been New Year’s Eve... you know?”

Judging by the look Charlie gives him, it’s definitely just a Mac experience, just as he feared.

“You had a nightmare? I get those all the time when I eat too much cat food,” his friend explains, “You wanna have the right amount, no overdose, man.”

“No,” Mac stammers, “It’s like, uh, I’ve already lived through today twice. Like it was New Year’s Eve



yesterday and now it's today again. Everything is the same."

★ Charlie hums. "You mean, you can, like, predict the future?" ★

He shrugs. "I can predict today, I guess."

"Everything?"

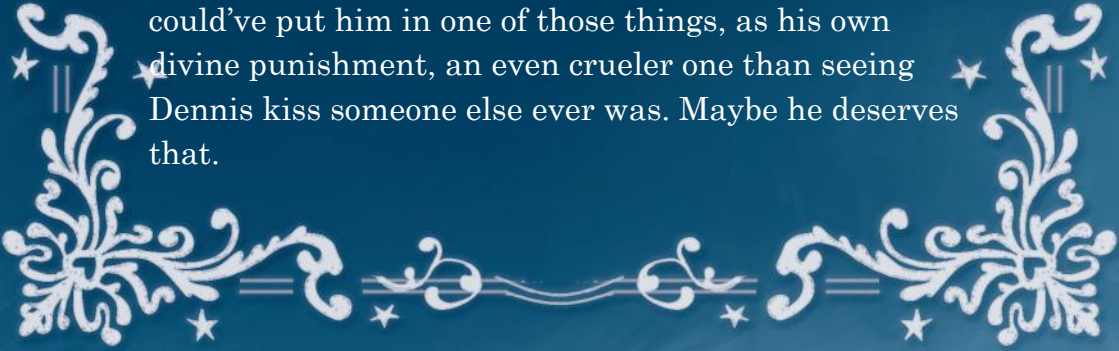
"Yeah," Mac responds, "Dee will give us some long speech about not wanting the Waitress at the New Year's party, but they'll be singing karaoke together tonight. And I think she goes home with her. Frank will show up and have a huge fight with them and- he's just an asshole, and- And Dennis has been saying exactly the same things to me for three mornings now."

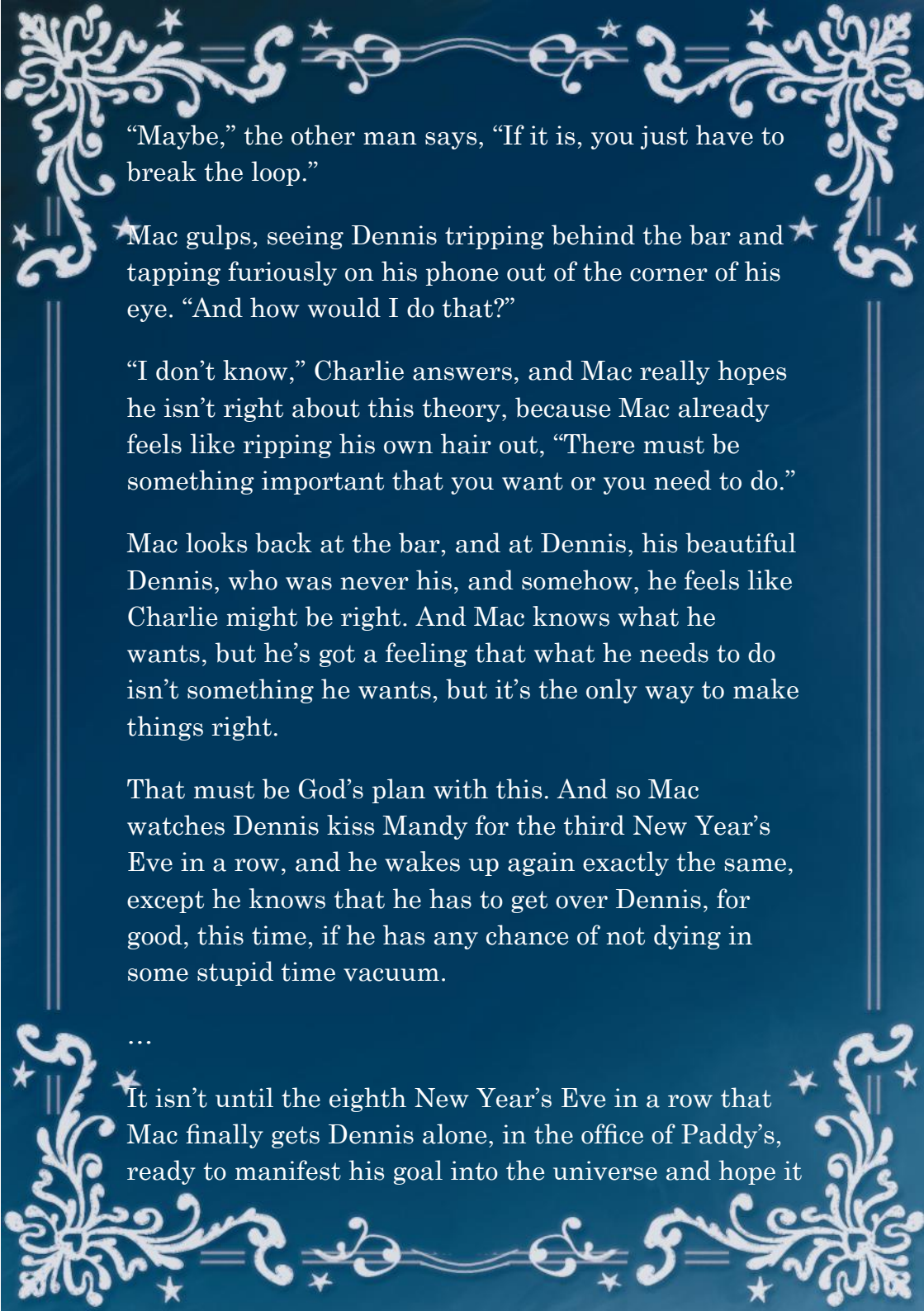
"Maybe you're in a time loop," Charlie suggests, chewing his lip as he thinks.

