

# Tuesday of the Other June

Short Story by Norma Fox Mazer

VIDEO TRAILER



KEYWORD: HML6-468

# How do you deal with a BULLY?

## COMMON CORE

**RL 4** Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings. **L 4c** Consult dictionaries and thesauruses to determine or clarify a word's precise meaning.

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 what is happening.
- 2.
- 3.

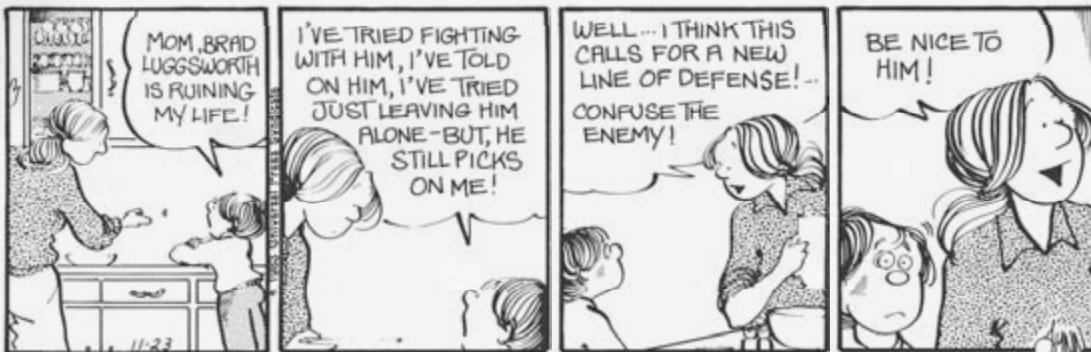
SECTION C

THE STAR JOURNAL

C5

## For Better or For Worse

by Lynn Johnston



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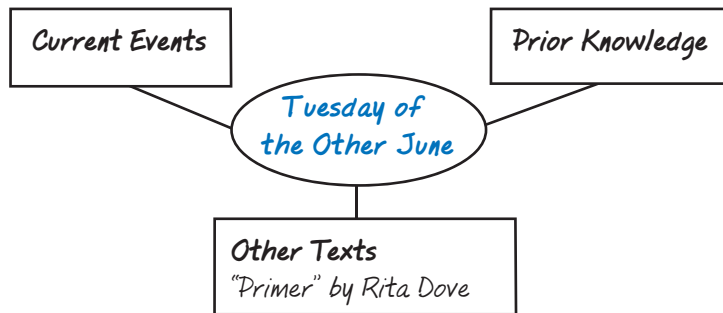
## Meet the Author

### ● TEXT ANALYSIS: SENSORY LANGUAGE AND IMAGERY

Authors use many techniques to bring their characters and conflicts alive for their readers. For example, an author might use **sensory language**, words or phrases that appeal the reader's senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste. These sensory details create **imagery** that helps the reader imagine how things look, feel, or taste. As you read, pay attention to specific details which 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 and the poem that follows, think about connections you can make based on your own personal experiences, current events, and other texts. Use a diagram like the one shown.



### ▲ VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The boldfaced words help to tell the story of a girl's encounter with a bully. Restate each sentence using a different word or words for the boldfaced term.

1. The scary situation put her in a **daze**.
2. Her enemy loved to **torment** her.
3. Fear was reflected in her **emerald** eyes.
4. June had no **devoted** friends to help her out.
5. The young girl's body went **rigid** with terror.
6. Finally, she put on a **dazzling** display of courage.

## Norma Fox Mazer

born 1931

### Writing for Pleasure

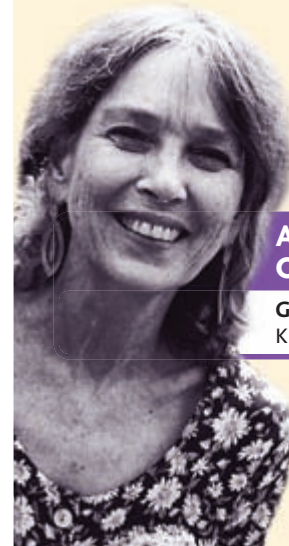
By the age of 13, Norma Fox Mazer knew that she wanted to become a writer. With that goal in mind, she became editor of her high school newspaper and served as a correspondent for her town's newspaper as well.

