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**WALTZ
KERNIANICO**

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD



BALLS

OF STEEL

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**WALTZ
XERMANICO**

DUKE NUKEM

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COVER RI-B



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RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY, 1945.

"THE TIME HAS COME, OBERGRUPPENFÜHRER, TO ADMIT DEFEAT..."

...TO ACCEPT THAT YOUR CAUSE IS LOST.

BUT, THE FÜHRER HAS SAID—

YOUR MASTER IN BERLIN HAS FAILED, NO MATTER WHAT HE MAY CLAIM TO THE CONTRARY.

Marie
Vrillesinnen. Believed to be from another world.

Obergruppenführer Jürgen Hoff
Nazi SS officer. Not long for this world.

PLEASE, HERR HOFF—SPARE ME THE HISTORICS.

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF THE FÜHRER WITH SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. I SHOULD—

WE HAD THOUGHT OUR VISION FOR A WORLD OF SUPERIOR BEINGS... OF SUPER MEN... WOULD BE REALIZED THROUGH YOUR NAZI ARMIES. UNFORTUNATELY, WE WERE MISTAKEN.

SO, THE VRIL GESELLSCHAFT HAVE COME TO A DECISION. WE WILL NO LONGER RELY ON MERE MEN TO ACCOMPLISH OUR GOALS ON EARTH.

NO, FOR THAT...



"ZIS IS NOT GOOD..."



...ZIS IS NOT GOOD AT ALL. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

WHAT THE HELL'S ALL THAT LIGHT DOWN THERE, ELISE?

ELISE PLEWMANN
French Resistance guerilla fighter. Codename: The French Tickler. One smokin' hot babe with a gun, no matter how you slice it.



I DO NOT BELIEVE I HAVE ZE WORDS TO TELL YOU, MON AMI.



MAJOR-GENERAL CONNER SEAN
British First Airborne. Seasoned soldier. Adores tea and weaves his own parachute silk.

THE FRENCH BIRD'S RIGHT, CORPORAL. OUR NAZI FEINDS HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY A FAR GREATER CONCERN, IT WOULD SEEM.



CORPORAL FLIP HENRY
American Buffalo Soldier. Infantry grunt. Straight outta Compton.

"A FAR GREATER CONCERN?" DAMMIT, GIMME THOSE, GENERAL.



HO-LEE SHIIT.







CASA NUKEM. PRESENT DAY.

