

## CONFORM BOOK CLUB KIT

FILL OUT [THIS FORM](#) TO REQUEST ARIEL SULLIVAN  
JOIN YOUR CONFORM BOOK CLUB DISCUSSION!

Dear Reader,

I'll never forget when I first heard Ariel Sullivan talk about the *Conform* series. I had invited her son over to play with mine; Ariel dropped him off. I didn't know her well, but when I heard her mention an ambitious trilogy of trilogies, I was astonished and awed, and wanted to hear more.

She told me about the futuristic world she had created, ravaged by nuclear war, where women's only responsibility is to populate the world—a world where beauty, art, and love itself are discouraged. She told me about a world, not unlike our own, divided by class; however, this system was also dictated by the currency of genetics. She told me about Emeline, the protagonist of *Conform*—a woman who slowly learns how to use her own voice and step into her own power.

As if that wasn't enough . . . this inventive setup was combined with a juicy love triangle, forming a new genre: dystomance!

I've been handed books in every way possible: Strangers walking down the street in New York City slip me something they've recently written, friends send books in the mail with notes, and passengers pass me books on planes. But this was different. I could tell from our short conversation that Ariel had put so much thought into the world-building and vision for the series. I found myself wanting not only to read the first book but to get my hands on all of these books. I thought of all the readers who wanted to weave romance with bigger themes and questions of a woman's place in the world, class, and power.

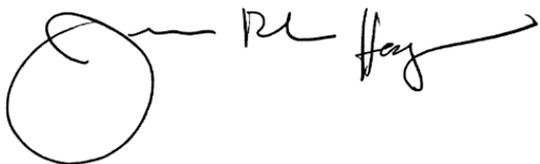
When I finally did get to read *Conform*, I devoured it.

Ariel is a beautiful writer. The world of *Conform* delighted me: It was colorful, inventive, and addicting. Reading *Conform* gave me the same feeling I had when I was younger, reading *The Hunger Games*. I had never read anything quite like Ariel's debut, and when I finished it at six a.m. on a treadmill (yes, it is that good!), I was desperate for the sequel!

Ariel is a talent who I know will entice readers for years to come, and I can't wait for you to read *Conform*, the very first novel from Thousand Voices.

Enjoy every minute!

Jenna Bush Hager

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Jenna Bush Hager', with a large circular flourish on the left side.

# DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. The book opens with Emeline destroying precious artifacts—what did that immediately tell you about the world you were entering? What do you think it represents to these characters?
2. Emeline’s family dynamic is revealed in pieces—what did you think about her siblings and their relationship to the society’s power structure? What about her parents?
3. Do you suspect there’s something larger at play with Emeline being chosen as the first Illum mate in years? Why do you think they chose her?
4. If you could have more backstory on one character in the novel, who would it be and why? What questions are you dying to have answered?
5. How does Emeline’s attraction to both Collin and Hal reflect her inner conflict between wanting both security and to fight against circumstance?
6. What does the novel suggest about the cost of love in a society built and reliant on complete control? What do you think that reflects about the nature of love?
7. From what we know about Emeline’s character, which do you think she values more: love, or freedom? What about Hal and Collin?
8. If you had to guess right now, who do you think The Reaper is? Why—what hints did you pick up on?
9. How do you imagine Emeline’s role in the rebellion will evolve as the series continues?
10. What is the number one question you were left with that you hope to see resolved in the next book?



THE CITY

LOW TOWN

THE NASTELANDS

THE BRIDGE

THE RIVER

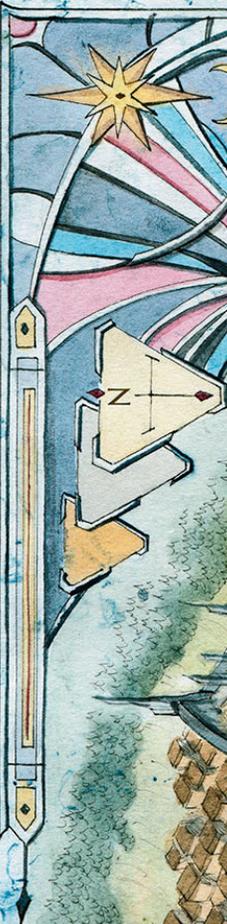
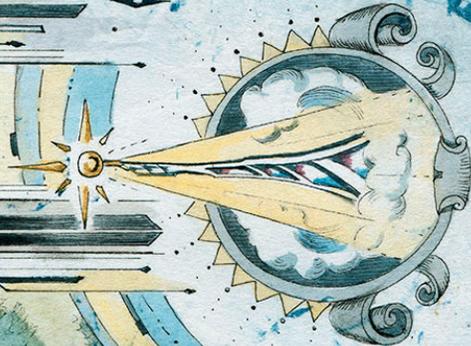
THE ACADEMY

