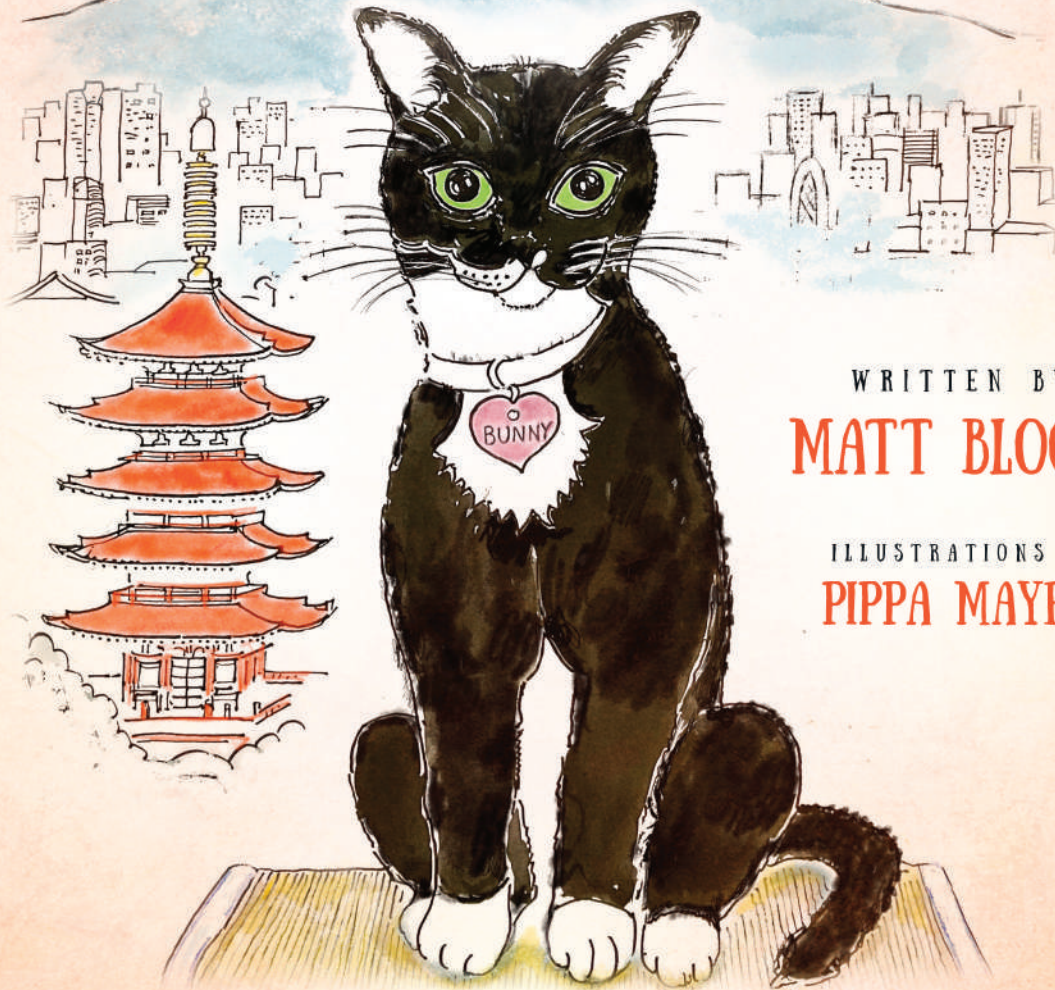


HELLO,  
MY NAME IS  
**BUNNY!**  
TOKYO



WRITTEN BY  
**MATT BLOOM**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**PIPPA MAYELL**

STORY BY **MATT BLOOM** AND **SHELLEY SIMMONS-BLOOM**



# Hello, My Name is Bunny! Tokyo

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## Dedication

For Bunny and every homeless animal awaiting their forever home.

Thanks to KittyKind NYC for providing safe shelter to Bunny and all the homeless cats lucky enough to be in their care.

And a huge thanks to Scott, Jayda, and Calico of Stray Cat Social Club, without whom we would never have met Bunny at all!

“Until one has loved an animal, a part of one’s soul remains unawakened.”

