Description Essay Essay, Research Paper

The tiles were still dirty from the residue of chlorine and pittle combined into one thick layer of impossible gunk. This gunk surrounded the edge of pool right where the water met the lowest part of the tile and was even apparent underneath the shallowy water fountain around the back end. The ring had been worn away in spots where the missus had got so fed up that she was gonna put an end to this “ring of filth” once and for all. A few times she had started, but had always found a broken nail or straying hair to become spontaneously obsessive about when her arm got tired of scrubbing.

The diving board had been broken several times since last summer and had become somewhat of a hazard to the youngins. Just looking at the double springs and abrasive sheath gave you the terrible vision of skinned knees and broken dives. Certainly God himself was not going to put an end to this instrument of destruction, so mister did… several times at that. This particular pool on the block was in bad need of a filter change and drainage.

Looking up from the bottom, swirls of minute waves mixed with morning rays and seemed to catch even the dimmest glow of light. Waving, slowly, slowly… The pool only seemed to look good when one was in it. That didn’t make it bad or anything but you couldn’t enjoy it fully until you stepped in and took a few laps. Actually, there were no steps so every encounter had to begin with a jump which sent the coldest water rushing through every part of your body. The tingling down your spine would not go away for a few seconds and during those few you would imagine nothing but icebergs, penguins, and snow. Since there were no steps, the bottom of the pool gradually sloped down a mellow angle. Walking from one end to the other could prove fatal as the transition from four to eight feet seemed like a light stroll down the block. Time and again, that little slope had been the arena of more than one underwater sliding tournament; way funner than any game outside the water.

Fountains breached the edges on the side opposite of the tattered diving board. Two were made out of rocks and one just seemed to be there to connect the two and vent some excess water. Three in all if you want to count the gimpy one. The one in the center juts out of the tiled wall in an unorganized manner and shoots out water in a sheet formation. Not as good as it sounds. It was apparent that someone had smashed it good a couple of times just to get it to look like that so it makes one wonder what in the world it was like to begin with.

Anyways… crumiest, dirtiest pool on the block. The kind of thing that grandkids will laugh about when they have automatic cleaning pools or whatever. Sure it looked like it needed help but, what would happen if one morning it was clean? Somehow, even when you change things for the better, the old ways are still the most soothing.