HIGH TOWN

THE CLOUDS

THE BANKS

THE SANCTUARY



# PLAYLIST

You can listen to Ariel's Spotify playlist for *Conform* [here!](#)

Busyhead by Noah Kahan  
What Was I Made For? by Billie Eilish  
Willow by Taylor Swift  
Where You're Coming From by Vincent Lima  
Crooked the Road. by Mon Rovia  
The Winner Takes It All (unplugged) by Natalie Marian  
I Look in People's Windows by Taylor Swift  
Good People by Mumford & Sons  
Human by Rag'n'Bone Man  
Who's Afraid of Little Old Me by Taylor Swift  
hope ur ok by Olivia Rodrigo  
Maybe We Do by Zach Seabaugh  
Albatross by Taylor Swift  
Trauma by NF  
Glitch by Taylor Swift  
Heading South by Zach Bryan  
The Mask by Matt Maeson  
Labour (Extended Cut, RAK Session) by Paris Paloma  
Only Love Can Hurt Like This (Off the Cuff) by Paloma Faith  
I Hate It Here by Taylor Swift  
Bad Habits (Acoustic Version) by Ed Sheeran  
Dancing on My Own by Calum Scott  
Liability by Lorde  
Burn by David Kushner  
Change by NF  
Good Luck, Babe! by Chappell Roan  
I Can't Go On Without You by KALEO  
Never Enough by Loren Allred  
Chloe or Sam or Sophia or Marcus by Taylor Swift  
No Complaints by Noah Kahan

# CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

## INGREDIENTS

200 g (7 oz.) dark chocolate  
3 large eggs (separated)  
3 tbsp. sugar (optional, adjust to taste)  
1 cup (240 ml) heavy cream  
1 tsp. vanilla extract (optional)  
A pinch of salt

## INSTRUCTIONS

Break the chocolate into small pieces and melt it gently over a double boiler (or in the microwave in 20-second bursts). Let it cool slightly so it's warm but not hot.

In a chilled bowl, whip the heavy cream until soft peaks form. Set aside in the fridge.

In another clean bowl, whisk the egg whites with a pinch of salt until soft peaks form.

Gradually add the sugar and continue whisking until stiff peaks form.

Quickly stir the egg yolks into the melted chocolate until smooth.

