Humble Resort

Talk about meaning of place to me.

Pick up insights, bring something to the audience for deeper understanding. These types of places are important to us in childhood, especially in the stage that we are in (college students), leaving childhood, having memories of life being simple and enjoyable. This is probably my main point is what those memories mean to me and others

Something about grandparents? They are still happy about loss. This may be another point

Put a story in instead of just pure description.

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 and 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 are the bedrooms and bathrooms. Next to the window is the staircase, leading to the rest of this humble resort. This so called “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.

“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. There was a conversation here or there, but nothing of extreme significance. His workout equipment occupied some of the garage, as well as his room. He enjoyed dirt bikes, motorcycles, and anything that could go fast. Eventually a motorcycle accident took his life, and his room became a place of memories.

As I step down the soft wide stairs, to my left is the front room. Filled with furniture some are leather, others soft, this is the first place I see when I come here. Most of the furniture is focused toward the neglected television. My family and I once spent a Christmas morning in this room, it was filled with many memories of which I do not remember. One thing I do remember is that I like spending Christmas back at home, where it snows. It never snows here in Arizona. When it’s snowing back at home, it’s a cool summer day here. To the right of the stairs leads to the outdoors. But before that there is the kitchen on the left, and another mini living room at the right. The flat-screen television here definitely isn’t neglected, as my grandpa Stan crushes the poor couch, it flinches as he gets comfortable. The leather is probably stretched in his favorite spot. I pass by these rooms, I never invested much time in them. Right as I open the back door I can see the glimmer of the warm, clear pool water. The water is calm, yet volatile as the gentle waves are pulled in every direction. I’m already in my bathing suit with my shirt off, I’m ready…

I step 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 the surface like a shark, and gulp the summer air. As oxygen returns to my vitals, so do the birds, wind, bells, and smell of dinner on the grill… But as I open my eyes I realize I’m not surrounded by water anymore. I’m not in the upstairs pool room, living room, or the kitchen. I’m nowhere to be found in the long lost humble resort. I’m off at college, working on a degree just like many of my other peers. We are all caught reminiscing at times, each one of us has our memories, experiences, and reflections. I wish I could be a child again, living the life of a pet. One simply has to eat, sleep, and do as they please at this humble resort. That house is gone now, taken by a crashed economy. Today my grandparents are happily retired and live in an RV that they travel across the states with.