

Dream homes

When only a mansion will do

By Victor Wishna



Midtown West \$7.895 million

This penthouse condo above West 56th Street at the Park Imperial offers “stunning” views of Central Park and the Manhattan skyline, and the three-bedroom, three-bathroom interior — measuring a total of 1,886 square feet — has been “dressed to the nines.” Every room in the home, including the “high-end” kitchen with “rich” wood-grain counters and top appliances, is automated, thanks to a Creston system. The “full-service” building includes a garage, gym, “cinema room,” concierge and even “maid services at your beck and call.”

Agents: Ryan Serhant and Nick Jabbour, Nest Seekers International, 646-443-3739 and 646-443-3713

HOME ESTATES

Flatiron \$7.895 million

On West 21st Street, this “newly renovated” condo loft occupies a full floor of a prewar Art Nouveau building — some 4,776 square feet of mostly open living space. The living room alone measures 52-by-57 feet, for nearly 3,000 square feet of entertaining area — “one of the largest such living room spaces in Manhattan” (or, likely, in most cities). A full floor also means a private elevator entrance, four exposures — with 29 “enormous” picture windows — and views of Midtown and the Empire State Building. It’s designed with three bedrooms and three bathrooms, though the configuration can “easily” be adjusted to your needs. Agent: Alex Ionescu, Town Residential, 646-300-6038



Bedford, NY \$2.5 million

Even your artwork will feel perfectly at home in this “stunning” Colonial — display lighting is already built in. And the 6,000-square-foot Westchester home, set on 4.24 “gorgeous, professionally manicured” acres, offers lots more to admire. The marble entry first leads to an “oversized” formal living room, a dining room and a “large,” eat-in kitchen with “spectacular” views of the lake beyond. (The property extends — past the heated infinity pool — all the way to the water and your private dock.) Upstairs, the master suite — among the three bedrooms and 3½ bathrooms — includes a sauna, steam shower, spa bath, large sitting area and home office. Agents: Dominic Benincasa and Charlene Benincasa, Prudential Douglas Elliman, 914-419-5270 and 914-238-3988



NOW AND HEN

A nighttime emergency reveals what's lacking

If you have a dog, cat or gerbil, I bet you know where the 24-hour vet is located. You probably know how long it takes to get there in an after-hours emergency.

If you have chickens — as I do — and you need help at say, 8 p.m. on a Tuesday — your goose is cooked, so to speak.

On a recent summer night, my husband Rick and I were “free-ranging our brood.” What that entails: We give them an hour before dusk to pick at bugs, slugs and grass. It’s a peaceful ritual, watching the sun slip behind the mountain while “the girls” coo with delight.

On this evening, our chicken Miracle, a Barred Rock who’s already had a couple of brushes with death, got something lodged in her throat. She was laboring to swallow and was moving her beak up and down nonstop. When she regurgitated a worm my husband hand-fed her, we knew

something was wrong.

I put the rest of the hens into the coop while my husband ran for a cat carrier. We stuffed her in and high-tailed it to the 24-hour vet, four minutes from our home in suburban Rockland County. The night attendant wanted me to fill out paperwork.

“This is an emergency,” I

mitted that nobody at the clinic knew how to treat a chicken. She suggested another clinic in New Jersey, nearly 45 minutes away.

When you dream about having a small flock of backyard chickens, you consider their domicile, feed suppliers, the heat, the cold, predators and a hundred ways to eat their fresh-laid eggs. What you might neglect to consider is whether there’s a trained veterinarian within 100 miles who can deal with a chicken emergency.

About 40 minutes later, we took Miracle back home. The clinic didn’t charge us. The hen was still in distress, and so were we. Miracle is our favorite. She’s the one who gurgles “I love you” — or at least that’s what we think she’s saying. (Readers of this column might remember that she lived in our house for three months after the rest of the flock nearly pecked her to death.)

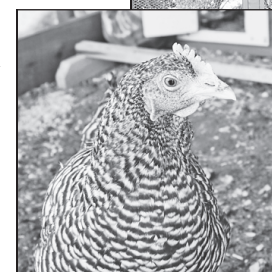
People think hens are dis-

posable, but can anyone who gives a hoot for animals stand by and watch an animal suffer?

The vet who had seen Miracle suggested we try a Westchester vet who did phone consultations. When we called and explained our emergency, the squawking voice on the other end of the phone said she didn’t think the doctor dealt with chickens but if we wanted to give her a credit card (and be charged \$30), she’d reach out and see.

“Wouldn’t it make more sense to reach out and ‘see’ before we spend \$30, only to be told she doesn’t deal with chickens?” I said in not my nicest tone.

After a chicken-and-egg argument over paying the money up front, I hung up and called all the 24-hour emergency animal clinics in Rockland, Westchester, Putnam, Orange, Ulster and Dutchess counties. I found sympathetic voices, but everyone said the same thing: No one on the night staff was qualified to deal with a hen. (Not even the Rockland vet with the promising name “Vet at the Barn” could help.) Some said they had vets during the day who



Tina Traster(2)



WHAT THE CLUCK: Having a chicken coop is rewarding, but trying to find Miracle (inset) after-hours care was an ordeal.

“might” be able to help. Though they weren’t sure about that either.

She’ll be dead by then, I thought.

Even the renowned Animal Medical Center in Manhattan was a bust.

“But you see house birds,” I implored. “How different can a chicken’s anatomy be than a parrot?”

We gave up and went outside to check on Miracle. She was in her coop and seemed less distressed. My husband held up water and Miracle drank it. This was a good sign.

The following morning at dawn, I nudged my husband

from bed. He threw on his clothes and went to the coop. I couldn’t breathe until he returned and told me Miracle was as good as new. She was eating and drinking. She was back to normal.

Tears of joy sprung from my eyes. We dodged a bullet, but what about the next time? I can only hope enterprising vets realize there’s a whole bunch of chicken-rearing, hen-loving folks who need the expertise of a country doctor.

Tina Traster’s “Burb Appeal Too” (Hen House Press) is available at Amazon.com.

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Burb appeal

TINA TRASTER keeps us posted on her life in Rockland County

yelled. “My chicken is choking.”

The sluggish attendant rounded up a doctor, a young, fresh-faced woman who knitted her brow when she saw a chicken in a cat carrier. She took Miracle to the back and put her in an oxygen tank.

A half-hour later, Miracle was still in distress. The vet ad-