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Tim Winton

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Fred Scully can't wait to see his wife and daughter. He's got a new life for them all worked out. He's sweated on this reunion. The doors at the airport hiss open. Scully's life falls apart...

The Riders Details

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From Reader Review *The Riders* for online ebook

Jay says

I first read *The Riders* in 1996, shortly after its publication. Tim Winton had been shortlisted for the Booker Prize and I was anxious to try a new author. At the time, when I finished the book, I was disappointed in the story, frustrated by the ending and found Scully's search for his wife tedious. The writing left me cold. I shelved the volume and forgot about Winton.

At least I thought I had forgotten about him. Actually, the story and Winton's writing stayed not on the shelf but in the back of my mind, playing out at unexpected times. In 2009, with *The Riders* yet rambling in my mind, I picked up *Breath*, Winton's then new publication and became hooked. After completing *Breath* and then *Dirt Music*, I decided to re-read *The Riders*.

My second reading of *The Riders* some 15 years later opened up an entirely new appreciation of the work both in terms of its language and Fred Scully's world. One reviewer labeled it as a modern masterpiece and I agree. Winton needs to be read carefully and with reflection. His words move poetically and dynamically across the page, creating images and visions that weave themselves into your soul and mind. And the story after 15 years of quiet reflection and a second reading is clearly more than a journey in search of a disappeared wife. It's a study of obsessions, personal relationships, the complexities of commitment—rich explorations of the human condition.

Tim Winton has emerged for me as one of my favorite writers.

Moses Kilolo says

It's hard to describe a book that is in itself an epitome of description. Raw and beautiful, each sentence deserves to be read, reread and internalized.

But that may not really be the case with *The Riders*. You feel you just want to read the next sentence, and the next. Before you know it you are drawn into its world and Scully's journey through Europe, his little daughter tagging at hand, through the extremes of anticipation, search and heartbreak.

Scully is man that has been preparing a house for his wife and daughter to come home to. However, on the day that he awaits them to come, only his little daughter arrives. His search through every possible place he knows his wife could be takes him not only through Europe, but also through an inner journey the reader will identify with, and feel its heartbreak, the falsity of illusions.

Since its a very readable, very engaging book, the risk is that you read it too fast, and miss out on some of its beauty. But then you can always go back to page one, and in no time you'll have experienced the journey afresh. And it will speak to you just as though you are reading it for the first time, though with a better understanding now.

Deborah Ideiosepius says

This was an incandescently beautiful book!

The prose is absolutely lovely and that is the primary strength of the novel, every paragraph is a pleasure to read due to the writing.

The plot was a bit of a surprise because the blurb on the back says "*Fred Scully waits at the arrival gate of an international airport, anxious to see his wife and seven-year-old daughter. After two years in Europe they are finally settling down. He sees a new life before them, a stable outlook, and a cottage in the Irish countryside that he's renovated by hand. He's waited, sweated on this reunion. He does not like to be alone - he's that kind of man. The flight lands, the glass doors hiss open, and Scully's life begins to go down in flames.*"

In fact, this even occurs a good way into the book. The start of the book is about how Scully sets to, renovating a semi ruined croft in Ireland while his wife goes back to Australia to sell off their house and pack up their possessions. As a person interested in home renovation, this part was quite fascinating, also, I had never read Winton write about anywhere but Australia before and I was fascinated how lyrical he was about other countries.

Yes, countries, because after the even at the airport, Scully starts roaming Europe, looking for his wife so Winton takes us to quite a few other countries. The writing stayed wonderful thought and somehow Winton manages to make Scully sympathetic and relateable even when he does quite idiotic things, things any other character doing would probably make me stop reading....

Anyway, loved the book, written in 94, it has not aged to badly either.

Kim says

It's December 1987. Fred Scully – known simply as Scully – is renovating the dilapidated cottage in rural Ireland he and his wife Jennifer have bought on a whim at what was supposed to be the end of two years of living in Europe. Jennifer and their seven-year-old daughter Billie have returned to Australia to sell the family home so that the family can settle permanently in Ireland. Ten days before Christmas, Scully goes to the airport to collect Jennifer and Billie, but Billie arrives alone, too traumatised to tell her father what has happened to Jennifer. Devastated and increasingly out of control, Scully takes Billie with him to Greece, then to Paris and to Amsterdam, desperate to find his wife and to understand what has happened.

