



THE HELMET

I've dreamt before that I'd invented a time machine and used it to travel to a future, parallel universe and visited my parents.

On previous occasions I would put on a glass helmet, like an old-fashioned space helmet, that was made of two hemispheres that closed over my head.

Usually it fits perfectly, but this time it is too tight and won't close.

We come to the conclusion that all this time-travelling has caused my body to enlarge - not in a 'getting fat' way, more like I have been scaled up.

Later on I am at a friends house demonstrating a fantastic way of recording sound on a sheet of paper.

This involves holding the paper over a computer screen as we speak to it.

When I click the 'play' button the paper vibrates and our voices are repeated back to us.

Everyone is amazed.

I tell them about my being enlarged by time-travelling and they reassure me that I have not grown or swollen - I dreamt the time-travelling.

And I remember that I did.

A stylized signature or scribble consisting of a few overlapping loops and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Rich White