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WALTZ
KERNIANICO

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD



IT'S MY WAY OR...

HELL, IT'S MY WAY

IDW

#4 • RI CVR

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WRITER:
TOM WALTZ

ARTIST:
XERMANICO

INKS:
XERMANICO
AND DAVID ENEBRAL

COLORIST:
LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

LETTERER:
SHAWN LEE

EDITOR:
CHRIS RYALL

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 those soldiers—a French Resistance soldier named Elise “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 kick tons of Nazi and alien ass, but one of his new friends is dead and Duke’s been captured and taken to the alien mother ship.

REGULAR COVER



Artwork by
John K. Snyder III

COVER RI



Artwork by
Xermanico

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IDW

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
Robbie Robinson, EVR/3D Graphics Artist
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RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY, 1945.







SAUCER CRAFT?!

YES. IT APPEARS THE VEL-VA HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR GOALS WHILE WE'VE BEEN OTHERWISE OCCUPIED.



WELL, ZBY MAY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ZBRB GOAL OF FLIGHT, MON AMI, BUT ZBY HAVE NOT YET COMPLETED ZBRB PLAN TO RULE ZE WORLD...



...WHICH MEANS WE CAN STILL STOP ZEM.

RIGHT. THEY FLEW AWAY, HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THEIR COMPOUND BEFORE I COULD FIRE ON THEM. I SUGGEST WE HEAD THAT WAY OURSELVES...



...AFTER WE FIRST BURY OUR MATE, HERE.

AGREED.



AND ZEN, GENERAL...

"...WE WILL FIND OUR FRIEND FROM THE FUTURE."

HE IS AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, SISTER ANA?

OH, I WOULDN'T USE THE WORD "SPECIMEN" AT ALL, TALINA. I THINK "YUMMU" IS MUCH MORE APT.

HM?

YES, DEAR ANA, IT'S NOT SURPRISING YOU WOULD THINK THAT—YOUR BRAIN ACTIVITY SEEMS TO BE FOREVER LOCATED BELOW YOUR WAIST, AFTER ALL.

BRAINS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, SISTER MARIA...



...NOTHING
WHATSOEVER.



WELL,
WHADDAYA
KNOW — I'M IN
HEAVEN.

ANA'S
RIGHT,
MARIA...



...BRAINS ARE
OVERHEATED.
YUMMY, INDEED.



NEVER MIND.



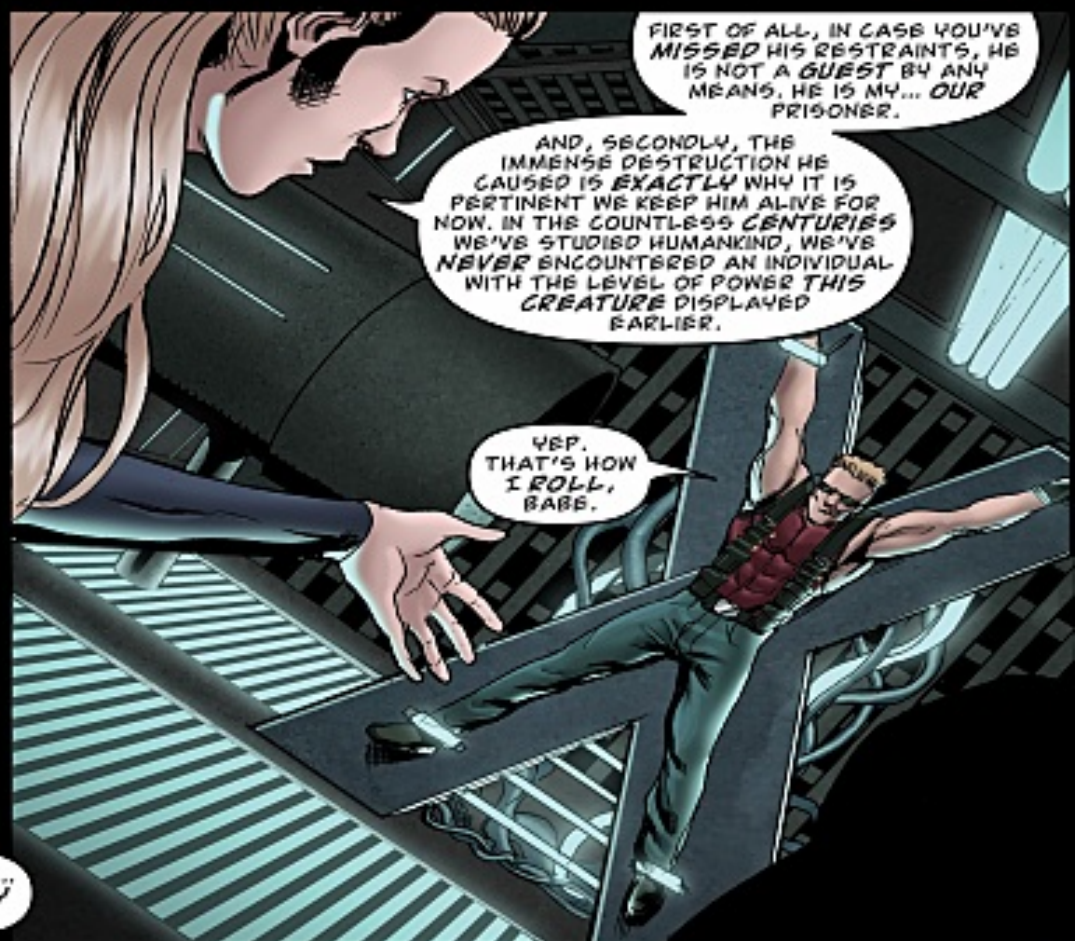
WHILE I DON'T SHARE BROTHER VAL'S PARTICULAR APPETITES, I MUST AGREE WITH HIM IN ONE REGARD, MARIA—IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH BRAIN CAPACITY TO REALIZE KEEPING THIS HUMAN ALIVE IS A BAD IDEA.