In the hands of another novelist, this would have been a thriller involving international intrigue, espionage and abduction. The hero would have performed super-human feats of strength and daring and all would have been tied up in a neat bow of explanation at the end. But Winton's not that kind of writer. Instead, this is an intelligent and thoughtful character study of a good man coming undone, of a man who loved too much and didn't really know the object of his love. The ending does not answer all of the questions raised in the narrative, although I still found it very satisfying.

Early in the novel, Scully is abundantly happy. He adores Jennifer and Billie and while the idea of buying the

cottage and living in Ireland has been Jennifer's idea, he's happy to go along with it. Scully is an unattractive, but intelligent and caring man who worked as a labourer in London, Paris and Greece so that Jennifer could pursue her dream of becoming an artist or writer. Then one cold night, in the ruins of a castle near his cottage, Scully sees a group of strange people and horses. The people are dressed and armed for hunting and they apparently don't see him. These people are "the Riders" of the title and this is the Wild Hunt of European mythology. Seeing the Wild Hunt means that disaster will follow. Knowing something about the myth makes what Winton is getting at easier to understand. It's also what makes the ending of the work – for me, at least – entirely right.

That Scully (and the reluctant Billie) are drawn into the Wild Hunt is made clear from other references in the text – the sight of "gypsy" boys riding horses bareback seen through the window of a train, the sound of horses' hooves on a street in Amsterdam when Scully is at his most unraveled. Having seen the Wild Hunt in Ireland, Scully is drawn into it and becomes one of the Riders in his mad trek across Europe trying to find Jennifer.

This work is less tied to landscape than much of Winton's other writing, although his descriptions of Ireland, of the Greek island of Hydra, of Paris and Amsterdam are important parts of the narrative. What stands out for me in Winton's writing is his sensory imagery: things aren't just seen, they're felt, heard, smelt, tasted. There's a solidity and a corporality in these images that is in sharp juxtaposition to the mystical element of the Wild Hunt. What also stands out is Winton's exploration of the novel's themes: love, obsession, what it feels like to be a stranger in strange lands and the fact that people, no matter how much we love them and how well we think we know them, are essentially unknowable. This is a novel which moved me deeply and which has stayed with me since I finished it. Leaving Scully and Billie at the end was a wrench.

I listened to the audiobook edition narrated by actor Stanley McGeagh, who apparently started his career in Ireland. McGeagh's Irish, Greek and French accents were pretty good, although a Dutch accent proved beyond his skill set and Scully's Australian accent was hit and miss. McGeagh was generally able to reproduce our flattened vowels, but from time to time his diphthongs became a little confused and Scully started sounding South African. It's a minor issue that wouldn't be noticed by anyone unfamiliar with the differences between Australian and South African accents. Overall, listening was a pleasure.

Mollie says

I loved it while I was reading it, HATED it when I finished it, but now with a bit of perspective, I think I'd recommend it. It made me want to move to Ireland, abandon my career, and buy a little house in the countryside to fix up. I mean, it **really** made me want to do these things. I thought about it quite seriously.

Jeannette Katzir says

The Riders, by Tim Winton

I gave this book 2 stars because Mr Winton is a skillful writer, BUT the story left me completely unsatisfied. The premise is about a man, who considers himself Quasimoto-ish, and who is refurbishing a house in Ireland for his beloved wife and daughter.

When he arrives at the airport only the daughter arrives. Where is his wife? What has happened to her? We don't know, he doesn't know, and for reasons not ever explained, the daughter won't tell.

The balance of the book drones on as he tries to figure out where his wife is. He never bothers to insist that his daughter tell him, rather traipses around Europe looking for her. His daughter is cold, dirty, gets attacked by a dog and still he never asks her where her mother is?

By the end of the book, I was tired of reading his overly wordy descriptions and began skimming.

The book ends without answering the question of where the mother is, or making any apologies to his daughter. Thinking it over I might try and give it only 1-1/2 stars, but that's not possible

Corey says

Jaysus, can this dude write! The distressing travails of poor Scully shape a peripatetic tale unlike any other, but it's the language that I want to hoot about. Now I want to read everything Winton's done.

Bibliophile says

Tim Winton is an excellent writer, and *The Riders* contains some wonderful prose. It's a hard book to rate, because on the one hand it's riveting, and on the other hand it made me incredibly uncomfortable. Everything about this book was unsettling.