—ANATOLE FRANCE



Help Bunny make a difference:

For every *Hello, My Name is Bunny!*  
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## CHAPTER 1

# HELLO FROM TOKYO!

*Bunny is my friend;  
world traveler end to end;  
I miss her kindness.*

**H**ello, my name is Bunny! Bunny Doogle Simmons-Bloom, to be precise.

And that beautiful haiku you just read is by a good friend of mine, who you'll meet very soon. If you don't already know me, I'm a five-and-a-half-year-old, nine-pound American tuxedo girl cat who's lived all over the world and who manages to get into amazing adventures wherever I go.

The reason I've been all over is because my human dad—Robert—is a United States diplomat whose job posts him in a different country every few years. Dad recently transferred again, which is why I currently live in a comfy 10th-floor apartment near the heart of Tokyo, the capital of Japan. I must say, I'm super glad you've joined me today, Dear Reader, because now I can tell you all about my latest adventure, which happened right here in this great city!

It all began the morning I peered through the living room window at the sidewalk below, and noticed some tough-looking cats skulking into and out of the alley between the two apartment buildings across the street from mine. I also noticed a slender, elderly man sitting on a simple wooden chair he'd positioned against the smaller of the two buildings.



My interest in the cats and the man steadily increased over the next few days, until I finally decided to go down to them and introduce myself.

*But how?*

Simply leaving the apartment, taking the elevator to the lobby, and exiting my building, as humans do, seemed the easiest, most logical way. That is, until I realized I'd have to unlock and open the apartment door, push the much-too-high elevator button in the hallway, somehow reach the "Lobby" button inside the elevator once it arrived, then sneak past the doorman guarding the building entrance when I got to the ground floor.

"Plan B" entailed finding a hidden passageway that might lead from the apartment all the way to the street. My search for one proved fruitless, so I considered just asking my human parents to let me go out for a walk despite knowing they never would—not after the kerfuffles I'd gotten into rescuing a Central Park carriage horse from its mean owner in New York City, saving the London foxes from being culled, and freeing the famous Mona Lisa painting from dastardly art thieves in Paris. (All of which you can read about in my previous three books!)

Frustrated but undeterred, I returned to the living room and looked down at the cats and the man on the chair again. Not knowing how to get to them only made me more determined to! It soon dawned on me that the only way to leave the apartment and the building would be by going through the window, a prospect that filled me with equal parts hope and dread.

I examined the window more closely, despite my trepidation, and noticed a small latch at the top of it. I stood on the sill, stretched my body like a meercat, and managed to extend my front paws just



