

Unpopular pop star deaths

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Of the two brothers, Matt will go first. For a few days, Luke will wonder whether a member of Bros is a member of Bros if he is bro-less, but then he dies too.

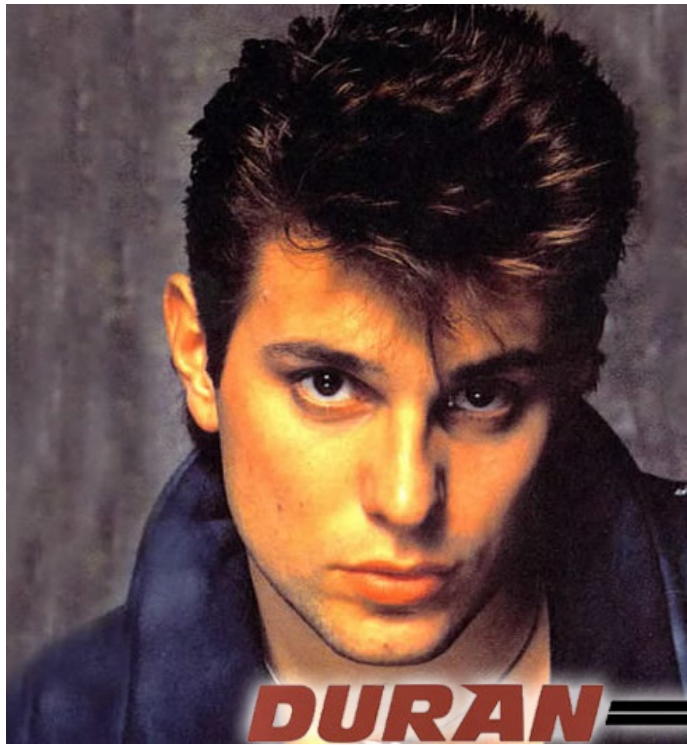


Tiffany will die.
Will she be more
alone then, or
less?

Twitter will tell us that Roger Taylor, drummer, is dead. We will for two seconds feel sad before we realise we don't know which Roger Taylor we're feeling sad about.

Queen Roger Taylor?





DURAN 
 **DURAN**

Or Duran
Duran Roger
Taylor?

In the confusion, we will forget we were sad. And then we will find out it was both. A head-on collision on a Midlands motorway, though neither was technically allowed to drive anymore. Because no one knows whether to play 'My Own Way' or 'Don't Stop Me Now' at the funeral, there is no funeral.



Martha Wash sang Ride on Time, It's Raining Men and Make you Sweat but good luck finding a t-shirt with her face on it.

Her death won't make the news.



Damien Leith, Natalie Gauci, Wes Carr, Stan Walker and even Guy Sebastian will die and no one will care.



Jessica Mauboy will
get a state funeral.



Normally we would have noticed Justin Bieber's death, but he dies 16 months after the final collapse of the world wide web and well after the coastal areas of the United States have drowned under floodwaters and its southern cities have become unliveable. Two days before his 56th birthday he slices his hand open trying to pierce a rusty can with a rusty nail. Six days later he is dead of sepsis, his life celebrated only by a feasting coyote.





It is hard to imagine that the world will change this much, but here's the thing: when Beyonce dies, no one will hear about it. At the time of Beyonce's death, no one alive remembers Lemonade. Small clans of scarified survivors have made a religion of the music of Dexys Midnight Runners. Dexys' 2012 album 'One day I'm going to soar' is the only recording that has survived the apocalypse. No one has ever heard of Come on Eileen.

Not even Kurt Cobain who, about a year after Justin Bieber is eaten by coyotes, watches as his taco cart is swept away by the Cascadia Tsunami. He goes by Don these days. Don Cobain, proprietor, Squirrel & Opossum Tacos. No one remembers his previous career. No one cares he once had a number one single. Don doesn't care either. He chucked it all in the summer Dave left and Krist hired Lars Ulrich to replace him. He was so tired. But now he isn't. He sits and watches the sun set into the swampy black ocean and wonders what he'll do with the rest of his days. It turns out there aren't many days left. On October 12 2051 an aneurysm explodes his brain and his body is never found because no one thinks to look for it. To be honest, it's all Don ever hoped for.