A BAD IDEA, DANIEL? HOW SO?



WE ALL SAW WHAT HE DID TO THE CONTINGENT OF MONGRELS YOU SENT TO DISPOSE OF HIM AND HIS COMRADES. NOT EXACTLY SMART TO HAVE SOMEONE CAPABLE OF THAT LEVEL OF DESTRUCTION AS A GUEST, IS IT?

AH, DANIEL... COWARDLY AS EVER.



FIRST OF ALL, IN CASE YOU'VE MISSED HIS RESTRAINTS, HE IS NOT A GUEST BY ANY MEANS. HE IS MY... OUR PRISONER.

AND, SECONDLY, THE IMMENSE DESTRUCTION HE CAUSED IS EXACTLY WHY IT IS PERTINENT WE KEEP HIM ALIVE FOR NOW. IN THE COUNTLESS CENTURIES WE'VE STUDIED HUMANKIND, WE'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN INDIVIDUAL WITH THE LEVEL OF POWER THIS CREATURE DISPLAYED EARLIER.

YEP. THAT'S HOW I ROLL, BABE.



WE ARE SEEKING TO CREATE THE PERFECT BEING—A BREED OF SUPERMEN COMBINING ALL THE GREATEST QUALITIES AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE VEIL-YA AND HUMANKIND. AN INTRICATE EUGENIC PUZZLE WHOSE SOLUTION HAS ELUDED US FOR MILLENNIA.



I BELIEVE, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE MAY HAVE FOUND THE FINAL PIECE TO THAT PUZZLE AT LONG LAST.




YEAH, WELL, AS MUCH AS I LIKE A NICE PIECE NOW AND THEN, I AIN'T A BIG FAN OF PUZZLES, SO YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO CUT ME OUTTA YOUR PLANS, BABE.




"CUT" IS A VERY INTERESTING WAY OF PUTTING IT, HUMAN, AS I'M SURE THIS CREATURE WOULD HAPPILY OBLIGE THAT REQUEST SHOULD YOU REFUSE TO COOPERATE.



WHAT — FORKY OVER THERE? HE'S NOTHIN' BUT BACK BACON WAITIN' TO HAPPEN, JUST LIKE THE REST OF YOU ALIEN PUKE'S AS SOON AS I GET MYSELF LOOSE.




AH, YEE, BRAVADO. I WOULD BE DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DIDN'T BOLDLY DISPLAY SUCH ARROGANCE IN THE FACE OF IMMINENT, MORTAL DANGER. IT IS EXACTLY WHAT SETS YOU APART FROM THE MORE COMMON, MORE FRAGILE OF YOUR KIND, MISTER...



