

Age: 13

Worst Part of Being Famous: can't go skateboarding when he feels like it

Secret Fear: that he is growing up too fast

Future Goal: to play Eminem in the movie version of his life

Best Quality: talented



Age: 13

Hobby: photographing animal shapes

in clouds

Favorite Food: school cafeteria meatloaf

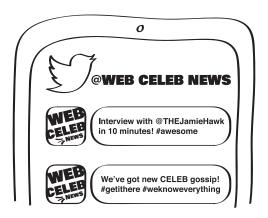
College Goal: to major in physics

at Cal Tech

Best Quality: smart

1 Jamie

"Get up, Jamie," his dad said. "You have an interview soon. Web Celeb news."



Jamie opened his eyes. His dad was staring at his tablet. Jamie hated that thing. It always meant work.



"Why so early?" Jamie asked. "I was out late."

"Sorry. Can't be helped." His dad sighed. Patted Jamie's arm. "Three more cities. Six more concerts. Then you can take a break."



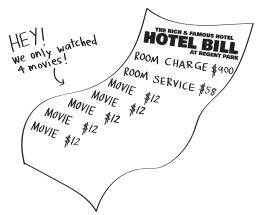
Jamie groaned. There was never a break. Not really. Not since he was five. When his dad posted that video. Jamie was singing. Wearing his jammies. Using a wooden spoon as his mic. It went viral. It happened in a flash. Normal kid to rock star.



It was fun. At first. Now? Not so much.

But Jamie had his fans to think of. He didn't want to let them down. He rolled out of bed. Dressed.

His dad's phone rang. He answered it with, "What? Are you kidding? I'll be right down." He clicked off. "Problem with the hotel bill," he said to Jamie. "I have to take care of it. Stay here."



"Fine."

His dad rushed out.

Jamie stared out the window. It was a

