

I SUPPOSE THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START MY STORY. CERTAINLY SUMS UP MY EARLY DAYS QUITE WELL.

YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY NOW, YOU FAT LITTLE [REDACTED]?





...OR WERE YOU PLANNING ON EVER GETTING UP?



I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S MUCH POINT IN ASKING WHO DID THIS TO YOU.

I WON'T SAY.

THEY'RE NOT YOUR MATES, JACKIE. THEY'LL ONLY DRAG YOU DOWN.



I'M NOT SAYING. THEY DON'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT.

I WISH THAT WERE TRUE. I DO.

BUT STILL, IT'S GOOD YOU WON'T SAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE A STAND-UP MAN SOMEDAY, JACKIE.



THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO DO THIS TO ME MUCH LONGER.

NO, I DON'T IMAGINE THEY WILL. YOU'VE GOT THE MCALLISTER LOOK ABOUT YOU AND WE'RE STRONG.



MY FATHER WAS A GOOD MAN. MAYBE THE BEST I EVER KNEW.



HE HAD A GOOD JOB ONCE, WITH BRITISH STEEL. BUT WHEN THE CUTS CAME, HE WAS FIRST ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK.

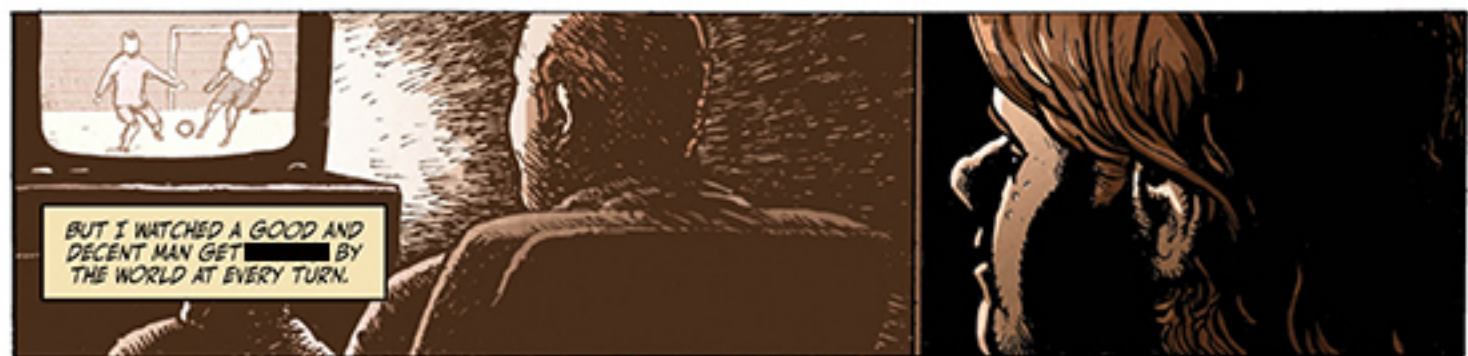
AND THERE WERE MOUTHS TO FEED, SO HE DID TRY.



HE TOOK WHATEVER JOBS HE COULD.



AND I HELPED HIM WHENEVER I COULD.



BUT I WATCHED A GOOD AND DECENT MAN GET **REJECTED** BY THE WORLD AT EVERY TURN.



I DID AS CHILDREN DO, AND GREW AND HELPED AS I COULD.



WHICH, AS IT HAPPENED, SOON ENDED UP BEING QUITE A LOT, AS DAD WAS RIGHT...

...I ENDED UP STRONG. WORK AND TIME DID THAT. AND I WAS ALWAYS SMART.

FOR HIS SAKE, I WISH I COULD TELL YOU I DID SOMETHING GOOD WITH IT.