"A *what?*"

"You know, the same day, just repeating over and over," his friend elaborates.

"That's a thing?" he asks him, wondering if God could've put him in one of those things, as his own divine punishment, an even crueler one than seeing Dennis kiss someone else ever was. Maybe he deserves that.





“Maybe,” the other man says, “If it is, you just have to break the loop.”

Mac gulps, seeing Dennis tripping behind the bar and tapping furiously on his phone out of the corner of his eye. “And how would I do that?”

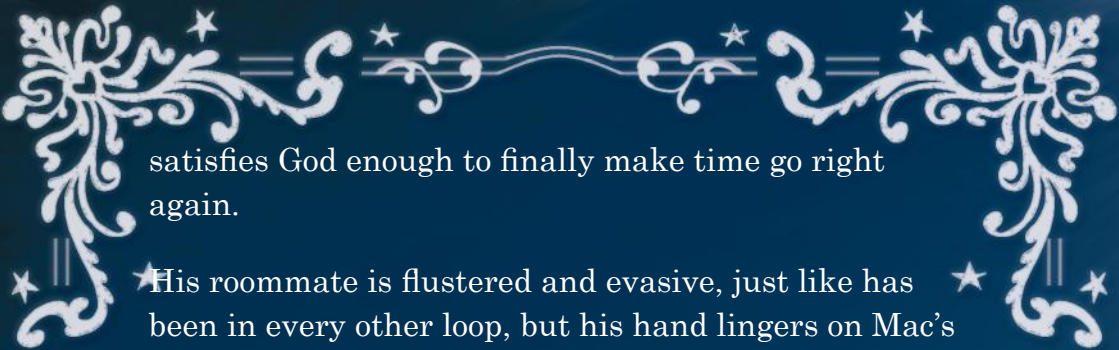
“I don’t know,” Charlie answers, and Mac really hopes he isn’t right about this theory, because Mac already feels like ripping his own hair out, “There must be something important that you want or you need to do.”

Mac looks back at the bar, and at Dennis, his beautiful Dennis, who was never his, and somehow, he feels like Charlie might be right. And Mac knows what he wants, but he’s got a feeling that what he needs to do isn’t something he wants, but it’s the only way to make things right.

That must be God’s plan with this. And so Mac watches Dennis kiss Mandy for the third New Year’s Eve in a row, and he wakes up again exactly the same, except he knows that he has to get over Dennis, for good, this time, if he has any chance of not dying in some stupid time vacuum.

...

It isn’t until the eighth New Year’s Eve in a row that Mac finally gets Dennis alone, in the office of Paddy’s, ready to manifest his goal into the universe and hope it



satisfies God enough to finally make time go right again.

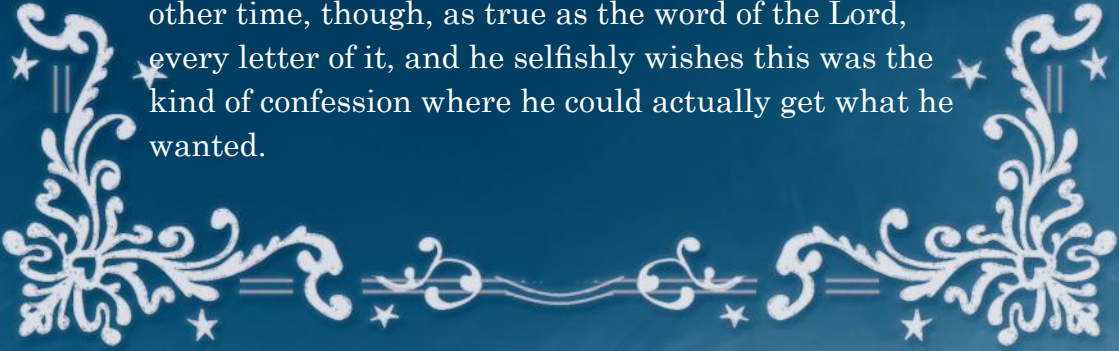
His roommate is flustered and evasive, just like has been in every other loop, but his hand lingers on Mac's arm, for so long that Mac can feel the heat, that he looks into his eyes and kind of entirely forgets that he exists for a moment. This whole time thing is hell. This is more like heaven, though.


"What is it now?" the other man groans, "If you still want to do the firework stunt from last year, I'm not jumping in to save you."

"I love you," Mac blurts it out, feeling like his tongue might choke him if he didn't.

