

IDW

#3 • \$3.99

**WALTZ
KERNIANICO**

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD



SURPRISE
YOU'RE DEAD

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD

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THE STORY SO FAR:

While Duke Nukem is enjoying the decadent life of a billionaire, world-saving hero in the Present Day, a diverse group of ragtag soldiers are fighting Nazis and strange aliens in 1945 Germany. One of these soldiers—a French Resistance soldier named Elisa “The French Tickler” Plewmann—appears to Duke at his home as an elderly woman, and explains that she has come to retrieve Duke and send him back through time in order to join her and her comrades in their fight. Now back in time, Duke has helped his new allies destroy a large contingent of Nazis, but a mad genius Nazi scientist has escaped during the fray and has returned to the aliens to aid them in their quest to destroy Duke and Co. and rule the world.

REGULAR COVER



Artwork by
John K. Snyder III

COVER RI



Artwork by
2K Games

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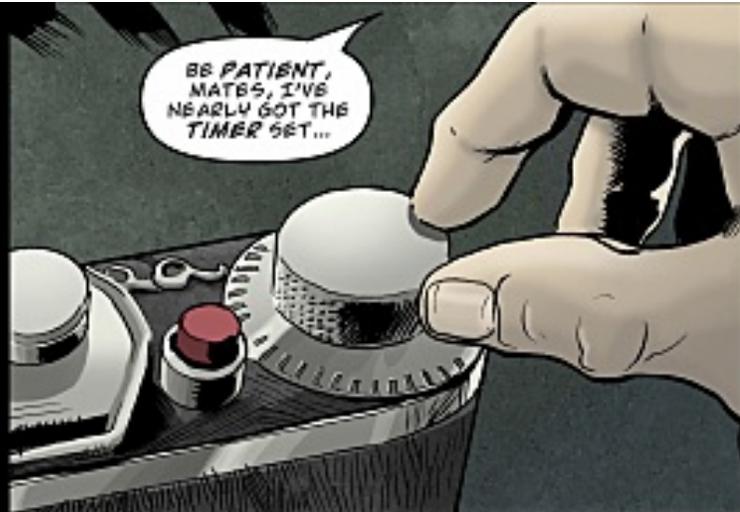
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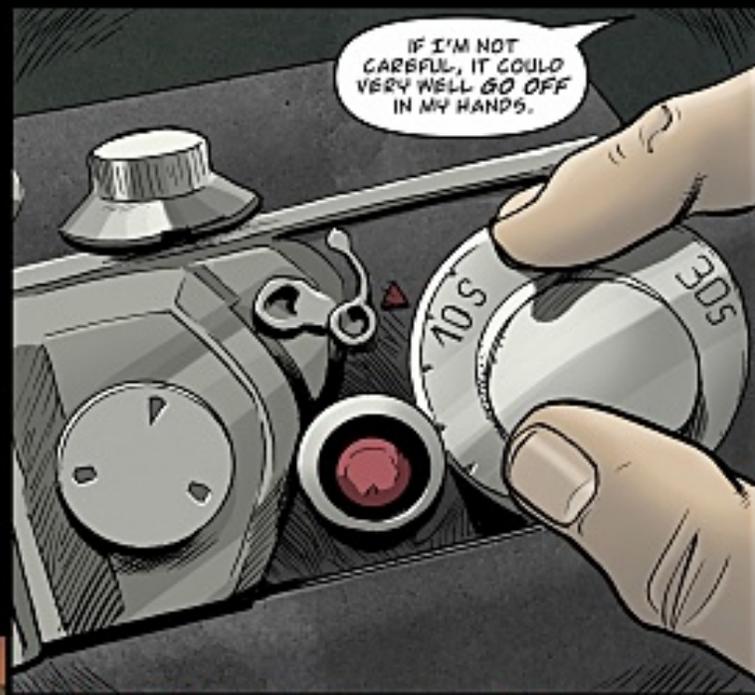
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BE PATIENT,
MATES, I'VE
NEARLY GOT THE
TIMER SET...



...THESE
THINGS CAN BE
A BIT TRICKY,
YOU KNOW.



