

5 "Mitchell, would it be brave to meet a real Indian man of Indian descent?" It was not only that Uncle Tommy was already a true Indian, 6 albeit from a different tribe than my father. Or that this big, broad-shouldered Indian man with long gray braids and a friendly face seems to really like me and enjoy taking on the role as my uncle. Or he knows more about being Indian, and being really Indian, than anyone else I've ever met. He also had a sense of humor and we both needed it when it came to me and baseball. For some reason, everyone thought I should play it. True, I've always been good at other sports like soccer and wrestling, but baseball made me feel like a buffalo. My mother realized that as an Indian I should not only play baseball, I should excel at it. Even hitting her with nineteen rackets in a row failed to dislodge her from this certainty