Dennis' reaction is as equally strange as everything was this morning. Then again, he doesn't know what he expects, because his best friend's mouth snaps shut, and he stares at him with wide eyes and his cheeks already blown pink from the cold, for so long that Mac feels like he's drowning.

Mac has felt like this every time he's said those three, pesky little words. It's as true now as it has been every other time, though, as true as the word of the Lord, every letter of it, and he selfishly wishes this was the kind of confession where he could actually get what he wanted.





He knows he's selfish. Mac loves like he can't breathe. Mac loves like he could force it out of other people if he just pushed and shoved hard enough, and he wishes he could just stop. It's not the right way, deep down he knows, he tries to remember, but he's never known another way in his life.

And he's never known another life other than this, of course, one where he follows in Dennis' heels, one where he maybe has depended more on Dennis than Dennis ever has on him, one where just a minute of the other man's attention could last him for a year.

This is why God is punishing him like this.

His roommate's face grows even more flushed than before. His hand hasn't left Mac's arm. A weak sound slips off his lips, something that rustles between them, one that makes the silence grow anxiously tight and suffocating. In any case, it's most definitely a sound of disappointment.

Mac knew this was going to happen, obviously, but it must be part of the process, he figures. Grab the bull by the horns and break his own heart before it pierces its horns through it instead. This is his one chance to not be selfish, after all. Do it for Dennis, he reminds himself.

"Stop saying that," Dennis orders, but Mac desperately



needs to explain.

“I know this is going to sound fucking crazy, but I’m in a time loop, Dennis,” he hurries, “And the only way to break the loop is if I get over you.”

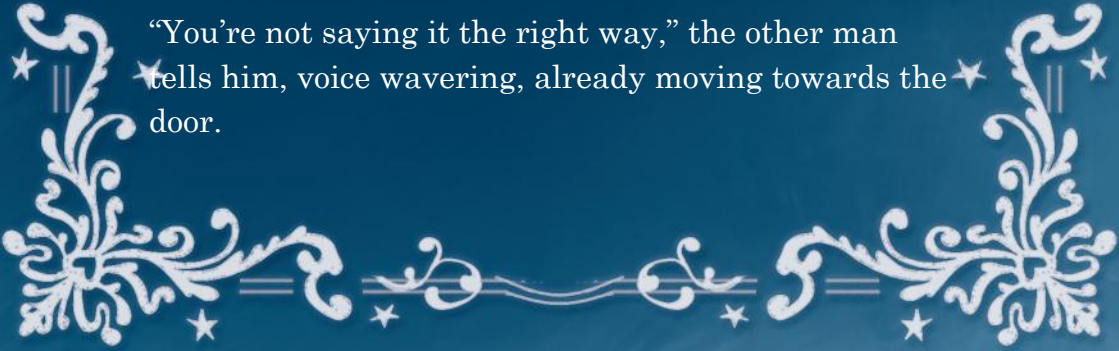
“What the fuck?”

“It makes sense, dude,” he continues, “I know it’s never going to happen, I’m sorry, I swear I understand it now, so, like- so if I confess my feelings to you, right, then I can move on.”

Mac almost wants to ask for confirmation from him, or from God, just to be clear on the terms of this time prison he finds himself in, but Dennis snaps at him before he can get the chance.

This is prickly, familiar, and Dennis holds onto him like the world will end if he doesn’t, but he searches his roommate’s eyes, and well, he doesn’t know.

He looks sad. Not angry or annoyed. Just sad. Empty and sad. Mac feels like the bull has already punctured his heart way past bleeding out, but he has no idea why.



“You’re not saying it the right way,” the other man tells him, voice wavering, already moving towards the door.



“Huh?”

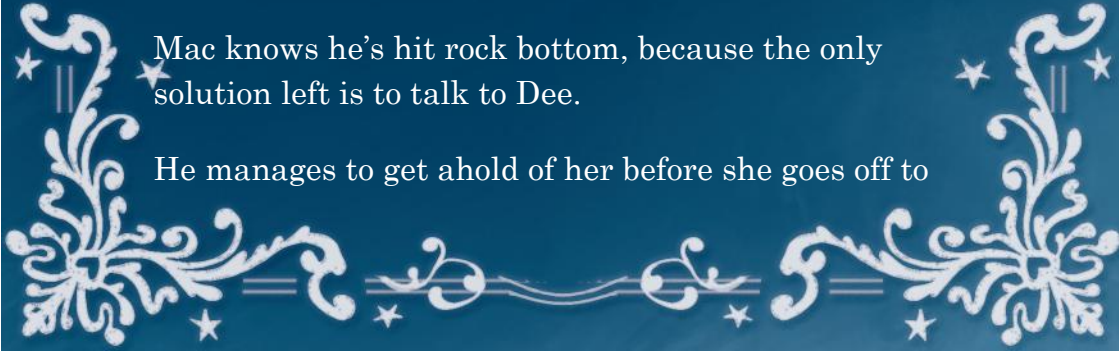
“Fuck you, Mac.”

...

Mac wakes up in yet another loop despite his attempt to end this shit, and it's his ninth New Year's Eve, and he has to find a new solution. Charlie was wrong, and whatever God wants him to do to fix this, Mac hasn't got a fucking clue.

