

DUKE HUCKER

BLAST

RADIUS



MINI

RADIUS

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'Blast Radius' is a Duke Nukem 3D fan episode by Aymeric 'ck3D' Nocus, made 2019-2023. This product is neither made, nor supported by 3D Realms.

Scorpion Tank and Organic enemy code partially based on Jonah Bishop and The Fly's from « The Unofficial .COM Supplement », and revised by Dan 'DeeperThought' Gaskill. N.U.K.U.M. enemy code partially based on Night Flight's from « CPU Duke Match ».

Sounds: freemidi.org, YouTube, Dinosaur Jr., Del the Funkkee Hondsepoien, Ramones, Public Enemy, Stupeflip, Haddaway, Mike Post & Pete Carpenter, Chuck Lorre & Dennis C. Browne, various Duke Nukem games most notably via the « Duke Nukem: Vocal Collection » (voice acting by Jon St. John, Beaver & Butthead, Star Fox 64 (voice acting by Lyssa Browne), FamilyMart.

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BLAST

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CREDITS

'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' is dedicated to the memory of Patrice Nocus (1966-2022) and Cedric 'Zaxtor Znot' Lutes (1979-2019).

***'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' will pit you against
your favorite classic foes indeed, but also
numerous new ones, including:***

ASSAULT GENERAL

The navy blue troopers from 'Duke Nukem: Total Meltdown' (PlayStation, 1996) are back! Although still armed with the same basic laser guns as the Assault Troopers, and still lacking the Phase-Induced Teleporter Devices (P.I.T.D.) reserved to Assault Captains, they haven't lost any mass over the decades and can still tank a lot of your weaker firepower before going down if you let them. Being strategists, they often tend to watch your progress against their troops from a distance before razing you with sniper fire. Most of them will only get directly involved if they have to.



THE ALIEN RO(A)STER

ASSAULT TAXI DRIVER

Those yellow troopers only ever enlisted due to having developed a certain remote fascination for Martin Scorsese's films and, therefore, the personal aspiration to get an especially firm grip on their planet of origin. They are convinced and comforted in their role by genuine, sincere passion and their interpretation of Earthlings is one that is twisted and dramatic. - Better believe these guys don't mess around, and will blow shit up. But their delusion also doubles up as their weakness: their identity crisis will never allow them anywhere far away from their taxis. Better wash that trash off the sidewalk before it's your own blood it's gotta clean off. Drops pipebombs when killed.

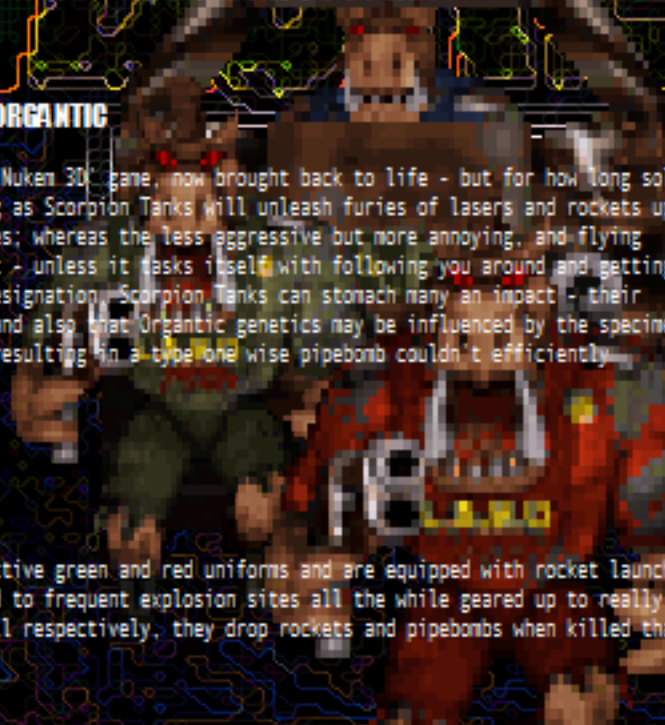
MISTAKEN ASSAULT TAXI DRIVER (M.A.T.D.)

A few degenerates preferred the movie 'Speed' (1994) and thus gravitate around bus stations instead, but we don't talk about those; occasionally, the individual's looser grasp on the concept of « taxi » is at fault. Nonetheless, still drops pipebombs when killed.



ASSAULT ATTACKER

Grey-suited alien troopers that just received specific emergency training (and gamma ray-firing abilities) upon the news of Duke's imminent insurrection. Their defense game is equal to the basic Assault Trooper's, but their firepower is devastating and most notably so in close quarters, where their energy-based projectiles may reverberate off nearby walls. Their superior military experience as frontmen also implies some degree of wisdom when it comes to recognizing the best places to ambush Duke from. They drop regular bullets when killed, hinting to a possible psychic connection between their weapon of choice and the user.



PIG COP SCORPION TANK (UNIT #XXXX) / ORGANIC

Two aborted enemies from the original 'Duke Nukem 3D' game, now brought back to life - but for how long solely depends on the quickness of your wit, seeing as Scorpion Tanks will unleash furies of lasers and rockets upon you on mere sight, testing Duke's reflexes; whereas the less aggressive but more annoying, and flying Organic will defend its territory with spit - unless it tasks itself with following you around and getting in your face. It is said that, true to their designation, Scorpion Tanks can stomach many an impact - their drivers in fact surviving most accidents - and also that Organic genetics may be influenced by the specimen's immediate environment, all the while never resulting in a type one wise pipebomb couldn't efficiently eradicate.

BOMB DEPARTMENT PIG COPS

Those guys are recognizable by their distinctive green and red uniforms and are equipped with rocket launchers and mortar shooters, respectively. They tend to frequent explosion sites all the while geared up to really qualify as the main threat on location. Still respectively, they drop rockets and pipebombs when killed that you can pick up for yourself.