It begins with Scully, an Australian with the face of "an axe-murderer, a sniffer of bicycle seats", fixing up a cottage in the sticks in southern Ireland, waiting for his wife Jennifer and their 7-year old daughter Billie to join him. The cottage was bought on a whim, and sounds truly awful. That right there made me wonder. Who in their right mind would want to live in a primitive cottage with no electricity and an outhouse? How were they planning to make a living? The locals are as baffled as I. Since the story takes place in the eighties, Scully communicates with Jennifer through telegrams. She tells him their house in Australia has been sold, and that she and Billie will be arriving in three weeks time. When the plane lands, only Billie is on it, and she's not talking.

Through some very hazy reasoning, Scully decides against contacting the authorities and instead drags his traumatized daughter on a wild goose chase across Europe. For some reason the family has been living in Greece, Paris and London, and Scully the bicycle-seat-sniffer traces their steps expecting to find Jennifer simply by grabbing uncomprehending Greeks by the collar and yelling "where is she?!". Now, this made me think that the adoring husband and father was perhaps an unhinged, unreliable narrator, and that Jennifer was probably sleeping with the fishes. But noo, that would be too conventional.

From there on, the trip becomes a nightmarish odyssey through Europe. Scully makes one irrational decision after another, and the poor kid is mangled by a dog, accosted by a pedophile, pees herself in Paris, and is forced to save her deadbeat Dad from himself. Winton's Europe, by the way, consists of reeking alleyways, drunks and whores and malfunctioning toilets. With all the bowel action going on in this novel, this last part is extra painful to read about. At one Paris establishment, Billie finds a naked guy on the bathroom floor with a flower up his bum. Well done Billie, you don't find that in a *Lonely Planet*! And Amsterdam as we all know is the Sodom and Gomorra of the EU, so naturally Scully ends up dildo-whipped and jailed.

The ending was fitting I suppose, but unsatisfying. I'm a big girl and I've been around the literary block a few times, so I knew not to expect answers and a neatly wrapped ending from a book like this. But after all that filth and misery and child abuse and sex toy violence I felt I deserved a bigger payoff. Still, Winton is a fine

writer so don't let my prissiness put you off.

Jeanette "Astute Crabbist" says

I will remember this book for its prose. Tim Winton's writing is at times astoundingly gorgeous. I enjoyed some of the characters, and the story in its pieces was worth reading. As a whole, however, the plot suffers from a lack of polish and planning. The entire book is ONE...BIG...TEASE!!!

The Riders is at times dolorous, at times comic, and sometimes both simultaneously. The scene in the Amsterdam sex toy shop made me laugh so hard I had to put the book aside. "*People began to scramble across a drift of plastic penises.*" I could just picture the whole thing so vividly. And yet, it was really sad and pathetic that Scully had sunk low enough to have created that mess. By that point in the book I felt like he *deserved* the beating across the face with a dildo. A fitting punishment for a bonehead! ;-)

I grew increasingly exasperated with this book the deeper I got into it. Tim Winton plants seeds of mystery and spookiness and never brings any of them to fruition. Even the title is a tease. He makes such a big deal about Scully's vision of "the riders" early in the book. It's spooky and exciting, and makes you think they'll be a significant part of the mystery. He mentions them again a time or two, but they're just another dropped thread. Why name the book for them?

I was most fond of the Pete-the-Post character. I loved his Irish charm and humor, and his reliability. He barely knows Scully, but is always there willing to help. We all need a friend like that who will say "I've got your back" when we have nowhere else to turn.

Kathy says

Although this story captivated me and drew me along with the story, I did not like it. When I finished it I was left feeling frustrated and angry with the characters. It is said to be a book about the love of a father for his child and all I saw was a man willing to leave his child in the most dangerous of places to search for his wife who had obviously left him. His total obsession with this women who has most definatley done the dirty on him was tiring to say the least.

A few memorable moments but far too few for me.

4triplezed says

The first Winton book I have read and I have come out of it massively impressed.

