Did the narrator find his mother's grave?

I stopped to let the car cool off and to study the map.

I had expected to be near my objective by now, but everything still seemed alien to me.

I was only five when my father had taken me abroad, and that was eighteen years ago.

When my mother had died after a tragic accident, he did not quickly recover from the shock and loneliness.

Everything around him was full of her presence, continually reopening the wound.

So he decided to emigrate.

In the new country, he became absorbed in making a new life for the two of us, so that he gradually ceased to grieve.

He did not marry again and I was brought up without a woman's care; but I lacked for nothing, for he was both father and mother to me.

He always meant to go back one day, but not to stay.

His roots and mine had become too firmly embedded in the new land.

But he wanted to see the old folk again and to visit my mother's grave.

He became mortally ill a few months before we had planned to go and, when he knew that he was dying, he made me promise to go on my own.

It was not that I actually remembered anything at all.

But my father had described over and over again what we should see at every milestone, after leaving the nearest town, so that I was positive I should recognize it as familiar territory.

Well, I had been wrong, for I was now lost.

I looked at the map and then at the milometer.

I had come ten miles since leaving the town, and at this point, according to my father, I should be looking at farms and cottages in a valley, with the spire of the church of our village showing in the far distance.

I could see no valley, no farms, no cottages, and no church spire - only a lake.

I decided that I must have taken a wrong turning somewhere.

So I drove back to the town and began to retrace the route, taking frequent glances at the map.

I landed up at the same corner.

The curious thing was that the lake was not marked on the map.

I felt as if I had stumbled into a nightmare country, as you sometimes do in dreams.

And, as in a nightmare, there was nobody in sight to help me.

Fortunately for me, as I was wondering what to do next, there appeared on the horizon a man on horseback, riding in my direction.

I waited till he came near, then I asked him the way to our old village.

He said that there was now no village.

I thought he must have misunderstood me, so I repeated his name.

This time he pointed to the lake.

The village no longer existed because it had been submerged, and all the valley too.

The lake was not a natural one, but a man-made reservoir.

In the place of the village, there was only a lake.

Had he taken the wrong turning?

He went back to town and retraced his route, only to finish up at the same spot.

The lake was not marked.

When a man on horseback appeared, the author asked the way to the old village.

The horseman told him there was no village and pointed to the lake: it had been submerged with the whole valley under a man-made reservoir.

There is a house in another part of my hometown that I would love to own.

It is called the 'White House', like the President's house in Washington!

I think you could easily describe it as a 'mansion', and it is magnificent.

I have no idea how much it is worth, but that doesn't worry me.

I admire the house and have always admired it I do not have to imagine what the house is like inside because I have, strange as it may seem, actually been inside.

About three years ago, the owner held an exhibition of sculptures and paintings in the house.

The exhibits were distributed throughout the house SO that all the visitors had a chance to see the house.

When you go in through the large, heavy green front door, you find yourself in a large entrance hall with a shining black and white marble floor, rooms leading off from it in all directions, and a large open staircase leading up to the first floor.

There is a large dining room on the right and a large sitting room on the left.

Both rooms have big windows that look out onto the front lawn.

There are always peacocks on the front lawn, and there are two large oak trees where you can sit in the shade on hot summer days.

At the back of the house is a large kitchen, a laundry, a work room, and a games room.

Upstairs, there are six bedrooms and four bathrooms.

I think there are four bathrooms, but I can't quite remember.

The house is full of beautiful antique furniture and all the rooms are decorated in a classical style-lots of light blue and light green paint with white doors, and quite a lot of gold decoration.

The whole thing may sound like a dream, but one day it will be reality.

One day, I will own my ideal house.

When the author thought he was near his objective, he stopped because he did not recognize any familiar landmarks.

Why did the author's father want his son to go back on his own? He had always intended that his son should see the land of their birth.

What made the author feel he had stumbled into a nightmare country? Nothing he saw corresponded to what he had expected to see.

I was only five when I had been taken abroad by my father, and that was eighteen years ago.

I asked him how to get to our old village.

The lake was not a natural one. It was a man-made one.