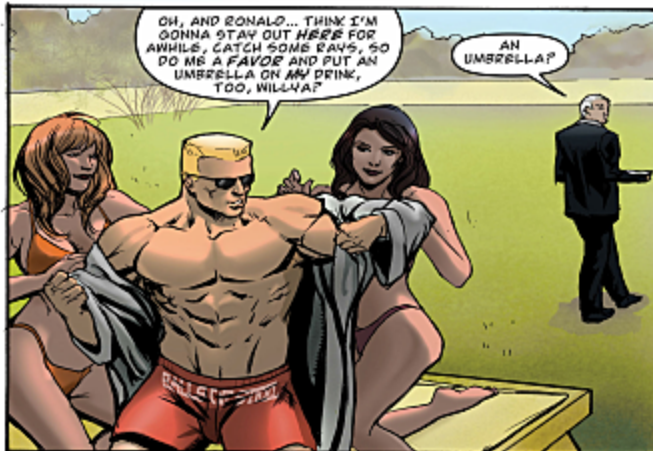
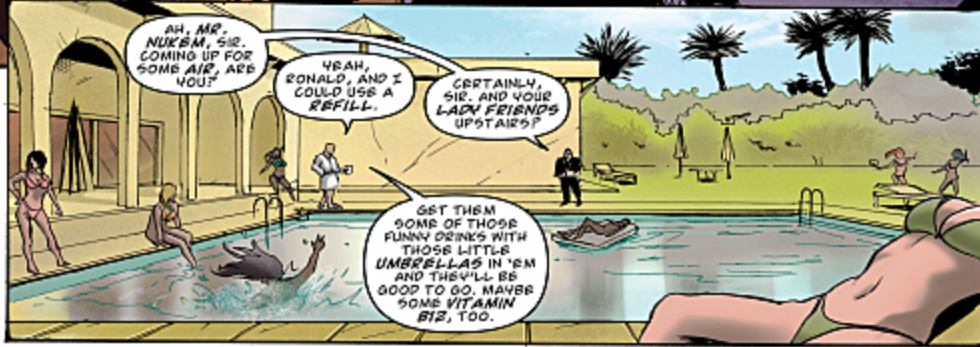
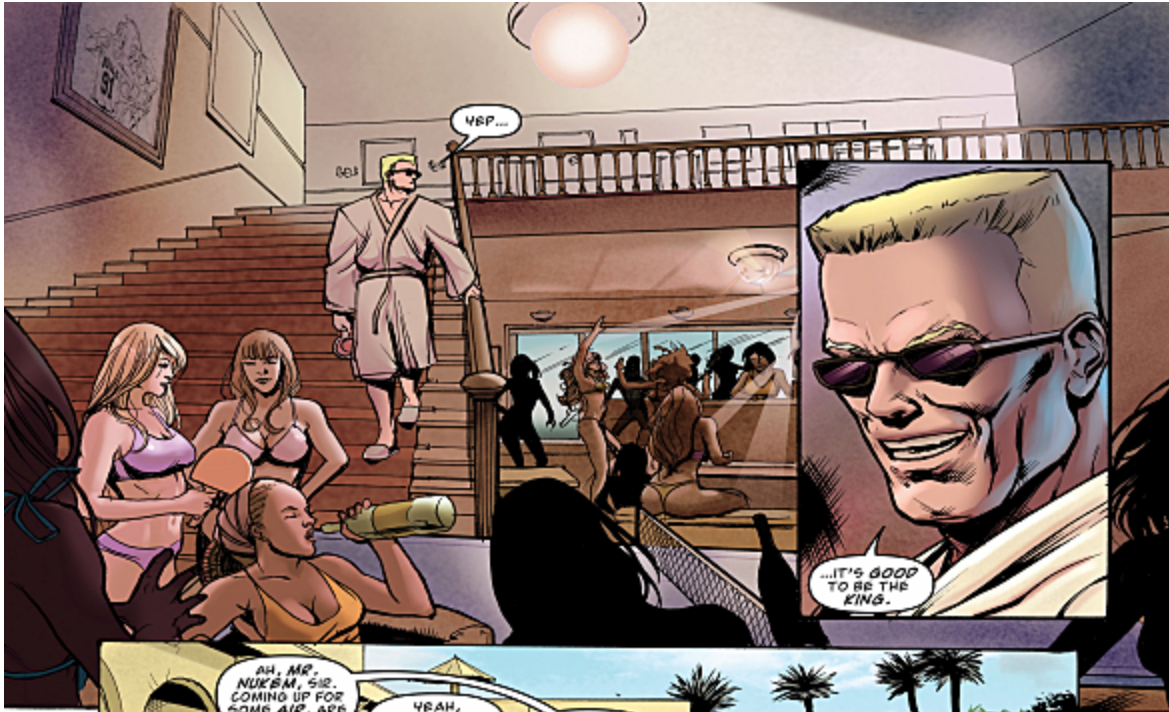
YOUR FRIENDS CRAPPED OUT ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO.

