

Shadows of Stonewall Inn

Our shadows danced around the pavement as we approached Stonewall Inn, a place in which you could find the outcasts of society. As we stepped inside, we were met with the sounds of peeling laughter, the musty smell of stale beer, and joyous looks upon people's faces as they danced the night away. I smiled at Marley and asked, "May I have this dance?" she giggled and accepted. We twirled around the floor laughing and tripping over each other's feet. The night was glorious.

Suddenly cop after cop came bursting through the doors; recently there was a law passed stating gay people couldn't drink, so they were doing a routine spot check. Female officers took people thought to be crossdressers into the restrooms to be checked, and people were being arrested left and right; bystanders outside were examining the situation with looks of distaste, but also, shockingly enough, many of their gazes reflected feelings of sympathy and fury.

In a split second, Marley was ripped from my side and was roughly put into handcuffs. "Let her go!" I yelled at the officers, but they shoved her through the crowd towards the police van. One of the women being arrested was yelling at the mass of bystanders, but I was too disoriented to make out what she was saying; my head was spinning as I processed what was happening. The one thing that was overwhelmingly clear was the fact that Marley had been arrested.

Moments later when the first stone was thrown, I understood what the woman had done; she had riled up the crowd and called them to action. Bottles, stones, pennies, and other objects hit their intended targets. The cops quickly set up a barricade during the time I was looking for Marley, and the rioters were trying to break it down. My heart was pounding in my chest as I