

Revenge of Rock 'n' Roll: Julie Howard

I didn't die. Couldn't die. After all I was a COVID 33 baby, destined to live.

I see myself, listening to soundcasts of long dead rock n roll singers. A loner brought up by Nopains, surrounded by C33 orphans who'd never heard of Suzi Quatro or Joe Cocker. 'Oh, don't despair, lad, you don't know it, but you, Suzi and Joe will live on forever.'

When my first daughter was born, the Autarch brought in the regulation that The Nominated could only have two children – a boy and a girl. We were to choose two names which would be passed down the generations. Each generation was to be numbered so that accurate records could be kept. Of course, I chose Suzi and Cocker. Imagine my joy when four generations later Suzi Quatro was born. Mind you Cocker Dix has never forgiven me, I can't for the life of me remember why I didn't choose Joe.

So, to my young self I say, "Stay brave, stay strong and keep on rockin'".