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Deanna G. Wolff

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Deanna G. Wolff : The Girl's Guide to Traveling Solo before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Girl's Guide to Traveling Solo:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Fiction and tipsBy LetiziaI read the book when it first came out. I am a traveller myself and I am always attracted by stories about travels. What I particularly appreciate about this book is the mix of fiction and useful tips which are melted together in a very smooth and harmonious way. I am not so sure how and if those tips are still useful today, however you will get the excitement of a travel/holiday throughout Italy,

getting to know places and the people you may very likely meet in Italy and ... who knows ... maybe you get itchy feet and your backpack ready in a sec :)18 of 19 people found the following review helpful. If only there was an option for zero stars...By Upstate JillAs someone who considers herself reasonably well-read and well-traveled, this book is an insult to travel guides. As a woman, this book was also offensive due to the authors advocacy of hooking up with a guy while traveling, then using him to leach free lodging, meals and entertainment. There is also a theme of alcohol use as an excuse for her poor decision-making.If you enjoy stories about vacation romances, this book may be appealing. But if you are seeking a resource as a woman traveling alone, please don't waste your money or indeed the 2 hours needed to breeze through it.5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Fantastic Journey!!!By EmilyThe book was fabulous. The author made me feel that I was traveling along side with her in every quest. I gave it a rate of 5 because from the very first page to very last it kept my adrenaline going and my spirits very high. (very few books that I have read have been able to do that to me)Looking forward to your next adventure and hoping you will share them with your readers.

Travel with Deanna to Italy where you will learn what to do and what not to do. Your senses will delight in her true and often comical experiences as she travels solo in the country she loves.

About the AuthorDeanna Wolff is a travel writer and traveler extraordinaire. Born in Toronto, she spent her formative years in the southern United States. She returned to Canada and pursued her studies in English Literature at York University. Her love of travel led her to a university in Europe for her final year where she lived, traveled a lot, and studied a little. Deanna currently lives in Toronto, but sincerely hopes to one day live like a native in Italy.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.Excerpt from Chapter 1: THUMP! ScreeeeeEEECH... The knuckles on both my hands turned a ghostly shade of white as I clenched the cool, smooth metal armrests beside me. I squeezed my eyes shut and felt the intense rush of both fright and anticipation flow through my body like a drug as the 747 landed at the Malpensa Airport in Milan. With a final "wooooooshhhh", the airplane came to a full stop. I have never been afraid of flying (and I've flown a lot), but that landing was rather daunting. Perhaps the pilot's first day on the job? Whoa. I always try getting a window seat when I fly and that day was no exception. Rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I craned my neck to take a peek out of the tiny, scratched plastic airplane window at the alluring world outside. The rising sun was exquisite and bright that morning, but it looked blatantly out of place as its mandarin rays reflected against the black alien-looking tarmac. I wanted to share this captivating moment with the passenger sitting next to me, but then I remembered that he didn't speak much English. Excerpt from Chapter 5: Letizia and I were ready to go out. We got into her car and drove along some winding country roads just as it was getting dark. We joined about 20 of Letizia's friends and relatives in a quaint little restaurant called La Denerina (actually the owner's name), nestled in a tiny hillside village called Saludecio - which is really in the middle of nowhere. As soon as we got out of the car, the smell of fresh garlic and seafood invaded my nostrils and made my mouth water. We entered the restaurant and were greeted with friendly Italian batter which, of course, I didn't understand. The young hostess led us down to the cellar, where everyone was gathered around an enormous L-shaped table to enjoy a wonderful evening of food, wine and conversation, as is typical in Italian culture. The intricate almond-colored stucco on the walls of the restaurant was beautiful, as were the arched doorways framed with auburn bricks. Candles in their antique wrought-iron wall sconces shone brightly and cast mysterious moving shadows around the room. I paused for several seconds drinking it all in. There was a lot of talking, hugging and hand-shaking as introductions were being made and friendships rekindled. I had barely taken my seat when I was offered some vino rosso served by one of the guests from a hand-painted, amber ceramic jug which, I found out, had been crafted by a local artist. Excerpt from Chapter 9: After I drained my drink and ate what I could (including the huge slices of orange that garnished my drink), it took me some serious effort at getting my butt out of my chair. I paid my bill and literally staggered over to a nearby gelato bar that I'd spied earlier. There were dozens of flavors and they all looked delicious, making it difficult to choose just one. Wanting to watch my already-expanding waist line, I decided on half a scoop of fragola (strawberry) and half a scoop of cioccolata (chocolate). I took my pink- and cocoa-colored ice cream cone to a bench, sat down (my wobbly legs couldn't hold me up anymore) and delighted in the scrumptious tastes and textures melting in my mouth. Ice cream would never be the same for me. Across the street, I spotted a small flower shop and thought it would be a nice gesture to give Letizia's mother (who was now "mama") a nice plant because I knew that she liked them. I wanted to thank her for all her patience, kindness and hospitality. So, with the remnants of my ice cream cone still in my mouth, I got up from the bench and wandered over to the flower shop. Surrounded by the sounds of gently tinkling chimes, I walked in the door and saw that the store was exquisite, and filled with dazzling flowers and exotic plants that I'd never seen before. Fuzzy animal-print lamps, and colorful ceramic garden ornaments on long wooden sticks and stuffed into terra cotta pots adorned the store's antique wooden tables. The sweet scent of flowers and burning candles made me reminiscent of times long passed.