

Tuesday of the Other June

Short Story by Norma Fox Mazer

How do you deal with a BULLY?

A bully can turn your life into a nightmare. All your thoughts become focused on the next awful encounter. Advice for dealing with a bully is often to “walk away.” When actually dealing with a bully, however, many people dream of standing up for themselves. In “Tuesday of the Other June,” you’ll read about a girl who becomes the target of a bully.

LIST IT Imagine that your best friend is being bothered by a bully and has come to you for help. What advice would you give? Prepare a short list of suggestions.

Advice for Dealing with a Bully

1. Tell your parents about what is happening.
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Text Analysis: Sensory Language and Imagery

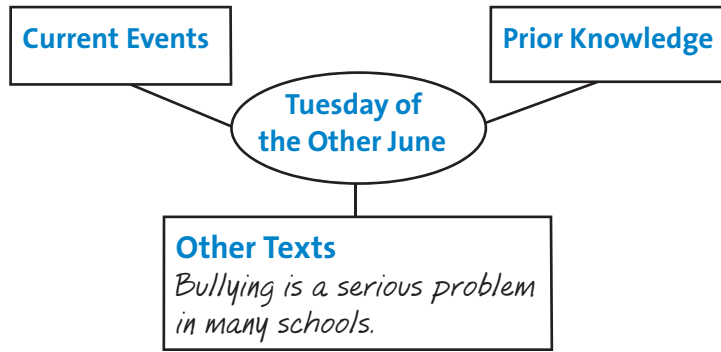
Authors use many techniques to help readers imagine characters, conflicts, and other parts of a story. For example, an author describing a character or setting might use **sensory language**, words or phrases that appeal to the reader’s senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste. These sensory details create **imagery** that helps the reader imagine how something looks, feels, or tastes.

Sensory Language	Imagery
<p>Sensory language is language writers use to create images.</p>	<p>Imagery is language that appeals to the senses. Vivid imagery helps us see, smell, and feel a scene.</p>
<p>EXAMPLE: These descriptive words help you imagine the bully.</p> <p>“She had a deep growly voice.”</p>	<p>EXAMPLE: The highlighted phrases help you picture the narrator’s mother.</p> <p>“She had little emerald eyes that warmed me like the sun.”</p>

As you read, pay attention to specific details that help you picture what is happening and how a character feels.

Reading Strategy: Connect

When you read a story, you might find characters or events similar to those you know in real life. You may even find two texts that focus on similar themes. As you read this story, think about **connections** you can make to your own personal experiences, current events, and other texts.



Vocabulary in Context

Note: Words are listed in the order in which they appear in the story.

emerald (ěm'ər-əld) *adj.* of a rich green color

*Fear was reflected in her **emerald** eyes.*

rigid (rĭj'ĭd) *adj.* stiff; not moving

*The young girl's body went **rigid** with terror.*

torment (tôr'měnt') *v.* to cause severe distress to the body or mind

*Her enemy loved to **torment** her.*

dazzling (dăz'lĭng) *adj.* beautiful; amazing **dazzle** *v.*

*Finally, she put on a **dazzling** display of courage.*

daze (dāz) *n.* a condition in which one cannot think clearly

*The scary situation put her in a **daze**.*

devoted (dĭ-vō'tĭd) *adj.* very loyal; faithful **devote** *v.*

*June had no **devoted** friends to help her out.*

Vocabulary Practice

Review the vocabulary words and think about their meanings. Then use at least two of the words to describe how someone might respond to a bully.

**SET A PURPOSE
FOR READING**

Read “Tuesday of the Other June” to discover how June deals with a bully.

Tuesday of the **Other** June



Short Story by
**NORMA FOX
MAZER**

BACKGROUND Norma Fox Mazer is a well-known prize-winning writer of fiction for young adults. Her novels and stories usually address real problems teenagers face.

“**B**e good, be good, be good, be good, my Junie,” my mother sang as she combed my hair; a song, a story, a croon, a plea. “It’s just you and me, two women alone in the world, June darling of my heart, we have enough troubles getting by, we surely don’t need a single one more, so you keep your sweet self out of fighting and all that bad stuff. People can be little-hearted, but turn the other cheek, smile at the world, and the world’ll surely smile back.”