We are told the bitter tale of a man called Scully and his daughter Billie. Scully is desperately in love with his wife who, seemingly out of the blue, deserts him. With that event we eventually learn Scully and his wife are different. Scully is not that attractive. Hard worker that he is, Scully, is basically rustic. Unbeknownst to himself he is not part of the intellectual expatriate art set his wife is attracted to and seemingly part of. With

that we get a portrait of a man out of his depth as he chases his heart and loses his mind. All this with a wise beyond her years daughter Billie in tow. Six year old Billie is seemingly unable to tell her father what happened when the mother put her on a plane and sent her to oblivion. But she has a love for her father that allows her to be dragged into his mental carnage and take him to the bitter ending that was always the only end.

The brilliance of this book is the way that the author has articulated how the mind of Scully broke down as he realised he was betrayed by what he held dear, that those he trusted were never trustworthy. The growing realisation that life can be bitter.

And The Riders? As the reader I was drawn to these ghostly characters that appear at the start and the end of Scully's journey. To me they were a metaphor for the chasers that never finds the answer.

Superb read for me personally.

Susan says

: I've liked what I've read of Winton (Cloudstreet and Dirt Music) and this one is no exception. The main character, Scully, is from Freemantle in Western Australia. He's a big, unattractive guy, a laborer whose skills are currently put to use renovating an old Irish farmhouse which had taken his wife's fancy on a visit to Ireland. His wife, Jennifer, who's pregnant with their second child, is in Australia with their 7 year-old daughter, Billie, typing loose ends for their planned move to Ireland.

On the day—shortly before Christmas—when his family is supposed to arrive at Shannon, Billie is alone on the plane, scared enough that she can't even talk to tell her father what happened to Jennifer. The airline shows Jennifer arrived at Heathrow but didn't continue on to Shannon. Scully, panicked and not thinking clearly, takes off after her, Billie in tow, and they end up on a frantic trip to London, a Greek island where they'd lived happily before Ireland, Paris, and Amsterdam. The third person narrative shifts occasionally from Scully to Billie's point of view, particularly as the former gets more and more out of control (he's accused of murder (wrongly) in Greece but runs anyway and in Amsterdam he's arrested, drunk and dirty. At one point—after he's stolen money from Irma, a good-hearted but screwy woman who's clearly attracted to him and wants to help, Billie practically takes control, appropriating the money. Scully gets more and more desperate, chasing women on the street who look like Jennifer, while Billie, devoted to her father, doesn't particularly want her mother back.

Gradually, partly through Billie's point of view, the reader gets a picture of Jennifer, as a woman, more educated than Scully, with a yen to be an artist, but evidently without the talent. Whether she ever loved Scully is unclear, but during what he sees as a romantic period of living in Europe, with Scully working on house renovations with other illegals to get them money, Jennifer's been seeking out more sophisticated friends, artists and writers and wannabes like herself. The child she carries may not be Scully's; in fact, there may not even be a child....

Two somewhat blatant associations clarify the meaning of Scully's desperation. The first is the poem, "On Raglan Road" by Australian Patrick Kavanagh which is quoted in the text. The poem is about a man who "loved too much" and "wooed not as I should a creature made of clay". An angel who loved like that would lose his wings, concludes the poem. The second reference is to "the riders", a group of gypsies in Ireland—travelers, that Scully sees and is attracted by early in the novel and then again at the very end when, on New Year's night he follows Billie out into the snow to the ruined castle near their Irish farmhouse. There some riders have paused, but this time Scully rejects the itinerate life they lead—and presumably the

traveling he's been doing himself.

Nancy Oakes says

The Riders were "unseen, patient, dogged faithful in all weathers and all worlds, waiting for something promised, something that was plainly their due..."

When Fred Scully started out his new life in Ireland he was a rider. Scully, his wife Jennifer and their daughter Billie, all from Australia, traveled throughout Europe, where he would take on the grunt jobs to keep them alive while Jennifer explored herself, painting, writing, going to parties with her artsy friends. In one of their travels, they ended up in Ireland, where out exploring, they found a small house which used to belong to the caretaker of an old castle. Jennifer knew immediately that she had to have this place, so they bought it. All that was left to do was to go back to Australia, sell their current place, tidy up some loose ends & then she & Billie would be back while Scully got the place ready for their arrival.

On the day that Jennifer and Billie were to arrive at the airport in Shannon, Scully goes to meet them. However, there's a problem...only Billie gets off the plane from Heathrow, where the Qantas plane from Australia landed before she switched planes to go to Ireland. Billie won't say a word; obviously she is traumatized by something. At his wits end, Scully tries to figure out where Jennifer might be and sets off traveling throughout Europe to find her. But the question is, does Jennifer want to be found?

