



Strange Shores

Arnaldur Indriðason

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Published now in twenty-six countries around the world, Inspector Erlendur joins Maigret, Morse, Wallander, and a handful of other world-famous policemen who provide must-reading for suspense fans everywhere.

In this latest puzzle, Inspector Erlendur learns of the baffling story of Matthildur, a local woman who went missing years earlier on the night of a violent storm. A frequent visitor to his birthplace, Erlendur has spent his whole life searching for his brother, Beggi, who was lost in a snowstorm when they were both children. As he begins to ask questions about the fateful evening when Matthildur disappeared, Erlendur begins to suspect what may have also befallen his long-lost brother.

Can Erlendur possibly solve the disappearances of Matthildur and Beggi, after all these decades? Or are the forces that want him to stop investigating stronger than he is? Indriðason's fans will race to discover the truth behind one of the most memorable endings in modern crime fiction.

(copied from the cover)

Strange Shores Details

Date : Published August 26th 2014 by Minotaur Books (first published 2010)

ISBN :

Author : Arnaldur Indriðason

Format : Kindle Edition 304 pages

Genre : Mystery, Crime, Fiction, European Literature, Scandinavian Literature, Thriller, Scandinavian Lite..., Nordic Noir

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From Reader Review Strange Shores for online ebook

Alessia Scurati says

Ne ho letti 7 di romanzi di Indriðason, tutti con Erlendur protagonista. Questo è il migliore che ho letto finora.

C'è qualcosa nell'atmosfera, nel ritorno alle origini dell'ispettore, che cattura fin dalla prima pagina. Forse è la nostalgia, forse è la tenerezza - ma di tenerezza si può parlare quando hai a che fare con morti avvenute in lande gelate?

Erlendur questa volta indaga su un cold case (molto cold, è il caso di dire: una donna scomparsa durante una tempesta di neve negli anni della Guerra), ma che in realtà cerca risposte sulla sua personale tragedia: la scomparsa e morte dichiarata del fratello durante un tempesta di neve quando erano bambini. O forse, Lenni cerca risposte sulle abitudini delle volpi.

Quando le troverà, le risposte, non saranno mai come ce le si aspettava.

Perché le risposte - mai come in questo romanzo- sono risposte che tutti sanno e che nessuno ha voglia di dare a voce alta.

È bellissima l'ambientazione, è perfetto l'utilizzo dei personaggi, è bella questa ricerca intima ambientata in un posto dove anche la neve e le volpi parlano - gli uomini meno, hanno sempre qualcosa da nascondere.

Un giallo costruito con sapienza, equilibrio, sensibilità.

Alla fine Erlendur si ficca un pochino di più nel cuore del lettore.

Davvero bello, bello, bello.

Carolyn says

"Then Beggi must come too".

These words, spoken by ten-year old Erlendur to his father before setting out up the mountain to search for some lost ewes, will condemn him to a lifetime of profound, almost debilitating guilt.

This introspective novel offers multiple levels of understanding through its non-linear text. On one hand, we follow Erlendur's investigation into the fate of Matthildur as he gradually gleans the truth from her contemporaries, now in their 80s and 90s, and on the other, is Erlendur's existential quest into the loss of his brother Beggi. All the while, there is an intimate reflection on the process of mourning, the duality of the desire for the discovery of the truth yet the fear of it.

Throughout, the past interfaces with the present, and we are given an insight into the influences which formed Erlendur's character. On his return to Bakkasel on the death of his father, the teenage Erlendur "was convinced there and then that he would never be a happy man." Even earlier, as a young child, he contrasted himself with his sunny-tempered little brother, describing himself as, "irritable, overbearing and demanding, and like his father in looks and temperament". (The father had also suffered bouts of severe depression). The entire Erlendur saga is as much an examination of family influences as of crime. We see the generational and emotional legacies that have affected Erlendur and his children with such ill-effect. Nightmares recur, mourning and guilt persist, the past is almost a malevolent spirit.