### Success

Mazer went on to write fiction, and after the success of her first book, she continued writing novels for young people. Today she is a well-known prize-winning writer of fiction for young adults. Viewing literature as a way of making sense of the world, she writes about the real problems teenagers face.

### Building Characters

Mazer carefully develops her characters before introducing them to her readers. She says, "There comes a time when I understand my characters so well that I know exactly how they will act and react at any moment, and that's wonderful." Mazer's sense of her characters helps them come alive in her writing.



Author  
Online



Go to [thinkcentral.com](http://thinkcentral.com).  
KEYWORD: HML6-469



Complete the activities in your **Reader/Writer Notebook**.

# Tuesday of the ther June

Norma Fox Mazer

“Be 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 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.

## Analyze Visuals ▶

What sense do you get of the personalities of the two girls in this painting?

### **A** IMAGERY

Reread lines 8–11. What details help you form a mental picture of what is happening?

**emerald** (ēm’ər-əld) *adj.*  
of a rich green color



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.”

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 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.”

I wanted to be rich and take care of her. She worked too hard; her pretty hair had gray in it that she joked about. “Someday,” I said, “I’ll buy you a real house, and you’ll never work in a pot factory again.” **C**

“Such delicious plans,” she said. She checked the windows to see if they were locked. “Do you have your key?”

I lifted it from the chain around my neck.

“And you’ll come right home from school and—”

“—I won’t light fires or let strangers into the house, and I won’t tell anyone on the phone that I’m here alone,” I finished for her.

“I know, I’m just your old worrywart mother.” She kissed me twice, once on each cheek. “But you are my June, my only June, the only June.”

She was wrong; there was another June. I met her when we stood next to each other at the edge of the pool the first day of swimming class in the Community Center.

“What’s your name?” She had a deep growly voice.

“June. What’s yours?”

She stared at me. “June.”

“We have the same name.”

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

**B SENSORY LANGUAGE**

Reread lines 26–34. What details help you picture the nights when June gets scared?

**C CONNECT**

What does June want for her mother? Have you ever had similar feelings? Write them in your chart.

COMMON CORE L4c

**Language Coach**

**Definitions** The word *worrywart* (line 48) refers to someone who worries needlessly about things to come. Use a dictionary to find a synonym for “worrywart.”

“No we don’t. June is my name, and I don’t give you permission to use it. Your name is Fish Eyes.” She pinched me hard. “Got it, Fish Eyes?”

60 The next Tuesday, the Other June again stood next to me at the edge of the pool. “What’s your name?”

“June.”

“Wrong. Your—name—is—Fish—Eyes.”

“June.”

“Fish Eyes, you are really stupid.” She shoved me into the pool.

