

**The
Big
Orange
Octopus**

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Dear parents and caregivers,

Grief can be big, quiet, and ever-changing, just like the octopus in this story. This book is meant to help children explore their feelings and open the door to honest conversations about loss.

As you read together, invite your child to share their own experiences, and remind them that all feelings are welcome.

Grief affects people of all ages, remember to be gentle with yourself, too. Checking in with your emotions and allowing space for your own grief can help your child feel safe doing the same. You do not have to navigate this ocean alone.



There are many creatures in my ocean.

Some are fast, some are slow.

Some are big, some are small.

Some have pinchy hands, and some
have no hands at all!

Ever since my grandma passed away,
a big orange octopus has been following
me around.

Sometimes, the octopus is big and
bright, standing right in my way.

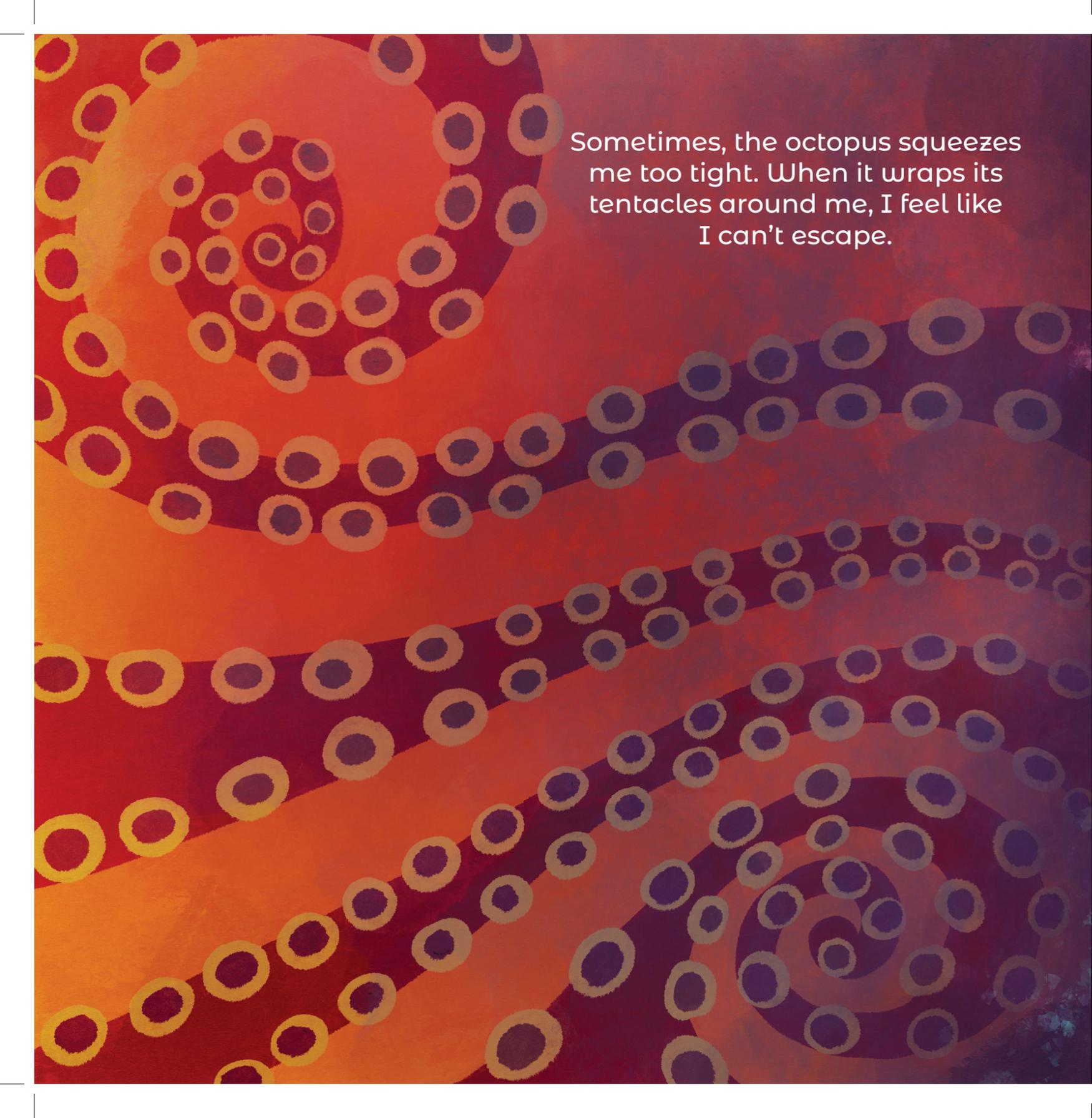
I push and shove, but it will not budge.