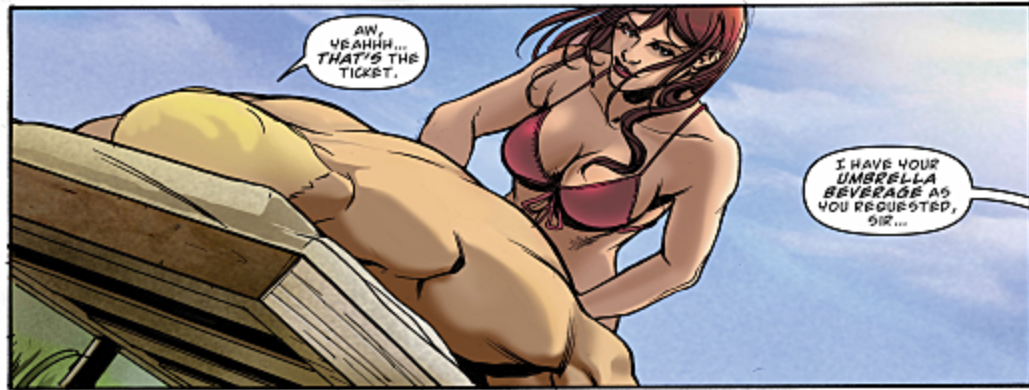
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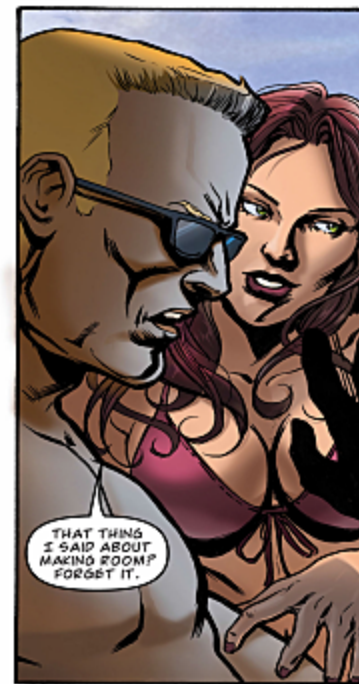
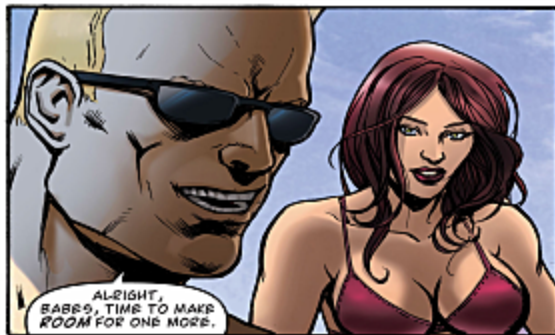
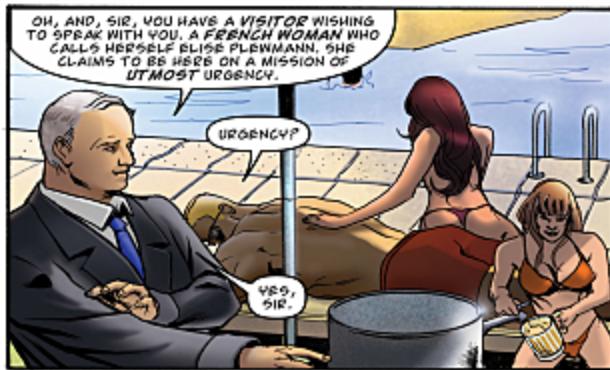
Need we say more?

HAIL TO THE KING

HAIL TO T



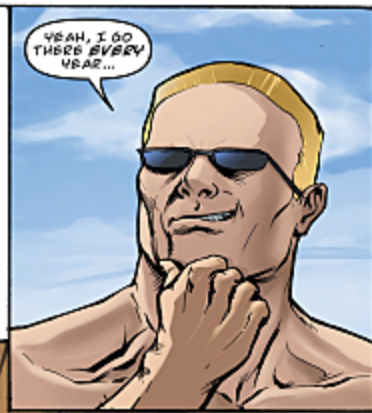








GERMANN, HUH?



YEAH, I DO THESE EVERY YEAR...

"...THEY THROW ONE HELLUVA BEER BASH IN OCTOBER."



OH, HEE DUKE, YOU VILL BE GIVING INSID AND ME YOUR BIG BEATWURST TONIGHT, HMM?

BEATWURST? MORE LIKE BEATBEST, BABE.



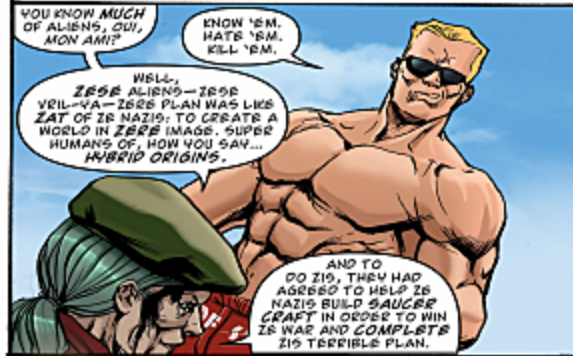
YEAH, GOOD TIMES. BUT UNLESS I HAD A MAJOR CASE OF BEER GOOGLE-ITIS, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER MEETING YOU THERE.