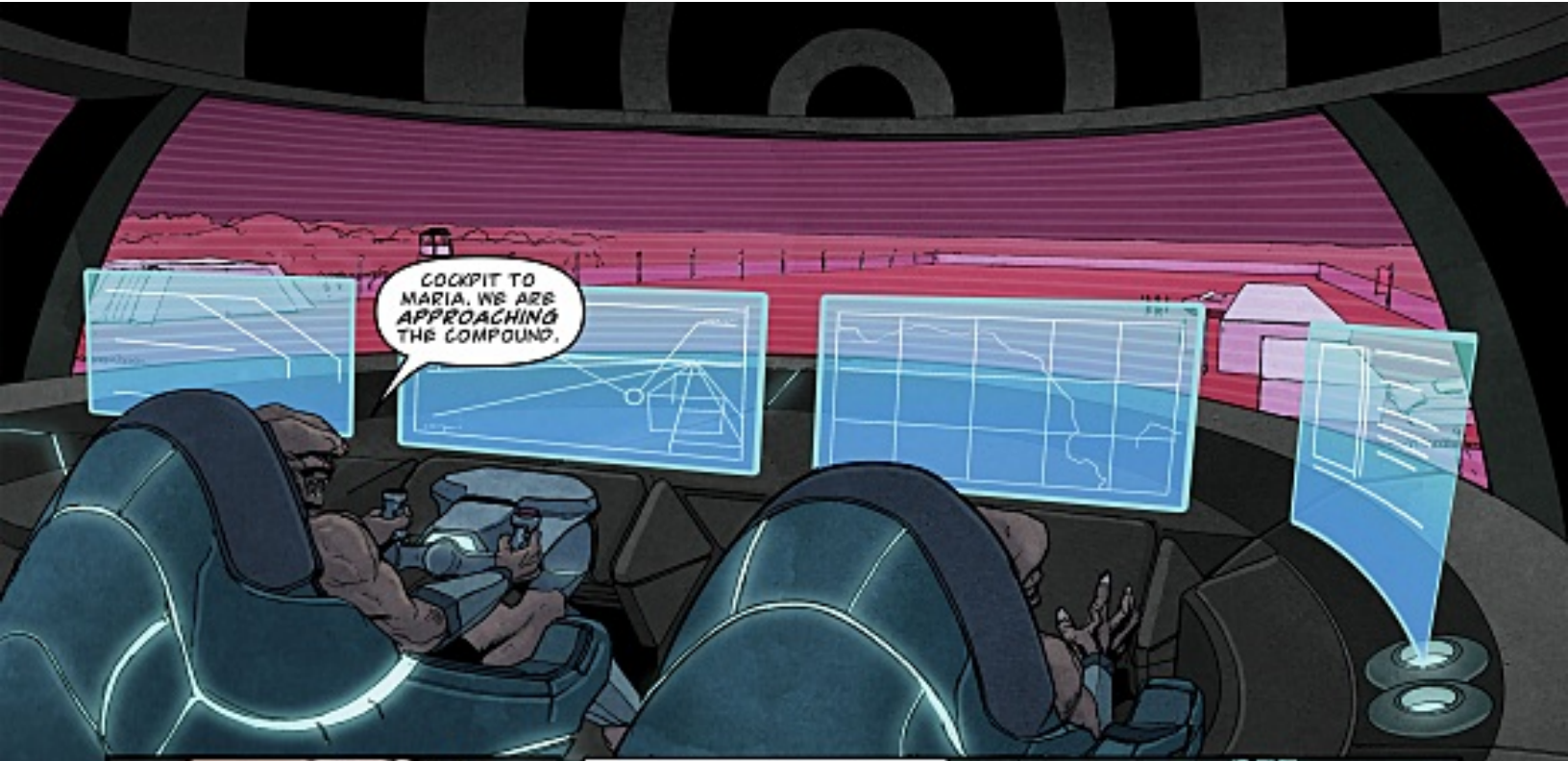
NUKEM. THE NAME'S DUKE NUKEM.

AND, THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' ARROGANT ABOUT WHAT I'M SAYIN'. I'M GONNA GET LOOSE, AND WHEN I DO, YOU BETTER BE HIGH-TAILIN' IT BACK TO YOUR LITTLE HOLLOW EARTH HIDEAWAY IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

I DON'T MAKE THREATS — ONLY PROMISES, AND I PROMISE...



...I'M GONNA KICK THE LIVIN' SHIT OUTTA EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR ASSES WHEN I GET FREE, NICE TITS OR NO.



COCKPIT TO MARIA, WE ARE APPROACHING THE COMPOUND.



AWAITING YOUR ORDERS.

PREPARE FOR LANDING, PILOT. AND ALERT DR. FRAUD THAT HIS PRESENCE IS REQUIRED WHEN WE ARRIVE.



WE WILL SOON FIND OUT IF I AM RIGHT ABOUT YOU, DUKE NUKEM, OR IF YOU ARE SIMPLY ANOTHER WEAK AND WORTHLESS HUMAN IN A LONG LINE OF THE SAME.