Other times, the octopus is sneaky.

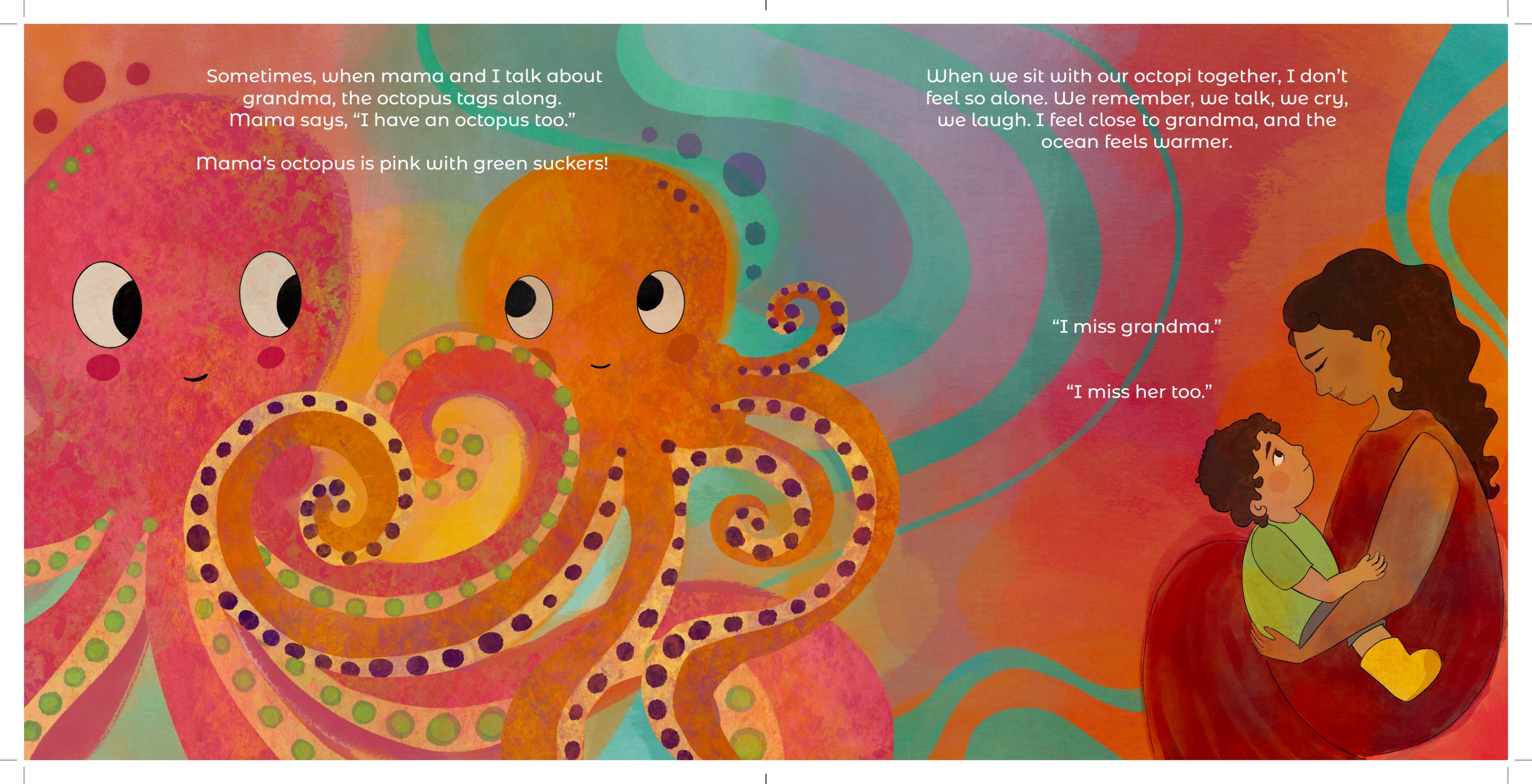
It disappears into the sand, blends
into the coral, and pops up when I
least expect it!



Sometimes, the octopus squeezes
me too tight. When it wraps its
tentacles around me, I feel like
I can't escape.



Sometimes, it inks up the waters
in a storm of feelings until it's too
cloudy to see my way.

