

Inaugural Easingwold 10K – Beth Constantine

Written from my experiences of the day.

Sunday 27th July 2025 marked the inaugural event of the Easingwold 10K, hosted by Easingwold Running Club. Everything was so well organised from the parking, to getting our numbers through the one-way system. The whole day was seen to be a massive success.

It was a little bit breezy when we arrived in Easingwold, but it soon warmed up. After warming up (and joining the toilet queue countless times), we all headed towards the start line. The nerves were starting to kick in at this point (it never seems to get any easier!). While waiting to start, I did a few jumps up and down on the spot as I usually do to keep myself moving and then I realised... I am stood way too close to the front! (I moved back a little bit).

The countdown began (which they had to do twice as the first time, the photographer was climbing off their ladders to get out of the way), and then the race had begun. We started in Easingwold town centre. We ran a few yards forward before taking a sharp left into another few yards forward, and then turned left again (this was the mini loop of town before heading out onto the course). We took a final left turn and started heading out of Easingwold, where we were faced immediately with our first 'mini' climb. I was already tired by this point and we were only about half a kilometre into the race. I tried to keep a steady pace as we curved to the right. It was still a steady climb up. I focused on my breathing and trying to put one foot in front of the other. We continued up a shorter, slightly steeper slope, leading us out of Easingwold onto a closed off country road. It started to get a little bit flatter as we ran along this road, with the occasional downhill at certain points. We followed this road along which felt like it went on for ages. Slowly starting to find my stride and controlling my breathing. We passed the 2km mark and we were heading towards the 3km mark, which was a left turn on Rookery Lane and a few metres up, which was a quieter road.

As we turned left up Rookery Lane, there was another steady uphill climb. It seemed to never end and for some reason, it felt really hard (even though I had run steeper hills in the past). I think there might have been a mini downhill at some point, but I can't remember (the uphill's stuck in my mind more!). It was pretty much like this most of the way up this road. I do remember a lovely downhill segment around the 3½km mark, but it was only short and was followed immediately by another uphill climb. This road kept going on and on, up and some down.

Then finally, as we approached the 4km mark, we headed slightly downhill and then turned left onto Crayke Lane where we were met with a water station. As usual, I grabbed a bottle (thanking the marshals as I did so), and proceeded with my strategy, which was a mixture of little sips and chucking water on my legs and wrist. Of course it was uphill after the water station. I tried to focus on my breathing again and staying relaxed (the heat didn't help!). We followed the road along until it gently curved towards the right and we were met with something amazing...a downhill segment (yay!), where we approached the half-way mark (yes, that was only half way). After enjoying the short, but sweet downhill, we did a sharp left turn into another road, which I think was flat with a few sneaky uphill's (my legs were

tired by this point, so I could feel them). We headed around a left turn on the road, followed immediately by a right turn where we met a lovely downhill segment. This felt great after all the uphills to this point. Although that soon ended as we curved to the left for another slight uphill (I've lost count now!). It wasn't long, but it was long enough. It was really hard to try and keep a consistent pace with all these ups and downs, but I tried to put one foot in front of the other.

Relaxing my arms as I ran back downhill and as we headed right along the road, you guessed it, another uphill climb! I think it did go flat again at the top, but I was 'hill-struck' by this point. It was starting to get more difficult mentally and physically, especially as we were getting closer towards the end. I lost track of what distance I was on at this point but what I do remember was the 8km mark, where there was another water station. I still had a bottle in my hand from the last water station. I grabbed a new bottle and chucked my old bottle in the bags/bins provided (BULLSEYE!). But, straight after grabbing my water, there was a final sting in the tail (which we had already been warned about beforehand). I could see the top, but it didn't seem to get any closer. Through little steps and taking deep breaths, I managed to make it to the top, where I was soon rewarded with a lovely downhill segment. We were heading back into Easingwold at this point. I started to see houses and the speed limit sign as we headed back into Easingwold. At the bottom, we turned right onto Lime Tree Avenue, which was a little street of houses. The road was a bit wavy, but it was a good distraction from the pain.

With 1km left to go, I annoyingly got a really bad stitch, to the point where I was struggling to breath. But the kids, cheering everyone on (shouting out everyone's numbers out separately), really helped as we ran onto the cycle lane. We headed along the lane and ended up going along the path that is used for Millfield parkrun, but in the opposite direction. We came off the path near the carpark and turned left onto the road. We crossed the road and followed the road to the right. The end is in sight (mentally more than physically), but my stitch was making this point ten times harder (when it should have felt nicer as I was nearly finished). We turned left down towards the bottom of a hill (this felt nice) before then turning left at the bottom. I could hear the crowds cheering. I knew the finish line was just around the corner. I tried to push myself as much as possible, making sure the person behind didn't overtake me (which they didn't!). I sprinted until I had gone over the finish line. Panting for breath and feeling hot. I had put my all into that hard race. I wore my 'E' shaped medal with pride as I grabbed my water and went to sit on the floor.

Even though it was a hilly course, I would definitely do it again. A good course for anyone who wants to challenge themselves and be surrounded by a supportive community (I can definitely feel the hills now in my legs!).

A massive well done to everyone who took part. I have included a picture of most of us at the start. I'm sorry that not everyone was on the picture. Here are the results of all the Ripon Runners that took part on the day:

Craig Allenby – 45:31 minutes

Beth Constantine – 47:49 minutes

Ray Johnstone – 49:59 minutes

Tim Pocock – 52:22 minutes

Sophie Harris – 54:00 minutes

Jill Gray – 55:44 minutes

Helen Cox – 57:00 minutes

Caroline Harland – 57:40 minutes

Michaela Graham – 58:51 minutes

Fiona Alder – 62:58 minutes

Paula Johnstone – 71:30 minutes



Apologies not everyone is on the picture. Everyone smashed it 😊.