The treasured item you lost and wish you could have again... My whole cricket autograph collection got stolen one day at The Oval when I was 15. It took me years to amass and still breaks my heart every time I think of the moment I knew it was gone.

The unending quest that drives you on... A terror of being bored. The way you would spend your fantasy 24 hours, with no time travel restrictions...

Right now, I'd fly my three sons to New York and watch them laugh, argue, compete, eat, drink, fight, play and torment their father together.

The temptation you wish you could resist... Feeding with Alan Sugar on Twitter. I know it's a ridiculous waste of time, but I can't stop it.

The book that holds an everlasting resonance... An Evil Cradling by Brian Keenan. After reading this extraordinarily brave, spirited man's searing account of surviving five years in captivity in Lebanon, I vowed to avoid feeling sorry for myself again.

The priority activity if you were the Invisible Man for a day... I'd stand in Scarlett Johansson's shower cubicule. The way fame and fortune is changing you, for better and worse...

Better: I don't have time to waste with boring dullards. Worse: I don't have time to be the father or friend I'd really like to be. The film you can watch time and time again... Rocky. It never fails to lift my spirits when I'm down.

The person who has influenced you most... My mother. She's the strongest, wisest, kindest, most generous person I know.

The person from history for whom you'd most like to buy a pie and a pint... Winston Churchill, the greatest personification of Britishness there has ever been. I'd like to lift his cigar and thank him.

The piece of wisdom you would pass on to a child... It would be the same as my dad gave me: Always be nice to policemen, and always drink the best French wine you can afford.

The unlikely interest that engages your curiosity... I like to collect personalised memorabilia from famous people. My latest acquisition is Charlie Sheen's negative drug test result with 'To Piers, let's get hammered, love Charlie' scrawled on it.

The prized possession you value above all others... My uncle Jeremy, a Catholic army deacon, gave me a rosary bead after I was fired from the Daily Mirror that I keep in my wallet. It seems to have worked pretty well so far.

The unqualified regret you wish you could amend... Charging recklessly down the wicket when I was on 96 in an East Sussex League cricket match, and getting out four runs short of what would have been my only league century. My sons were waiting to record my moment of glory, and instead had to greet me at the pavilion with the words: 'Dad, why the hell did you do that?'

The poem that touches your soul... Your Laughter by Pablo Neruda. I used it to woo my wife, who has a weird hankering to be a movie star. Preferably in a film that involves torrid love scenes with Eva Mendes.

The philosophy that underpins your life... 'Ambition knows no bounds.' Po flying with a flock of seagulls, 'Ambition knows no bounds.'

The order of service at your funeral... I'd like to be carried in to the Test Match Special theme tune and out to Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life. With maybe an address by my former boss Kelvin MacKenzie, mocking my entire life and career. The way you want to be remembered...

As an agent provocateur who didn't take himself nearly as seriously as everyone else wanted him to be.

As told to Rob McGibbon

The event that altered the course of your life and character... Coming home in tears of boredom from the Lloyd's insurance market in London, where I was a clerk for nine months at 19. I told my mother I couldn't do another moment, so she fought to get me onto a journalism course at Harlow College and my career was launched.

The crime you would commit knowing you could get away with it... I'd kidnap Manchester United forward Dimitar Berbatov until the end of the season, so Arsenal could steal the Premiership.

The song that means most to you...

My Way by Frank Sinatra. It's been the template for my life and career – don't be a lemming, be an individual. The happiest moment you will cherish for ever... My wedding day last June was pretty perfect in every way.

The saddest time that shook your world... The death of one of my best friends, Piers Page, in a cycling accident before he was 30. It made me realise that life can be cruelly short, and has to be enjoyed to the full.

The unfulfilled ambition that continues to haunt you... I have a really weird weird hankering to be a movie star. Preferably in a film that involves torrid love scenes with Eva Mendes.

The view on life that keeps you up at night... My Way by Frank Sinatra. It's been the template for my life and career – don't be a lemming, be an individual.

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