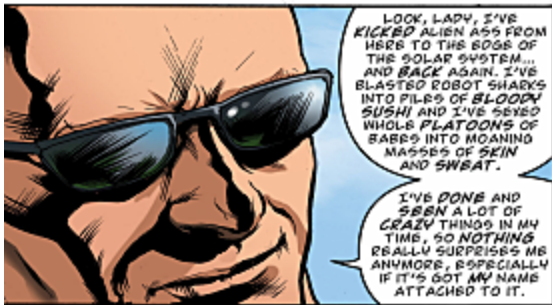
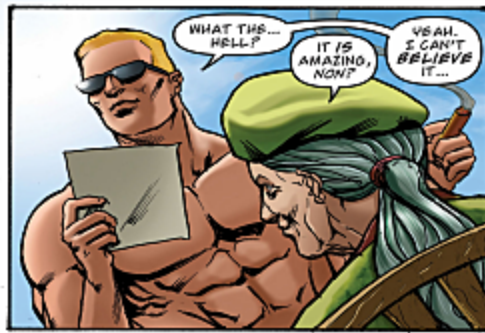
NON, MON AMI, IT WAS NOT RECENTLY ZAT WE WERE TOSSER. ZE YEAR WAS 1945 AND WE WERE SOLDIERS, FIGHTING AGAINST A TERRIBLE ENEMY—WORSE, EVEN, ZEN ZE NAZIS ZEY ONCE CALLED ALLIES.

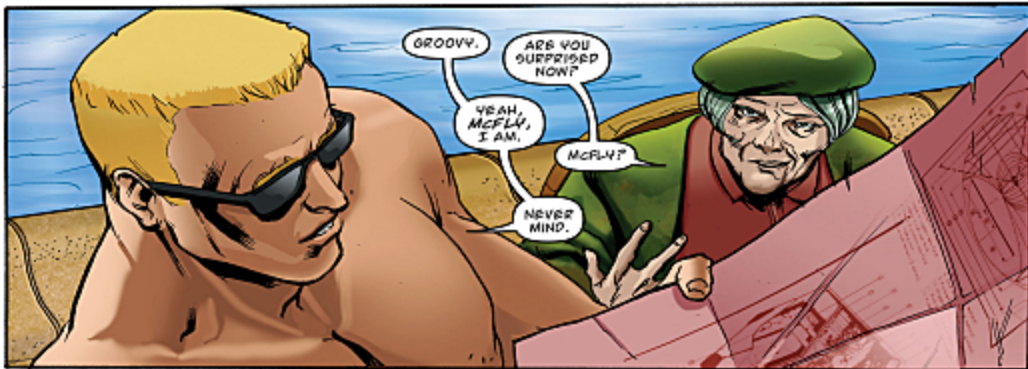


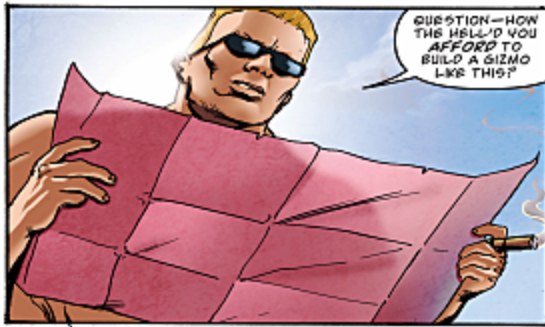
I WILL EXPLAIN.

YEAH... THIS I GOTTA HEAR.





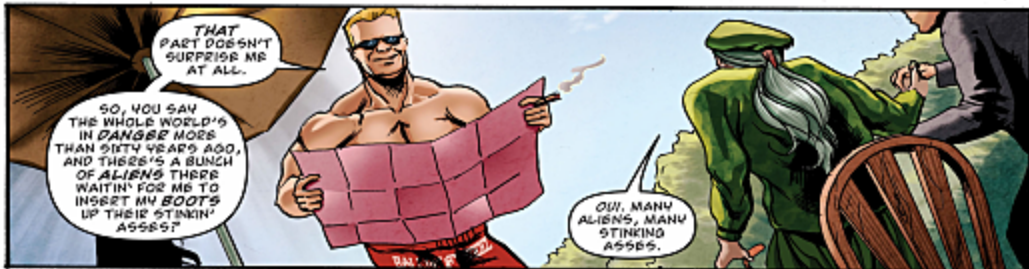




QUESTION—HOW THE HELL'D YOU AFFORD TO BUILD A GIZMO LIKE THIS?



WELL, YOU ONCE TOLD ME TO "ALWAYS BET ON DUCK." AND I DID OVER 26 YEARS, AND IT HAS MADE ME A VERY RICH LADY.



