



Mission Mystery Pre-Field Trip Preparation - Part 2

What luck! You've come across a valuable piece of evidence* in your investigation of Antonio's mysterious death. The attached diary entries will help introduce you to some of the key players (suspects and sources) at the Tumacácori mission. They will also help you get a sense for what Antonio was struggling with in the days leading up to his death.

Keep an open mind. Read the diary entries and then discuss in small groups or as a class:

- 1.) Antonio seems upset that he's not being allowed to live up to his potential. Have you ever felt that way in your life? Have you ever felt like people made assumptions about you and your abilities? Based on your age, your appearance, your family, or other factors?
- 2.) How would you characterize Antonio's mood? Does it change from the beginning to the end?
- 3.) What, for Antonio, are the benefits of mission life and what are the dangers?
- 4.) Do you have any suspicions so far? Do you have any questions you'd like to ask the people Antonio mentions?

** An O'odham man like Antonio would **not** have been taught to read or write. This is part of the fiction of the mystery. We do not have journal entries or other writings from the native perspective – only from that of the Spanish.*



Two weeks ago

Dear diary,

Today I saw my bossy old teacher from back when I was young. I was trying to be nice, but it didn't go well. It seems sometimes like people only see what they want to see. They make assumptions. That foreman, Gutierrez, says I'm lazy but it's just that I'm capable of so much more. More than sweating and laboring at work someone else chooses for me. Why should I spend my days hauling limestone, gathering firewood, and breaking rocks when I could be using my brain to do important work? It's a terrible feeling when no one recognizes your talent. I came here to the mission to make something of myself. I could be someone important! I could be someone valuable! All that busy work – in school and now at the lime kiln – is just a waste of my time. Maybe Father Prado can help convince the people here to trust me more. I'll have to get him to trust me first.

10 days ago

Dear diary,

I go to church every day, I sing in the choir, and I help Father Prado with whatever he needs. I'm trying to be my best. Father Prado sees it, but he sure seems to be a bad mood most days. He says he was sent here by God, but I think he misses his home back across the sea. I can't imagine moving so far away from my family. Tonot Hu'u lives only a short distance away from me here at the mission but I still miss our friendship terribly. We used to be so close and now all we do is argue. Why can't my own cousin understand that life in the mission gives me so many more opportunities? Sure, it's strange to do things so differently from the way of our people's tradition, but it's how the world is moving. Isn't it foolish to think you can hold onto the old ways when the new ways are so much more powerful? If we can't adapt, we may not survive. Plus, the mission has all these nice new crops. Nothing beats a full belly year-round.

8 days ago

Dear diary,

Something fishy is going on at the storeroom. I make it my business to know what's going on around the mission – someone has to – and it seems like we just don't have as much food as we should. This week, the only wheat I got for my ration was old and stale and almost rotten. I'll have to see if the governor knows anything. I asked Heosig, the gardener, if anything was different with the growing season this year. What a strange person! I'm not sure she's all there in the head, to be honest. But I do love what she's done with our food. The other day, she ground up some wheat into flour, mixed it with salt, water, and a little oil and then grilled it on a hot stone. The Spanish are calling it a "tortilla" because I guess it looks just like some kind of egg dish back across the sea. Heosig rolled it up with some beans and spicy chiles inside. Yum! I wonder what we should call it...

5 days ago

Dear diary,

I'm so mad I feel like I could explode! No one listens to me! I tell them that the full moon is just a few days away and we should prepare for Apache raids. They don't listen. I tell them there is a sickness in the next village down the river. They don't listen. I tell them they need a leader who understands the needs of the people. They don't listen. It's a dangerous world out there so why doesn't anyone listen when I warn them? The mission was supposed to be a safe place where we would be protected and secure, but it doesn't feel that way sometimes. That fool, Ignacio, holds the governor's staff but he's not a leader. He's just a bully. All he cares about is himself and being the one in charge. Back in village life before we joined the mission, we discussed decisions that had to be made and everyone had a voice. Here, the authority lies with one man. Fine then. If one man is to have the power, that man should be me!

4 days ago

Dear diary,

I don't know what to do. I feel so alone. I feel weak. Even my head hurts. It seems like no one likes me here, although I'm just trying to do my best for the community. María next door could be a friend, but she's so sad since her little girl died. When I was young, I thought for sure I would be someone important and valuable. I thought the mission would be a good place to fulfill my potential. That big beautiful church will be a legacy to all who come later that we, the people of Tumacácori, did big and important things. Perhaps stories will be told about us hundreds of years from now. Perhaps even my name will be one that people remember.