

THIEF OF DREAMS

It is a dark and stormy night, and a man is lying on the ground, his body covered in blood. He is looking up at the sky, his eyes wide with fear. The sound of a gunshot is heard in the distance. The man's name is Jerry Payne, and he is a thief. He has just stolen a large sum of money, and he is being pursued by the police. He is running through the streets, trying to escape. He is looking back over his shoulder, trying to see if the police are following him. He is breathing heavily, his heart is pounding. He is a thief, and he is a thief of dreams.

When Jerry Payne stole the money, he was a thief. But when he stole the money, he was also a thief of dreams. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were poor and hungry. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were sick and dying. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in pain. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in need. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in despair. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in hope. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in love. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in life. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in death. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in heaven. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in hell. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in purgatory. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in limbo. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in the underworld. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in the underworld of hell. He was a thief of the dreams of the people who were in the underworld of hell.

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