IF SO, YOU WILL BE TOSSED AWAY WITH LESS CEREMONY THAN YESTERDAY'S RUBBISH— THAT I PROMISE.



ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, WE WILL HAVE THE ANSWERS WE SEEK SHORTLY.

COME, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

HEH. YOU SEE THAT, PORK CHOP?



THAT CHICK DIGS ME.



THEY ARE PREPARING TO LAND, ELISE. WE CAN QUIT RUNNING NOW.



HERE, I'D SAY WE'VE EARNED THIS.

MERCI, GENERAL.



NOW, TO SEE WHAT OUR VRIEL-YA FRIENDS ARE UP TO.



"AH, THERE THEY ARE, AS IS THAT BLASTED NAZI SCIENTIST WE LET ESCAPE."



AND OUKES?



"HE'S THERE AS WELL, THOUGH BOUND AND TIGHTLY GUARDED IT APPEARS."



I'D NORMALLY RECOMMEND A WELL-THOUGHT-OUT PLAN BEFORE LEAPING INTO THE FRAY AGAINST SUCH ODDS, BUT NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S DONE SO BOLLOCKS, WE NO LONGER HAVE THE LUXURY FOR SUCH MEASURES.



I THINK A MORE DIRECT AND IMMEDIATE APPROACH IS IN ORDER, DON'T YOU?



OUI, MON AMI. IT IS TIME TO TAKE IS FIGHT TO IS VRIL-YA. AND, ONE ZING IS FOR CERTAIN—



—I AM ALL OUT OF IS BUBBLE GUM.







THAT'S MY GUS.

IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, PIDDIES.



ONE OF YOU GETS SOME HEAD!

KE-RACK



AND THE OTHER...

SMOOSH

FWIP

...GETS SOME LEG!





YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT IN, YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT OUT. YOU DO THE HOKEY POKEY AND...



...YOU TURN YOURSELF AROUND.



AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

HSH.



OH... SHIT.

DEFINITELY NOT GOOD.



MIGHT I SUGGEST, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THAT WE UTILIZE OUR NEWLY FUNCTIONAL SAUCER AND MAKE A HASTY DEPARTURE?

SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT PLAN TO ME, TALINA.



MARIA?

NO. I AM STAYING...



...I HAVE FOUND WHAT I HAVE BEEN SEEKING.



VERY WELL, SISTER, STAY WITH THIS CERTAIN IF THAT IS YOUR CHOICE. WE ARE LEAVING.

DON'T FORGET TO WET ME, SWEET CHEEKS.



ZAT IS ZE LAST OF ZEM!

NOT QUITE, MATE. LOOK...



*...THE BLOODY VEIL-VA ARE ESCAPING!



THAT I WILL NOT ALLOW!



WHATEVER HAPPENS, MISS FLEWMANN, PLEASE KNOW IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR TO SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU AND CORPORAL HENRY.

OUI, MON AMI. IT HAS BEEN ZE SAME FOR ME.

AND PLEASE GIVE MY THANKS TO THAT MAD BASTARD NUKEM.

I WILL.



GOODSPEED.



TROOPERS, BRING US TO BERLIN! WE WILL FINISH THIS WAR OUR WAY, MARIA AND THE NAZIS BE DAMNED!

AS YOU WISH.

UH, TALINA, I THINK WE HAVE A MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN.

LOOK!

