The prized possession you value above all others… A pussycat soft toy called Johnson. He was bought for my older sister Cherry but I fell in love with him when I was two. He’s always on the bed but Phil [her second husband, chef Phil Vickery] chucks him off.

The unqualified regret you wish you could amend… I have regrets, but nothing I haven’t dealt with. You have to learn from mistakes, tidy them up and move on, or they’ll finish you off.

The way you would spend your fantasy 24 hours, with no travel restrictions… I’d have breakfast in my garden in Buckinghamshire with Phil and the children [twins Jack and Harry, 18, Gracie, 14, and Winnie, ten]. Then I’d hang a perfect row of laundry. For elevenes I’d stroll around St Tropez, then zoom round in a 1957 Riva speedboat. I’d have a massage on a tropical island, then go to a West End theatre for a good laugh. Supper would be lobster, new potatoes and Hellmann’s mayonnaise with Phil on a Cornish beach. I’d end the day at home watching Antiques Road Trip.

The temptation you wish you could resist… It would be good to earn my internet shopping – I buy everything online, from underwear to gadgets.

The book that holds an everlasting resonance… Bram Stoker’s Dracula. When I was 14, Cherry and I read it to each other with a bottle of port. We thought Dracula was misunderstood! The priority activity if you were the Ineffable Woman for a day… I’d nip into the Treasury and see how much we have in the coffers, then apportion it properly.

The pet hate that makes your hackles rise… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The figure from history for whom you’d taught me that ‘everything passes’… My mother, who’s 88. She taught me that ‘everything passes’. I’m hopelessly addic-

The person who has influenced you again… Riva speedboat, Dracula, a 1957 speedboat, Maryland Tudor, Top Hat with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Dracula, a 1957 Riva speedboat, Mary Tudor, Fern’s husband Phil Vickery and Dione Warwick.

The treasured item you lost and wish you could have again… My second novel, Hidden Treasures, is published by HarperCol-

The unlikely interest that engages your curiosity… I’m hopelessly addicted to Formula One motor racing and even play in an online fantasy league.

The poem that touches your soul… I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it…

The poem that touches your soul… Robert Frost’s Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The prayer you might whisper… ‘Half of me is mumsy and cuddly… but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on tables’

The satirical or socia-prepare questions – and only accept THE definitive answer. This week it’s TV presenter Fern Britton.

The way you want to be remembered… On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The disappointment was crushing, but the way you want to be remembered… I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it…

The treasured item you lost and wish you could have again… My grandma’s gold wedding band. I was really upset when a burglar stole it in 1990.

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The unending quest that drives you… People assume I’m a cuddly, mumsy girl next door who’s a bit naive. That is 50 per cent of me, but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on the tables until 2am and is not shocked by anything. People underestimate me.

The poem that touches your soul… On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The misapprehension about yourself… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The unending quest that drives you… People assume I’m a cuddly, mumsy girl next door who’s a bit naive. That is 50 per cent of me, but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on the tables until 2am and is not shocked by anything. People underestimate me.

The unending quest that drives you… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The poem that touches your soul… On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The misapprehension about yourself… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The unending quest that drives you… People assume I’m a cuddly, mumsy girl next door who’s a bit naive. That is 50 per cent of me, but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on the tables until 2am and is not shocked by anything. People underestimate me.

The poem that touches your soul… On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The misapprehension about yourself… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The unending quest that drives you… People assume I’m a cuddly, mumsy girl next door who’s a bit naive. That is 50 per cent of me, but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on the tables until 2am and is not shocked by anything. People underestimate me.

The poem that touches your soul… On A Snowy Evening. It is so evoca-

The order of service at your funeral… ‘I’d be a crack assassin and shoot world leaders you could get away with it’.

The misapprehension about yourself… I can’t stand people whistling. It makes me want to kill them.

The unending quest that drives you… People assume I’m a cuddly, mumsy girl next door who’s a bit naive. That is 50 per cent of me, but the other half likes to drink margaritas and dance on the tables until 2am and is not shocked by anything. People underestimate me.