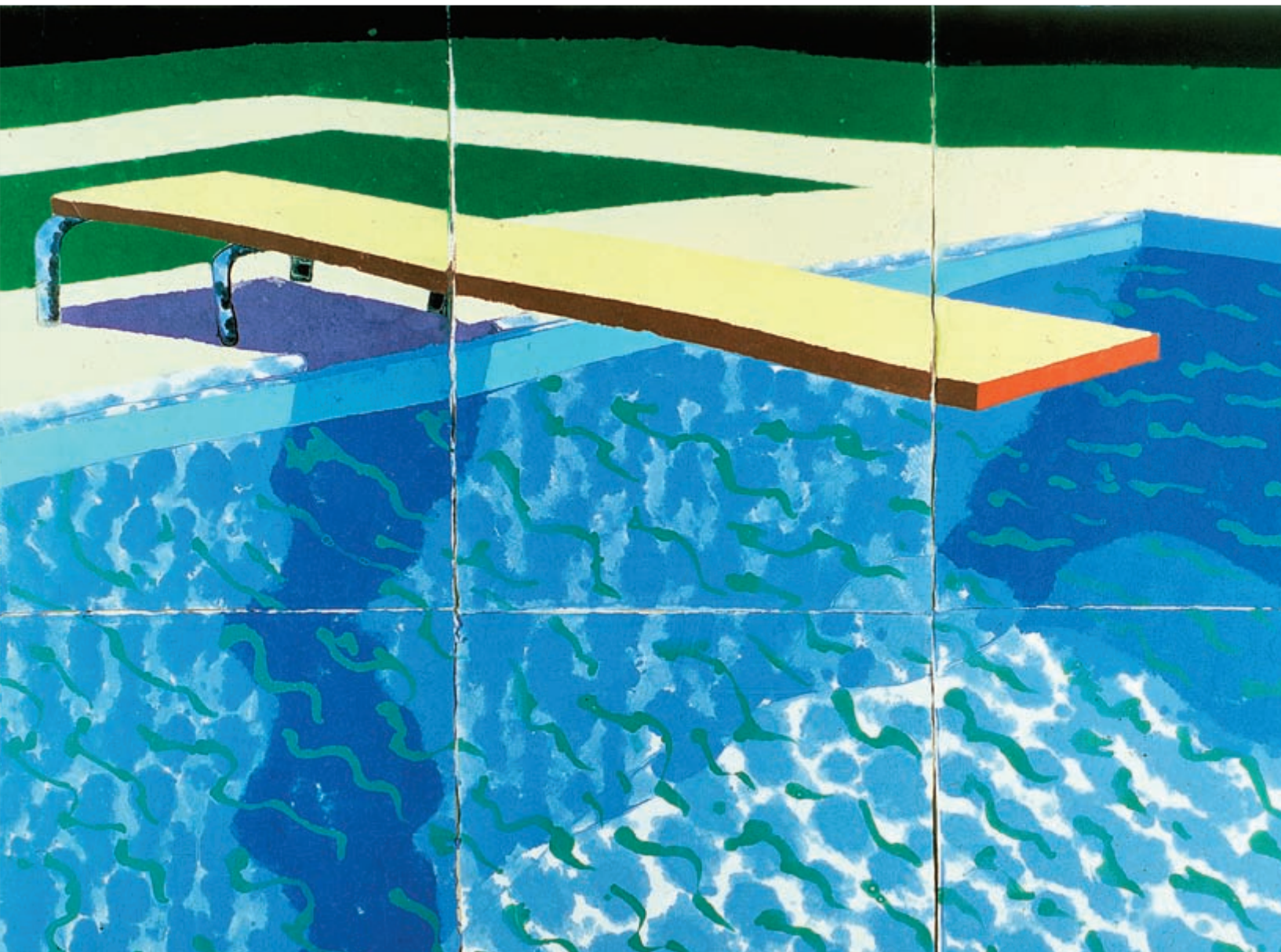
The swimming teacher looked up, frowning, from her chart. “No one in the water yet.”

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

### Analyze Visuals ▼

How do the details in this work of art connect with the story?

Left panel of *Le Plongeur (Paper Pool 18)* (1978), David Hockney. Colored and pressed paper pulp. 72"x171".  
© David Hockney/Bradford Art Galleries and Museums, West Yorkshire, United Kingdom/Bridgeman Art Library.



“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 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 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.) Thursday was Betterday and Friday was Safeday. Saturday was Goodday, but Sunday was Toosoonday, and Monday—Monday was nothing but the day before Awfulday.

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.”

100 “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 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.

**D IMAGERY**

What sensory language does the author use to help you imagine the bully’s behavior towards June?

**E CONNECT**

Have you read any other stories about bullies? Is June’s reaction to her bully similar or different from what has happened in other stories?

**F IMAGERY**

Reread lines 100–107. What images help you understand how June feels about her situation?

110 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 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  
120 heart, I would have grabbed her arm at poolside and bitten her like the dog she had made of me. **G**

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  
130 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.

140 **S**oon, 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. . . . **H**

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

**G CONNECT**

In line 115, June remembers her mother's advice to be good. Do you think it's better advice to "be good" or to take revenge on the Other June? Explain.

