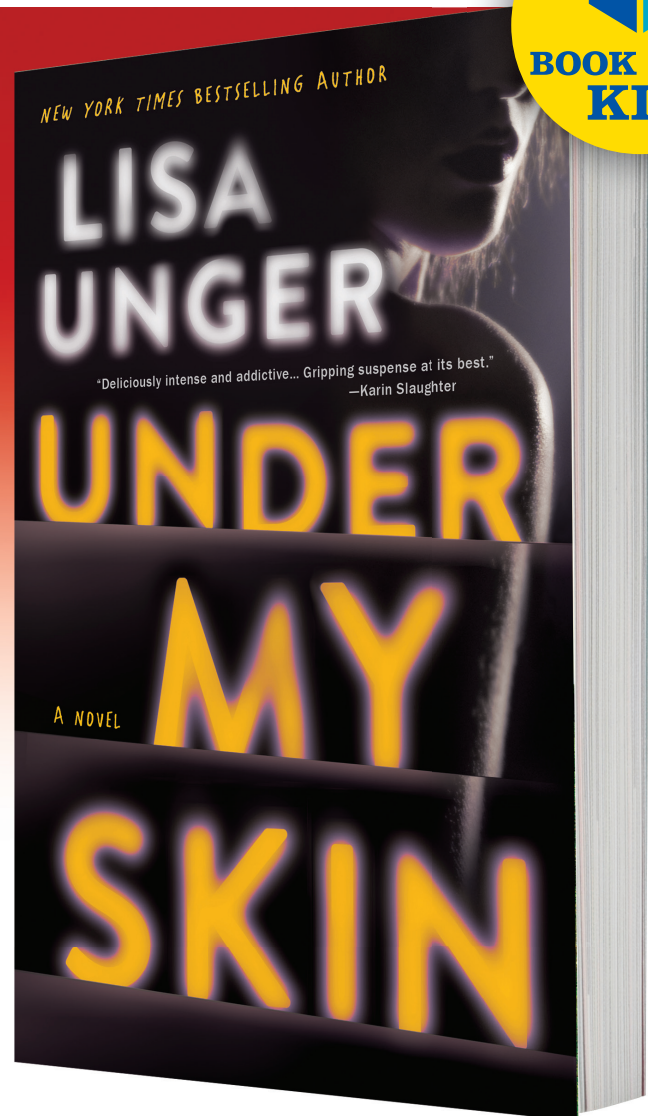


Your Next Book Club Read



Poppy won't stop until she uncovers the truth. And neither will you...

It's been a year since Poppy's husband, Jack, was brutally murdered. Since then, Poppy's dreams are haunted by unanswered questions. But what if her nightmares are actually memories?



Discussion Questions

1. Poppy's psychologist encourages her to keep a dream journal, claiming that in our dreamscapes we can learn a lot about our waking life. Do you believe this is true? Have you ever learned anything illuminating about your deepest self through your dreams?
2. Poppy's "date" with Rick is about to go horribly wrong. And even before that, she's aggravated by his self-absorption. She observes that he "has that way about him that people do now. As if they are putting on a show of themselves, as if the moment is being watched rather than lived." What do you think she means by this?
3. Apart from it being her vocation, what role does photography play in Poppy's life, in her relationship to Jack? What role does it play in the story?
4. How did you feel about Noah at first? Were you suspicious of him, his motives and actions? How did you feel about him at the end of the book?
5. "What do you call someone who's shared your whole life, who seems to know you better than you know yourself, accepts all your many flaws and weaknesses as just flubs in the fabric of who you are?" This is how Poppy describes her relationship to her best friend Layla. How does this friendship bolster her, and how does it blind her throughout the novel?

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About the Author

Lisa is a *New York Times* and international bestselling, award-winning author. Her books are published in twenty-six languages worldwide, have sold millions of copies and have been named “Best of the Year” or top picks by the *Today Show*, *Good Morning America*, *Entertainment Weekly* and the *Sun-Sentinel*, among others.

Lisa lives in the Tampa Bay area of Florida with her husband, daughter and labradoodle.



Lisa Unger knows how to tell a story that gets under your skin...

There’s almost always a single germ for each of my novels. A moment, a line of poetry, a news story, a piece of junk mail. What happens next is...a bit odd. I start to hear a voice, or a couple of voices. And these voices draw me through my narrative. I don’t have an outline. I don’t know who is going to show up each day or what they are going to do. And I certainly don’t know how the book is going to end.

For *Under My Skin*, it wasn’t a single moment, as there often is. It was something Carl Jung wrote, a phrase that’s been kicking around in my head for a while: “Between the dreams of day and night, there is not so great a difference.”

It’s a short sentence, but as with many Jungian quotes, there are layers of meaning here. “The dreams of day and night”—what did he mean by this?

We spend an average of 229,000 hours asleep during our lifetime. That’s more time than we spend eating, working or driving—more than a third of our lives sleeping and dreaming. Still, we’re convinced that our waking life is more real than whatever it is we’re experiencing when we close our eyes at night.

Between those two worlds—the waking and the dreaming worlds—is a doorway called hypnagogia. Maybe you haven’t heard that word before, but you’ve definitely experienced it. It’s the threshold moment where we have those bizarre dreams—we’re falling, or a bear leaps out from the shadows—and we’re startled awake. This connection between the adjacent worlds of waking and dreaming has been a point of wonder for me, as are other states where perception is altered.

For example, while I was researching another of my novels *Crazy Love You*, I interviewed a clinical psychiatrist about fugue states and blackouts. I had always thought that blackouts were the result of repressed memory, or memories that got buried so deep that you no longer have access to them. But he said no. That blackouts are ultimately a failure of cognition, that at a certain point in intoxication, we stop taking information in altogether. Addiction alters our perception of reality.

And then, of course, there’s trauma—which is most certainly a brain event, as well as a psychological and emotional one. And one I’ve explored in other novels. This, too, is a state where our memory, our perception, might be altered. I was speaking to a former navy SEAL who works with veterans suffering from the aftereffects of blasts and PTSD. And he talked about the spiral some of these soldiers find themselves in—untreated PTSD, which can lead to sleep disruption, which can lead to addiction, which unravels the support system of family and friends. In this state, reality starts to unravel to devastating results.

So, it wasn’t one of these things, but all of them, I think, that led me to start hearing the voice of Poppy Lang. In her journey, I wanted to explore the way the psyche copes with grief and trauma, the twin demons of addiction and sleep disruption, and how our own perception and memories can be as slippery and unreliable as our dreams.



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