IF I'M NOT
CAREFUL, IT COULD
VERY WELL GO OFF
IN MY HANDS.



RIGHT. I THINK
THAT ABOUT
DOES IT.

NOW, EVERYONE,
STAND ABSOLUTELY
STILL AND...



CLICK

...SMILE!

RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.







AW, C'MON, GENERAL. DUKE'S JUST HAVIN' SOME FUN.

FUN? FUN? FUN? FUN?!

WE HAVE CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE QUITE LIKELY ON THEIR WAY HERE THIS VERY MOMENT TO TEAR OUR BLOODY HEADS FROM OUR BLOODY NECKS, AND YOU CLAIM THIS IS FUN, CORPORAL?

GENERAL, PLEASE, FLIP DID NOT MSA—

NAH, THIS AIN'T FUN...



...THE FUN STUFF DON'T START 'TILL WE HUNT DOWN THOSE COCKSUCKER ALIENS AND KICK THE LIVIN' SHIT OUTTA EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.



SO, WE GONNA STAND AROUND JAW-JACKIN' ALL DAY LONG, OR WE GONNA LOAD THIS TRUCK UP WITH ENOUGH GODDAMN FIREPOWER TO GIVE THOSE SPACE PUSSIES GUNPOWDER DIARRHEA FOR THE REST OF THEIR STINKIN' LIVES?



I KNOW WHAT MY VOTE IS.



AH, I SEE OUR PRODIGAL SCIENTIST HAS RETURNED...



...I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED ANY INJURIES TOO SEVERE WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, DR. FRAUD?

OOF!



I AM WELL ENOUGH, MARIA, THOUGH DUE IN LITTLE PART TO THESE OAFISH CRETINS YOU SENT TO FIND ME.



POOR, DOCTOR SIBBY — CAN'T EVEN GET LOVE FROM A DIRTY OL' PIGGY.

OH, VAL, YOU'RE SO BAD.

YES, DEAR ANA, AREN'T I, THOUGH?



EXCELLENT WORK IN RETRIEVING THE SCIENTIST, TROOPER, AND THE OTHER HUMANS?



THEY ARE BEING TRACKED AS WE SPEAK. THEIR FLESH AND BONES WILL MAKE A FINE FEAST FOR MY BRETHREN BEFORE THE SUN RISES.



OH, HOW DELIGHTFULLY SCRUMPTIOUS THAT SOUNDS.

STOP IT, SILLY.

IMBECILES.



DR. FRAUD, YOU MAY GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP, BUT I SUGGEST YOU DO IT QUICKLY. WE HAVE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR YOUR RETURN AND WE'VE NO WISHES FOR FURTHER DELAYS.

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE ONCE AGAIN...



...YOU HAVE A JOB TO FINISH.



BLOODY HELL, NUKEM, I UNDERSTAND WE'VE A JOB TO DO, BUT WE'LL BE NO GOOD FOR THAT IF YOU DON'T GET US THERE BLEEDIN' ALIVE!



YO, WHINY CHURCHILL, NO ONE LIKES A BACKSEAT DRIVER!

ZIS IS ONE TIME I DEFINITELY AGREE WITH ZB GENERAL, DUKE — YOUR DRIVING SKILLS ARE, HOW YOU SAY... ATROCIOUS.



YOU WEREN'T COMPLAININ' MUCH ABOUT THE WAY I USED MY STICK SHIFT A LITTLE WHILE AGO IN THAT TENT, BABS.

GAH!



YES, WELL, ZAT PARTICULAR RIDE WAS MUCH SMOOZER, I MUST ADMIT.

AND, JUST THINK...



...OL' DUKE AIN'T EVEN GIVEN YOU ALL HIS DEARS YET.



YOU DAMN
YANKS... SO FULL
OF YOURSELVES, WHEN
THE TRUTH IS YOU'RE
ALL NOTHING BUT
FULL OFF...

SHIT.

EXACTLY,
CORPORAL—
FULL OF
SHIT.