**COMMON CORE** RL 4

**H PERSONIFICATION**

**Personification** occurs when an author gives human qualities to an animal, object, or idea. Reread lines 141–147. What objects or ideas are personified in these lines? What effect does this have on you as a reader? As you read the rest of the story, look for other examples of personification.



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  
150 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.

And then it ended. It was the last day of swimming class. The last Tuesday. We had all passed our tests, and, as if in celebration, the Other June only pinched me twice. “And now,” our swimming teacher said, “all of you are ready for the Advanced Class, which starts in just one month. I have a sign-up slip here. Please put your name down before you leave.” Everyone but me crowded around. I went to the locker room and pulled on my clothes as fast as possible. The Other June burst through the door  
160 just as I was leaving. “Goodbye,” I yelled, “good riddance to bad trash!” Before she could pinch me again, I ran past her and then ran all the way home, singing, “Goodbye . . . goodbye . . . goodbye, good riddance to bad trash!” ♦

Later, my mother carefully untied the blue ribbon around my swimming class diploma. “Look at this! Well, isn’t this wonderful! You are on your way, you might turn into an Olympic swimmer, you never know what life will bring.”

“I don’t want to take more lessons.”

“Oh, sweetie, it’s great to be a good swimmer.” But then, looking into  
170 my face, she said, “No, no, no, don’t worry, you don’t have to.”

The next morning, I woke up hungry for the first time in weeks. No more swimming class. No more Baddays and Awfuldays. No more Tuesdays of the Other June. In the kitchen, I made hot cocoa to go with my mother’s corn muffins. “It’s Wednesday, Mom,” I said, stirring the cocoa. “My favorite day.”

“Since when?”

“Since this morning.” I turned on the radio so I could hear the announcer tell the time, the temperature, and the day.

Thursday for breakfast I made cinnamon toast, Friday my mother made  
180 pancakes, and on Saturday, before we 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.” 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

#### ◆ GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT

The **tense** of a verb indicates the time of an action or a state of being. An action can happen in the present, the past, or the future. The verbs *ended*, *was*, *had*, and *pinched* in lines 153–155 tell you that these actions take place in the past.

**dazzling** (dāz’līng) *adj.*  
beautiful; amazing  
**dazzle** *v.*



at my moles?” he shouted, and he heaved our big green flowered chair  
190 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 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,<sup>1</sup> 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  
200 another apartment, in another place mysteriously called Blue Hill Street. **1**

Tilly’s truck followed our car.

“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.

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

**COMMON CORE** L.4c

### Language Coach

**Synonyms** The word *bureau* (line 191) means a chest of drawers. Use a thesaurus to find other words that describe a chest of drawers.

### **1** CONNECT

As they are driving away from their home, June suddenly realizes that her life is going to start anew elsewhere. 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.

“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,  
210 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  
220 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 doorway. 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,  
230 I would never get used to things.

**T**hat 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 either happy or unhappy. It was as if I were waiting for something.

Monday, when the principal of Blue Hill Street School left me in Mr. Morrisey’s classroom, I knew what I’d been waiting for. In that room full of strange kids, there was one person I knew. She smiled her square smile, raised her hand, and said, “She can sit next to me, Mr. Morrisey.”

“Very nice of you, June M. OK, June T, take your seat. I’ll try not  
240 to get you two Junes mixed up.”

I sat down next to her. She pinched my arm. “Good riddance to bad trash,” she mocked.

I was back in the Tuesday swimming class, only now it was worse, because every day would be Awfulday. The pinching had already started. Soon, I knew, on the playground and in the halls, kids would pass me, grinning. “Hiya, Fish Eyes.”

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

**J** **SENSORY LANGUAGE**

Reread lines 217–221. Which details help you picture what it looks like inside the house and how it feels to be there?

**Analyze Visuals ▶**

How does this painting compare with your mental picture of June’s new neighborhood?

Detail of *Potrero* (2005), Michael Shankman.  
Oil on canvas, 18" × 72". © 2005 Michael Shankman. All rights reserved.



