

## **Fame Is Its Own Reward: Jens Ward**

As long as I have breath I seek that which has been denied me so far. My quest for fame burns deep within, consuming me from the inside out with a white-light intensity. The thought of not achieving it gnaws at my flesh on bone, stripping me of everything I thought I held dear creating an emptiness in my gut that requires my constant attention and total obligation. I despise my selfishness for feeling this way but I have grown to accept it and even embrace it without truly knowing why. My overwhelming desire is fame not fortune, for fortune has its own rewards. I am distracted only momentarily from my task before its fierceness and unrelenting attack on my senses returns. I knock on doors aplenty knowing that idleness and inaction is an automatic no. I have tasted the soup of success that fame brings to the table, and I want my fill of it. Its bitter sweet aftertaste leaves me thirsting for more and more. I want to stand on the shoulders of giants and receive applause and accolades from the masses below, for nothing else matters to me. I will leave no stone unturned, no ocean uncrossed or mountain unclimbed in my quest to claim what is rightfully mine. I will not falter or deviate from the path that I have chosen and damn my soul for all eternity, and rightfully so too, if I cannot achieve enduring fame in my lifetime and its legacy beyond.