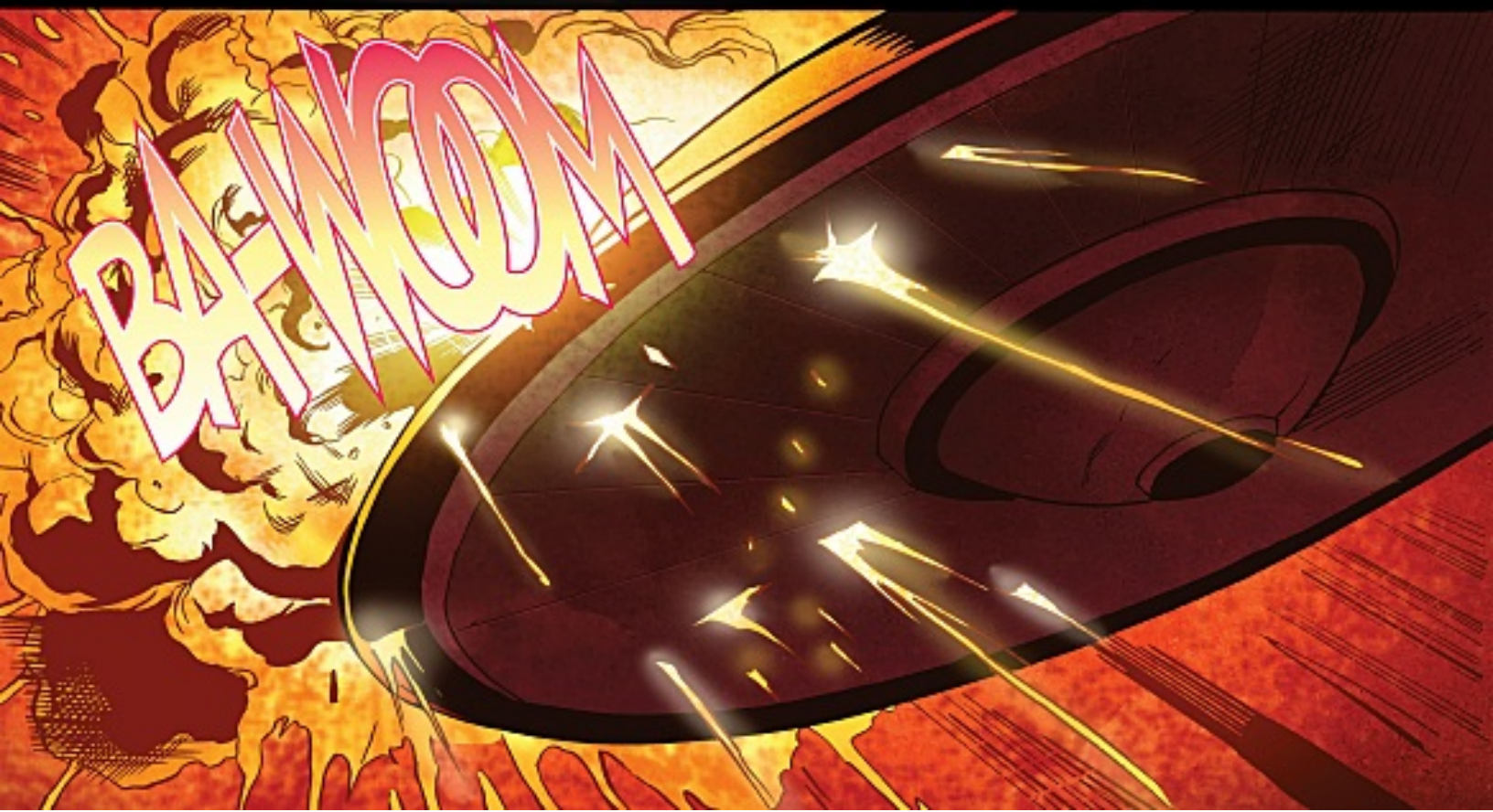


DANIEL, WE HAVE NO TIME FOR YOUR PETTY FEA—

—OH.

FUCK.

RULE BRITANNIA!



BAWOM



LOOKS LIKE YOUR LITTLE SPACE BOAT'S SPRUNG A LEAK, MARIA. BUMMER.

IT DOES NOT MATTER. THEY WERE IMBECILES, ALL OF THEM, UNABLE TO SEE THE PERFECTION WE HAVE SOUGHT FOR SO LONG...



...EVEN WHEN IT WAS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

TELL ME SOMETHIN' I DON'T ALREADY KNOW, BABB.



HOW ABOUT THIS...



...YOU BELONG TO ME NOW. NOW, AND FOR ALL STEEN—GROK!



I DO NOT ZINK SO, BITCH.

MEE-YOW.



LET ME FREE YOU, MON AMI.

WHAT? YOU GOT SOMETHIN' AGAINST HANDCUFFS, BARE?

CHINK



I'M AFRAID WE ARE ALL ZAT IS LEFT, MON AMI.

YEAH, BUT THE OTHERS DIED STRONG AND DIED HARD... KICKIN' ALIEN ASS TO THE END.



SPEAKIN' OF STRONG AND HARD, OL' DUKE'S GOT SOMETHIN' HE WANTS TO SHOW YOU.

QUI?

YEAH, AND THEN WHEN I'M DONE WITH THAT, WE CAN TALK TIME MACHINES. I GOT SOME PLANS I NEED TO GIVE YOU, AND SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT CAVE IS THE STUFF WE NEED TO GET ME -

-I'VE BEEN OWIN' TO SAY THIS, MCELV-

-BACK TO THE FUTURE.



BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST. IT'S TICKLE TIME FOR ME AND YOU RIGHT NOW...

"...AND THEN I GOTTA
MAKE A QUICK STOP
ON THE WAY HOME."

BERLIN, GERMANY, 1945.

THEY THINK
THEY HAVE ME,
DO THEY?!



