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?