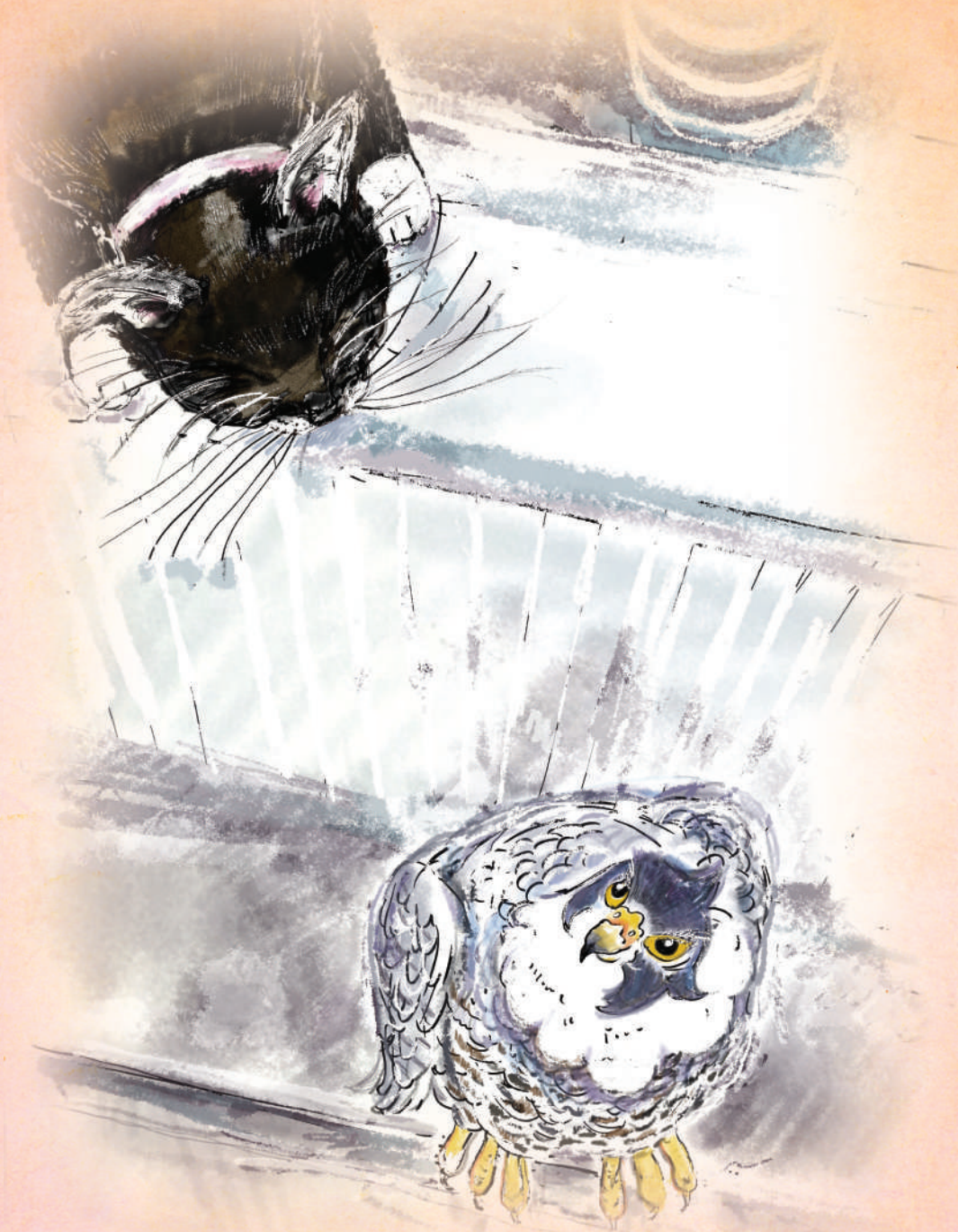
high enough to push the latch upward. I then pressed my forehead to the thick pane and leaned all of my nine pounds against it. To my surprise, the window opened, allowing me to poke my head out into the warm, late-afternoon air. Anyone looking up at my building then would have either been alarmed or amused (or both!) to see a tiny cat head protruding from a 10th-floor window.

I surveyed the sprawling city while sniffing the car and truck exhaust mingled with the smell of food cooking at the small carts lining the sidewalks and of brine from nearby Tokyo Bay; the salty, watery scent reminded me of the Seine River in Paris. Although the alley cats had left by then, the elderly man had stayed on his chair, his serene expression more visible without any glass between us.

I climbed farther out the window to get a better look at him, half my body resting on a narrow concrete exterior ledge, half my body safely inside the apartment. A brisk crosswind whistled past my perky ears and blew my long, white whiskers all about. I waved my paw and meowed, but the man I'd been watching neither saw nor heard me. *I'll need to grow wings if I ever hope to meet him*, I lamented. Or at least find a pipe or a wire along the side of the building to slide down. I couldn't find any pipes or wires, but I did see that each window had a ledge identical to mine under and above it. And while considering the possibility of climbing down those ledges like a giant ladder, I didn't see what rested as still as a statue on the one *directly beneath me*.

If you guessed a bird occupied the ledge beneath me, you'd be a hundred percent correct, Dear Reader. But not just any old bird. This happened to be a peregrine falcon, the fastest creature on Earth, according to a book I once read. When I finally spotted the falcon, the sight of the sharp talons curling from its toes and the dagger-







like beak sprouting from between its black, marble-like eyes caused all my muscles to freeze and my lungs to stop breathing. My brain ordered me to get back inside, yet my body refused to obey. My indecision gave the big raptor the chance to look up at me.

*Yikes!*

“Hel-lo, m-m-my n-n-name is-is-is Bun-ny,” I stammered once my lungs regained some function.

The falcon kept staring, which made me fear it might be planning to eat me. A twinkle then came into its dark eyes, and the corners of its cruel-looking mouth pulled into a surprisingly gentle smile, tempered by a hint of sadness.

“Hiya, Bunny—I’m Fumiko,” the bird said. “Can I ask you a question?”

“A ques-ques-tion? S-s-ure.”

“Do I look old and tired?”