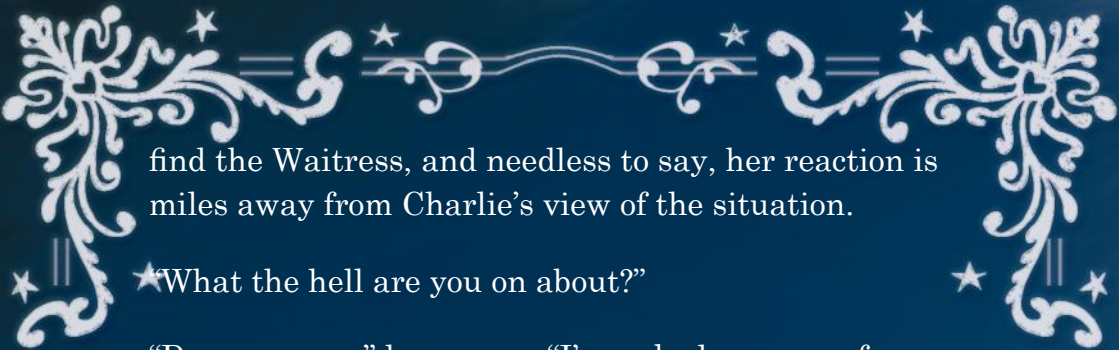
Dennis didn't kiss Mandy last night, though. Mandy didn't go to Paddy's at all, and Mac doesn't know if it felt better or worse, to lock eyes with his roommate over the crowd during the countdown and watch the other man hastily turn to the woman next to him and kiss some random stranger at the clock struck midnight, instead.

Mac tried to fill Charlie in on the time loop mission on his fifth loop, but he grew tired of having to repeat himself while his best friend didn't remember a thing, and Frank was absolutely no help at all on his sixth loop, the bastard, who got Paddy's shut down and Artemis kissing Dennis, instead.



Mac knows he's hit rock bottom, because the only solution left is to talk to Dee.

He manages to get ahold of her before she goes off to



find the Waitress, and needless to say, her reaction is miles away from Charlie's view of the situation.

★ "What the hell are you on about?"

"Dee, come on," he groans, "I've asked everyone for help and nothing's working! I confessed my feelings and it didn't break the stupid loop! How else am I supposed to prove to God that I'm moving on?"

The woman squeezes her eyes shut for a moment and rubs her temples, as if he's given her an instant headache, and she might be a stupid bitch most of the time, but at this point, he'll take any advice he can get. Nine days of this is already nine too many.

"Okay," she sighs, "I'm gonna ignore your whole traumatized catholic boy schtick, because I can't fucking deal with it right now. You think you have to get over Dennis to get out of this hallucination of yours?"

"It's not a hallucination-"

"I don't care," Dee decides, "First of all, that's hilarious."

"What is?"

★ "You're not getting over Dennis."





“But-”

“You’ve been in love with him since you were fucking, what, fifteen? Since we first met,” she says plainly, “And of course it didn’t work, because he knows you love him.”

“You think so?” he asks anyway, and she curses under her breath before she replies.

“Positive,” she nods, “If this time loop thing is actually real, maybe you need to do more than talk to get out of it.”

“Like, what?”

Dee shrugs. “Have you tried kissing him?”

“No! I need to get over him, Dee, not-” Mac sputters, “I mean, I’ve kissed him before-”

“Sure, but this is a New Year’s kiss,” she says, glancing at her watch impatiently, “Maybe that makes it magical, or something.”

“God isn’t magic-”

“Whatever. You wanted my help, you got it,” Dee smiles sweetly, “I can’t wait to see your hangover tomorrow.”

“You won’t remember this,” Mac sighs, and the woman



laughs easily, pushing him out of her way.

“I fucking hope so.”

