

Is love possible after divorce? Meet Ella, a young Italian girl, naïve to the real world. When Ella's marriage and perfect world falls apart, the only thing she hates to do is take out the trash. Live this hilarious tale with Ella as she chronicles her tales of life after divorce. You will be waiting for her to take the trash out in each chapter in order to find out what she gets into next!

Taking Out The Trash

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ISBN 978-1-60910-722-2

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Published in the United States by Booklocker.com, Inc., Bangor, Maine.

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Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

Antonia Ragozzino www.takingoutthetrashbook.com
2011

First Edition

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Introduction

I am an old fashioned Italian girl, youngest in my family, born and raised in New Haven, Connecticut. I've lived a lucky, sheltered life with sixteen years of catholic schooling. I have a mom and dad, two older sisters and my grandparents lived next door. I was raised in the proverbial "bubble." I was not spoiled but I always had nice clothes, good grades, and nothing really ever came that difficult to me. One example would be my car. I got a beautiful car on my sixteenth birthday and my father always filled it with gasoline. I would just drive around until one day my dad asked if I ever realized why the tank never was empty. I was perplexed. I really never thought about it. I literally had no worries and never a care in the world.

I had a serious boyfriend in high school, a different one in college and I married the first person I met after college graduation. The majority of my friends have been in my life since the first grade. We all went to school together and only parted for college. Then, everyone returned home from their college journeys and settled back in our parent's houses. I was surrounded by the comfort and security of my Italian family and by the close knit community of New Haven County.

I dreamed my whole life of being exactly like my parents and grandparents. I wanted to get married, have babies and take on the same traditions that my parents and grandparents instilled in me. Let's not forget the nuns at Sacred Heart Academy, the all-girl's catholic high school I attended, also beat the same lifestyle into us. There was never talk of following your dreams or being a successful strong female in my world. Everyone just got a good education, moved back home and married their high school sweethearts or someone they knew all their lives.

I was not as lucky as all of them. I married right out of college. He was a set up by a man I no longer speak too, go figure! I wanted to get married so badly, I didn't bother to really get to know the person I was marrying. I really believed I was mature enough to be a wife and take on all of the adult responsibilities. I adapted quite well, except

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for taking out the trash. The smell made me gag and I just hated it. Everyone has that one dreaded chore that they hate. Whether it is ironing, doing dishes, scrubbing toilets, whatever it is; taking out the trash was mine.

When my marriage took a dive, the trash was the constant reminder of my failure and my loneliness. I blamed my ex-husband and everyone else I dated for all of my woes. I dated and talked to one man after the next like a desperate, single, psychotic idiot! I just figured I would meet a new husband and it would be easy. I didn't realize I had my own trash to take out before I could be happy with anyone. I had to be happy with myself before I could possibly share a life with someone else.

My inspiration for writing this book was when I looked back and realized I was a disaster after my divorce. I did not know how to date, I thought everyone was old-fashioned like me and wanted to get married. I was completely oblivious as to how to act as a single, adult. When I felt happy and looked forward to taking out the trash, I knew it was time to share my story. After countless hours of dating, interviewing girls in similar situations and watching and observing single people everywhere, I came up with this fictitious rendition of a young woman scorned after divorce with no idea how to date, cope or survive independently.

I want to share "Taking Out The Trash" with divorced women everywhere! Anyone who feels sorry for themselves should toss that ridiculous notion out with the garbage! Be strong, keep trying and please know that just like we have trash every single week, your own trash too will never go away. This is life and our garbage accumulates every single day. The question is, "How will we deal with it?" Just keep it organized, tidy and don't let it overflow!

Share your dating stories at www.takingoutthetrashbook.com

While some of the details in the stories contained herein have been loosely based on actual events and stories told to the author, the characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

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