The background is a lush, colorful jungle. A young girl with long blonde hair, wearing a golden crown and a brown tunic, is climbing a large red tree trunk on the left. In the bottom right, a tiger with orange and black stripes is lying down, also wearing a golden crown. The scene is filled with various tropical plants, including large green leaves and colorful flowers. Several birds are visible: a toucan on a branch on the left, two parrots (one red and blue, one blue and yellow) on a branch in the upper right, and a green lizard on a branch in the upper right. There are also several butterflies in shades of purple and pink scattered throughout the scene.

Harriet
Howe

Katie
Cottle

Tiger's Last ROAR

A story about loss,
grief and the strength
that comes from
love



This book belongs to:

.....





For Chris,
with love xx
- H.H.

To Beanie
- K.C.

Harriet
Howe

Katie
Cottle

Tiger's Last ROAR

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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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.



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...



Until, one morning, Mum pointed...



Mae wasn't sure.

It wouldn't be the same as before.

LOOK!

But as they tiptoed out

and began
to explore...

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.

When a pet we love dies, it can be helpful to share all the things we loved about them, just like Mae does in this story. You can share stories, drawings and memories of your pet here.

my special memories



What is your best memory with them?

What was the funniest thing they did?

What was their name?

What did they look like?

Where did they like to sleep?

What was their favourite toy?