As in all the novels, we see the positive side of Erlendur - the persistent, perceptive and almost intuitive detective, who despite the odds and the passage of years, manages to determine the fate of Matthildur. This is despite the initial reluctance of Ezra, Hrund and the other old people to divulge anything.

But by far the most melancholy and, to this reader, heartbreaking part of the novel was the description of those 'strange shores' between life and death. The three stages of hypothermia are succinctly yet accurately described, and the reader can determine for himself exactly which stage is reached. This was extremely difficult to read, and the reader hovered between absolute despair and the flickering light of a possible peace.

This tragic, poetic and very spiritual book will stay in the heart of the reader for a very long time.

Gloria Feit says

A recurring theme throughout all the previous novels in this series is the haunting feeling Inspector Erlendur has over the disappearance of his younger brother during a blizzard many years before. The boy was never found, and Erlendur and his parents moved away to Reykjavik. From time to time, Erlendur returns to the East Fjord area where he grew up and strides around the moors in an attempt to find some clue to his brother's assumed demise.

In this novel, we find Erlendur camping out in the derelict building where he grew up. Only this time, through a chance meeting on the moors he finds a clue and becomes involved in a quest not only to discover what happened to his brother, but also as to the disappearance of a young woman in 1942 under similar circumstances. It is apparently pretty common for such occurrences during snowstorms. Around the same time, a group of British soldiers were lost in the wilderness, some found, others having died because of the severity of the elements.

All the novels in the series are so well-written that it is always a pleasure to read them. And "Strange Shores" is a masterpiece of psychological achievement, providing insight not only into Erlendur's psyche, but into all the characters playing a part in the plot. Erlendur is in some ways similar to other Scandinavian protagonists: dogged, persistent and unconventional in his approach to solving a mystery. However, he is a much more sympathetic person than others of his type.

Highly recommended.

Alex Cantone says

The mercury had dropped sharply in the night and the ground was white right down to the shore. It was the first snowfall of autumn and brought with it the customary alien stillness, muffling the houses and landscape in a soft, white quilt.

Strange Shores by Iceland's master storyteller Arnaldur Indriðason is the last in the series featuring Inspector Erlendur Sveinsson. Erlendur is on leave, returning to his roots in the East fjords where his parents are buried and his brother Bergur perished in a blizzard, aged eight. The death has haunted him for years: survivor guilt that he should not have allowed the youngster to accompany him and his father as they searched the moors for lost sheep. His death sparked a lifelong fascination of missing persons and stories of survival.

While camping out in the ruins of his former home in the moors Erlendur encounters a neighbour, the

farmer, Bóas, out hunting an Arctic fox stalking his stock. The farmer is curious as to why Erlendur is there, suspicious of strangers with the building of a dam to supply power to the smelter under construction at Reydarfjörður. As the two men walk together, Erlendur outlines the loss of his brother, but is also intrigued by a story he remembers from his youth of a young woman, Matthildur, who went missing on the moors in a blizzard in 1942, and was never found. Coincidentally, 60 British servicemen billeted in the area at the time were caught in the treacherous conditions, the locals finding and saving 48 and the bodies of the others accounted for. Bóas gives him the name of the woman's youngest sister, still living in the small town.

Once again Indriðason produces a mystery filled with intrigue as Erlendur meets the elderly residents of the area, opening up old wounds as he pieces together the last days of the missing woman, revealing a tale of love, loss, revenge and ultimately closure. *Who is to benefit from knowing?*

While Erlendur investigates he reflects on his childhood, his relationship with his parents and why he is drawn back to where his brother died. The story is sad but far from morbid and gently brings the character's own life to a fitting end.

Raven says

And so the end is near, and Detective Erlendur faces his final curtain. Billed as the last book of the superlative Murder In Reykavik series to feature Erlendur, I will of course endeavour not to give anything away in terms of how likely he is to return or not, not wishing to mar your own journey across the frozen wastes with our long established Icelandic detective...