The illustration is a vibrant, colorful scene. On the left, two octopuses are depicted. The one on the far left is pink with large, white eyes and a small smile. The one next to it is orange with large, white eyes and a small smile. Both octopuses have tentacles that are decorated with colorful spirals and dots. The background is a mix of warm colors like orange, red, and yellow, with swirling patterns in shades of green and blue. On the right side, a woman with dark, curly hair is shown in profile, hugging a young child. The woman is wearing a dark red top, and the child is wearing a green shirt and yellow shoes. The overall mood is warm and comforting.

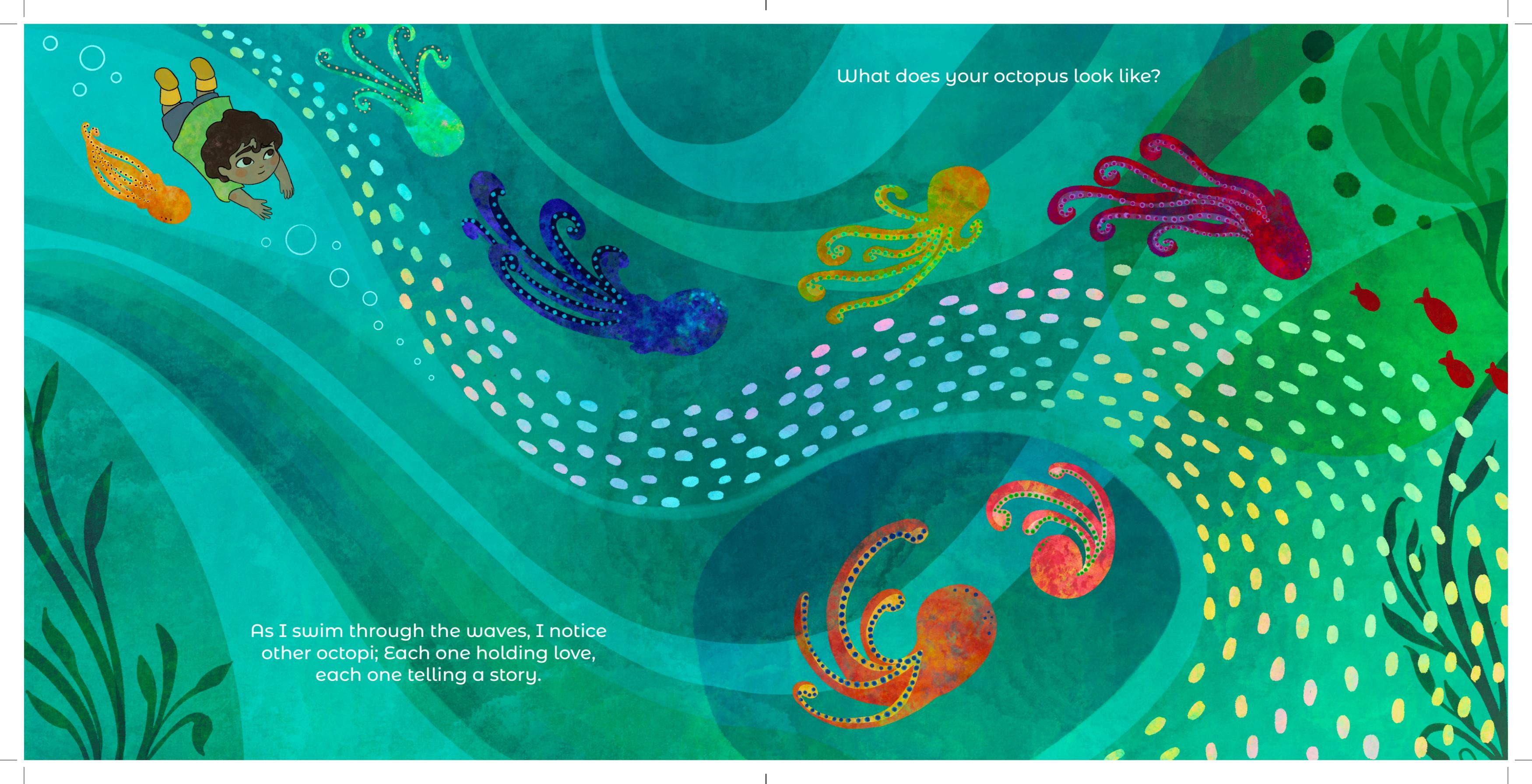
Sometimes, when mama and I talk about
grandma, the octopus tags along.
Mama says, "I have an octopus too."

