

YOU'RE MY SON ALRIGHT, JACK.

ALL FISTS AND CHIN!

OH, AND THAT HAIR!

The Polar Bear League championship game. Anticipation was high that Jack and his team would take home a second trophy.



TWO TROPHIES WOULD MEAN A LOT FOR OUR FAMILY, SON.

I COULD LOCK UP RE-ELECTION. RUN FOR STATE SENATE. EVEN... GOVERNOR!



SO I WANT YOU TO GET OUT THERE AND FIGHT YOUR HEART OUT LIKE A TRUE NORTHWORTHY!



THANKS, DAD!

I'LL FIGHT HARD FOR YOU, DAD!




AND IN JERSEY NUMBER ZERO-ONE...

JACK NORTHWORTHY!

But forty minutes later --





*Twenty years later, Jack was still used to getting his head bashed in.*

WHY DID THAT PURPLE [REDACTED] LEAVE ME?

WHERE THE HELL DOES HE GO, ANYWAY?

DOES HE THINK I'M GONNA DO THIS WITHOUT HIM?

*Donna Forsyth pulled every political maneuver in the book to get the presidential debate moved to Jack's hometown of Musk, Minnesota.*

*Familiar surroundings to make him confident. Grounded.*

NOTHIN' GETS PAST MARLINSPIKE.

MARLINSPIKE SEES EVERYTHING.

*It appeared to have the opposite effect.*