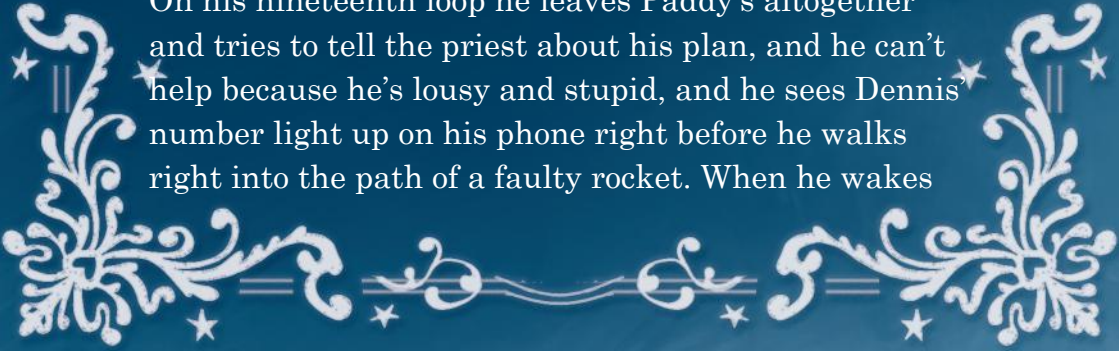
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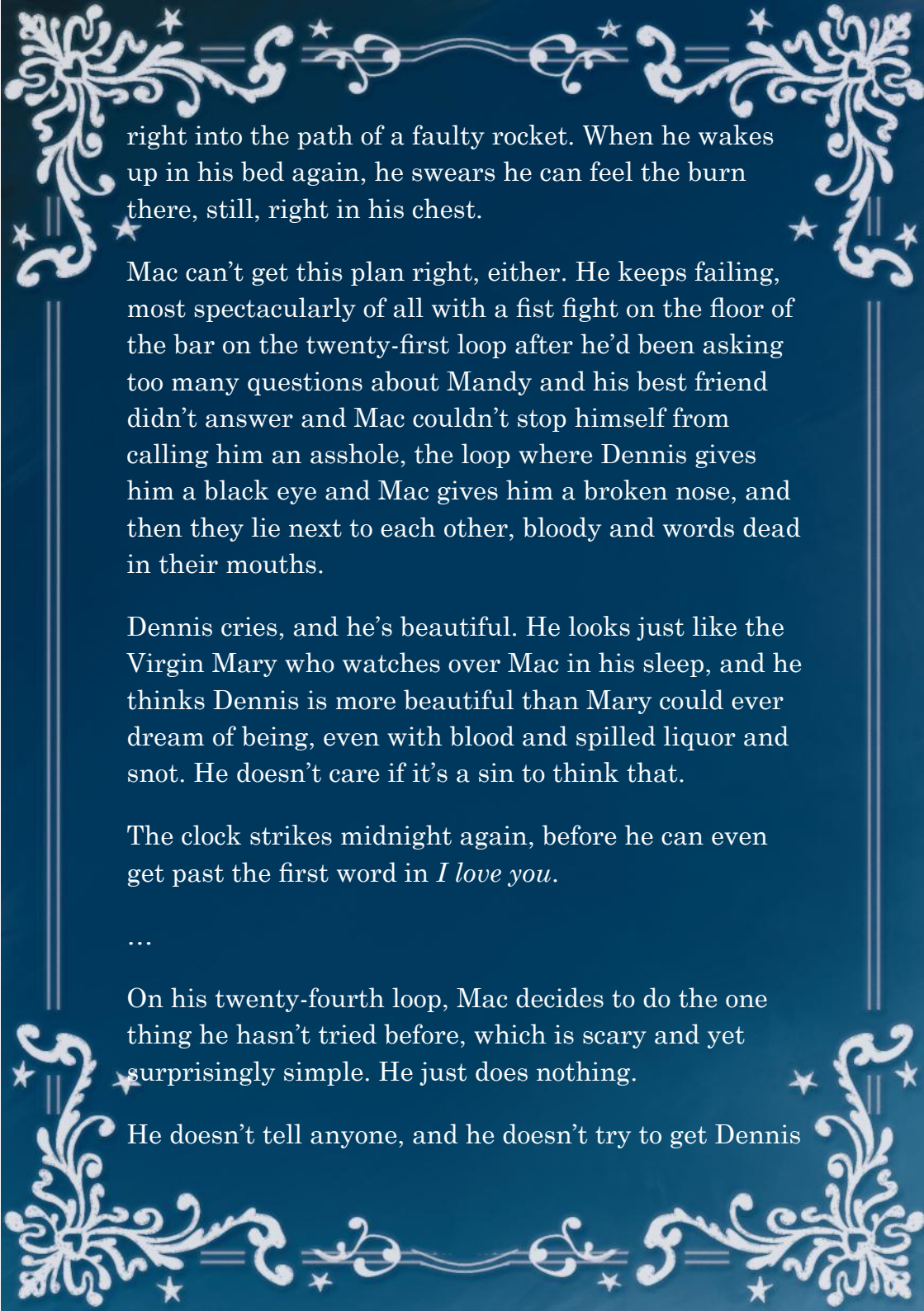
For the first time in his life, Mac finds himself taking Dee’s advice - or trying to, at least, over, and over, and over.

He must be doing something wrong. Every time he tries to talk to him, Dennis keeps changing right before his eyes, he can’t hold onto him, he can’t stop him from leaving. He’s vanishing. Besides, the amount of strangers Mac has seen him kiss at this point makes him feel like there’s no escaping this at all, makes him feel like maybe he actually died from alcohol poisoning and this is what the afterlife is actually like.

On his fifteenth loop, his roommate leaves the party, and Mac follows him, right into traffic, and he feels a car collide with his body just as the bells toll, and he’s back in his bed, Virgin Mary glaring at him from his bedside table. He almost tells her to fuck off, but prays for forgiveness just for the thought alone.

On his nineteenth loop he leaves Paddy’s altogether and tries to tell the priest about his plan, and he can’t help because he’s lousy and stupid, and he sees Dennis’ number light up on his phone right before he walks right into the path of a faulty rocket. When he wakes





right into the path of a faulty rocket. When he wakes up in his bed again, he swears he can feel the burn there, still, right in his chest.

Mac can't get this plan right, either. He keeps failing, most spectacularly of all with a fist fight on the floor of the bar on the twenty-first loop after he'd been asking too many questions about Mandy and his best friend didn't answer and Mac couldn't stop himself from calling him an asshole, the loop where Dennis gives him a black eye and Mac gives him a broken nose, and then they lie next to each other, bloody and words dead in their mouths.