This novel was incredible. It has been criticized for not tidying things up at the end, not putting together the loose ends that dangle waiting for answers. However, as we all know, many times some of the most pressing questions in life go unanswered. Personally, I don't think those questions needed to be answered because all in all, if you read it carefully, you'll realize that those points are irrelevant...redemption for Scully & for Billie come in the realization that all that really matters is having the strength to go on. I very highly recommend this book. It is not a book full of warm fuzzies, indeed it is very dark and disturbing.

The writing is most excellent and the characterization is perfect. Highly, highly recommended.

Peter says

when i was 12 i moved to bendigo; when tim winton was 12 he moved to albanly in western australia. i think those years highly influence the rest of your life...i became a dummy, and tim winton became a writer. i visited the wa south coast four years ago, already a winton fan, but not knowing he hailed from there. albanly reflects the provincial, harsh, devastatingly masculine language of winton. he drags his sentences from the massive boulders, from the depths of the sounds, from the sweat and the stench of it's whaling stations. i can't imagine the perfection of his language coming totally naturally...i think he only releases a novel every four or five years because of the time and effort involved in their creation. (i hope this is true, not that he is just bone lazy) the riders was the first of his books that i read, and fortunately there were others in existence; for a few years i was able to read a new one every year of so. but it's been four years now since "breath", and we're all getting itchy tim..

i was stunned by the riders. i'm usually more of a story person, and tim winton is not really for story people.

just the way he strings together otherwise mis-matched words and hits you and hits you...he carries you along within his thoughts. does he know where his stories are going? does he have a plan before he starts? he just takes you drifting along in scully's almost-real world, in his haunting/haunted search; but does winton know any better than you where we are going? perhaps he is better organised than i suspect, and that is why he is able to take me along this rambling, ethereal path that no other writer can. it's been eight years but i can still recall the feeling of dread, the hollow fear that scully's courage would lead him and billie to disaster...

Ashley Hay says

I've just re-read *The Riders* - 18 or 19 years after my first reading, and now in possession of my own family. The first time around, I got it less than I got Tim Winton's other books, which I loved. I couldn't fully understand its frenzy, or its panic. Reading it again all these years later, I relished it, and it read (as I just wrote in a review of another book for another place) as a masterclass in "ferocious love, human bafflement, and awful, indomitable pain". Proof, if proof was ever needed, that we can read the same book at different times and find it a different thing altogether. And proof, too, if proof was needed, of Tim Winton's brilliance with stories and with words. Looking forward to the release of *"Eyrie"* - and glad I revisited this one, all this time on.

Mag says

A comparison comes to mind with Henry James- and his "portrait" of "old" Europe: sophisticated, elegant, blasé and rotten under its delicate skin, juxtaposed Australia- new, uncomplicated, unspoiled and sincere. Fred Scully is an optimistic, "uncomplicated young Australian", terribly in love with his much more pretentious wife and with his intelligent seven year old daughter. He is a man who likes to work with his hands with no hang-ups about any type of employment as long as it provides money for his family. The book starts when he is renovating an old Irish farmhouse where his family has decided to move to and settle. He is alone and anxiously waiting for his wife and daughter. They are to come as soon as the house in Australia has been sold and all documents are in order. The day comes to pick them up from the airport and his daughter comes out. Alone. No sight of his wife, no note, no telegram, nothing. His traumatized daughter is of no help. Dropping everything, Scully frantically grabs his daughter and sets out to look for his wife in Europe.

I enjoyed this book on many levels: I really liked the "anti-hero" hero of this book, possibly misunderstood by many readers who, like his European friends, misunderstand and underestimate him, and call him "a working class hero". In my opinion, Scully is and isn't - he is by choice, but not by his background. He works with his hands, yes, but he has also had quite a bit of education- studied architecture, and has literary reading tastes- *Slaughterhouse Five*, *The World According to Garp*. He is more of a free man who provides a living the way he can. He is just gifted in what he does. It was also refreshing to see a really good daughter-father relationship in a book for a change. Scully and his daughter have an almost extrasensory understanding. The language is very good too with the lyricism, especially in the descriptions of nature and landscape which appeal to all senses and are done wonderfully and with a type of sensitivity that is almost tangible.