We stood in front of the mirror as she combed my
10 hair, combed and brushed and smoothed. Her head came



just above mine, she said when I grew another inch she'd stand on a stool to brush my hair. "I'm not giving up this pleasure!" And she laughed her long honey laugh. **A**

My mother was April, my grandmother had been May, I was June. "And someday," said my mother, "you'll have a daughter of your own. What will you name her?"

"January!" I'd yell when I was little. "February! No, November!" My mother laughed her honey laugh. She had little **emerald** eyes that warmed me like the sun.

20 Every day when I went to school, she went to work. "Sometimes I stop what I'm doing," she said, "lay down my tools, and stop everything, because all I can think about is you. Wondering what you're doing and if you need me. Now, Junie, if anyone ever bothers you—"

"—I walk away, run away, come on home as fast as my feet will take me," I recited.

"Yes. You come to me. You just bring me your trouble, because I'm here on this earth to love you and take care of you."

30 I was safe with her. Still, sometimes I woke up at night and heard footsteps slowly creeping up the stairs. It wasn't my mother, she was asleep in the bed across the room, so it was robbers, thieves, and murderers, creeping slowly . . . slowly . . . slowly toward my bed.

I stuffed my hand into my mouth. If I screamed and woke her, she'd be tired at work tomorrow. The robbers and thieves filled the warm darkness and slipped across the floor more quietly than cats. **Rigid** under the covers, I stared at the shifting dark and bit my knuckles and never

40 knew when I fell asleep again. **B**

In the morning we sang in the kitchen. "Bill Grogan's goat! Was feelin' fine! Ate three red shirts, right off the line!" I made sandwiches for our lunches, she made pancakes for breakfast, but all she ate was one pancake and a cup of coffee. "Gotta fly, can't be late."

A IMAGERY

Reread lines 9–13. Underline details that help you form a mental picture of what is happening. To what senses do these details appeal?

emerald (ĕm'ər-əld) *adj.* of a rich green color

rigid (rĭj'ĭd) *adj.* stiff; not moving

B SENSORY LANGUAGE

Reread lines 30–40. What details help you picture the nights when June gets scared? Underline them.



Later, in the locker room, I dressed quickly and wrapped
80 my wet suit in the towel. The Other June pulled on
her jeans. “You guys see that bathing suit Fish Eyes was
wearing? Her mother found it in a trash can.”

“She did not!”

The Other June grabbed my fingers and twisted.
“Where’d she find your bathing suit?”

“She bought it, let me go.”

“Poor little stupid Fish Eyes is crying. Oh, boo hoo hoo,
poor little Fish Eyes.”

After that, everyone called me Fish Eyes. And every
90 Tuesday, wherever I was, there was also the Other June—at
the edge of the pool, in the pool, in the locker room. In
the water, she swam alongside me, blowing and huffing,
knocking into me. In the locker room, she stepped on
my feet, pinched my arms, hid my blouse, and knotted
my braids together. She had large square teeth; she was
shorter than I was, but heavier, with bigger bones and
square hands. If I met her outside on the street, carrying
her bathing suit and towel, she’d walk toward me, smiling a
square, friendly smile. “Oh well, if it isn’t Fish Eyes.” Then
100 she’d punch me, blam! her whole solid weight hitting me. **D**

I didn’t know what to do about her. She was training me
like a dog. After a few weeks of this, she only had to look at
me, only had to growl, “I’m going to get you, Fish Eyes,” for
my heart to slink like a whipped dog down into my stomach.
My arms were covered with bruises. When my mother
noticed, I made up a story about tripping on the sidewalk. **E**

My weeks were no longer Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, and so on. Tuesday was Awfulday. Wednesday
was Badday. (The Tuesday bad feelings were still there.)
110 Thursday was Betterday and Friday was Safeday. Saturday
was Goodday, but Sunday was Toosoonday, and Monday—
Monday was nothing but the day before Awfulday.

D IMAGERY

Reread lines 84–100. Underline the sensory language the author uses to help you imagine the bully’s behavior toward June.

E CONNECT

Have you read any other stories in which a character is bullied? Is June’s reaction to her bully similar or different from what has happened in other stories? Explain.



Monitor Your Comprehension

F IMAGERY

Reread lines 117–126. What images help you understand how June feels about her situation?

torment (tŏr'mĕnt) *v.* to cause sever distress to the body or mind

What does the Other June do to **torment** June?

