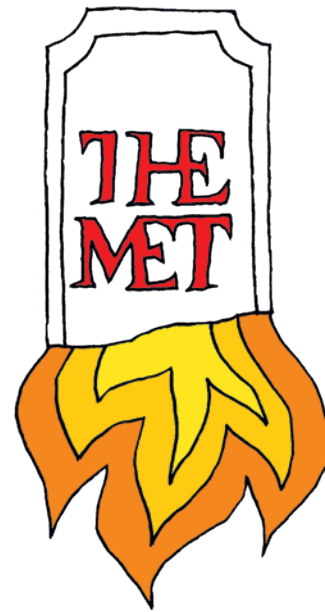


19 APRIL

**B**ack home and already my doorstep is full of gifts and fan mail. It seems that every brand in town wants to ply me with their latest goods. I'm not complaining (Smartie is), I'm just at a loss as to where we're going to keep it all. We're gonna need a bigger boat...



But what's this waiting for me? Only the hottest ticket in town, the Met Gala. Of course I've been invited, it comes with the territory now that I'm a movie star. In fact, Valentino have asked if I will be their guest of honour. I accept on one condition: that Claudia can be my plus one. The theme is a winner – *Heavenly Bodies: Fashion and the Catholic Imagination*. I'm purring at the thought of it. Forgive me Father for I have already sinned....

20 APRIL

**C**laudia and I spend a very happy day plotting what to wear on the sofa. We're full of giggles, swiping through the albums of Galas gone by. It's all about making a splash. It's calling out for a double act – saints and sinners, angels and demons, Saul and Paul. Wait, I might just have it: vicars and tarts! That'll put the cat amongst the pigeons...

22 APRIL, LONDON

**N**ow this is the life. *Argyll* pre-production hair and makeup – aka, HEAVEN. Car arrived at 10 am to whisk me off to pamper-city. Hard to suppress a smile as Smartie chased us down the drive. Bless her, but there's only room for one cat in Hollywood, I'm afraid... Arrived on set and was immediately at home; beauties in towels and smiles serenade you at every turn, a glass of champagne Mx Chip? Would you like the manicure or pedicure first Mx Chip? Scented towel Mx Chip? Finally, someone who speaks my language. Five hours later I'm shitting roses. A star is well and truly born.