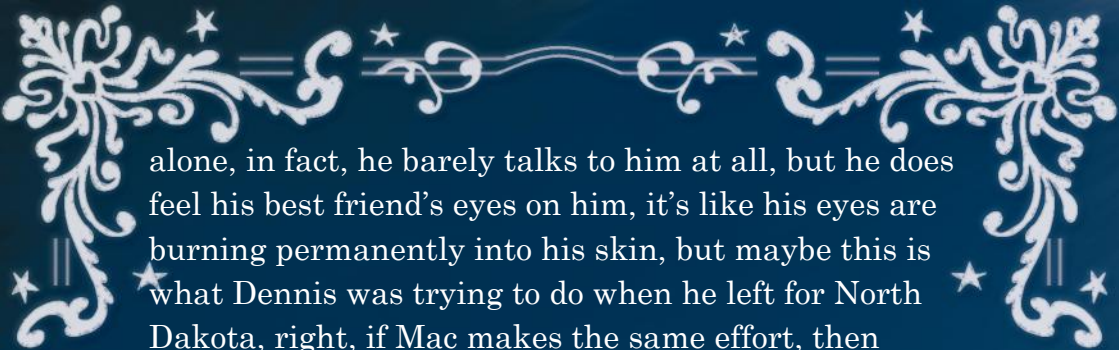
Dennis cries, and he's beautiful. He looks just like the Virgin Mary who watches over Mac in his sleep, and he thinks Dennis is more beautiful than Mary could ever dream of being, even with blood and spilled liquor and snot. He doesn't care if it's a sin to think that.

The clock strikes midnight again, before he can even get past the first word in *I love you*.

...

On his twenty-fourth loop, Mac decides to do the one thing he hasn't tried before, which is scary and yet surprisingly simple. He just does nothing.

He doesn't tell anyone, and he doesn't try to get Dennis



alone, in fact, he barely talks to him at all, but he does feel his best friend's eyes on him, it's like his eyes are burning permanently into his skin, but maybe this is what Dennis was trying to do when he left for North Dakota, right, if Mac makes the same effort, then maybe this will finally be right. Maybe this is what God wants him to do, just ignore this whole thing, to prove that he can live without getting what he wants.

It's hard, so hard he can't breathe again, but Dee's solution isn't working, and he already died twice only to wake up in his bed again, and he's just so, so tired.


This is what Dennis wants. He said he wanted to get rid of him. Mac should give him space. Or maybe he should just piss him off enough, and then they'll both be fine, and they'll never talk again, and they will actually be strangers again, and maybe that will be for the best.

Mac won't be fine with that, of course, not by a long shot, but if this is what Dennis wants, Mac wants to give it to him. This should be the one time he actually gets it right, actually is able to give him what he wants, the one time he doesn't misunderstand.

And if God doesn't want the same thing, then screw God. He'll ask for forgiveness for that later.

Mac gets lost in the crowd in the middle of his plan of





doing nothing, he considers maybe hooking up with one of the beefcakes smoking outside just to forget, but he almost gets served an even bigger punishment of the McPoyles approaching him before midnight. Luckily, though, his roommate pulls him away and looks at him with great expectation. Always the hero in his mind, it's true.

“Why are you avoiding me?” Dennis asks, voice low, and Mac stares at his fingers clinging onto the hem of his shirt and says nothing at all. He thought this was what the other man wanted. He doesn't look pleased at all. Maybe he got it wrong again.

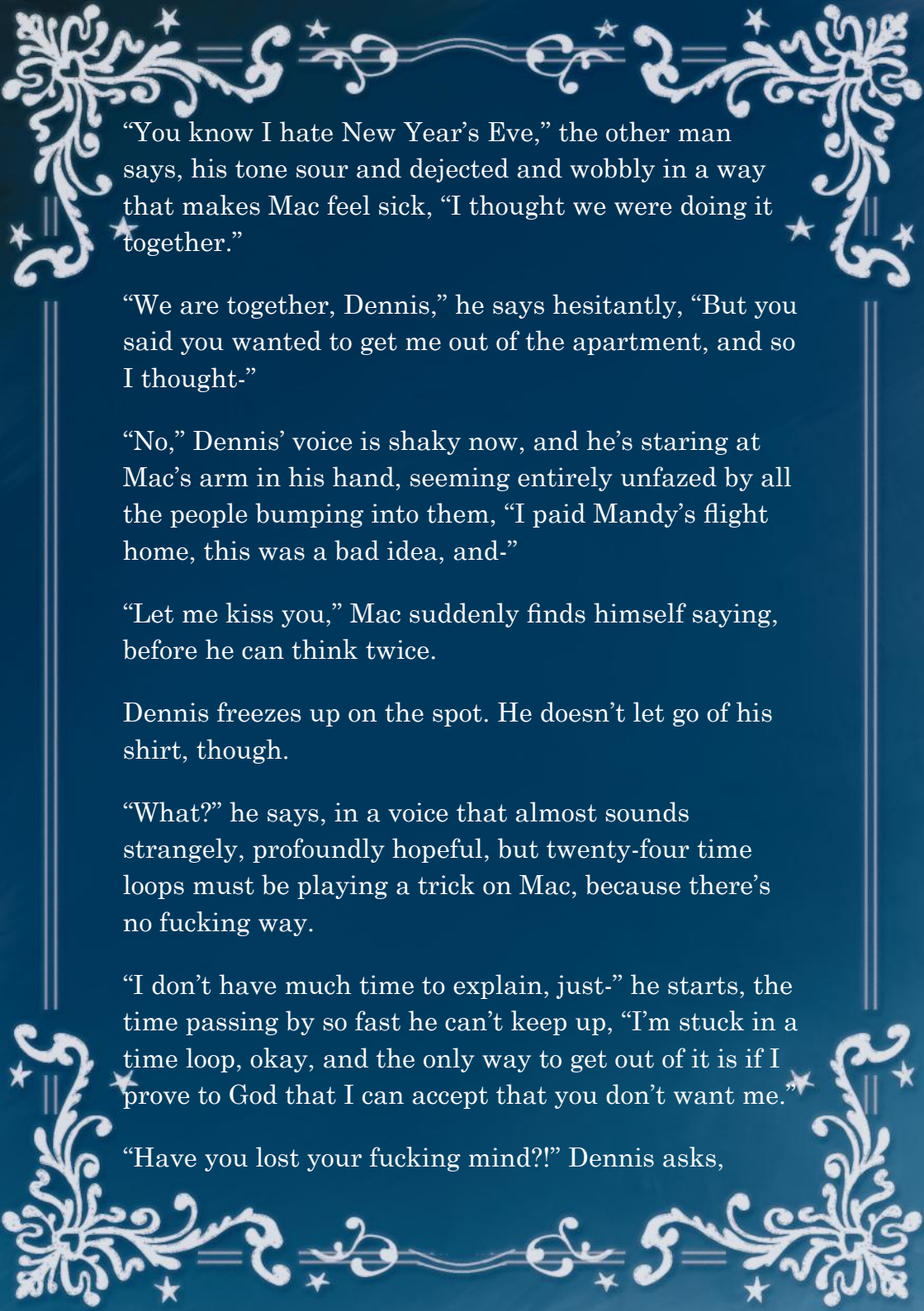
“Mac,” the man continues, “You haven't talked to me all day.”

