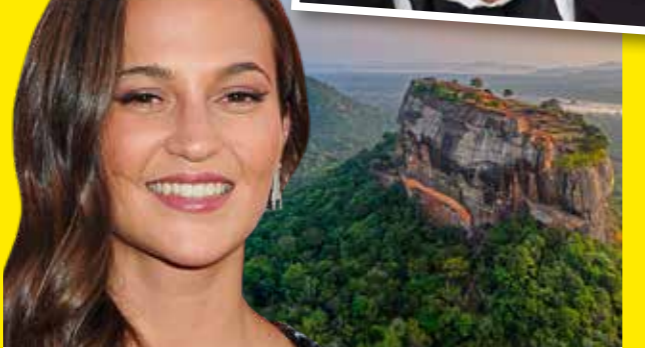
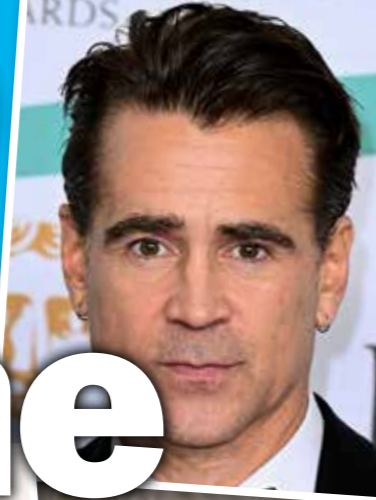


Win! 2x £100

QUESTION Time

The answer to each question can be found in the box at the bottom. Cross them off as you go.



- ★ ITALY
- ★ VULPINE
- ★ PUFF
- ★ SCRABBLE
- ★ PENGUIN
- ★ FIVE
- ★ UNFORGOTTEN
- ★ TIN
- ★ BROTHER
- ★ WORDS
- ★ TWO
- ★ COCONUT
- ★ MICHAEL
- ★ FASSBENDER
- ★ GREEN DAY
- ★ BELGIUM
- ★ B-52'S
- ★ ANNE
- ★ HEART
- ★ THREE
- ★ SPAIN
- ★ COLOMBO

FINISHED? One of the answers will be left over and this is the prize one. Write this answer on the entry coupon, enter online, phone or text. See page 57.

Our Lives

When my fiancé popped the question, I knew I kneaded to find the perfect wedding venue. By Jackie Firestone, 52

'I bake thee...'



Me and Phil

As I stepped into my local bakery, I was greeted by my favourite smell – freshly baked steak pasties.

'The usual please, Jenni,' I said to the owner.

Duston Village Bakery was a local institution where I grew up in Northamptonshire, and I went most days.

I was even born on the street just behind the bakery, so it always had a special place in my heart.

As I tucked into my pasty back at home, I opened my laptop to check my messages.

I'd recently made a friend in a Facebook group, called Chris.

She lived in the US, but as we'd chatted she'd told me about her brother Phil, who, like me, was single and looking for love.

Maybe I could set you two up, she'd messaged.

I laughed, but she sent me his profile so we could connect and since then Phil and I had been messaging non-stop.

Now, after exchanging a few more messages, we decided to set up a video call.

'Nice to meet you,' I said, nervously as Phil's face appeared on the screen.

Despite the eight-hour time difference, we talked for hours.

Phil was so funny and sweet – I felt like I'd known him all my life.

We began speaking every day and before long, Phil

made a confession.

'I love you,' he said.

'I love you too,' I replied.

After getting his visa sorted, he flew to the UK. I was full of nerves as I travelled to the airport to pick him up. But they vanished when he finally strolled through arrivals.

'Over here!' I squealed excitedly, running into his arms.

After spending a night in London, we went back to mine. I couldn't wait to show him around my quaint little village – and take him to my favourite bakery!

'You have to have one of these,' I said, ordering us two steak pasties.

'It's delicious,' he said as he

munched away.

Thank goodness, because that could have been a dealbreaker!

Phil and I grew closer and one day, a year on, Phil suggested we go to the bakery.

After placing my order, Jenni looked at me with a smile and said, 'You better turn round.'

Looking over my shoulder, I noticed Phil had dropped to one knee.

'Will you marry me?' he asked, presenting a ring.

'Of course!' I said, grinning.

Phil was the filling to my pie, so it was the perfect place to pop the question.

Shortly after, Phil's tourist visa ran out and he had to



Our reception

return home. I was sad, but I knew it wouldn't be long before we were reunited.

We immediately applied for a family visa, so he could return full time as my fiancé.

As the visa was granted on the basis that you married within six months of returning, we began wedding planning.

When we started chatting about reception venues, Phil said, 'What about the bakery?'

It was such a special place for us, it just made sense.

When I suggested the idea to Jenni, she was thrilled.

Not only did she want us to have the reception there, but she also suggested we get a celebrant and marry in the shop too.

'I'll get to work on your cake,' she said excitedly.

Of course, she wanted to cater the event too.

'I wouldn't have it any other way,' I chuckled.

When Phil returned, we sorted out flowers, suits and

my dress.

And while the wedding was supposed to be an intimate affair, word got around and the numbers kept growing.

'Jenni better have enough pasties,' I said, laughing.

In the end, we had a 50-strong guest list ready to celebrate.

As I walked down the makeshift aisle, I felt a flood of emotions.

Phil and I said our vows in front of family and friends and surrounded by the delicious smell of baking!

After the ceremony, we had a buffet consisting of Jenni's

best sausage rolls, scotch eggs, pork pies and, of course, our favourite – steak pasties.

'Everything looks delicious,' I said, giving Jenni a hug.

For entertainment, we had the local Morris dancing troupe perform outside.

They were there in memory of my late uncle Richard who passed away a few years ago.

Jenni made us a beautiful carrot cake, as well as a tower of snowmen-shaped donuts that she called 'snow-nuts'.

Everyone danced and laughed the night away, and I couldn't have asked for a more perfect wedding.

To this day, Phil and I still pop into the bakery for our favourite treats.

It holds such a special place in our hearts.

Our first date, proposal and wedding all took place in there!

It really was the perfect place to say, 'I dough'.

'I'll get to work on your cake'



Jenni