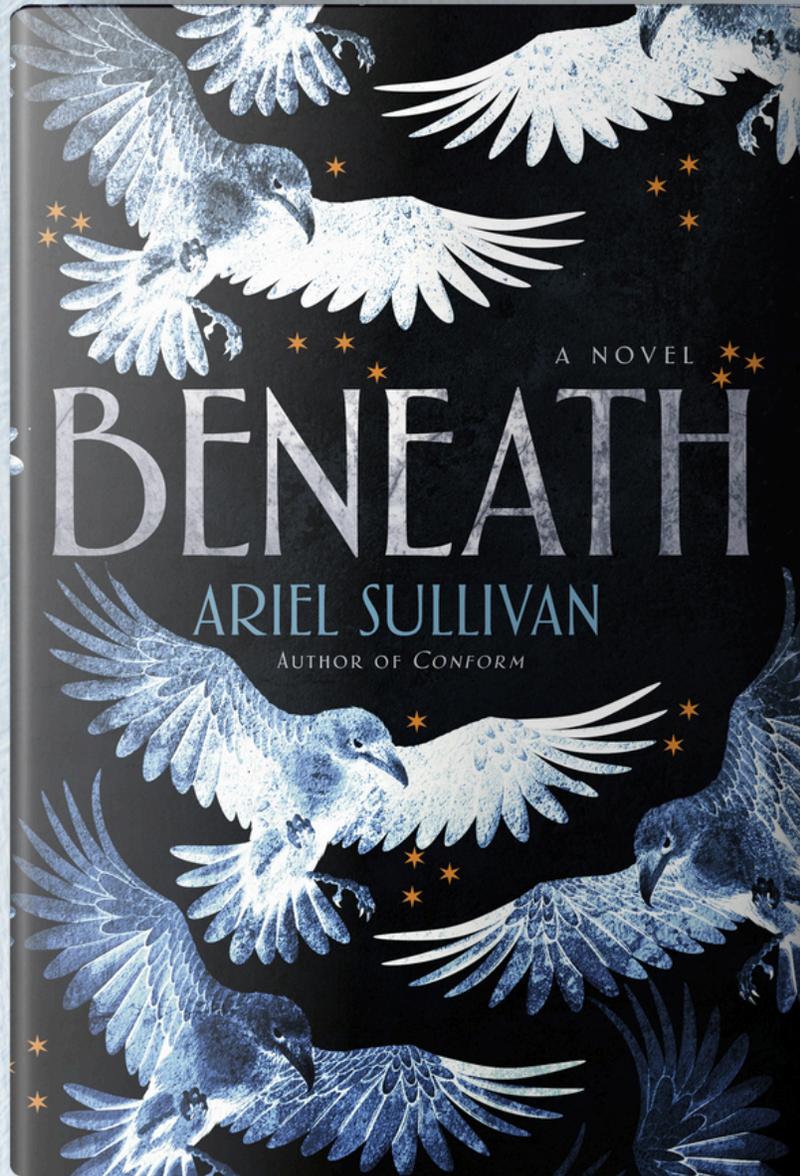
Gently fold the whipped cream into the chocolate mixture. Then carefully fold in the beaten egg whites until fully combined and airy.

Spoon the mousse into small cups or glasses. Refrigerate for at least 2–3 hours (or overnight) until set.

Source: [cadburydessertscorner.com/articles/how-to-make-chilled-chocolate-mousse-cups-for-parties](https://cadburydessertscorner.com/articles/how-to-make-chilled-chocolate-mousse-cups-for-parties)



READ AN EXCERPT  
FROM BENEATH



HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE BEING FORCED TO CONFORM,  
HUMANITY DWELLED BENEATH.

## DAY 100

*Do you ever wonder what you would do if someone— god, the universe, whoever— gave you the ability to undo just one thing? What would you choose? How would you decide?*

*These thoughts have haunted me since this became my new way of life.*

*Before, I had a whole host of things I would change— so many that it's hard to know where to start. Maybe I could have convinced my mother to hang on in the end. Perhaps she wouldn't have given up. But I think of my father leaving. Maybe I would have made him stay, and things would have been different. Maybe I wouldn't have kept my anger locked up all these years.*

*Maybe I'd take back all the hateful things I said when everyone I cared for seemed to just give up. There are lighter things, too. Like being embarrassed in middle school for liking art. Or for having a crush on Sam. Seems stupid that I ever cared what anyone thought.*

*Then the world fell apart— my world fell apart, and there's no going back. Now all I can think about is that one moment. . . .*

*There are so many things I could have done differently. The things I should have said torment me day and night. Those terms don't mean anything now, anyway. Nothing means anything.*

*I'm just trying to survive.*

*Maybe that's why I find myself writing in this damn journal all the time. Trying to hold on to memories that I know will fade with time. Would it be a mercy to forget? I don't know.*

*I can't say I'll be sad when my time comes to be buried beneath and return to the earth, or what's left of her.*

*Maybe I would have said what I felt. What I wanted. What I needed.*

*I would have said I love you more.*

*I think that would have made all the difference.*

*But then, I'll never know.*

# CHAPTER 1

I fucking hate humans.

Sirens pierced the air all around me.

*Maybe that's a bit harsh. Fine, I just hate humans.*

The wailing siren filled the tunnels, a deafening alert of yet another nuclear storm raging on the surface. We all huddled hidden beneath the ground like ants. What was left of us, anyway.