EAST COAST PIG COP

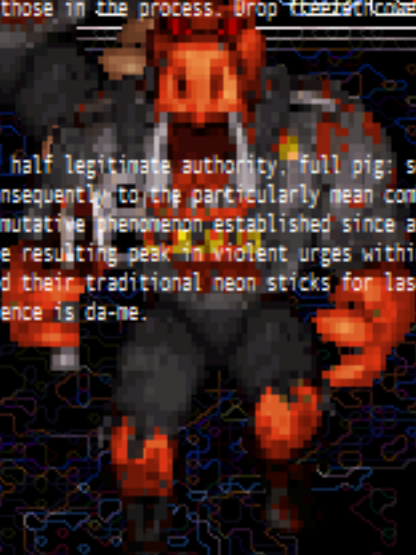
This mutated police agent wears a navy blue uniform to better bear with the more rugged weather of his hometown and has heard a story or two about your ways of frying bacon, thus sports a microwave shotgun to reciprocate the heat and help keep you warm. In fact, does dream of deep frying you then selling you by the slice all day, all night. Drops microwave expander ammo when killed.

ISTRIAN PIG COP

As encouraged by the climatic conditions in their province of origin, this type is a literal chiller and yet, not one you should let yourself be distraught around despite their slow demeanor and cute little cravings for local ice cream, for things will get more pop-hot for Duke as soon as frozen in exposed weakness. 'Laganica' may be the motto but getting the job done remains their M.O., so don't think twice about erasing them off the streets just like an unwavering sun has washed out all their uniforms - perhaps even recoloring those in the process. Drop freezehammer ammo when killed.

PORKSU

Half rent-a-cop, half legitimate authority, full pig: so are looking (and smelling) the streets of Japan as of currently, consequently to the particularly mean combo of the country's law and order enforcement policies with a mutative phenomenon established since as early as 1996 as genetic influence from outer space. Due to the resulting peak in violent urges within each affected individual, it is rumored that they might have traded their traditional neon sticks for laser ray guns of actual offensive power. Their very existence is da-me.





SUNBURNT BATTLELORD / OVERLORD / CYCLOID EMPEROR SENTRY

Those mini variants of the original three Duke Nukem 3D bosses are sun-born and very determined to keep their environment red hot. Generally, that's by the means of barrages of rockets, mortars or microwave-based attacks. More often than not, you may find positives in confronting them the complete opposite way you normally would handle their classic counterpart.

ICE COLD BATTLELORD / OVERLORD / CYCLOID EMPEROR SENTRY


Neither those folks nor this joke are as cool as you would expect. From the iciest regions of their natural habitat, all are educated enough to value your time and won't beat around the bush when it comes to freezing you in place, if ever needed, before shattering you to smithereens with sophisticated, yet explosive arguments. Please kindly dispose of before some no-name ten-year-old kid shows up to capture them, surf on them.

SUNBURNT / ICE COLD FAT COMMANDER

It really is the same logic.

PERMAFROST / PERMAFRIED BATTLELORD / OVERLORD / CYCLOID EMPEROR

The better-fed specimens of the aforementioned kinds - and they shamelessly take pride in that, too. Show those larger-than-life bellends who the boss is before they can even consider schooling Duke's ass.



COPIUM BATTLELORD SENTRY

This frustrated type bears with their inferiority complex by spamming everyone in the room with shrink ray, then going around to spit on them. They really are not happy with the questionable color palette fate has had it to apply onto them, and will violently deny how it maybe does signify that they, effectively, are full of dooey shit. A few specimens in particular have developed hero complex - as well as some identity issues they somehow alleviate by relating to the original Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles comics - resulting in a particularly vivid interest in Earth. You really need not suffer from this particular strangers' trauma yourself - ever; good thing they're only harmful for as far as they breathe.