I tried to slow down time. Especially on the weekends, I stayed close by my mother, doing everything with her, shopping, cooking, cleaning, going to the laundromat.

“Aw, sweetie, go play with your friends.”

“No, I’d rather be with you.” I wouldn’t look at the clock or listen to the radio (they were always telling you the date and the time). I did special magic things to keep the day
120 from going away, rapping my knuckles six times on the bathroom door six times a day and never, ever touching the chipped place on my bureau. But always I woke up to the day before Tuesday, and always, no matter how many times I circled the worn spot in the living-room rug or counted twenty-five cracks in the ceiling, Monday disappeared and once again it was Tuesday. **F**

The Other June got bored with calling me Fish Eyes. Buffalo Brain came next, but as soon as everyone knew that, she renamed me Turkey Nose.

130 Now at night it wasn’t robbers creeping up the stairs, but the Other June, coming to **torment** me. When I finally fell asleep, I dreamed of kicking her, punching, biting, pinching. In the morning I remembered my dreams and felt brave and strong. And then I remembered all the things my mother had taught me and told me.

Be good, be good, be good; it’s just us two women alone in the world . . . Oh, but if it weren’t, if my father wasn’t long gone, if we’d had someone else to fall back on, if my mother’s mother and daddy weren’t dead all these years, if
140 my father’s daddy wanted to know us instead of being glad to forget us—oh, then I would have punched the Other June with a frisky heart, I would have grabbed her arm at poolside and bitten her like the dog she had made of me.

One night, when my mother came home from work, she said, “Junie, listen to this. We’re moving!”

Alaska, I thought. Florida. Arizona. Someplace far away and wonderful, someplace without the Other June.



“Wait till you hear this deal. We are going to be caretakers, trouble-shooters for an eight-family apartment building. Fifty-six Blue Hill Street. Not janitors; we don’t do any of the heavy work. April and June, Trouble-shooters, Incorporated. If a tenant has a complaint or a problem, she comes to us and we either take care of it or call the janitor for service. And for that little bit of work, we get to live rent free!” She swept me around in a dance. “Okay? You like it? I do!”

So. Not anywhere else, really. All the same, maybe too far to go to swimming class? “Can we move right away? Today?”

“Gimme a break, sweetie. We’ve got to pack, do a thousand things. I’ve got to line up someone with a truck to help us. Six weeks, Saturday the fifteenth.” She circled it on the calendar. It was the Saturday after the last day of swimming class. **PAUSE & REFLECT**

Soon, we had boxes lying everywhere, filled with clothes and towels and glasses wrapped in newspaper. Bit by bit, we cleared the rooms, leaving only what we needed right now. The dining-room table staggered on a bunched-up rug, our bureaus inched toward the front door like patient cows. On the calendar in the kitchen, my mother marked off the days until we moved, but the only days I thought about were Tuesdays—Awfuldays. Nothing else was real except the too fast passing of time, moving toward each Tuesday . . . away from Tuesday . . . toward Tuesday. . . . **G**

And it seemed to me that this would go on forever, that Tuesdays would come forever and I would be forever trapped by the side of the pool, the Other June whispering Buffalo Brain Fish Eyes Turkey Nose into my ear, while she ground her elbow into my side and smiled her square smile at the swimming teacher.

PAUSE & REFLECT

Why is June at first so excited to move away? Why does the moving date of Saturday the fifteenth change her mood?

G IMAGERY

Reread lines 164–173. Underline words in the descriptions of the table and bureaus that help you picture the objects in your mind. What does the image of the bureaus help you to imagine?



moved, we ate the last slices of bread and cleaned out the peanut butter jar.

“Some breakfast,” Tilly said. “Hello, you must be June.” She shook my hand. She was a friend of my mother’s from work; she wore big hoop earrings, sandals, and a skirt as **dazzling** as a rainbow. She came in a truck with John to help us move our things.

John shouted cheerfully at me, “So you’re moving.”

220 An enormous man with a face covered with little brown bumps. Was he afraid his voice wouldn’t travel the distance from his mouth to my ear? “You looking at my moles?” he shouted, and he heaved our big green flowered chair down the stairs. “Don’t worry, they don’t bite. Ha, ha, ha!” Behind him came my mother and Tilly balancing a bureau between them, and behind them I carried a lamp and the round, flowered Mexican tray that was my mother’s favorite. She had found it at a garage sale and said it was as close to foreign travel as we
230 would ever get.

