



# Being bisexual: a personal account

## Emily

I don't think there was a particular moment I realised that I was 'bisexual.' And I never really had to 'come out' as such. Saying "girlfriend" or "boyfriend" wouldn't matter to my parents for my brother or myself - I remember my mum not even flinching when I told her about my first "date with a girl" in London at age 16 – she was more concerned about how got there and back with my terrible navigational skills!

I was particularly fortunate growing up in a loving family who were accepting of all dreams and thoughts ever since I could remember.

I never thought there was anything wrong with liking boys as much as girls – it was just madness to think it was wrong or unnatural in my head; I'd got on with boys and girls all my life; why does wanting to have a *romantic* relationship with either gender make a difference?

After leaving school straight after GCSEs I knew I wanted to find a shiny new job in the City of London (a far cry from the sleepy towns and villages of Surrey and Sussex where'd I grown up.)

I got myself part time work and a secretarial diploma within the year, ready to begin my working life. I started temping shortly after, which went well up until the day I got asked by my agency consultant the simple question "how was your weekend?" So I told her, happily, "it was great. My girlfriend (at the time) and I had a day out at an all-day gig in Shoreditch" (standard and nothing out of the ordinary in that sentence for me.) "Hmm, ok." I never heard from that consultant again, coincidence? The recession was now in full swing and I spent the next few months with little money on a low note, and with little will to trust new people.

I joined new agencies and kept a low profile, never saying anything remotely personal to a consultant again, just in case. I knew it was wrong to feel this paranoid about working and being myself. I spent a few years feeling a little paranoid about making friends with the people I worked with, I even became a little wary of starting relationships with women on the off chance someone would find out and "out me", effectively ending my career.

Things started to get a lot better, however after I moved to Portsmouth in 2008. Unexpectedly I found myself living in close quarters with a group of people I now consider as close as family. I began to really value my other friendships and my relationship with my family: I even found the

will to apply for work that would last longer than a few weeks. I wanted to come back to London and really get my life back I'd left because of one woman's small mindedness.

I have now begun working permanently in Parliament. My confidence gaining momentum through meeting some great people and sharing my true self with accepting co-workers including, of course, ParliOUT.

International Celebrate Bisexuality Day is just around the corner and I've never been more proud to celebrate who I am.

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### Further Information

#### ParliOUT

ParliOUT is a Workplace Equality Network (WEN) in support of LGBTIQ (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, intersexual, and questioning) people in Parliament. A principal aim of ParliOUT is to make LGBTIQ role models more visible and accessible.

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