



Tiger's Last ROAR

Harriet
Howe

Katie
Cottle

COVER NOT
FINAL



ILLO NOTE: VERY TEXTURAL,
PAINTY + ABSTRACT. WANT TO KEEP
"FULL REVEAL" OF T+M TO
FIRST SPREAD

Harriet's
dedication here

Katie's
dedication here

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Harriet Howe

Katie Cottle

Tiger's Last Roar





Tiger and Mae.
Queens of the Jungle.

The greatest explorers...



roarers...



creepers...



leapers...

racers...



chasers...

But one sound always stopped
them in their tracks...



TEATIME!



If Mae wasn't exploring with Tiger,



she was drawing with Tiger.



Telling stories with Tiger...

Always with Tiger.



Queens of the Jungle.
Forever together.
Together forever.

But as summer set over the jungle,
Tiger didn't feel much like roaring.



She spent less time exploring.

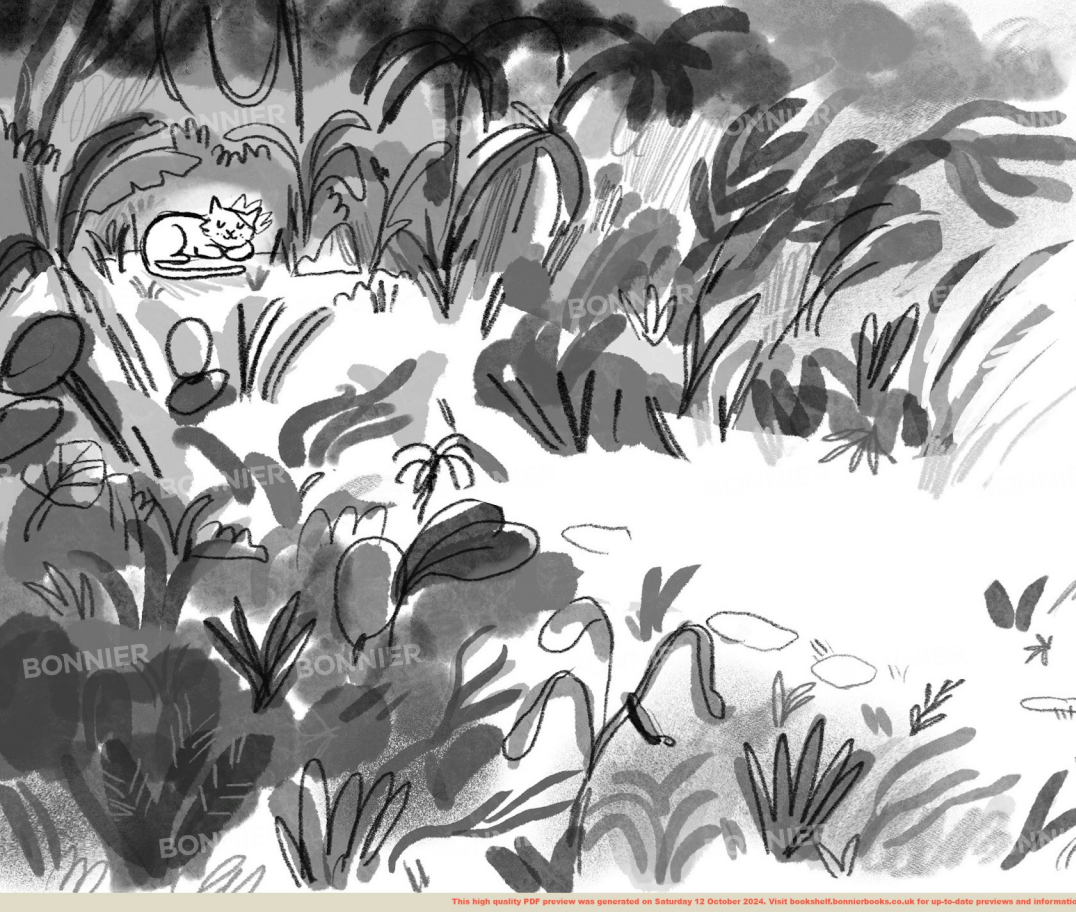


And whilst Mae
leapt and crept...



Tired old Tiger slept
and slept and slept.