From the initial epigraph, taken from a poem by Icelandic poet Snorri Hjartarson, the novel carries a strange ethereal air, compounded by Erlendur's involvement in two missing person cases, firmly rooted in the distant past. Indriðason uses the conceit of Erlendur being on vacation to facilitate this, and crucially camping out in the ruins of his childhood home, neatly casting the pall of past events over the novel. From the haunting echoes of his past life that Erlendur experiences, as he revisits his brother's disappearance when they were young boys, to the case of a missing woman, Matthildur, from many years previously that piques his interest as a detective, the associated guilt and the sense of unfinished business looms large throughout. Erlendur doggedly tracks the course of events leading to the woman's disappearance, stirring up some uncomfortable truths and uncovering the wounds of the past in a controlled and slow burning, but eminently satisfactory central plot. Indriðason employs his characteristic sublime pacing neatly reflecting the slow march of time, but also how incidental this is for those whose lives are so defined by events of the past.

The more elderly and curmudgeonly characters Indriðason employs in this storyline are a joy, providing a wonderful mirror image of Erlendur's own tendencies towards these darker and introspective moods. His interactions with them, seeking to tease out the truth of past events is, at times, so filled with such poignancy that as a reader you will be genuinely moved, as the story of Matthildur's disappearance and that of Erlendur's lost brother Bergur, converge and separate throughout the course of the book. The way that Indriðason portrayed the older members of his cast was beautifully done, with some neatly fitting the traditional characteristics of a long hard life lived not without its attendant miseries, and others with a veritable twinkle of mischievousness about them. Erlendur himself pitches between his role as a natural investigator, and yet a man seemingly unable to solve the greatest mystery of his life, leading to his own reference back to and meditation on, his familial relationships. The dark sense of introspection peppered throughout the story makes the tone absolutely fitting to a book billed as a final chapter to the exploits of long standing character. As to the outcome of Erlendur's personal journey of discovery, I'm giving nothing away...

This was classic Indridason, employing his trademark precision of style and pared down dialogue, all within the arena of a beautifully imagined and flawlessly described Icelandic wilderness. Slow moving, thoughtful and with an almost supernatural feel to the whole book, Indridason continues to adhere to my own belief that he is incapable of letting the reader down, yet again producing a five star read to satisfy any lover of Scandinavian crime fiction.

Marita says

"'Haven't we had enough?' said Ninna. 'Enough of these interminable winters?'" In the harsh Icelandic weather people get lost, people die.

Throughout the series thus far (I think, as I haven't read every book) Inspector Erlendur Sveinsson spends time pondering the fate of his eight year old brother, Bergur, who went missing in a snow storm and of whom no trace was ever found. In this novel Erlendur takes leave from his job in Reykjavik to once again visit his old home and to re-think the whole episode yet again. Will Erlendur finally find closure?

So this is no police procedural, but Erlendur does some investigating on his own behalf. It is a tale of obsession, of coping with loss, grief and guilt. Erlendur looks at other instances of people going missing in bad weather in the hope of picking up some clues and becomes interested, if not obsessed, with the case of a married woman, Mathildur, who had apparently set out to visit her mother but who was caught in a terrible storm and was never seen or heard of again.

This incident had happened many years previously, and people who knew about the case had either died or are old. Nevertheless, Erlendur badgers whoever he can find in order to discover the fate of the unfortunate woman. He is not above doing a bit of digging in the cemetery at night either.

Mathildur's story and that of Erlendur are intertwined and told partly in flashbacks and from different points of view. These are interspersed by Erlendur's vivid dreams. Secrets are slowly drawn out of reluctant witnesses, and Erlendur becomes more relentless in his quest to solve the mystery as his policeman's instincts kick in.