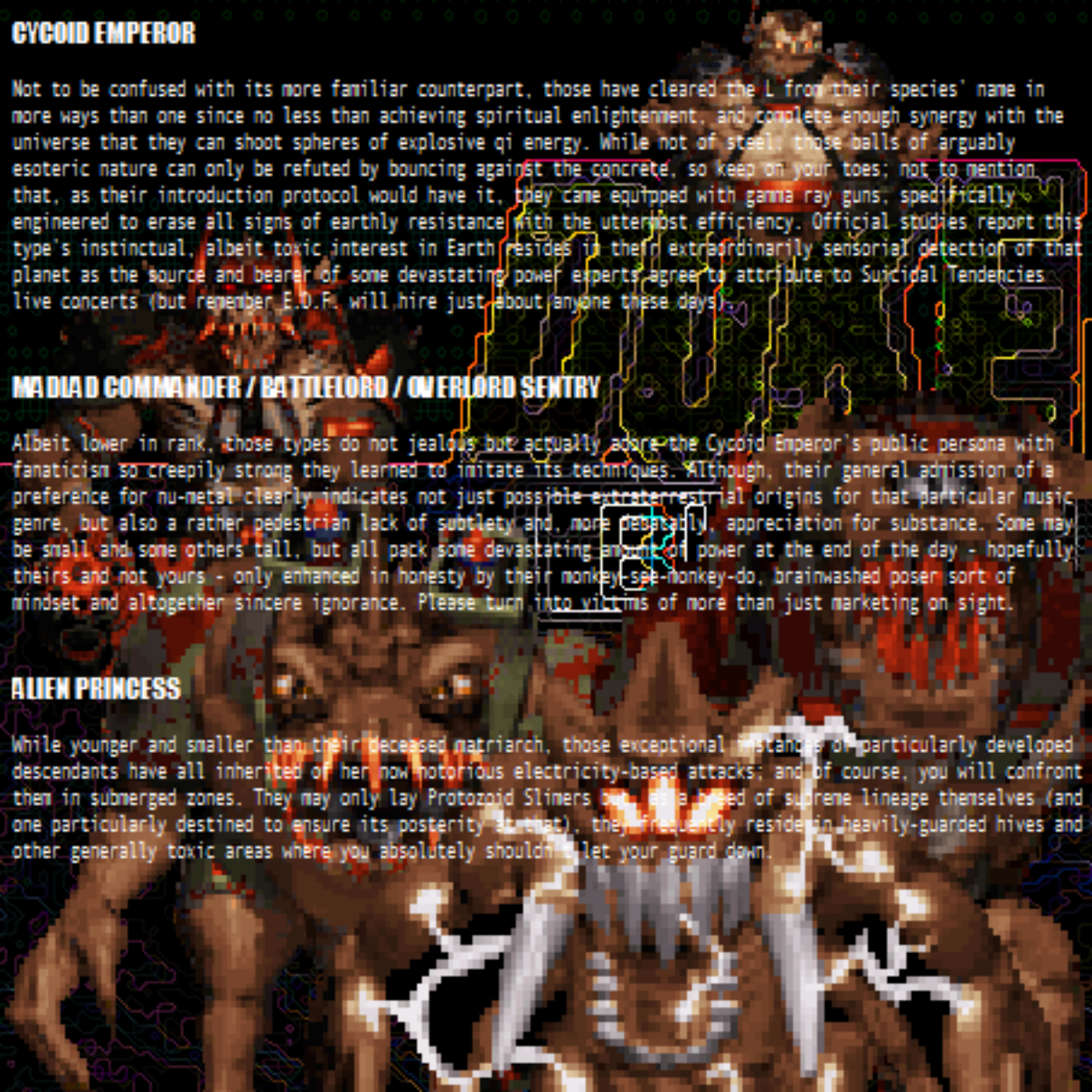


COPIUM COMMANDER

Similar psychological profile minus the interest in art, regardless of how pop. In denial of the inner conflict that is the many things they wish they proved to the world but really to themselves, those types think they're on top and feel entitled to just stick there, ordering others around to, in return, only logically be met with universal hatred and enough consequential spite to turn green. A chlorophyll-colored culmination of the Dunning Kruger effect in noisy, floppy form, they're really just annoying if anything although thankfully as weak as vulnerable to size 13 boot-shaped reality checks.

DAVY & LINDA

A duo of pawns in a novel (albeit already thoroughly researched) sociological epiphenomenon affecting the portion of Enforcer offspring born past 1997 whose introductory exposure to Earth had come under the form of a certain couple of universally unfortunately-received Nintendo 64 games. Naturally identifying with the latter's colorful, cold-blooded protagonists only to painfully witness them, due to human weakness, forever entrapped within a limbo of Worldview-shattering bad graphics consequentially triggered first surprise, then disappointment, then grief, then resentment, then hate; and now, directly claiming the names of their original heroes - and matching them in skin color - they're coming right at Duke, the last standing representative of, and biggest threat from all Earthlings, in absolute confusion. Davy fires freezing projectiles, whereas Linda favors the laser razor.



CYCLOID EMPEROR


Not to be confused with its more familiar counterpart, those have cleared the L from their species' name in more ways than one since no less than achieving spiritual enlightenment, and complete enough synergy with the universe that they can shoot spheres of explosive qi energy. While not of steel, those balls of arguably esoteric nature can only be refuted by bouncing against the concrete, so keep on your toes; not to mention that, as their introduction protocol would have it, they came equipped with gamma ray guns, specifically engineered to erase all signs of earthly resistance with the uttermost efficiency. Official studies report this type's instinctual, albeit toxic interest in Earth resides in their extraordinarily sensorial detection of that planet as the source and bearer of some devastating power experts agree to attribute to Suicidal Tendencies live concerts (but remember E.O.P. will hire just about anyone these days).

MAD/AD COMMANDER / BATTLELORD / OVERLORD SENTRY

Albeit lower in rank, those types do not jealous but actually adore the Cycloid Emperor's public persona with fanaticism so creepily strong they learned to imitate its techniques. Although, their general admission of a preference for nu-metal clearly indicates not just possible ~~extraterrestrial~~ origins for that particular music genre, but also a rather pedestrian lack of subtlety and, more debatedly, appreciation for substance. Some may be small and some others tall, but all pack some devastating amount of power at the end of the day - hopefully theirs and not yours - only enhanced in honesty by their monkey-see-monkey-do, brainwashed poser sort of mindset and altogether sincere ignorance. Please turn into victims of more than just marketing on sight.

ALIEN PRINCESS

While younger and smaller than their deceased matriarch, those exceptional instances of particularly developed descendants have all inherited of her now notorious electricity-based attacks; and of course, you will confront them in submerged zones. They may only lay Protozoid Slimers but, as a breed of supreme lineage themselves (and one particularly destined to ensure its posterity a smat), they frequently reside in heavily-guarded hives and other generally toxic areas where you absolutely shouldn't let your guard down.



WEAK SAUCE / MAD DOG 357 PLUTONIUM NO. 9 OCTABRAIN

Two Octabrain types Duke doesn't remember encountering before. The red one definitely is an evolutionary step up, flaunting enhanced psychic powers enabling the firing of qi energy spheres of highly-destructive, explosive nature. The blue one, on the other hand, looks a bit pale and keeps vomiting, albeit toxic bile. Their co-existence, which is common, makes you wonder how much of fate is being handed the short end of the stick, and how much really is a matter of mindset, all in spite of this species' supposedly superior cognitive skills.

UNFORGIVING TURRETS FOR EXTRA TERRESTRIAL RAIDS, U.S. (U.T.E.R.U.S.)