The night before, we had loaded our car, stuffing in bags and boxes until there was barely room for the two of us. But it was only when we were in the car, when we drove past Abdo’s Grocery, where they always gave us credit,¹ when I turned for a last look at our street—it was only then that I understood we were truly going to live somewhere else, in another apartment, in another place mysteriously called Blue Hill Street. ❶

Tilly’s truck followed our car.

240 “Oh, I’m so excited,” my mother said. She laughed. “You’d think we were going across the country.”

Our old car wheezed up a long steep hill. Blue Hill Street. I looked from one side to the other, trying to see everything.

dazzling (dăz’lĭng) *adj.*
beautiful; amazing **dazzle** *v.*

❶ **CONNECT**

Reread lines 231–238. Draw a box around the lines that tell what June realizes when she takes her last look at their street. Have you ever had to move? How did you feel about moving to a new place?

1. **credit:** an agreement to trust in someone’s ability and intention to pay for something at a later date.



My mother drove over the crest of the hill. “And now—ta da!—our new home.”

“Which house? Which one?” I looked out the window and what I saw was the Other June. She was sprawled on the stoop of a pink house, lounging back on her elbows, legs outspread, her jaws working on a wad of gum. I slid down into the seat, but it was too late. I was sure she had seen me.

My mother turned into a driveway next to a big white building with a tiny porch. She leaned on the steering wheel. “See that window there, that’s our living-room window . . . and that one over there, that’s your bedroom. . . .”

We went into the house, down a dim, cool hall. In our new apartment, the wooden floors clicked under our shoes, and my mother showed me everything. Her voice echoed in the empty rooms. I followed her around in a **daze**. Had I imagined seeing the Other June? Maybe I’d seen another girl who looked like her. A double. That could happen. **J**

“Ho yo, where do you want this chair?” John appeared in the door-way. We brought in boxes and bags and beds and stopped only to eat pizza and drink orange juice from the carton.

“June’s so quiet, do you think she’ll adjust all right?” I heard Tilly say to my mother.

“Oh, definitely. She’ll make a wonderful adjustment. She’s just getting used to things.”

But I thought that if the Other June lived on the same street as I did, I would never get used to things.

That night I slept in my own bed, with my own pillow and blanket, but with floors that creaked in strange voices and walls with cracks I didn’t recognize. I didn’t feel

daze (dāz) *n.* a condition in which one cannot think clearly

1 SENSORY LANGUAGE

Reread lines 257–262. Underline details that help you picture what it looks like inside the house. Is June happy to be there? Why or why not?



K IMAGERY

Reread lines 313–315. To what does the author compare the sharpened pencil? Underline the answer in the text. What does this image suggest that June expects?

L CONNECT

Knowing what you do about bullies, what do you think June is going to do if the Other June attacks her?

Grabbing my chin in her hands, she pried open my mouth. “Oh, ha ha, I thought you lost your tongue.”

310 We went on to school. I sank down into my seat, my head on my arms. “June T, are you all right?” Mr. Morrissey asked. I nodded. My head was almost too heavy to lift.

The Other June went to the pencil sharpener. Round and round she whirled the handle. Walking back, looking at me, she held the three sharp pencils like three little knives. **K**

Someone knocked on the door. Mr. Morrissey went out into the hall. Paper planes burst into the air, flying from desk to desk. Someone turned on a transistor radio. And the Other June, coming closer, smiled and licked her lips
320 like a cat sleepily preparing to gulp down a mouse.

I remembered my dream of kicking her, punching, biting her like a dog.

Then my mother spoke quickly in my ear: Turn the other cheek, my Junie; smile at the world, and the world’ll surely smile back.

But I had turned the other cheek and it was slapped. I had smiled and the world hadn’t smiled back. I couldn’t run home as fast as my feet would take me, I had to stay in school—and in school there was the Other June. Every morning, there
330 would be the Other June, and every afternoon, and every day, all day, there would be the Other June. **L**

She frisked down the aisle, stabbing the pencils in the air toward me. A boy stood up on his desk and bowed. “My fans,” he said, “I greet you.” My arm twitched and throbbed, as if the Other June’s pencils had already poked through the skin. She came closer, smiling her Tuesday smile.

“No,” I whispered, “no.” The word took wings and flew me to my feet, in front of the Other June. “Noooooo.” It flew out of my mouth into her surprised face.