The last storm trapped us down here for months— or moons, as some people had taken to calling our survivalist passing of time. I just called it hell. But even that meant less and less as religions disappeared. I didn't blame anyone for forsaking any of the gods they had once worshipped when not a single one had come to our aid.

Rations had diminished to crumbs in order to preserve provisions. I wasn't exactly looking forward to losing the essential weight I had just put back on. I picked at my still- loose pants; at least I had a belt this time. I grimaced, remembering how I had come by the belt. The deceased patient I had taken it from. Survival. I twisted the gray identification band around my left wrist.

*You have to survive, my little flower.* I doubted my father would still call me that if he had seen what I had become. The things I had done to survive.

Across from me, a little girl let out a small whimper, staring at me with wide, dark brown eyes, almost the same shade as mine. A green identification band glinted as she covered her ears. A man and a woman—her parents, I assumed—wrapped their bodies around the little girl—shielding her.

She couldn't be older than three. Maybe four. The woman ran a comforting hand through her daughter's hair. A family. An anomaly these days. A relic of life before the war; a life that little girl wouldn't have been alive to see.

We had been dwelling almost entirely underground for six years now. The message auto-repeated on the radio along with the coordinates as the end approached.

*All are welcome in Haven, humanity's last hope!*

I had delayed coming, the distrust and fear overwhelming. That had been a mistake. The idea of never seeing the sky, of being shut up with others who might have been an enemy . . . I hadn't been able to stomach it. I fought against it, until I had no choice. Until I found myself sprinting here, desperate. Then, the reason for my desperation died.

I stayed simply because I had nowhere to go. No one and nothing.

I had been right to be weary; it was always dark. There was no tracking time besides the noises; bells, buzzes, and alarms. We were left to believe the sounds represented the passing of time. It was disorienting.

Now, it felt normal. That frightened me. But what other option did I have? The land above was uninhabitable, decimated by the war.

I was fifteen when the war started. Tensions worldwide had been on edge for some time, felt by all regardless of nationality. Then it happened; it had been a Monday. I was dressed for school complaining about a math exam I didn't want to take. I had pinned back my long, dark auburn hair with a pink bow to garner a reaction from my mother.

She told me the bow looked lovely while tending to my two younger siblings. I still remember her distracted smile.

Then my parents' cellphones had started dinging. My father had read the screen before grabbing the remote. The news filled our home, and everything shifted. A permanent fracture in my life.

I hardly understood the gravity of it, but sometimes, those first harrowing images still drove me from my sleep all these years later. No one had been prepared for how quickly the war escalated. Technology broadcasted every moment across the entire world, into everyone's homes and phone screens, the coverage inescapable. It felt like no time at all until those broadcasts reached our backyard. Until it was our towns and cities being shown, and the next, and the next. One endless live stream of humanity obliterating itself.

In two years, humans destroyed the planet, countries, hope, and one another. Fueled by anger and fear, the media our endless food source. The enemy had seemed faceless initially, some faraway assault threatening our safety; that had been easier. Once food and resources became scarce, neighbors became the enemy. Then illness turned loved ones into the enemy. I had kept mine alive while terrified I too would fall ill. I never caught it, but they didn't get better.

Now, I was alone. I wiggled my cold toes in my oversize boots.

There had been billions of people before the war. Here at Haven, the population was a tiny fraction of that. It had felt like a lot in the beginning, each day bringing droves of people. The tunnels had felt cramped. Sleeping arrangements were scarce. But the nuclear storms picked up, and the doors closed. Those left above died. The supplies dwindled, and people began to starve. Cramped places bred disease. Suddenly, sleeping arrangements became available again, this time assigned by the leaders who implemented a rudimentary social system to help us survive.

The family across from me should ignite some hope for humanity—that they had found a way to carry on and bring more life into a world hell-bent on dying. That alone should reignite my desire to keep fighting.

Fight who, though? The enemy had been everywhere. It had worn many faces and appeared in so many forms until it destroyed everything.

I didn't know what I was still fighting for or what we were fighting against. I couldn't change the broken earth, the raging storms that made life almost impossible, the radiation that blanketed the planet. I couldn't change that the remaining survivors were direct competition for the resources, including the little girl in front of me. Where did it end?

READ THE REST, MARCH 24, 2026