THAT PART DOESN'T SURPRISE ME AT ALL.

SO, YOU SAY THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN DANGER MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS AGO, AND THERE'S A BUNCH OF ALIENS THERE WAITIN' FOR ME TO INSERT MY BOOTS UP THEIR STINKIN' ASSSES?

OH, MANY ALIENS, MANY STINKING ASSSES.



AND YOU PROMISE YOU'LL BE AS HOT AS YOU ARE IN THAT PICTURE YOU SHOWED ME?

MON AM, I PROMISE I WILL BE EVEN, AS YOU SAY, HOTTER YEN IN IR PHOTO. MY, HOW YOU SAY... COODNAME WAS NOT IS "FRENCH TICKLER" FOR NO GOOD REASON.



WELL, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE WAITIN' FOR THEN—CHRISTMAS? LET'S FIRE UP THAT TIME MACHINE. I'M READY TO SMASH SOME S.T. SKULL AND PARTAKE OF SOME FRENCH CUISINE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

DO YOU NOT WISH TO FIRST HEAR MORE ABOUT WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU GET THERE? WHAT HAPPENS TO US? TO YOU?

NAH, NO WORRIES. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN—SAME THING AS ALWAYS...

...I WIN.









DROP YOUR WEAPONS, MATES. WE'RE SURROUNDED.



WHAT?! SURRENDER?

IS GENERAL IS EIGHT, MON AMI. WE DIE NOW OR LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. ZAT IS OUR CHOICE.



DAMMIT!

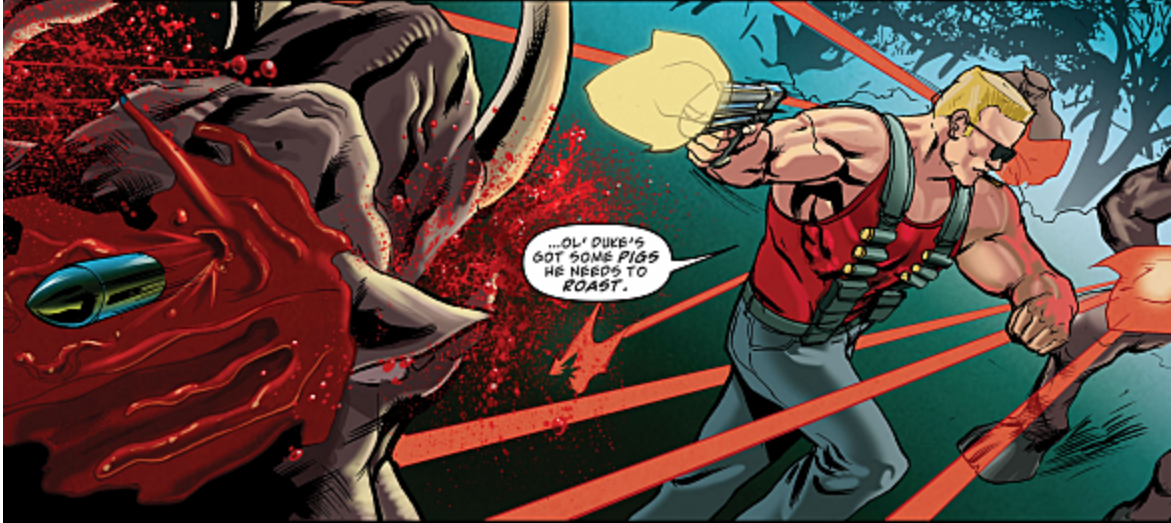
BIND THEM AND BRING THEM WITH US. MARIA WANTS THEM ALIV—



DAMN. THAT ACTUALLY WORKED.



WHAT THE HELL NOW?!





BLAM

THIS LITTLE PIGGY ATE A BULLET.

**BLAM
BLAM**



RIIP

AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOT ITS HEAD TWISTED OFF.



WHO IS HE? AMERICAN?

AND WHERE DID HE BLOODY COME FROM?

WHO GIVES A SHIT? HE'S KILLIN' THEM DAMN PIGS, AIN'T HE?



THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**



SPLOOCH

AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOT A GREAT, BIG, SUCKING CHEST WOUND.



AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY NEEDS TO GO TO THE MARKET TO GET SOME NEW NUTS.

BLAM

GAH!

