

Six set off with instructions to avert their eyes from the right to avoid spoiling the end objective and instead looking left revealed a bonus Martello hidden by surrounding residences from most directions, as well as number 1 prominent above. A pause to take in the view of The Warren from the west that inspired the walk then down the path leading to the sea. Arriving at the shore revealed the effect the stiff breeze was having on the tide and some unplanned jeopardy as waves washed against the seawall then 15ft overhead but not quite wetting walkers. The climb up to Capel even with zigzags was steeper and stiffer than any expected on Welsh wanders due a fortnight later and led out of The Warren with no rabbits seen.

The route inland led to a calmer climate and leveller landscape before down and out again in the upper Alkham Valley. From here Mike Headley shortcutted back to other duties leaving the rest up and down and round past Swingfield but those behind missed sight of rabbits running at our approach. The longer, lower, less frequented route round Reinden Wood revealed the bluebells season was fading. Crossing the last grass before lunch at the inimitable Cat and Custard Pot at Paddlesworth a proper wabbit watch finally remedied refund requests for rabbits missed.

Wind whistling through the wires as we crested the North Downs scarp returned us to the coastal climate and recognition of NDW bits of the Millennium 100 route. Quickly diverting directly down to Peene and round the back of Newington the route rejoined the 100 one up to Dibgate Camp. Down again and up the last long climb to Shorncliffe Cemetery it was on to Martello country. Three a house, four in the woods disguised by ivy with five nearby fenced off and all to the sound of the sea surging on the shingle far below.

Down to sea level again and past Sandgate Castle built for fulfilling the same purpose as Martellos but 250 years earlier. Into Folkestone's tourist zone, pastel painted beach huts, the play equipped park, the zigzag path with manufactured grottoes easy enough for bathchairs up to the Leas. Old Folkestone's Bayle and steps down to the harbourside pausing at the large map of an unknown but truly long distance walker's exploits across Europe over four decades. Timorous avoidance of fountain surprises still gets under the railway arches and to the back of the sands deserted by the now low and quiet distant tide. Lastly up to Martello 6 ahead which no one really noticed before at the start, and finish just beyond.

