

Ann - childhood

When I was very young, I thought a castle would be the ideal home to live in.

It would have turrets and a drawbridge over a moat, and there would be spacious grounds with plenty of room to ride my horses.

Ann - now

In my ideal home, I want soundproof rooms so that I can't hear anyone call out:

"Ann! Can you come and help me?"

With any luck, the dog might sleep in so that I could use my bespoke soundproof gymnasium to keep myself at the peak of septuagenarian health and vigour.

Pam - childhood

When I was a little girl, inspired by Hansel and Gretel's experience of the witch's gingerbread house, I longed for a house made purely of meringue.

Lying in bed, I'd be able to help myself to a bit of wall or floor whenever I wished.

Pam - now

I'd like a house with a feature wall that had an embedded voice-activated entertainment system. You could choose TV, HiFi, DVD, The Internet - anything! There'd be no clutter of remotes at all.

I'd sit in a matching, beautifully upholstered ergonomic chair, in the finest easy-care leather to enjoy it all.

Rachelle - childhood

When I was a kid, I wanted to live in a house that flew to different countries.

I particularly wanted to fly in my house to Switzerland, to see Heidi and her grandfather, and see the mountains she loved so much.

My little house would be safe and familiar, and always there for me, while I visited strange, new places.

Rachelle - now

Give me a kitchen with hose-able walls and floor. In this kitchen, a squeegee mop would be a thing of the past, along with toxic cleaning paraphernalia.

To realise this dream, my slim-line-rainwater tank would be magically and permanently full and the pressure hose could double as a weapon against unwanted, Satanic feline intruders.