

Cherry Blossom Petals: Date 5 - Kamakura Chaos

A Comical Train Adventure Through Ancient Temples and Fortunes

Ages Young Adult 16+



Date Number Five was supposed to be classy and cultural. Naturally, it began with running after the wrong commuter train.



We finally squeezed onto the vintage green Enoden line, surrounded by schoolchildren and fifty tourists taking selfies.



For three whole seconds, the glittering Shonan sea flashed by—just long enough for Ren to drop his transit pass.



Stepping out at Kamakura Station, the sea breeze smelled like salt, pine needles, and freshly toasted rice crackers.



The plan was temple enlightenment first. But Komachi-dori Street had giant purple sweet potato croquettes.



One bite in, the piping-hot croquette unleashed volcanic steam straight into Ren's face.



We reached the monumental red torii gate of Tsurugaoka Hachimangu shrine, standing like a giant scarlet giant.



Nobody warned us about the sixty-one stone stairs. Ren took them two at a time to prove something only he understood.



At the water pavilion, Ren managed to wash his left hand, his right hand, and the front of his own jacket.



Hachimangu shrine is famous for holy pigeons. Apparently, Ren's jacket smelled like holy breadcrumbs.



Time to make a wish at the main hall. Hana tossed her five-yen coin gracefully; Ren's bounced off a wooden beam.



We shook the metal omikuji cylinders until our forearms burned, waiting for destiny to drop out a numbered stick.



Hana pulled Great Blessing. Ren pulled Worst Curse, which specifically warned against 'taking trips near water with women.'



We tied Ren's disastrous curse to the temple wire rack so the spirits could deal with it instead.



To counter the curse, Ren bought every charm in stock: safe travel, academic success, and one for healthy childbirth just in case.



Next stop: the Great Buddha of Kamakura, sitting serenely outdoors while surviving eight centuries of tourists.



The bronze Giant Buddha sat under the open sky, calm and massive, radiating peaceful energy right into our exhausted souls.



For fifty yen, you can actually crawl inside the Buddha. It was dark, warm, and smelled like ancient pennies.



Outside hung a pair of straw sandals big enough for a dinosaur, woven for the Buddha's mythical walks.



We climbed toward Hase-dera temple, where stone Jizo statues smiled peacefully among fresh moss and hydrangeas.



Visitors were allowed to ring the giant bronze bell. Ren pulled the wooden hanging log back with extreme drama.



BONGGGGGG. The sound vibrated right through our shoes, our teeth, and probably straight into next Tuesday.



Beneath Hase-dera lay the Benten Cave—a dark tunnel carved into stone where people lit tiny candles for good fortune.



Ren carefully placed a mini clay figurine on a damp ledge, secretly wishing for our fifth date to never end.



From the temple observation deck, the entire curved coastline of Yuigahama bay opened up in sparkling sapphire.



We bought twin matcha ice cream cones. Then a sudden coastal kite hawk swooped dangerously close overhead.



We escaped the birds and walked down to the beach, where the evening tide washed golden reflections across wet sand.



Ren found a piece of smooth sea glass shaped like a guitar pick. Hana found an old bottle cap shaped like disappointment.



Twilight settled over Kamakura as the little green train rattled back into the station, headlights glowing warm and round.



Exhausted from sixty-one stairs and two million bell vibrations, we collapsed into the train seats as the city lights blurred past.



Arriving back in Tokyo, the neon towers greeted us like old friends who had stayed up late waiting for our return.



The Worst Curse fortune was totally wrong. Date Number Five was pure magic—and neither of us could wait for Date Six.