

# My Bisexuality

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## My Bisexuality

Dreams are dangerous and wild things, but once captured and tamed, powerful insights to who you really are. I had the classic American dream: growing up, finding Prince Charming, getting married and living in a nice house with a white picket fence, two kids, and a dog. As I got older that dream of mine faded away until, one day, it no longer existed. The [funny](#) thing is, I can pinpoint that day exactly and how it changed my life.

I was a sophomore in high school and, after overcoming the stresses of my freshman year and having made a name for myself, I was quite content with who I was. I wasn't the popular cheerleader Barbie that everyone adores, but that was okay. I was me, and I was finally beginning to accept that. Years before, elementary through junior high, I was the kind of kid that was constantly insulted and teased. High school had been a new start for me, and I was proud of it. I seemed to ooze confidence myself, and however it happened, it [drew](#) others to me that shared my same interests. In other words, I had real friends. It was the most amazing [feeling](#) in the world, to have friends, to belong! I was me, really me, and I completely belonged.

Then, it happened. I was at band practice, as usual, watching the marching drill from the sidelines. I can't remember what exactly caught my eye, but the next thing I knew I was totally entranced by the brass section. Maybe it was one of fate's silvery threads; whatever it was, I was under its spell. Did I just see what I think I saw? Yes, yes I did! It was the weirdest thing; there was a green trumpet. Not gold, not silver, but green!

"Wow!" I thought. "That's just awesome. I wonder what kind of person actually plays a green trumpet." And there you have it. The day that changed my life all started with naïve curiosity. What can I say? It was so hot outside that my skin was melting into puddles on the pavement, I was absolutely bored out of my mind, and a green trumpet (and the owner of such) offered a pleasant change of pace in the monotonous tone of my day. I know, it sounds crazy, but from the first moment I saw the midday sun glint off that emerald instrument, fate's plan had already been set in motion.

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