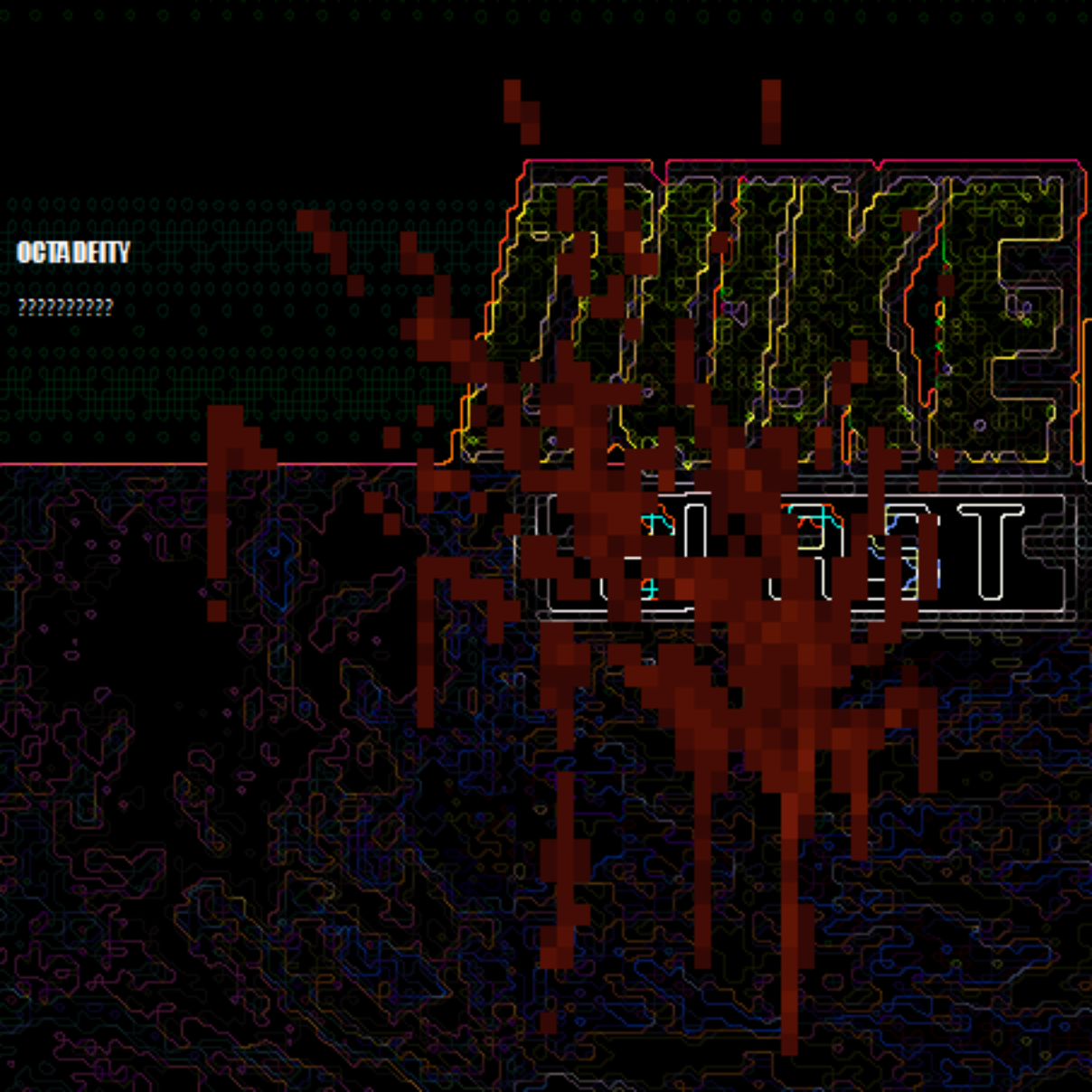
The end result and product of a very extensive, expensive and U.S. government-funded research process conducted by E.O.F. on how to make the classic turret a meaner offensive weapon for classified reasons, mostly, but not limited to having to do with interplanetary resource pillaging. Since budget eventually stopped coming in, those models aren't necessarily tougher than the one Duke already is used to, but the blue one will deplete infinite supplies of rockets upon him on mere sight, and the red one will do just the same, except with microwave-based expander rays. Both types are much larger than the originals since they cost a lot more money.

NEW ULTRA KILLER USURPATOR MAN (N.U.K.U.M.)

??????????

OCTADITY

??????????





CYCLOID ARCHANGEL

The supreme embodiment of all perceived adversity. An unrenovable part of the universe, its symbiosis with it culminates with the power to rearrange its forms and forces at will - albeit never without a taste of irony, since it will always favor turning one's own rules against them. Can Duke challenge such a foe?

LEVEL 01 - SUNSET SUICIDE (Sunset Blvd, LA., California, U.S.A.)

« ... And no more friggin' aliens! », Duke was halfway through muttering to himself when, as if emerging from a flashback, a row of all-too-familiar flying silhouettes gathered to, first, greet one another, and then proceed to shoot down his ride - simultaneously precipitating Duke's landing back in Los Angeles and his mind into déjà vu for a moment which, thankfully, was short-lived thanks to the general urgency of the situation.

« Those alien bastards are going to pay for my insurance with their existenc... Holy shit », Duke's brain internally barked, all the while ordering its still airborne owner to not neglect stylishly pirouetting towards the relatively welcoming embrace of one conveniently placed swimming pool, below.

One quick - almost accidental - mid air glance at the surrounding state of affairs had sufficed for Duke to start assessing all matters of gravity.

« L.A. got wasted! » - the realization froze Duke's mind as coldly as his muscular physique crashed into the aforementioned body of water, submerging him in more ways than one.

But out all of these depths, Duke rapidly resurfaced.

« This is Sunset Boulevard, hmm... Or was? », he observed from the rooftop's heights, sandwiched in between slices of freshly dilapidated landscapes (with some confusion to taste).

« Well, screw R'n'R in time for Oprah » - Duke finally cocked his gun.

« Nobody messes with my Hollywood. »

***Keep up with the per-level progression and evolution of
'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' story events here.
Just remember: Duke Nukem hates spoilers, thus saving one's first
read for after he's traversed each stage is encouraged,
so as to not risk pissing him off.***

BLAST OF A STORY



REC ●



« Looks like the piggies got some new toys », Duke eventually remarked no later than eight hours into his impromptu bus ride out of Los Angeles.

« Techy smells like the City... Let's rock over there and check on the Tenderloin.

But for now, those landscapes look as wrecked as Uranus'... »

Wrecked but also silent - and unbearably so, in fact. For eight hours now, Duke had been driving uninterrupted, which normally would be a positive sign to most in such troubled times - one resembling the reassuring confirmation that yes, nuking Los Angeles technically can solve most a Los Angeles-specific problem indeed - except here, the constant flow of dilapidated areas, devastated towns and torn terrain had stopped being Los Angeles-specific for half a day.

Wasted horizons with no movement in sight.

« Hope that comparison means there's some kind of end to them too. Right now stinks. »

« Whatever alien presence is here right now has to be either concentrated somewhere, or busy... » Duke mumbled to his humble reflection in the windshield as he finally veered out of the freeway, heading right into downtown.

And exactly there, forty-five minutes later, he found it - complete havoc.