340 The boy on the desk turned toward us. “You said something, my **devoted** fans?”

“No,” I said to the Other June. “Oh, no! No. No. No. No more.” I pushed away the hand that held the pencils.

The Other June’s eyes opened, popped wide like the eyes of somebody in a cartoon. It made me laugh. The boy on the desk laughed, and then the other kids were laughing, too.

350 “No,” I said again, because it felt so good to say it. “No, no, no, no.” I leaned toward the Other June, put my finger against her chest. Her cheeks turned red, she squawked something—it sounded like “Eeeraaghyou!”—and she stepped back. She stepped away from me.

The door banged, the airplanes disappeared, and Mr. Morrissey walked to his desk. “OK. OK. Let’s get back to work. Kevin Clark, how about it?” Kevin jumped off the desk and Mr. Morrissey picked up a piece of chalk. “All right, class—” He stopped and looked at me and the Other June. “You two Junes, what’s going on there?”

I tried it again. My finger against her chest. Then the words. “No—more.” And she stepped back another step. I 360 sat down at my desk.

“June M,” Mr. Morrissey said.

devoted (dĭvō'tĭd) *adj.* very loyal; faithful **devote** *v.*



Text Analysis: Sensory Language and Imagery

In the chart below, record three examples of imagery or sensory language from the story. Then, explain what senses each image appeals to (sight, hearing, touch, smell, and/or taste). Finally, tell how the imagery or sensory language helps you imagine part of the story.

Image/Details	Senses	What I Imagine

Reading Strategy: Connect

Review the chart that you filled out as you read “Tuesday of the Other June.” Does the story remind you of any other events, personal or fictional? Explain.

How do you deal with a BULLY?

What do you think June will do the next time she is bothered by a bully? Support your answers with evidence from the text.

Vocabulary Practice

Circle the letter of the word or phrase you would associate with each boldfaced vocabulary word.

1. **Emerald** is a shade of (a) gray, (b) blue, (c) green.
2. A person in a **daze** is (a) excited, (b) confused, (c) good at sports.
3. (a) An enemy, (b) A vacation, (c) A prize might **torment** you.
4. The **rigid** flagpole (a) sways in the wind, (b) does not move, (c) falls over.
5. A **dazzling** light is (a) dim, (b) harsh, (c) bright.
6. Someone who is **devoted** to you is (a) very fond of you, (b) confused by your decisions, (c) unwilling to stick up for you.

Academic Vocabulary in Writing

aspect

distinctive

interpret

perceive

Sensory

Norma Fox Mazer uses **sensory** language to create a **distinctive** bully in the character of the “Other June.” What is your interpretation of this character? Use at least two Academic Vocabulary words to describe June and explain her behavior. Definitions of these words are on page 167.

Assessment Practice

DIRECTIONS Use “Tuesday of the Other June” to answer questions 1–6.

- 1 What is June’s mother’s approach to dealing with life’s difficulties?
 - A She gets help from family members.
 - B She says to be good and run from trouble.
 - C She hides away from unpleasant situations.
 - D She expects people to stand up for themselves.
- 2 What unpleasant discovery does June make on moving day?
 - A The Other June has followed her.
 - B The Other June lives in her neighborhood.
 - C The Other June has vowed to get her back.
 - D She will have to go to the Other June’s school.
- 3 What does June mean when she says that the Other June has made a dog of her?
 - A The Other June calls her dog-face.
 - B The Other June demands her loyalty.
 - C The Other June controls her reactions and feelings.
 - D The Other June makes her do tricks in front of the other swimmers.
- 4 How has June changed by the end of the story?
 - A She is stronger.
 - B She loves swimming class.
 - C She helps people who are bullied.
 - D She doesn’t care what others think of her.
- 5 Which of the following is an example of sensory language?
 - A *I didn’t know what to do about her.*
 - B *She was wrong; there was another June.*
 - C *The robbers and thieves filled the warm darkness and slipped across the floor more quietly than cats.*
 - D *Saturday was Goodday, but Sunday was Toosoonday, and Monday—Monday was nothing but the day before Awfulday.*
- 6 Which of the following images does not describe the “Other June”?
 - A *She had little emerald eyes.*
 - B *She had large square teeth.*
 - C *She had a deep growly voice.*
 - D *She swam alongside me, blowing and huffing.*