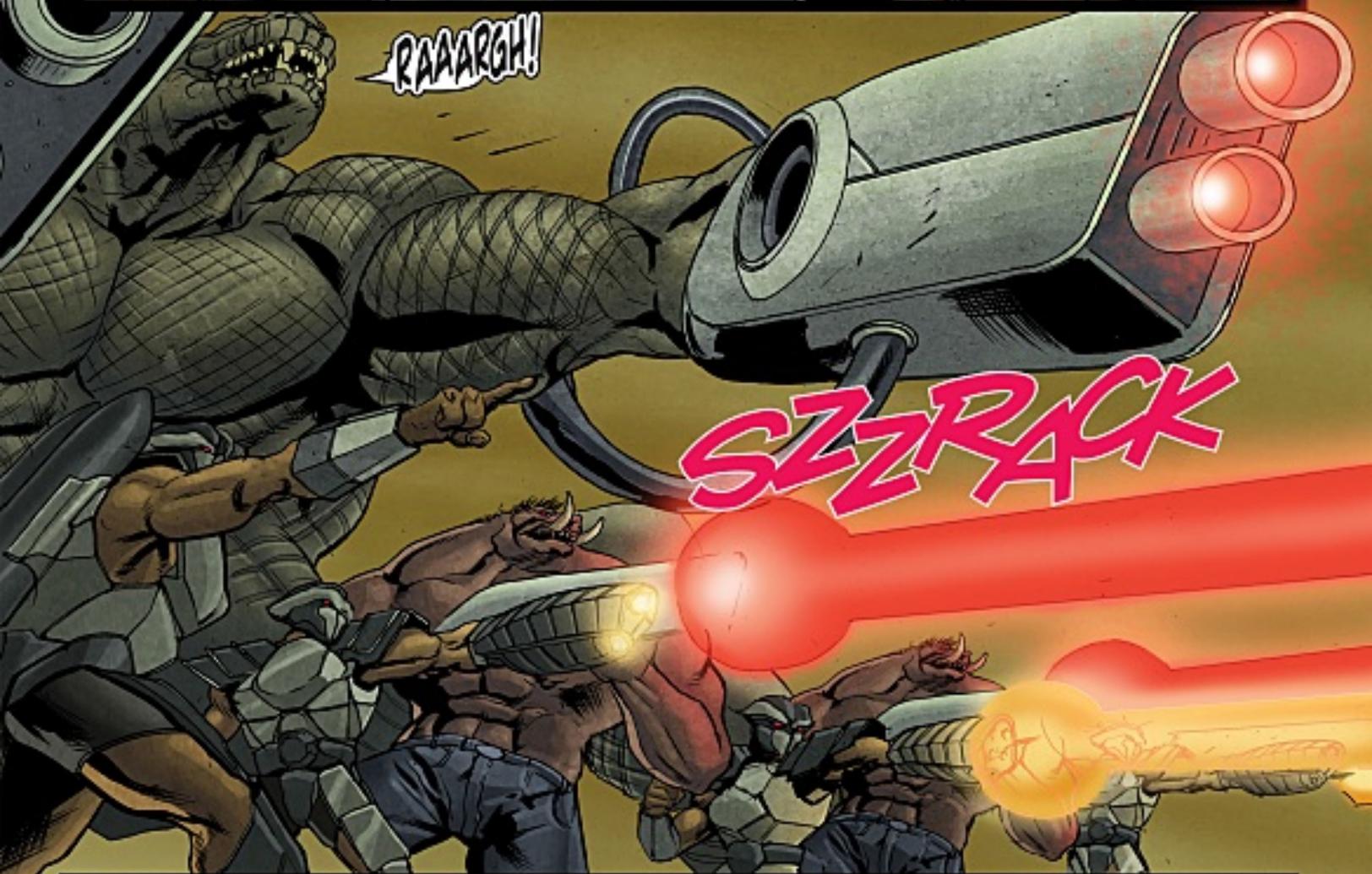
NO,
GENERAL...



...SHIT!

