

Where the Cape Glows Softly

A Night Where Breath Returns

Part II

Two Girls Walking Through the Morning Cape

Recap of Part I

In the first chapter, Chisa Yamaoka, exhausted by the dryness of city life, visits Osezaki. Guided by Kumiko Maki, she rediscovers a forgotten rhythm of breath. The quiet that leans against the sea gently unravels the ache in her chest, and a long-sleeping story inside her begins to move once more, carrying her toward a peaceful sleep.

Prologue

When Night Begins to Exhale

Chisa Yamaoka opened her eyes slowly.

Morning in Osezaki was nothing like morning in the city. The light fell quietly, the air was clean, and the tight knot deep in her chest loosened thread by thread.

She had been dreaming.

A little girl held her hand as they walked along the water's edge. They laughed freely, chasing each other through the shallow surf. The girl called her name, and Chisa squeezed her tiny hand back without thinking.

Then the light flickered and the girl vanished.

Chisa had cried out,

“Miharu!”

That was when she woke. Warmth and a faint ache lingered in her chest, like the last trace of

a tide pulling back. Only the distance so close yet unreachable remained startlingly vivid.

Chapter 1

Walking the Cape

When she stepped into the hallway, Kumiko Maki waved gently.

“Good morning, Chisa. If you’d like, shall we walk the cape?” Chisa nodded before her mind even caught up with the motion. Kumiko’s voice entered her heart the way a sea breeze slips into a quiet room.

They walked toward the headland. The scent of salt, the cool touch of the forest, the rhythm of the waves each sense awakened a little bit of innocence inside her.

“When I’m here, I can finally breathe,” Kumiko whispered. Chisa drew a long breath of morning air. And somewhere deep inside, the smile of the girl from her dream shimmered, ever so faintly.

Chapter 2

A Handmade Breakfast

After circling the cape, they returned to the Ikada Terrace. From the Suruga Bay Central Bistro came a warm, toasty aroma. “Perfect timing for breakfast,” Kumiko said.

The blackboard read: Today’s Breakfast: Toro-Saba Steak

A mackerel steak? Chisa stopped, puzzled.

Chef Kajiwara appeared with a gentle grin.

“Good morning. Curious, aren’t you? This isn’t just grilled fish.”

“Not just grilled...?”

“It’s all in the hands. Before cooking, I adjust the moisture and salt, every fish is different each day.”

When Chisa placed the tips of her chopsticks against the fillet, it yielded softly, almost breathing. “#Human Made ... isn’t it?” she murmured. The chef chuckled shyly. “In these times, people say it’s too much trouble. But some flavors exist only through #Human Hands, never machines.” Something bright flickered inside Chisa’s chest.

Chapter 3 —

A Flyer and a Name

After breakfast, Chisa returned to the lobby. A single flyer on the table caught her eye.

“Miharu Sanjo Exhibition”

Dohjidai Gallery, Kyoto 1928 Building

Miharu?

The name she had cried out in her dream that very morning. Her heart thudded.

“Kumiko... this flyer?”

Kumiko paused before answering softly.

“The revival of this place actually began when someone from the Kyoto 1928 Building reached out to us. We’ve stayed connected ever since.” She added gently: “We’re even talking

with the gallery team about a project for next year, "#One Ocean Izu — Deep Sea Memories Illuminated by #Human Made Craft."

Something inside Chisa burst open, like light finding a crack.

The girl in her dream. This flyer. This name.

Chisa clutched the paper. "I have to go."

"Kyoto?" Kumiko asked, surprised.

Chisa nodded. "Yes. I need to understand why the name Miharuru came to me." And so, Chisa left Osezaki behind.

Chapter 4 —

The 1928 Building at Dusk

By the time Chisa reached the 1928 Building, dusk had softened the sky. Its outer wall glowed

faintly gold, its green window frames casting gentle shadows.

Old, yet startlingly fresh.

