

I see three little grey cubes stacked evenly with two at the bottom and one on top, each turned so that a corner faces me, framed by a circular shape made from eighty-eight equally spaced grey lines against a grey horizon.

A high-pitched whine emits loudly enough that it engulfs my ears like an artificial tinnitus. Whilst the image has some definite charm, albeit in a monochromatic, symmetrical way, it really isn't a very nice noise.

The voice of an anonymous but well-spoken elderly gentleman interrupts, and out in the distance, through the circle and beyond the cubes, a parallel universe comes into focus. Intrigued, I lean in closer, and closer, and closer still, hypnotised by a bright white light that soon breaks down into its individual, component colours.

I fall in.

Azure blue, turquoise, magenta and amber static now fizzes. Radio Signals? Sent by whom?

Scientists give the thumbs up and the dial is turned four clicks to the left. The drum machine kicks in and a synthesiser harmonises with an electric guitar. Then, through the blur of sleepy eyes, I see a man and a woman appear in the top left-hand corner, moving steadily to the centre.

*P-chhoom! P-chhoom! P-chhoom! P-chhoom!*

Four hand-drawn lines shoot into the picture like red-coloured laser beams and form a dancing square that traps their happy faces. He's a tanned man with bright white teeth and a mop of jet black, spiky hair. She's pretty with a beaming smile stretched beneath a fringe of blond-tinted highlights.

After a second or so, the quadratic prison explodes into life; it's now separate walls bouncing uncontrollably around. But, amidst a sea of chaotic, zigzagging squiggles of the same, primary redness, comes order once again, with the square gathering its equilateral form, though at a slightly different angle to how it sat before.

This calm doesn't last long, however. As soon as the square has reset, it goes nova for a second time, then a third, a fourth, and even a fifth. Yet the deep, rich, bottomless blue that stages this phenomenon never once flinches, it's age and place assured, and their faces, central to everything, remain full of hope and promise.

The drums, synthesisers and guitar fade out. The hum of a joyous, young crowd comes in.

"Hello." He says.

"Morning." She says.

"And Welcome..." They say together.