There is some irony, such as (view spoiler)

Dagný says

Furðustrandir is not an entertaining book. It is somber and slow. The protagonist, the police detective who has been Arnaldur's main character in many of the previous books, goes among old people and tries to figure out the fate of a person who disappeared over half a century ago. Not that he knew this person nor that anyone asks him; he just wants to figure out what happened, who done it, and where the remains of that person are. All the while the policeman's own childhood trauma of losing his younger brother in a snowstorm intersects the narrative. The little boy's remains had never been found, either, and the sorrow and the search for the remains had always been a huge part of this character's life ever since; it is something the readers of all the books in the series are familiar with.

I felt slightly impatient reading the book. Yet the craft by which Arnaldur Indriðason tells the story kept me

reading. When I finished the book, late at night, I startled myself with the sound that escaped from me. It was a deep sob somewhere from the bottom of my soul.

Lynne King says

You find the oddest things in foxholes.

There's just something so different about authors from the Nordic climes. It is as if the freezing weather, snow, blizzards, etc. have entered into the recesses of their souls and located all those ideas that the subconscious unleashes in its full poetic velocity.

I really love a detective story from time to time. I guess my main interest is that I enjoy searching for clues within the text. But as for this book? Well I have never come across this writing style before with its metaphysical aspects that marry exceptionally well with the story and Detective Erlendur's sheer deductive reasoning.

I couldn't wait to turn the page to see what was going to happen next and then finally with the denouement, what to say? The words I read horrified me somewhat and I felt a cold shudder run through me at the time. I reread it and the description here is splendid even though very unsettling to my psyche. It shows what a human being is capable of doing. Was this due to revenge or was this individual looking for some sign that the *evil doer* had repented. I finally found out.

The plot runs with a sub-plot but the latter proves to be the most important for Erlender, thus leaning very heavily on the metaphysical aspect and the ending left me somewhat perplexed quite frankly in this respect.

Briefly, Detective Erlendur used to live in Eskifjörður with his parents and his brother Bergur (known as Beggi) in the house at Bakkasel. His father Sveinn suffered from severe depression and having a small farm, which didn't make much money, didn't help his condition. One evening his father announces that he must go out and look for some lost ewes and wishes Erlendur to accompany him. The young boy, ten at the time said that his eight year old brother Beggi should also go with them. A dreadful blizzard ensued and Beggi, who had been holding hands with his brother, mysteriously disappeared into the gloom, never to be seen again. Many years later, the little car that Beggi had been carrying that night, appears...

He was supposed to stick with me. I was holding his hand all the time but suddenly he wasn't there anymore. I kept shouting and calling his name but I couldn't even hear my own voice.

This loss of Bergur had such an effect on the boy's parents, and also Erlendur, that they moved to Reykjavík. However, after his parents' death, Erlendur often went and stayed in the old ruined croft at Bakkasel in Eskifjörður. On this particular occasion he met a hunter called Bóas, who had been aware at the time of Beggi's disappearance but Bóas also mentioned another strange case, that of Matthildur, a local woman, who went missing, during the Second World War at about the same time as some British soldiers in the area, who had got into difficulties. This aroused Erlendur's curiosity.

Bóas and Hrund had both hinted that perhaps Matthildur had never left home in the first place.

I've always... felt Matthildur's disappearance was a matter for the police.

There are really interesting characters involved such as Hrund, the sister of Matthildur; Jacob, her husband; the child (now grown up of course) Jacob denied as his; and Ezra a man in his nineties who was a good friend of Jacob. Now this latter individual absolutely fascinated me!

Erlendur painstakingly proceeds with his investigation of the case of Matthildur and reaches his own mind-blowing conclusions. This leads to some rather interesting connections with coffins and also what could possibly happen to them. Remarkable...

Slowly, the past begins to surrender its secrets. But as Erlendur uncovers a story about the limits of human endurance, he realises that many people would prefer their crimes to stay buried.