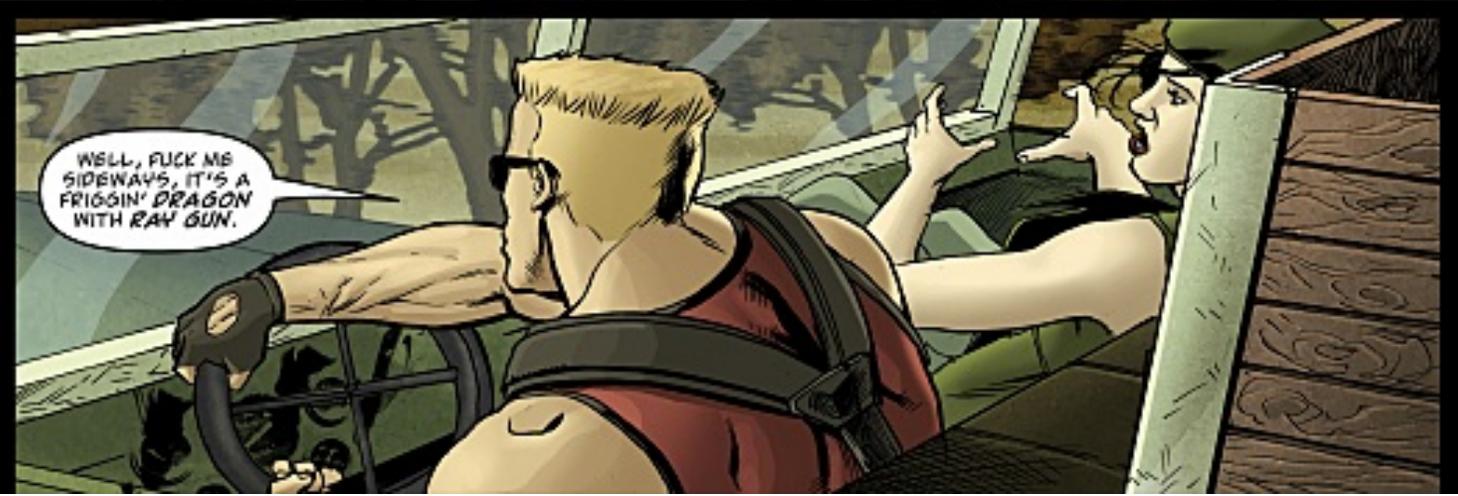


ATTACK!