« ... Or it's a little bit of both columns », Duke only-so-satisfyingly finished despite displaying unvariably proud finesse upon his leap off the now parked, still borrowed bus.

LEVEL 02 - EMBARCO'S MOST BIASTED (Market St / Justin Herman Plaza, S.F., California, U.S.A.)

LEVEL 03 - BIG APPLE SMOKE TOKE (N.Y.C., New York, U.S.A.)

« Holy shit - looks like the whole breast, uh, West Coast is toast, » Duke barely bothered articulating and so promptly those words passed after painfully extracting themselves from his clenched teeth, most of their truths still cruelly locked in within their author, forever virgins of further perspective than their diminishing, eventual echo inside the hollow car cabin.

And then it took some time - and the physical touch of something cold dripping from his forehead, instantly triggering enemy flashbacks - for Duke to fully realize where he was again. « Slime. No, sweat? When was the last time I sweat? Well, I did just run a little... But if I fucking wrote a book called 'Why I'm So Great' - then why am I so stressed? »

The body his mind had just landed back into was jacked as usual indeed, yes, but also contracted in a way he hadn't felt in long. The gas pedal very naturally had opted for straight down as its surrender pose under the mighty squish of Duke's size 13 boot, his hands were gripping the commands; his muscles weren't just flexing in a conscious manner like they normally do, they were tensed. « He he he », Duke finally relaxed upon the forming idea of a stiff joke, the consequential formulation of which was instantly deemed too much mental stress and thus aborted.

« Wait, how long have I been driving this crap? How come everything's still dead - how Magnus a caliber was that frag? », Duke somehow improvised despite all possible word loss when faced with non-stop surroundings of nothing - endless broken cityscapes and just as many dystopian images now flooding the inside of the car, windshield, windows and mirrors all regurgitating fragments of one smashed-looking reality, spitting them back and forth to one another in some terrifyingly convincing unison.

« Well, this time in particular, I hope I'm early enough with the protection. Junk looks bulky, I wonder if the entire country got screwed. Let's head out East and see how far and deep those bellends struck. »

REC ●



REC ●



« Well hasn't the alien vermin been feasting on the East, too » Duke's voice ascended on several levels since at the command of the helicopter. From the less and less immediate horizon now, the cloud of fire that had engulfed the whole of N.Y.C. still reached far enough to reflect its urgency on Duke's prominent biceps, then in his sunglasses, and only then against every other slick surface inside the cockpit; retaining enough of its loaded heat to trap Duke's mind inside a Bermuda Triangle of burning emotions.

But there was no tension this time; only resolve... And still no gun to chew in sight. Duke observed all the while kicking back on his new throne of a seat, but not without daring to first pat its evidently mature leather.

« Let's get some perspective away from here. Did those alien bastards only target the United States? Where did they stop? Did they stop...? »

Barely conscious from exhaustion at this point and slowly but deeply spiraling into uncomfortable torment, Duke flicked autopilot on - then nodded out, his brainpower sucked into numbness by the redundant beat his flying capsule's blades were generating by mechanically thrashing the surrounding air in a manner that would have inspired if not aroused author and thus competitor J. G. Ballard.

The very millisecond Duke's feet landed on the welcoming, reassuring bottom of sleep's greatest depths was only superseded by the next one when the rocket directly hit the helicopter, causing him to jolt out of rest state and instinctively start wrestling the Holoduke sitting shotgun for an undisclosed time span before realizing the situation, and that the guy looked familiar.

« Not too sure where I am right now, but I need a more stable ride » Duke justified mostly to himself a few instants before punching the one big red button that says « EJECT » on it.

LEVEL 04 - INCAPERNAUM Aguas Calientes / Machu Picchu, Peru.

LEVEL 05 - HIGH HIGH HIGH (Somewhere, Over the rainbow).

« Hey, I remember this model! » Duke surprised himself hearing saying before losing himself in the consideration of all his all-time favorite models, and then cognitively drifting back on topic upon the sight of his own name printed onto the plane carcass, snapping his focus back onto the main point.

« It was based on some Rigelatin technology I shamelessly capitalized on, I remember... The generated power is recycled back into resource, to exponential levels only capped for safety reasons. »

Overheating himself, just overhearing himself, Duke marked a calming pause ~~all the while~~ completely ignoring the more or less contemporary marks of centuries worth of human civilization that were positively surrounding him because he was so busy reassuring himself with how he only knew all that because an airline was, at the time, a profitable investment, before continuing: « If I can just get the heat going in there, then taking off even from this giant boob should be easy game... »

Not without taking one more minute to relish the fantastic sights of his own imagery on the plane one last time, Duke entered the metallic body through the first, way too conveniently open door. As soon as three steps inside, said door took revenge by brutally shutting close behind Duke- and that's when the rumbling started.

REC ●



REC



« Not even I can save you now », Duke mentally weeped at the idea of the world, evidently himself included, parting with a material object bearing his own effigy, before punching the strangely explicit « NUKE » button in front of him as strongly as he had immediately started resenting the possibility of his own weakness. New feelings brewing in the Duke », he considered pondering for a brief instant, before the instrument panel started flashing a countdown, announcing to expect the imminence of fireworks of some allure going off, as though in celebration of the epiphany. The newly blinking, strobing and flashing lights promptly degenerated into not just an epilepsy-inducing scenery that would have looked ridiculous even in an over-the-top 90's first-person-shooter video game fan pastiche, but also enhanced definition for, first, Duke's image, and then the respective ones of the alien corpses and remains surrounding him, one notch past the cockpit window's anti-reflective coating's tolerance.

« I may have no idea where the fuck on Earth I am right now, or what's even really going on here. But what's for certain is, as long as I'm alive - failure never is, nor will ever be an option when it comes to putting the smack dab on y'all's asses. »

Now very familiar with pilot ejection mechanisms, Duke very naturally reached for the command: « Hasta la vista, baby! » he erupted all the while nothing happened. Jammed lever? « Oh yeah, this is one of my planes! » Duke miraculously remembered. « You need biceps, and no less than two firm hands to pilot that stick, hehe! » he spat while dropping all of his cumbersome weaponry onto the copilot's seat, and expecting no less than similar behavior from all of the jaws in his imaginary attendance.