The suspense was kept to the end and that was spell-binding. This is a brilliant book and definitely worth reading and even rereading as I have done.

Ed says

Erlendur, reeling from his last case (Hyperthermia) finds himself in self imposed exile in his run down family home in the the East Fjord region of Iceland. Still haunted by the tragedy of loosing his 8 year old brother in blizzard years before, he becomes obsessed with an eerily similar, 49 year old potential cold case. Matthildur, a young married woman, disappeared one night in a freak blizzard and her body was never found. Erlendur becomes obsessively compelled to conduct a one man, unofficial investigation into her disappearance and in the process, finally find some answers to his brother's disappearance. His task becomes all the more difficult since the few surviving people with connections to Matthildur still harbor secrets they want to remain buried.

This is an original and very poignant story of a good man's desperate attempt in finding the truth of a potential cold case crime, not for legal redress but for clarity and closure for those few people still alive who remembered and loved Matthildur and for his own personal redemption.

Nancy Oakes says

4.5 stars, rounded up.

I love this author, his characters, especially Erlendur, and this book. Indridason is one of a core group of Scandinavian crime writers whose work I feel is genuinely outstanding. I'm not overly fond of a lot of newer Scandinavian crime authors who seem to want to mix romance, badass chicks, and crime with over-the-top thriller action, all of which seem to quite popular after the advent of the Lisbeth Salander novels. Not my style. That's a whole 'nother discussion though, and I don't have space here to go into it.

Moving right along, you can read the long version of this discussion here or, if you are familiar with my overly wordy style of writing and want the short and sweet, read on.

If you've followed the entire Erlendur saga, the last time anyone in Reykjavik saw him was during the events of *Hypothermia*, a case that had stirred up Erlendur's memories of his brother's death in the mountains of Eskifjörður, near to where they'd grown up. The end of that novel reveals that Erlendur had returned to the "derelict farm that had once been his home;" as *Strange Shores* begins, he's still there, camped out comfortably in the old croft at Bakkasel. It's a place where he can relive his memories about the day he lost his brother and the reason for the guilt he's carried with him ever since. As the novel opens, Erlendur is out walking one day and runs into a farmer who's an expert on foxes; as they're talking, the farmer tells Erlendur that he had been part of the search party who'd gone to search for Erlendur's brother, who had gone missing

years ago in a blizzard after becoming separated from Erlendur. From him, Erlendur learns of a group of sixty British soldiers had also become caught in a storm on the moors during the war, an event that people still remember. What people don't seem to talk about any longer, however, is the disappearance in the same storm of Matthildur, a young woman who had supposedly gone off on foot across the moors to visit her mother in a neighboring town, and caught in the storm, was never seen nor heard from again. As he gets wrapped up in Matthildur's story, as his curiosity morphs into a private investigation, and as he continues on his quest, he begins to realize that perhaps there are some people who would rather that he stop dredging up the past and leave well alone.

As in many of Indridason's Erlendur novels, *Strange Shores* dwells largely on the past, and in this book, the Inspector's quest to "track down what was lost" leads him not only to uncover information about Matthildur, but about his brother and himself as well. Even considering the feelings I have about the ending of this book, it is truly one of Indridason's best, a book no crime fiction reader following this series should miss. It is the most poignant of the entire series, the most beautifully written, and trust me, one you will not soon forget.

Do not, under any circumstances, let this be your introduction to Erlendur. Start with *Jar City*, and make your way through the series slowly, savoring every second. This isn't a series even remotely close to thriller-ville like a lot of crime writing, nor is it filled with fast-paced action or badass women. If that's what you want in your Scandinavian crime, go for it, but you won't get that here. This series is highly intelligent, sophisticated, and is one to be savored.

Paul Lockman says

4.5 stars.

A young woman walks into the frozen fjords of Iceland, never to be seen again. But Matthildur leaves in her wake rumours of lies, betrayal and revenge.

