

PROLOGUE

Fame is like a flame. A small flourish of light that's ignited with good intentions and kindled with aggressive aspirations. But as those dreams are stoked, the flame grows fiercer, often too hot to pass your finger through. Fame can spread like a blazing rash, infecting everything and everyone in its path. The flame is inexorable. It can't be stopped. *It won't be stopped.* Until it's extinguished.

Of course, some notoriety cannot be snuffed out. The force of it is too robust. People covet that fame. They *envy* it.

Those people become increasingly resentful as their small spark remains just that. No one—they think—deserves to shine forever, to eclipse all the others who are just as worthy of recognition.

Because only one other outcome is possible when a flame refuses to be choked.

It will explode.