Now firmly grabbing onto the lever with both hands, Duke prepared to pull and would have successfully done so if not interrupted by the thought « wait, what if it's premature too? »; existential questioning itself cut short by a violent flash of absolute white light coming in company of the sonic, physical and psychological impact of a deafening bang, instantly after the last ever announcement the cabin's speakers would ever make resonated into oblivion: « seven ».

LEVEL 07 - LIGHTS, CAMERA, REVOLUTION (Paris, France)

« No idea where I landed - but pretty sure we don't make donuts like that where I'm from... » Duke lamented all the while mightily crushing the gas pedal.

« That one hole down there stank pretty bad; good thing I could wipe it clean. But shit - how deep does this fissure go? Whole world right now looks like it's been screwed to hemorrhoids... »

Nope. He had tried - and maybe hoped - but, this time and in spite of his trademark linguistic prowess and sensibility, not even analyzing his own semantics proved enough to pepper the Duke's face with as subtle as the shadow of a smug grin; the sorry stream of more and more landscapes of despair instead insisting on towering over his joyride, blocking their equivalent in light.

The next few hours spent following the next practicable road in sight up a now especially uncertain North felt dense as an ellipse, including the very factual incident of running out of gas and switching borrowed buses, overwhelming Duke's cognition with an irritating sense of stagnation. Somewhat paralleling this constancy, the most resistant highway infrastructure from what used to be a region turned out to lead Duke into the core of a metropolis that persisted as illuminated.

REC ●



REC ●



« Well now this stank like cheese gone bad - way past its Blue Period... » Duke chuckled, mostly due to how novel to him the pairing of the words « blue » and « period » was, all the while barely focused on piloting his way out aboard of one more of those escape choppers - the miraculously convenient presence of which he clearly had started to take for granted, but in a manner that only reinforced his importance.

« Those last two hot spots looked exotic - pretty certain that was Italy... So I guess that means Africa also got blasted hard, eh. »

Under a sudden, spontaneous impulse (the tickling of which oddly resembled the one of self-doubt), Duke compulsively jolted out of his daily self-imposed and -composed geography lesson to reach under his seat. As soon as his fingers expertly net, then grabbed the cigar he had instinctually known was just there, no particular feeling of confirmation manifested - neither casual nor existential. Had the cigar been missing, that would have been on the cigar; that's how strongly Duke still believed in his heroic fate, against all odds and perhaps more than ever given the never-before-seen circumstances and stakes.

« I just hope the babes are alright... » he half-thought, half-mumbled to himself in a whisper already overpowered in volume by the sonic scratch, then flamboyant funbling of Duke's matchstick lighting. « I really hope the babes EVERYWHERE are alright. How about I keep heading East... And if not? »

His sensible mind and delicate heart now rocking back and forth to the mere sweet thought of babes, and his synesthesia not helping with not comparing the rugged lines of land running down below with the curves and scent of a reassuringly experienced woman, Duke's mighty boot kick started the autopilot command all the while he, himself, kicked back and closed his eyes.

Only once the stogie gone, and then some abstract timespans later did his consciousness try to talk sense into him in a tone he finally agreed to permit.

« Aah, sleep. I can't remember the last time I did this. »

Which subsequently led him to remember, actually, and the flash he immediately received wasn't just the recollection of how his similar ride out of New York City had just been terminated, barely a few hours earlier, but also the immediate shock of his current one blowing up.

LEVEL 08 - MORILSK NO-REWARD (Morilsk, Russia).

LEVEL 09 - NAKANO NIGHTMARE (Tokyo, Japan).

« I reckon someone, somewhere, decided humanity could use a nuclear winter. »

Now no longer freezing his balls off, Duke was free to let his muscle memory do all the talking over the maneuvering of this arguably providential train, as well as of not devoting that brain space to contemplating whether he should start a professional driver career or reconsider his addiction to nicotine.

« Damn, so many wild rides so far only led to such a boring one now. I don't even know where this thing goes! »

Under the sudden craving of witnessing his physique's reassuring reflection somewhere, Duke's eyes wandered around the cabin only to eventually register the presence of what they first interpreted as an issue of whatever the local equivalent to 'WOW! Magazine' would be, but really turned out to be just some loose document.

« Kantokuken is an operational plan created by the General Staff of the Imperial Japanese Army and approved by Emperor Hirohito for an invasion and occupation of the far-eastern region of the U.S.S.R., capitalizing on the German Army's invasion of the U.S.S.R. in June 1941 » Duke accidentally read in an instant.

« Kantokuken involves a three-step readiness phase followed by a three-phase offensive to isolate and destroy the Soviet Army and occupy the eastern Soviet cities in no more than six months. The plan involves a heavy use of chemical and biological weapons, » he found himself repeating again before he gathered the willpower to turn his sight away, thereby defeating one more foe under the form of possible intellectual influence.

« Hm, no boobs, no asses but now I know where I'm headed... Anyone left to save on this planet at all? This is starting to look REALLY bad. »

After witnessing so much destruction around the world, Duke's own sense of purpose was starting to evaporate, only leaving more leeway to his unfiltered instinct that in this time and context just so happened to be pure rage, only fueled by his gradual processing of the situation.

After the magnitude of what still was a somewhat mysterious catastrophe had exploited the monotony of the long, underground train ride to gradually sink in, what eventually dawned on Duke was light at the end of a tunnel he would have killed to also be metaphoric. « I mean, at this point... »

Duke hopped off the now idle train and cocked his gun. « Now, if Germany also turns out to be a wreck... Then I just won't know what to do anymore. »

REC ●



RES 

LEVEL 10-999999999

??????????

LEVEL 11-999999999

??????????



REC



?????????

