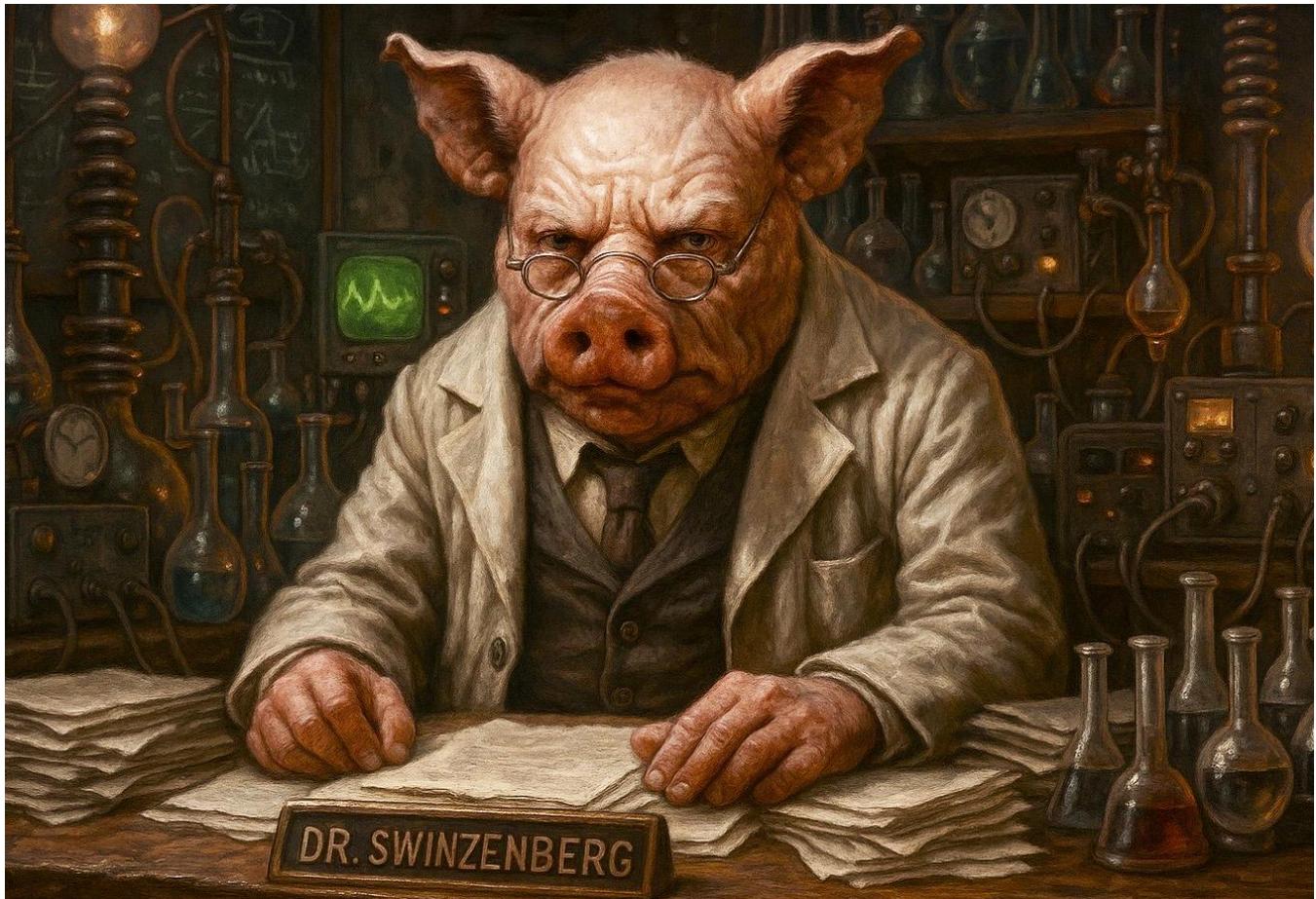


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Bunnies and Buckshot & The eye of anubis lore:



Dr. Wilhelm Swinzenberg, the Reich's self-proclaimed "Father of Fascist Physics," was a man who mixed genius with stupidity in equal, bloody measure. Brilliant? Sure. Sensible? Not even on weekends—especially once authority, funding, and zero supervision entered the chat. He spent the early war years deep in a hidden bunker, building the Reich's first particle collider — a crooked steel coffin welded together by half-blind conscripts and "calibrated" by Swinzenberg kicking it until the needles twitched the way he liked.

Just days before his wobbling monstrosity was ready to fire, the universe threw him a gift he absolutely didn't deserve: a meteor smashed into the countryside near the bunker.

Swinzenberg marched out expecting a rock, what he found was later called Object 17. A chunk of alien material, cold as death and just as friendly. Nothing could affect it: No radiation. No scratches. No melting. No response to heat, drills, explosives, or Hitler screaming at it. It behaved like matter from a universe where physics was optional. Some called it exotic Matter. Swinzenberg's conclusion? "*Perfect. Let's shove it in the collider and see what happens*"...So the pig did, and then he pushed the big red button.



The First Rift — The Bunny Realm

The collider screamed. Lights bent. Gauges died. Then the centre of the chamber tore open like a ripped bedsheet — a dimensional Rift, glowing and breathing like something alive. Swinzenberg didn't step through. He wasn't *that* stupid. Instead he tossed in cameras, probes, cables, anything that wasn't him. What he saw on the other side was a sunny little world full of cheerful, cartoon-like anthropomorphic rabbits. Innocent as milk. Trusting as lambs.

So naturally, Swinzenberg did the most Nazi thing possible: He weaponised innocence.

His staff shoved crates of propaganda through the Rift: Nazi armbands, banners, uniforms Mein Kampf, Hitler Youth manuals and the infamous Der Stürmer rag. A whole ideological septic tank pumping feces straight into a world that had never known hate.

The rabbits read it. They believed it. And the Bunny Reich rose overnight: a new furry fascist nightmare. Overwhelmed at the thought of more allies, The piggy stabilised the Rift long enough to provide one last delivery of guns and pervitin. He then shut it off before the thing blew up and then bragged to his intellectually challenged Führer about his "huge victory".



The Second Rift — The Anubis Dimension

But Swinzenberg never knew when to quit. Ecstatic by his previous successes the mad fascist pig just had to do it over again. Three months later he rebuilt the collider — bigger, louder, and three times more unstable. He rammed Object 17 back into its cradle and fired the beams again.

That's when he opened the door to a realm that never should have been breached. A realm older than the pyramids and time itself. A very dark place that the Egyptians spent whole dynasties screaming at people to never open. The overconfident piggy had opened the Anubis Dimension.



The Rift tore open wider than before. Heat blasted through. Sand poured like a storm. And out marched black-armored jackal warriors led by Anubis himself, each clutching one of the Eight Sacred Tablets that bind their presence to whatever realm they invade, today it was ours.

The smell of bacon cooking soon filled the lab as the fascist swine were cooked alive. Professor Swinzenberg didn't even get a last speech or a nazi salute. The collider then detonated. The bunker was buried under tons of rubble. Everything was gone, except Object 17, and the jackals.

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