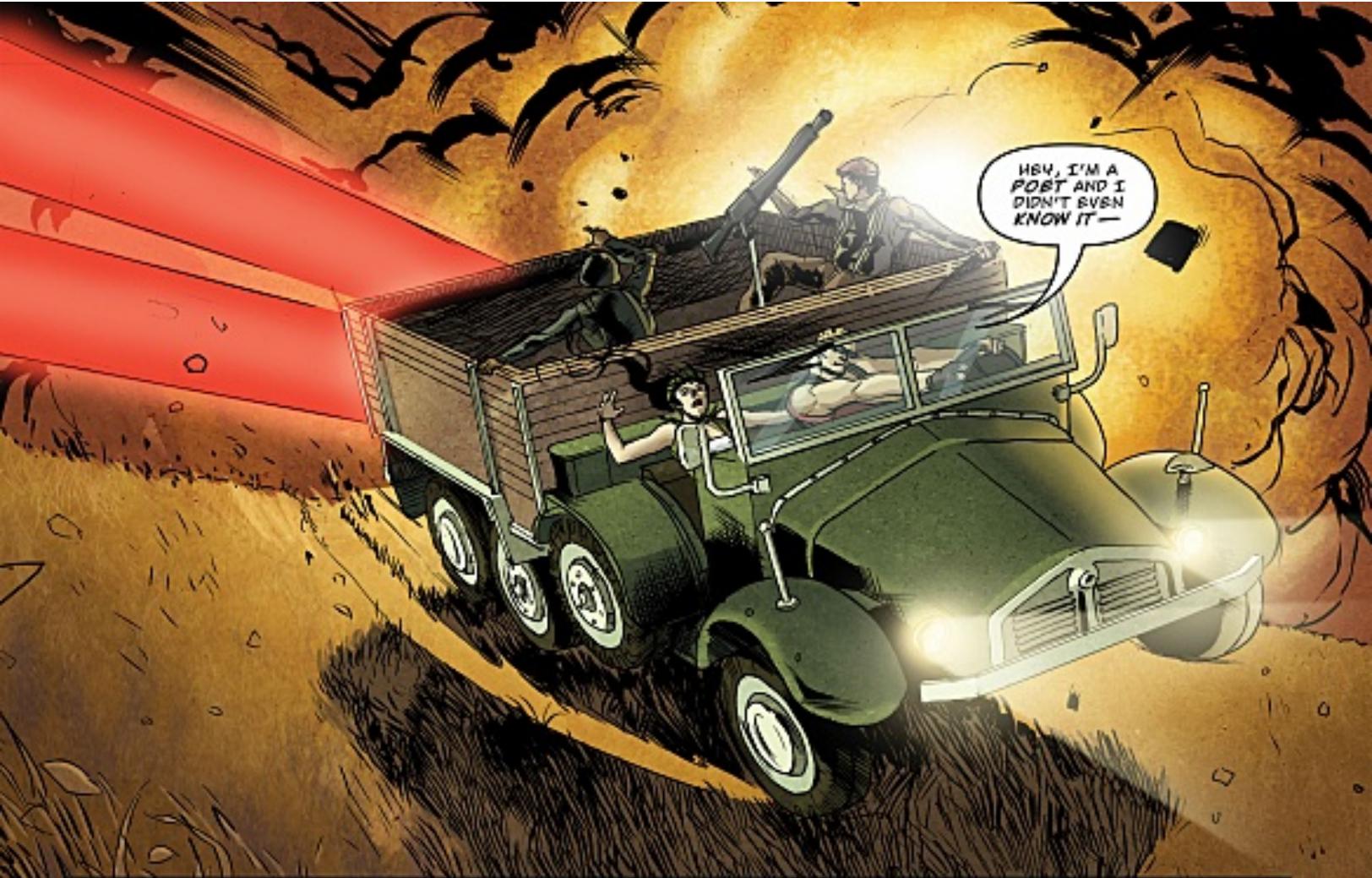


RAAARGH!

SZZRACK



WELL, FUCK ME
SIDWAYS, IT'S A
FRIGGIN' DRAGON
WITH RAY GUN.



HEY, I'M A
FOOT AND I
DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW IT —



I WOULD
PREFER, MON AMI,
ZAT YOU SHOW ME A
WAY OUT OF ZIS
TRUCK!

— REMIND ME LATER
TO SHOW YOU MY
LONGFELLOW.



ACTUALLY,
BASS, YOU
CAN'T GET OUT
JUST YET...



... 'CAUSE
SOMEONE'S
GOTTA DRIVE
THIS THING.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN —



— SACRE
BLEU!









...SMILE FOR THE BIRDY.











YOU FROM THE FUTURE, RIGHT? SO, YOU'LL KNOW, MY... MY PEOPLE, MAN... DO WE EVER GET A FAIR SHAKS?

ALL THIS... FIGHTIN' AND PVIN' WE DOIN' FOR OUR COUNTRY... IS IT... **FRY**... IS IT WORTH IT?



YEAH, IT IS. THERE'S GONNA COME A KICK-ASS GUY SOMEDAY WHO'S GONNA FIGHT WITH WORDS, NOT GUNS, AND HE'S GONNA HELP TURN IT ALL AROUND FOR YOUR PEOPLE, I PROMISE.

ALL THE WAY TO THE FRIGGIN' WHITE HOUSE SOMEDAY, EVEN.



NO SHIT? WHAT... URF... WHAT'S THIS CAT'S NAME?

KING.
HIS NAME'S KING.



THEN, HAIL TO THE KING, **FRY**...



DAMN STRAIGHT, SOLDIER.



WHAT THE — ?!

SZZRACK



RAAARRGH!!

BIAM

BIAM



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU *OVERSTUFFED* HOUSE GECKO...

...TIME FOR ME AND YOU TO DANCE!



SZZRACK