His eyes look even sadder now, even more so than when he was crying on the floor in a pool of their own blood. His voice sounds more like an echo now, sounds millions of lightyears away, and yet, he feels his skin on his, feels his breath vibrate through his body.

“I'm not avoiding you, man,” he responds, like an idiot, “I just thought you might want to be alone with Mandy.”

Dennis shakes his head urgently. “No.”

“No?”



“You know I hate New Year’s Eve,” the other man says, his tone sour and dejected and wobbly in a way that makes Mac feel sick, “I thought we were doing it together.”

“We are together, Dennis,” he says hesitantly, “But you said you wanted to get me out of the apartment, and so I thought-”

“No,” Dennis’ voice is shaky now, and he’s staring at Mac’s arm in his hand, seeming entirely unfazed by all the people bumping into them, “I paid Mandy’s flight home, this was a bad idea, and-”


“Let me kiss you,” Mac suddenly finds himself saying, before he can think twice.

Dennis freezes up on the spot. He doesn’t let go of his shirt, though.

“What?” he says, in a voice that almost sounds strangely, profoundly hopeful, but twenty-four time loops must be playing a trick on Mac, because there’s no fucking way.

“I don’t have much time to explain, just-” he starts, the time passing by so fast he can’t keep up, “I’m stuck in a time loop, okay, and the only way to get out of it is if I prove to God that I can accept that you don’t want me.”

“Have you lost your fucking mind?!” Dennis asks,



raking a hand through his hair, his other hand occupied with squeezing the fabric of Mac's shirt harder, so hard his knuckles turn white, and Mac wants to throw up, because he recognizes the look in his eyes from his best friend's eighteenth birthday, the one where the Reynolds house was empty and windows were shattered, where Dennis put his head in Mac's lap and sobbed until it was four in the morning, where he never told him where the marks on his arms came from, "This isn't how this is supposed to happen."

"What isn't?"

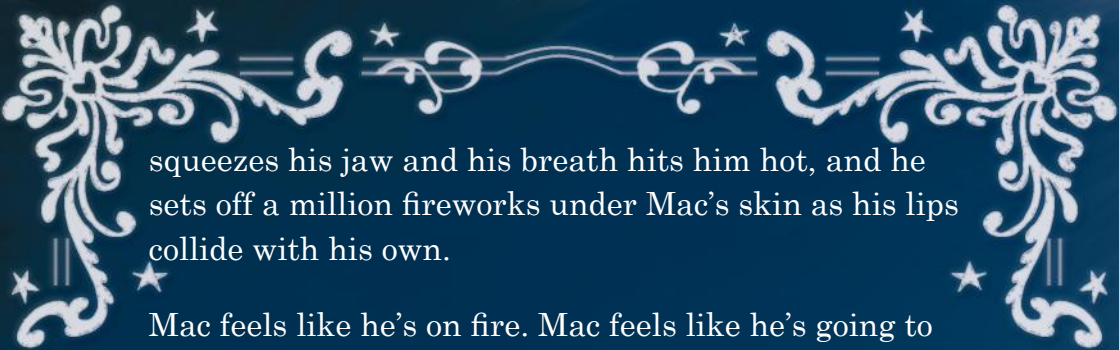
"This!" Dennis exclaims, "I had a plan, and I keep- You're fucking it up. You don't understand."

"We don't have time, man," Mac says, feeling desperate, "I really feel like if we just kiss now, just one last time, I can get over you, and I won't ever mention it again, I swear!"

"You don't understand," his roommate repeats in a heavy sigh, as the crowd counts down louder and louder, "I have to do everything myself."

