

THE CORRUPTED DREAM

by

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There once was a man who dreamed of possessing a golden scepter.

The golden scepter was his reverence for the heart.

He languished over this dream for many years.

One day, he entered a temple, and he beheld the golden scepter.

The moment he touched the golden scepter, he recoiled in pain and realized the golden scepter was a curse.

His dream of possessing a golden scepter was destroyed.

However, his reverence for the heart remained.