LEVEL 12 - 9999999999



LEVEL 13 - 9999999999



*Word around town is,
'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' comprises a secret level.*

*It's Neo LA, we're talking about, though.
Birthplace of the modern rumor...*

*And yet, Duke knows for sure.
Do you?*

TITLE: « Master Blaster (Jammin') » by Stevie Wonder « Hotter Than July », Motown Records, 1980

LEVEL 01 - SUNSET SUICIDE: « Scream Out » by Suicidal Tendencies
« Freedumb », Suicidal Records, 1999

LEVEL 02 - EMBARCO'S MOST BLASTED:

« Shower Days » by NOFX
« Ribbed », Epitaph Records, 1991

LEVEL 03 - BIG APPLE SMOKE TOKE:

« Intergalactic » by Beastie Boys
« Hello Nasty » / Capitol Records, 1998

LEVEL 04 - INCAPARNAUM:

« Peruvian Skies » by Dream Theater
« Falling Into Infinity » / East West Records, 1997

LEVEL 05 - HIGH HIGH HIGH:

« ENCOM, Part 2 » by Daft Punk
« TRON: Legacy Soundtrack » / Walt Disney Records, 2010

LEVEL 06 - KOJ STIL BORAC:

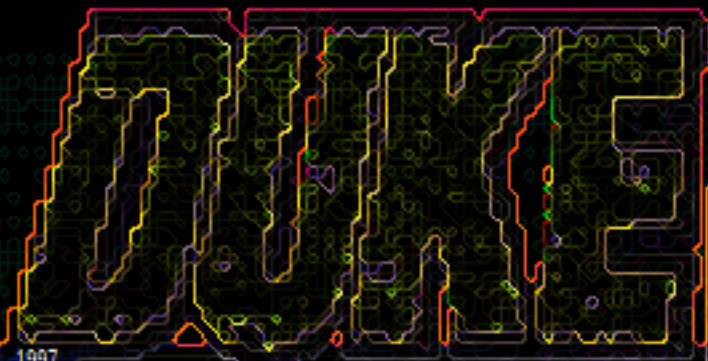
« Warrior Of Life (Reaper Redeemer) » by Sentenced
« Down » / Century Media, 1996

LEVEL 07 - LIGHTS, CAMERA, REVOLUTION: « Love Me, Please, Love Me » by Michel Polnareff

« Michel Polnareff » / Disc'A2, 1966

LEVEL 08 - NORILSK NO-REWARD: « Acid Rain » by Liquid Tension Experiment

« Liquid Tension Experiment 2 » / Magna Carta, 1999



MINI

RADIUS

LEVEL 09 - NAKANO NIGHTMARE: « Jealous » by Dir. En Grey
Dir. En Grey, 1998

LEVEL 10 - ??? : « Postmortem » by Slayer
« Reign in Blood » / Def Jan, 1986

LEVEL 11 - ??? : « Silent Scream » by Slayer
« South of Heaven » / Def Jan, 1988

LEVEL 12 - ??? : « Payback » by Slayer
« God Hates Us All » / American Recordings, 2001

LEVEL 13 - ??? : « The Threat Is Real »
Megadeth / « Dystopia » / Tradecraft Records, 2016

LEVEL 14 - DUKE DU QUATRAIN: « Vivre Ou Survivre » by Daniel Balavoine
« Vendeur De Larmes » / Barclay, Riviera L.M., 1982

INSTALLATION REQUIREMENTS

- A copy of the 3D Realms 1996 classic game, 'Duke Nukem 3D', Plutonium Pak/Atomic edition or superior (not included);
- EDuke32 (separate 32- and 64-bit versions both included).

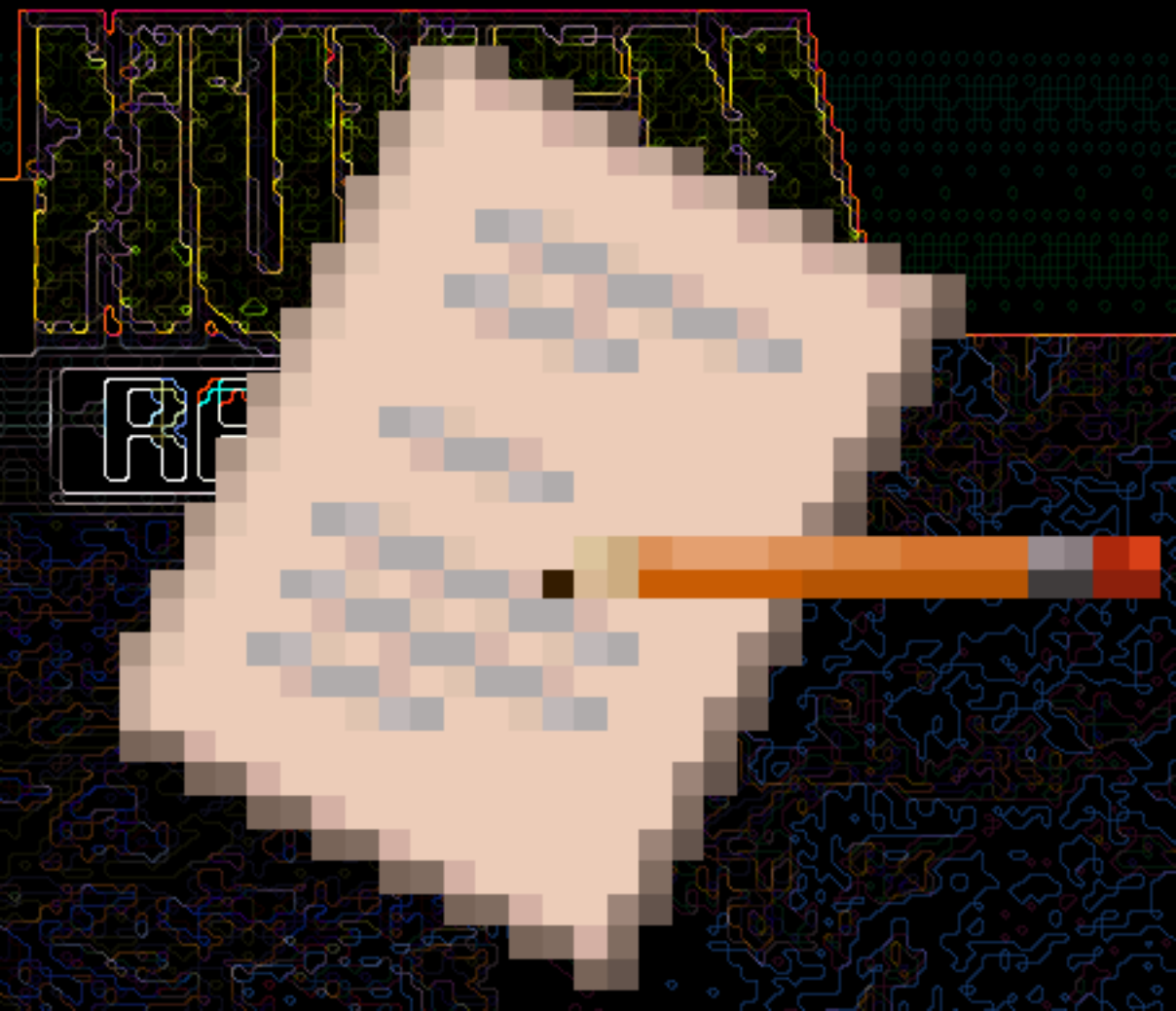
INSTALLATION PROCESS (Windows)