Decades later, somewhere in the same wilderness, Detective Erlendur is on the hunt. He is looking for Matthildur but also for a long-lost brother, whose disappearance in a snowstorm when they were children has coloured his entire life. He is looking for answers

Slowly, the past begins to surrender its secrets. But as Erlendur uncovers a story about the limits of human endurance, he realises that many people would prefer their crimes to stay buried.

That was a direct copy from the inside jacket of the book, a little lazy but I thought it summed up the story succinctly. This was my first book by Arnaldur Indriðason and I happen to have read the very last in the Detective Erlendur series first but I don't think that will really matter too much. Erlendur is on leave and has returned to his hometown and is very persistent and determined to find out what happened to Matthildur all those years ago. He is drip fed titbits of information from each person he interviews until he finally uncovers a tragic love triangle between Matthildur, her husband Jakob and his best friend Ezra. All the while he is investigating Matthildur's disappearance he is reflecting on and mourning the disappearance and loss of his younger brother Beggi. I enjoyed the way the story unfolded and can see why Indridason is such a highly regarded storyteller and am looking forward to my next Erlendur book.

Monica says

I am reluctant to give two stars to any of Indridason's writing because he is still a beautiful story teller and a

smooth writer but this novel sadly disappoints again. Yes, Erlendur has made a return as a detective but the plot of this latest in the detective series is a lacklustre recycling of themes from his best two novels; perhaps not incidentally his first two masterpieces Jar City and Silence of the Grave. The disappearance of a woman, a mystery which brings into play her abusive husband feels revisited and there is no breathless page turning to find out what became of her. The reason for this is that the principal characters remain undeveloped throughout the story, they never come alive, it's as if Indridason is realising he is getting dangerously close to themes he has dealt with so poignantly in the past and for fear of repetition, he stops short and the story stays flat. Even the parallel story of Erlendur's own personal drama, the disappearance of his brother feels quite stilted, such a central story which has been running through all the other books should, I believe, have deserved more attention as the culmination of Erlendur's own tragedy. I have been quietly let down by at least three of latest novels in this series; perhaps it is time for Indridason to abandon Erlendur and start afresh on new material? I hope not because the old detective is a brilliant creation whom I would certainly miss.

Jenny says

Strange Shores is book 11 in the Reykjavik Murder Mystery series by Arnaldur Indridason. Detective Erlendur went back to Urdarklettur near the fjords to investigate the disappearance of Matthildur. Also, Detective Erlendur hoping during his investigation into Matthildur disappearance that he will find closure on his missing brother Bergur who disappeared while he was a child. However, he did not realise that the truth will affect so many people and one of them will be him. The readers of Strange Shores will follow the twist and turns in Detective Erlendur investigation to find answers to Matthildur and Bergur's disappearance.

Strange Shores is the first book I have read of Arnaldur Indridason, and I enjoyed it. I love the way Arnaldur Indridason describes his settings and the plot that allows me to be part of the story. I was engaged with Strange Shores from the first page because it was well written and researched by Arnaldur Indridason. I like Arnaldur Indridason portrayal of his characters and the way they interact with each other.

The readers of Strange Shores will learn about law enforcement procedures in Iceland when they investigate cold cases. Also, the readers of Strange Shores will see how dangerous and beautiful East Iceland is for the residents.

I recommend this book.

Ellie says

I am very fond of Arnaldur Indriðason Nordic Noir series (which includes Jar City, a book I particularly enjoyed) with the moody Inspector Erlendur heading a cast of likable police officers. I like the characters and I love the Icelandic setting. I wasn't sure how I felt about Strange Shores, another installment in this series, until I was 3/4 through and couldn't stop reading.

Inspector Erlendur is visiting the small village where he grew up and where he and his father and his little brother got caught in a terrible blizzard when Erlendur was 10. The father and Erlendur survived, little Beggi was never found. His brother's disappearance haunts all of the books in the series and is an ongoing presence in Erlendur's life, a part of who he is and what he does.

