Is it spelled pool???? Reverberate, cast, resort, reminiscing

My stick jabs the ball creating a distinct smack. The sound reverberates off of the walls and back onto the green pool table, it then travels down the staircase into the kitchen. Sometimes the smacking multiplies, creating a chain reaction, causing balls to fall into any of the six holes. Light is cast in the room from a single window, no wider than a twin bed. This natural light is accompanied by the warm, yellow bulbs above. Allowing me to see all the gold and silver trophies placed on dark shelves centered on the wall. At the opposite end of the window were the bedrooms and bathrooms. Next to the window was the staircase, leading to the rest of this humble resort. This “resort” was known as my grandparent’s house.

When I was young I came here nearly every summer, to relax, enjoy the sun, eat food, and just be. A life similar to that of a dog. I was fed, had many “toys” at my disposal, and the word stress was hard to find in my mental dictionary. It was a time of relaxation and timelessness. A time priceless enough to want to slip back into it.

“If you hit the bottom of the ball, you can put a reverse spin on it.” Uncle Corey explained this to me one day as he caught me playing pool. He was in his 20’s, and I was somewhat distant from him. I never saw him much, and had minimal interactions that I remember. Eventually a motorcycle accident took his life, and his room became a place of memories.

I jump into the cool, refreshing water of my grandparent’s clean pool. The palm trees make a distinct sway as the warm Arizona wind flows with them. The wind chimes sing, and birds converse. I take a deep breath and submerge in the clear liquid. All sounds are gone, except for my slow beating heart. As I travel deep down I feel my ears press against my skull. I can hear myself think again, I can feel the soothing water against my tan skin. Then suddenly my heart picks up, lungs grow tense, I look up at the other world. The world outside the pool, the trees disfigured by the warping of light through the waves. I accelerate upward and burst through waves like a shark, I gulp the summer air. As oxygen returns to my vitals, so do the birds, wind, bells, and smell of dinner on the grill… Is that hamburgers? (VOICE CHANGE?) Have it so that when you come out of the water, you wake up back to the college life.. so it provides contrast, and also mention that the grandparents are now retired and traveling the US. “but as I open my eyes I realize im not surrounded by water anymore, not in the upstairs pool room, not at the humble resort,, im sitting at my desk, reminiscing about good times.