Solid, yet warm.

It felt—somehow—~~#~~Human Made .

She climbed the stairs and pushed open the brass handle of Dohjidai Gallery. Light spilled across the room.

A lampshade crafted from drifted shells.

Sculptures shaped from ocean-worn wood and sea glass. Photographs capturing the stillness of the deep sea.

Even the gallery's window let in slanted orange light, as if the sun itself were part of the installation.

In that ocean-lit glow stood a woman.

“Are you... Miharu Sanjo?”

Chisa's breath caught. A wave of inexplicable nostalgia rose in her chest.

Chapter 5 —

When Two #Human Made Lives Overlap

They sat on a bench, speaking gently.

Miharu shared her story: Living with her father in London as a teen. Picking shells on the shores of St Ives. Visiting Bernard Leach's pottery studio, and falling in love with the philosophy of handmade craft.

Chisa shared her own: Traveling with her mother and collecting pottery across Japan. Her

particular affection for Mashiko ware. How handmade pieces calmed something inside her. Fragment by fragment, their lives began to align, like two lines that had always been meant to meet.

“It’s strange,” Miharuru whispered.

“It doesn’t feel like we’ve just met.”

Chisa felt her heart tighten warmly.

“I feel that too!”

Then a soft voice came from behind them.

“Welcome to the 1928 Building.”

It was Mr. Koh-san, the steward of both Dohjidai Gallery and Café Independants, the guardian of this building’s gentle “#Human Made wavering.”

“I overheard your stories,” he said warmly.

“And I must tell you something.”

He smiled, eyes bright. “Have you heard of the Oyamazaki Museum? They have Leach’s works there. And the building’s history... it runs astonishingly parallel to this one.”

Chisa and Miharuru exchanged a glance.

“Let’s go, Chisa.”

“Yes... together.”

Miharuru asked the staff to watch the gallery tomorrow. Mr. Koh nodded deeply.

“And tonight, let me celebrate your... reunion.

Join me downstairs at Café Independants. We

have perfectly aged house-made and #Human

Made prosciutto, and a potato salad made from

the rare ‘phantom avocado’ of Wakayama. For the first glass, Amontillado Los Arcos. Buena noche!”

Their smiles rose together, and they walked down the stairs, toward a night that would lead them to an even deeper memory.

(To be continued)

Preview of Part III

“Where Memory Wakes on the Hills of Otokuni”**

Suruga Bay in Osezaki and the Katsura River of Oyamazaki

—

two waters connected by an invisible thread.

Handcraft, mingei, family, and freedom.

The two women step deeper into a quiet, abundant forest.

Coming soon.

Character Notes

Chisa Yamaoka — Protagonist

A Tokyo professional whose competence is admired, yet whose heart has gradually dried without her noticing.

Drawn by a photograph of Osezaki's sea and Mt. Fuji merging as one, she travels seeking a forgotten breath. Her time in Osezaki awakens a quiet story long dormant inside her.

Kumiko Maki

Senior Manager and lead nature guide of Nature Inn Osekan. A woman with an uncanny sense for reading both the sea and the human heart.

Tetsuto Kajiwara

Head chef of Suruga Bay Man'naka Dining. A master of French cuisine who moved to Osezaki after falling for its sea.

Bernard Leach — A Brief Note

Bernard Leach (1887–1979), the British potter who bridged Japan and the West, devoted his life to defending the dignity of #Human Made craft. In an era rushing toward

mass production, he insisted that beauty lived in the slight “wavering” of human touch. His studio in St Ives became a symbol of this belief.

In the story, both Chisa and Miharu are drawn to objects with warmth, irregularity, and a sense of breath—echoes of Leach’s philosophy. Their journey from Osezaki to Kyoto and onward to Oyamazaki quietly mirrors Leach’s own search for freedom through craft: a freedom found not in perfection, but in the gentle humanity of things made by hand.

nature inn OSEKAN

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