Erlendur learns of the disappearance of a woman in a blizzard whose body, like his brother's, was never found. Erlendur doesn't just hunt for missing people as a job, he is compelled to by his early loss to hunt for

all the lost people of the earth. His pursuit of the explanation of this woman's disappearance leads him to discover crimes half a century old.

The mystery was not very exciting in this book-it was easy to guess what the crimes were and their perpetrators but the atmosphere of loss and guilt and a vanishing Iceland being torn away for "development" was very powerful. I came to care about the characters and to be immersed in the atmosphere which I loved and found haunting and hypnotic.

So I would only give the book 3 stars for plot but at least 4 for mood and characters. So 3.5 would be fairer but I'm going with 3. If you love this series and/or Nordic Noir ambiance then you should definitely read this book.

Dimitris Passas says

"His mind plays odd tricks on him, shuttling back and forth between past and present, through time and space, and there is little he can do to control the shifts"

Το "Strange Shores" είναι η τελευταία ιστορία του επιθεωρητή Ερλντουρ, ο οποίος εγκαταλείπει το Ρίκιαβικ και γυρνά στο ερειπωμένο και μισογκρεμισμένο σπίτι του στα ανατολικά φιόρδ της Ισλανδίας, εκεί όπου βασιλεύει το σκοτάδι και τα ανελήθητα καιρικά φαινόμενα που έχουν οδηγήσει σε πολλές περιστατικές θανάτων εξάφανεσων των ανθρώπων που τολμήσαν να εκτεθούν σε αυτό. Ο Indridason, ο οποίος σημειωτόν είναι πλέον ο συγγραφέας με τις μεγαλύτερες πωλσεις στην Ισλανδία- περισσότερες και από του Haldor Laxness-, βάζει την τελευταία ψηφίδα σε μια εξαιρετική από κάθε άποψη σειρά, η οποία προσφέρει και μερικά "διαμάντια" της crime fiction, όπως είναι το "Jar City" ή το βαθιά μελαγχολικό και τραγικό "The Silence of the Grave". Προσωπική θεωρώ ότι το "Strange Shores" είναι αν όχι το καλύτερο, τότε σίγουρα μέσα στα τρία καλύτερα μυθιστορήματα του Ισλανδο συγγραφέα, καθώς σε αυτό αναδεικνύεται με φωτεινότερο και αρτιότερο τρόπο ο χαρακτήρας του Ερλντουρ, ο οποίος θα αντιμετωπίσει επιτλους τους προσωπικούς του δαίμονες που τον καταδικούν από την παιδική του ηλικία και βέβαια σχετίζονται με την εξάφνιση του μικρότερου του αδερφού Bergur σε μια σαρωτική χιονοθύελλα περίπου 40 χρόνια πριν. Το φινάλε, αν και είναι έντονα συγκινησιακό φορτισμένο, πιστεύω ότι είναι και η πλέον αρμυζουσα κατάληξη για τον χαρακτήρα του Έρλεντουρ και συνεπώς με το πορτραίτο που σκιαγραφεί ο Indridason στα προηγούμενα βιβλία της σειράς.

Το γεγονός ότι η συγκεκριμένη σειρά λαμβάνει τέλος δεν σημαίνει βέβαια ότι δεν θα έχουμε την ευκαιρία να απολαύσουμε περισσότερο Indridason στο μέλλον αφού ήδη έχει εκδοθεί το πρώτο βιβλίο της νέας του σειράς που τοποθετείται χωροχρονικά στο Ρίκιαβικ κατά την περίοδο του Β' Π.Π. (βλ. "The Shadow District"), ενώ μέσα στους επόμενες μήνες θα κυκλοφορήσει η αγγλική μετάφραση και του δεύτερου βιβλίου με τίτλο "The Shadow Killer".