## Language Coach

**Multiple-Meaning**

**Words** The word *recess* (line 247) means a temporary pause or break from work. Students usually have recess to relax and play. However, *recess* can also be used to describe a hollow space in a wall. Use a dictionary to find out what *recess* means when used as a verb instead of a noun.

The Other June followed me around during recess that day, droning in my ear, “You are my slave, you must do everything I say, I am your master, say it, say, ‘Yes, master, you are my master.’”

250 I pressed my lips together, clapped my hands over my ears, but without hope. Wasn’t it only a matter of time before I said the hateful words?

“How was school?” my mother said that night.

“OK.”

She put a pile of towels in a bureau drawer. “Try not to be sad about missing your old friends, sweetie; there’ll be new ones.”

The next morning, the Other June was waiting for me when I left the house. “Did your mother get you that blouse in the garbage dump?” She butted me, shoving me against a tree. “Don’t you speak anymore, Fish Eyes?” Grabbing my chin in her hands, she pried open my mouth.

260 “Oh, ha ha, I thought you lost your tongue.”

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.

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  
270 licked her lips 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 would be the Other June, and every afternoon, and every day, all day, there would be the Other June. **K**

She frisked down the aisle, stabbing the pencils in the air toward me.

280 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.

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

**K CONNECT**

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

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



Detail of *Fire and Ice* (2004), Brian Calvin. Acrylic on canvas, 48" × 60". Courtesy of Anton Kern Gallery, New York. © Brian Calvin.

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

290 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.

"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. Morrisey walked  
to his desk. "OK. OK. Let's get back to work. Kevin Clark, how about  
it?" Kevin jumped off the desk and Mr. Morrisey picked up a piece  
300 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 sat down at my desk.

"June M," Mr. Morrisey said.

She turned around, staring at him with that big-eyed cartoon look.  
After a moment she sat down at the desk with a loud slapping sound.

Even Mr. Morrisey laughed.

And sitting at my desk, twirling my braids, I knew this was the last  
Tuesday of the Other June. ♪ L

#### L **SENSORY LANGUAGE**

How do the sensory language and details in lines 302–309 help you imagine the scene? What does the author mean by "the last Tuesday of the Other June"?

# PRIMER

Rita Dove



In the sixth grade I was chased home by  
the Gatlin Kids, three skinny sisters  
in rolled-down bobby socks.<sup>1</sup> Hissing  
*Brainiac!* And *Mrs. Stringbean!*, they trod my heel.  
5 I knew my body was no big deal  
but never thought to retort:<sup>2</sup> who's  
calling *who* skinny? (Besides, I knew  
they'd beat me up.) I survived  
their shoves across the schoolyard  
10 because my five-foot-zero mother drove up  
in her Caddie<sup>3</sup> to shake them down to size.  
Nothing could get me into that car.  
I took the long way home, swore  
I'd show them all: I would grow up.

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1. **bobby socks:** 1940s and 1950s term for socks reaching just above the ankle.

2. **retort:** answer back in a sharp way.

3. **Caddie:** Cadillac, a type of car.

## Comprehension

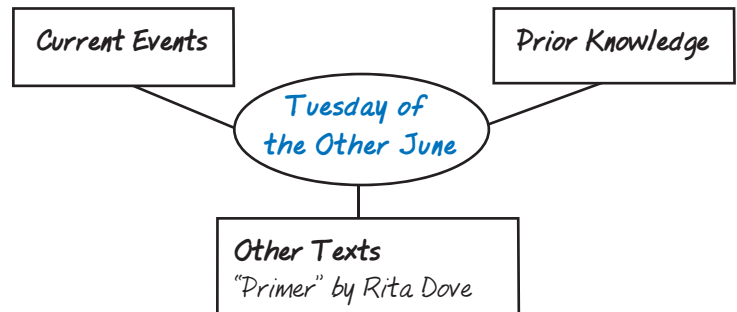
1. **Recall** What is June’s mother’s approach to dealing with life’s difficulties?
2. **Recall** What unpleasant discovery does June make on moving day?
3. **Represent** Reread lines 92–96. Create a weekly calendar showing the days of the week and June’s nickname for each.