- Unpack the entirety of DN30BR.RAR into a fresh folder;
- Copy your DUKE3D.GRP 'Duke Nukem 3D' game file to that same folder;
- Launch EDUKE32.EXE, select the SOFTWARE/8bpp video mode of your choice, then click "START".

TROUBLE SHOOTING?

- Game lags/some skies or effects break: whilst generally compatible with the Polymost renderer, 'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' was primarily designed and optimized for the software/classic/8bpp renderer. Please make sure you are running the game in that mode, either from the in-game settings menu or the launcher
- Sprites/props/monsters disappear: you are using a version of eDuke32 which is different and may even be more recent than the one included with 'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius', yet only tolerates a lower number of objects on screen at the same time. Please make sure you are using the included version of the port (or comparable).
- You may be trying to play 'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' in a port that isn't eDuke32. Whilst most of the files should be compatible to an extent, major game-breaking issues might ensue.

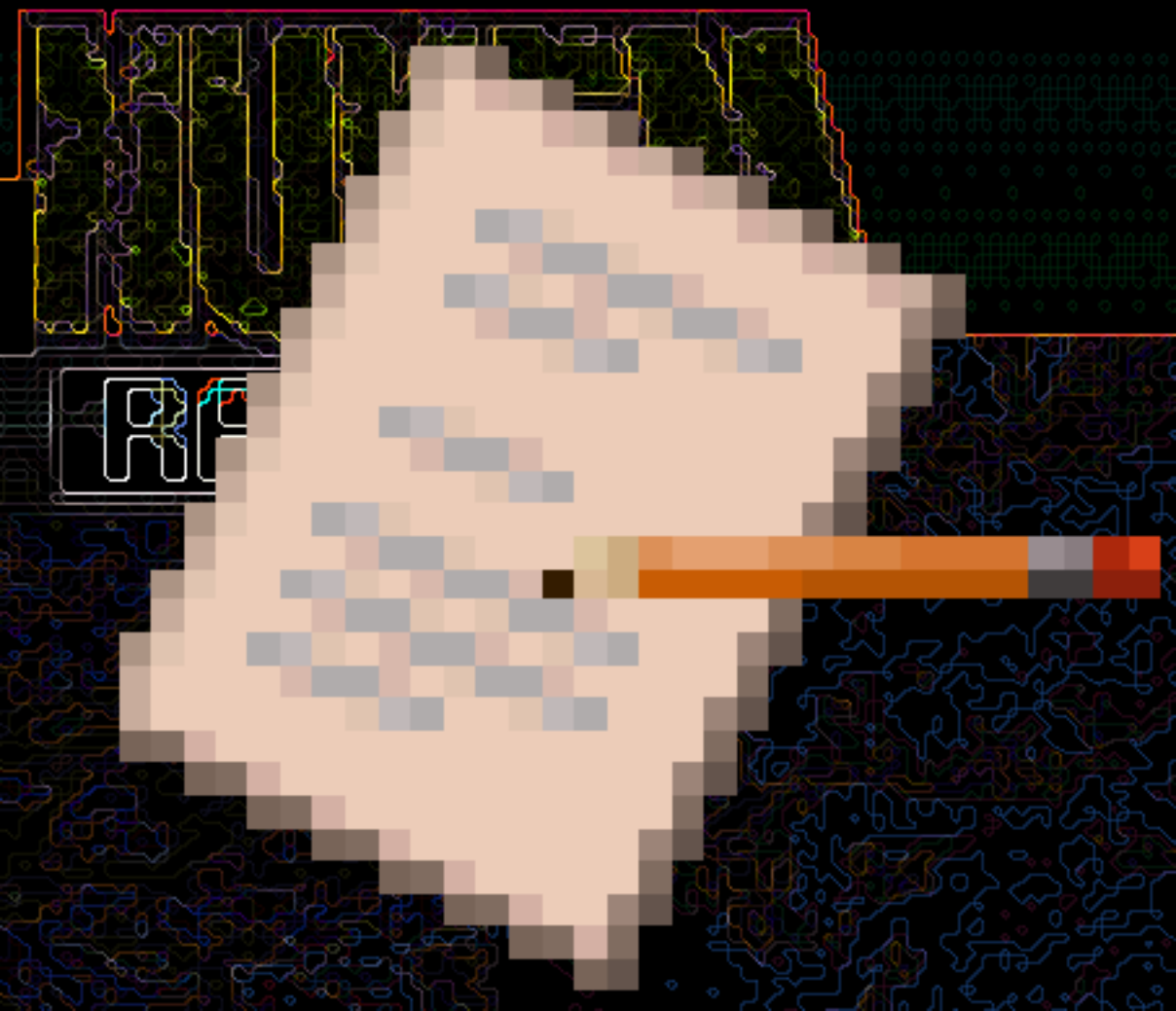
NOTES



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NOTES





MINER

RADIUS



DUKE NUKEM

BLAST RADIUS

ck3d / 2019 - 2023

'Duke Nukem 3D: Blast Radius' is neither made nor supported by 3D Realms.

Visit the web page: www.noddb.com/mods/duke-nukem-3d-blast-radius

Support the mapping effort: www.ko-fi.com/blastradius