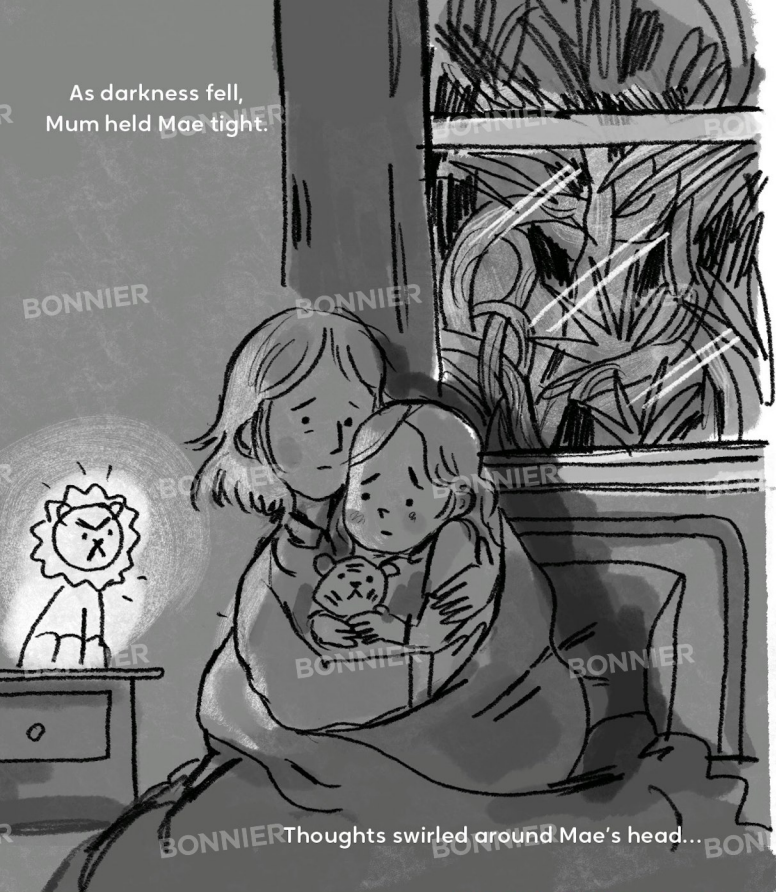
Then one windy day,
when the call came for:

TEATIME!

Tiger didn't come.



As darkness fell,
Mum held Mae tight.



Thoughts swirled around Mae's head...

But the words wouldn't come.

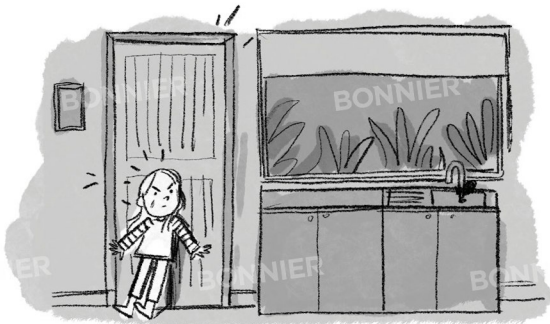


Instead...



Mae

ROAR!



She turned her back on the jungle
and shut herself away.



"We can't stay inside forever,"
whispered Mum.

But when Mae looked out . . .



She saw a twisted tangle of
scary shadows where their
jungle had been.



Wrapped in Mum's arms,
Mae's tears tumbled.



She worried they'd never stop.

Mum said talking about Tiger
would help, but sadness
curled round every word.

Then slowly, as they told stories of Tiger...



drew drawings of Tiger...



shared more and more memories of glorious Tiger...



The seed of a smile grew.



Until, one morning, Mum pointed...



Look!


But as they
tiptoed out

LOOK!

and began
to explore...

Mae wasn't sure.

It wouldn't be the same as before.



Mae saw that Tiger had left her pawprints all over their jungle.

On every magnificent branch.

On each delicate leaf.

In the brightest of flowers.

And deep in her heart.

Mae still loves
exploring.



She creeps and
she leaps.

Sometimes she
stumbles.



Sometimes she
ROARS.


But Mum is there
to hold her tight,
dust her down and
straighten her crown.



And together, they smile.



Remembering Tiger,
Queen of the Jungle.



What did they look like?

What was their name?

What is your best memory with them?

What was the funniest thing they did?

What was their favourite toy?

Where did they like to sleep?