"Dennis-"

Mac doesn't get any further with his sentence, nowhere near trying to explain his plan any further, because while the clock strikes midnight and the room erupts in cheers, his roommate's soft fingers grabs his face, he



squeezes his jaw and his breath hits him hot, and he sets off a million fireworks under Mac's skin as his lips collide with his own.

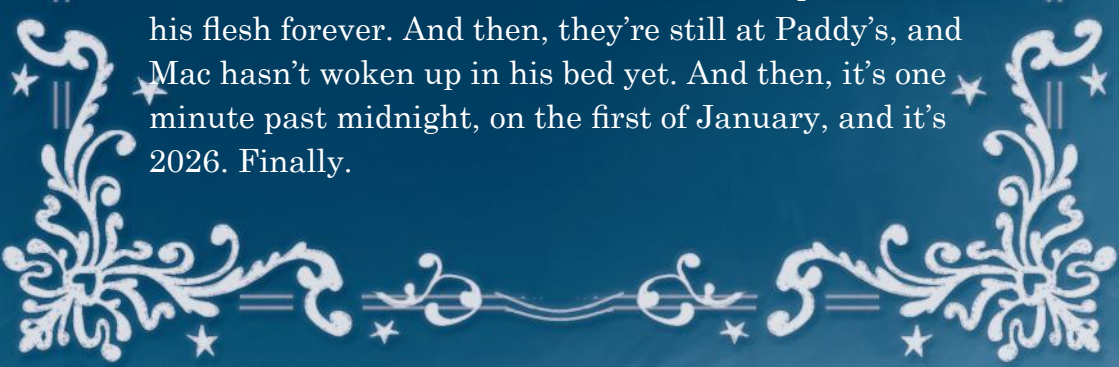
Mac feels like he's on fire. Mac feels like he's going to explode. His heart is stuck in his throat, no longer bleeding out, but he thinks it might just break out of his skin, too.

Somehow, it's the best feeling he's ever had.

Mac doesn't understand. But this kiss is nothing like any other kiss he's ever had, because all that envelops him is Dennis' breathing and Dennis leaning his entire weight on him and Dennis' heart beating in sync with his own, and then, there's no universe anymore, and no time, either.

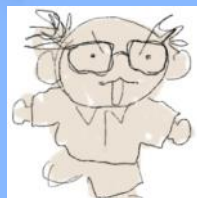
Just Dennis. He's all that fills his senses and he's scratching at the back of his skull and he's the only thing that makes sure his heart is still pumping with blood and he's the oxygen in his lungs, too. It's all Dennis.

And then, the other man breaks the kiss, fingertips still on Mac's face, like he wants them to imprint on his flesh forever. And then, they're still at Paddy's, and Mac hasn't woken up in his bed yet. And then, it's one minute past midnight, on the first of January, and it's 2026. Finally.



A decorative border in white on a dark blue background. It features musical notes and stars at the top and bottom, with vertical lines on the sides. The text "The End.....?" is centered in a glowing white cursive font.

The End.....?



Juju

Tumblr & Twitter: jujubamp4

Instagram: juuj_jj

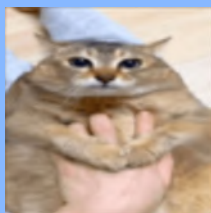
Pages: 6



ryan

Tumblr: omegaverse-yuri

Pages: 7



XXXHOLIC

Tumblr & Twitter: xxxholicatz

Pages: 8, 9



Not_Roboto

Tumblr: Not-Roboto

Instagram & Twitter: Not_Roboto

Pages: 10



aarch-aangel

Tumblr: aarch-aangel

Pages: 11, 28 (in colaboration with K.K.), 36, 37



anniewah

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Tumblr: annies-brainrot-corner
Pages: 12



planemo

Tumblr: pypsinthehandsofgod
Twitter: [@_planemo_bug](https://_planemo_bug)
Pages: 14, 15



Yesterday

Tumblr: vicvinegarr
Twitter & Instagram: weevilcore
Pages: 16, 38



thehushsounds

Tumblr: s7maemcdonald
Twitter: thehushsounds
Pages: 17



fran

Tumblr: franollie
Pages: 18



Lesbee-dee

Tumblr: lesbee-dee

Pages: 19



Epsee

Tumblr: epseedelphia

Carrd: epsee

Pages: 21 (in collaboration with ohra)



Frankie

Tumblr: gaybishmac

AO3: flaface

Pages: 22-26



K.K.

Tumblr: absolutely-not-my-main-blog

Pages: 29 (in collaboration with
aarch-angel)



yeagrave

Tumblr, Instagram & Twitter: yeagrave

Pages: coverart, 30



rekosinski

Tumblr: almondcroissantsandink

Instagram: rekosinski

Pages : 31



Kato

Tumblr: comicake

Pages: 32, 33, 35



hugbug

Tumblr & Twitter: charliedayliker

Pages: 34



Rory

Tumblr: placeholderdog

Pages: 39



Kez

Tumblr: psymachine

Pages: 40



Ryan

Tumblr: dennisplaidshirts98

Instagram: chaoticshark98

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fantasyfawn

Tumblr & Instagram: fantasyfawnart

TikTok: fantasyfawn

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midnightcereal

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fatmacsbarbie

Tumblr, AO3 & Twitter: fatmacsbarbie

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ohra (organizator)

Tumblr: [malewifemanhunter](#)

Twitter: [king_chrundle](#)

Pages: 13, 20, 27



the zine

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