Mama's octopus is pink with green suckers!

When we sit with our octopi together, I don't
feel so alone. We remember, we talk, we cry,
we laugh. I feel close to grandma, and the
ocean feels warmer.

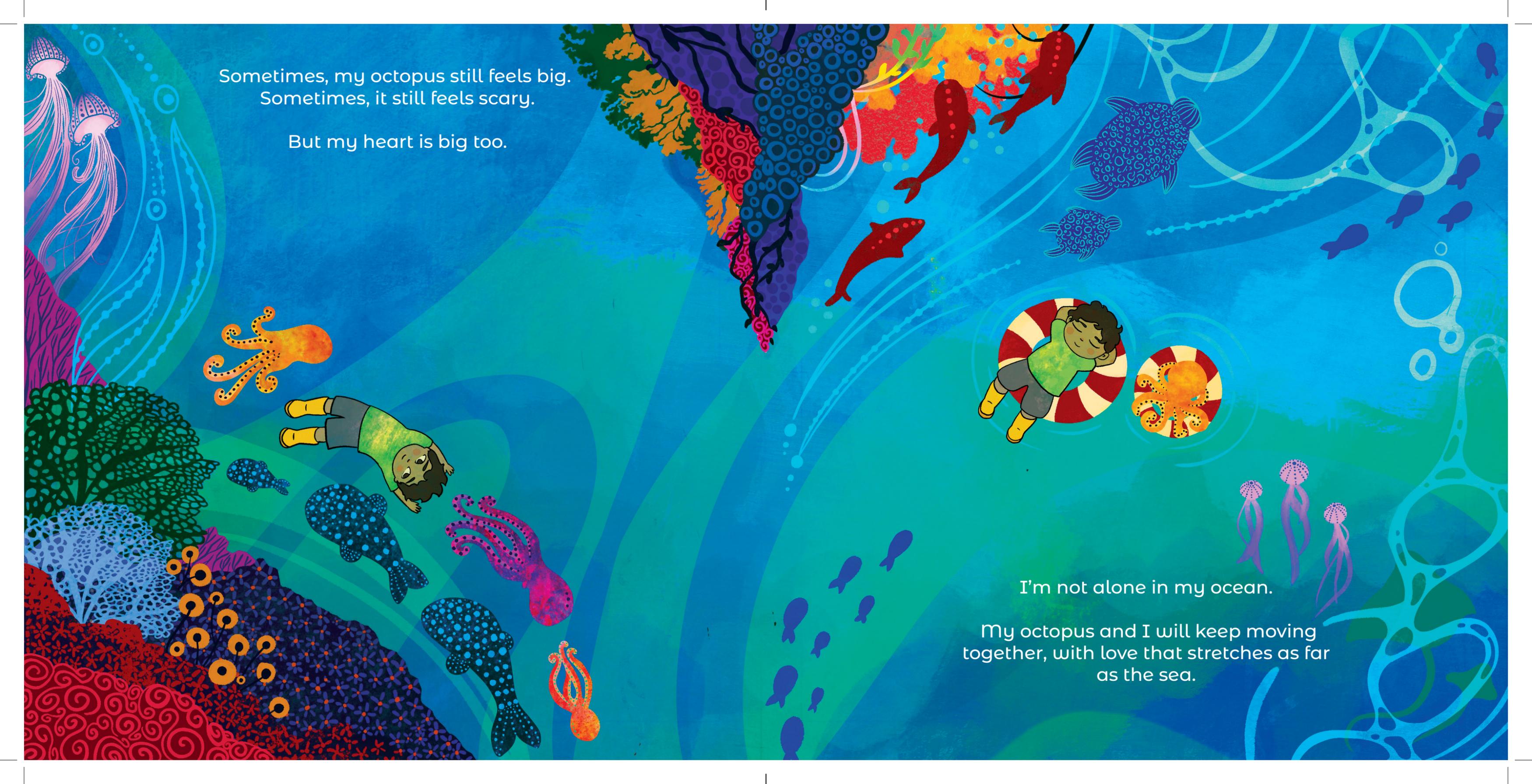
"I miss grandma."

"I miss her too."



What does your octopus look like?

As I swim through the waves, I notice other octopi; Each one holding love, each one telling a story.



Sometimes, my octopus still feels big.
Sometimes, it still feels scary.

But my heart is big too.

I'm not alone in my ocean.

My octopus and I will keep moving
together, with love that stretches as far
as the sea.