4.5/5

Chris says

I hated this book so much that I threw it across the room immediately after reading the last sentence, and then picked it up and shoved it deep into the garbage, covered in filth.

Fred it such an awful, unlikeable loser, I hated him the entire book and secretly wished someone would do him in at every turn. I found the story overly drawn out and the plot was ham-fisted and awful.

There is nothing redeeming about this book and I warn everyone who values the short time they have on this earth to avoid it.

Rebecca says

It's tempting to be infuriated by the lack of resolution around Jennifer's actions and motivations, but I think that's to miss the point of the book. The point is, Jennifer is not the point! It doesn't matter what she has done or why. The story is about the journey through obsession (and finally, thankfully, out of it) and what that does to you and the loved ones you drag along the way with you. Adding the backstory of Jennifer's disappearance into the story wouldn't have added any depth to that central truth - that's my take on it, anyway.

The whole time I was reading it, I was wincing over the way Scully refused to protect his daughter, or put her first. Of course, she's a plot device just like Jennifer is, illustrating the depths and breadths of Scully's obsession, but despite knowing that I felt a lot of sympathy for poor Billie. I guess I've become very sensitive to the plight of children, even fictional ones, since my own came along!

X 2 to the reviewer who identified the Riders as the Celtic Hunt. Good pickup and I agree.

Rebbie says

At first I wasn't sure how to feel about this book...on one hand, it's got wonderful, fluid prose. On the other hand, the main character (Scully) was frustrating beyond words, especially as the book progressed. The sole reason for this is because the synopsis leads one to believe that the book is going in an entirely different direction with its intentions.

The synopsis isn't exactly misleading per se, but it does give the impression that the novel will move along at either a regular- or fast-paced speed. This is not true. In fact, Scully doesn't go to the airport to pick up his wife and daughter until page 90-91 or so.

The book is essentially about a man's withdrawal from sanity or at least an emotionally healthy state, as he searches nonstop for his missing wife. She's not missing as in "someone took her" but as in "why didn't you come home with our daughter?" kind of way. <--this is not a spoiler, don't worry.

In essence, this novel is not really about Scully's search for his missing wife. It's truly about Scully himself, and how he reacts to situations he puts both himself and his daughter Billie in. The story takes the reader through Scully's journey of madness, and his spiral into the abyss of illogical behavior and a severely emotional reaction to his wife's choice not to come home.

One of the best part of the books is the character development of the 7 year old daughter, Billie. She's a special little girl, and it was almost breathtaking to see how the author let this character bloom into herself naturally, and let the chips fall where they may in regards to her reaction to events she finds herself being involved in.

Very few authors can write children with such razor-sharp intuition, especially when the child character experiences stressful and/or painful events. In real life, these types of things would alter not just how a child behaves, but how they view the world and react to future events. In a sense, we're seeing Billie's evolution in this book; it's of a little girl who deals head-on not just with her father and his behavior, but with her mother as well.

The writing here is stunning, and the journey that the story will take you on is unique, and not just because it involves delving into a broken man's psyche, but in the way it gives the other characters the respect they deserve to be well-developed.

I've noticed that the lower ratings from this book mostly have to do with the reader not being prepared for the type of story they find themselves reading, and that is entirely the fault of the synopsis. I found myself getting frustrated as well, but that was due to my own expectations. Once I accepted the fact that this story is a sprawling coming-into-madness-from-a-broken-heart story, I accepted the story for what it is: an undoubtedly beautiful piece of art.

Elaine says

After a friend read this I felt that I needed to reread it as other than remembering having enjoyed it I couldn't really recall very much about it. I did find that a lot came back to me but I think a few things may have impacted more this time round than they did the first time. I found that I was not as sympathetic towards Scully and his almost insane obsession with finding his wife. What he did to his 7 year old daughter Billie in the process almost bordered on abuse. This was very much a book about the journey rather than the destination and Winton, with his wonderful knack for language, kept me riveted the whole time. It was a very compelling read that leads you to a deeper understanding of human nature and the extremes we are capable of. As is always the case with Winton there was also a bit of the mystical about this book too, which only added to the intrigue. This, like Cloudstreet, may not be everyone's cup of tea but if you are a fan I highly recommend The Riders as long as you're willing to keep an open mind.