### COMMON CORE

**RL 4** Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including connotative meanings. **RL 9** Compare and contrast texts in different forms in terms of their approaches to similar topics. **SL 1** Engage in collaborative discussions (in groups).

## Text Analysis

4. **Identify Imagery** June, the narrator of the story, uses **sensory details** to describe the house she shares with her mother. Review the story and find examples of these details. Then, write a sentence describing the house.
5. **Analyze Sensory Language** Go back to the story and look for descriptions of the narrator. How does the author create a full picture of June, including her inner feelings? Find examples of words and phrases that help you identify how June looks and feels.
6. **Analyze Character** Think about the type of person June’s mother is. How does her personality and behavior affect June? Does she give June good advice? Use evidence from the story to support your response.
7. **Connect** Review the chart that you filled out as you read the story. Does the story remind you of any other events, personal or fictional? Explain.
8. **Connect** Reread Rita Dove’s poem on page 482. How is the **speaker**, or voice, of the poem like June the narrator? Use examples from each selection to support your answer.



## Extension and Challenge

9. **Readers’ Circle** With a small group, discuss the way June deals with the Other June. In what other way could she have responded? Did June do the right thing?

### How do you deal with a BULLY?

Write a list of options for someone dealing with a bully. Think about June from “Tuesday of the Other June” and the speaker in “Primer.”



## Vocabulary in Context

### ▲ VOCABULARY PRACTICE

Choose 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? Write a paragraph describing the Other June and try to explain her behavior. Use at least two Academic Vocabulary words in your response.

### VOCABULARY STRATEGY: FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE IN CONTEXT

**Figurative language** is language used to express ideas in an imaginative way. Often, one idea or thing is being compared to another. In this story, a character’s skirt is said to be “as dazzling as a rainbow.” This figurative comparison helps you see the skirt in a new and interesting way. At the same time, thinking of the qualities of a rainbow—its brightness and beauty—can help you understand what the word *dazzling* means. The comparison provides context clues to help you interpret the meaning of an unknown word.

**PRACTICE** Explain the comparison being made in each sentence. Then write a definition for each boldfaced word.

1. Jeremy was as **pugnacious** as a boxer preparing for a championship bout.
2. His dog was as **recalcitrant** as a child who refused to go to sleep.
3. The three young children were **loquacious**, like chattering monkeys.
4. That volcano is as **dormant** as a hibernating bear.

#### COMMON CORE

- L 4a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.  
L 5a Interpret figures of speech in context.

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## Language

### ◆ GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT: Use Correct Verb Tense

Verb tenses are used to show that events or actions occur at certain times. The **past tense** is used for an event or action that has already occurred. The **present tense** is used for an event or action that occurs in the moment or regularly. The **future tense** is used to refer to an event or action that has not yet occurred. When you write, it is important to use the correct tense and not switch it inappropriately.

*Original:* When the mother **went** to work, she **thinks** about June.

*Revised:* When the mother **went** to work, she **thought** about June.  
(The second part of the sentence needs a past tense verb.)

**PRACTICE** Choose the correct verb tense to complete each sentence.

1. June wakes up every night worrying about robbers, but in the morning she and her mother (sing, sang) together.
2. June dreaded Tuesdays because she (has, had) to go to swimming class.
3. As her mother (drives, drove) over the hill, June sees the Other June.
4. June will meet up with the Other June soon, and she (handles, will handle) the situation differently.

For more help with verb tenses, see page R56 in the *Grammar Handbook*.

### READING-WRITING CONNECTION



Deepen your understanding of “Tuesday of the Other June” by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

#### WRITING PROMPT

**Extended Constructed Response: Description**  
“Tuesday of the Other June” focuses on the main character’s feelings of helplessness and anxiety. Imagine how June might feel after finally standing up to the Other June. Write **two or three paragraphs** describing June’s thoughts, feelings, and actions after the encounter.

#### REVISING TIP

Review your paragraphs. Have you used verbs in the correct tense? If not, revise your writing.



**L1** Demonstrate command of the conventions of grammar.  
**W3** Write narratives to develop imagined events.

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